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Sunday, August 22nd

This was a very unusual weekend, the first we have spent in the White House all summer, I believe.

We talked about where to go to church. The Christian Church is really outdistancing my own Episcopal Church this summer, but then dear Bill Baxter is off on vacation and nobody we know is preaching at St. Marks, and so it was easy for me to say, "Let's go to the National City Christian Church and hear Dr. Davis." In a way, in losing I am winning. For about 30 years now I have wanted Lyndon to become really interested in going to church, -- hopefully, I always expected the Episcopal Church -- and now it's really happening, but not in the Episcopal Church. He's personally fond of Dr. Davis, and in many ways they are alike.

In his sermon this morning Dr. Davis praised Lyndon's references to the Los Angeles riots. He had condemned them, but he added, "We must cure the evils which make possible the violence," and then he went on to quote one of the ubiquitous picketers always in front of the White House, "some beatnik with a beard," as he described it, who had said: "He, the President, doesn't give a damn." Dr. Davis almost shouted, "He gives the

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biggest damn of any man in the world!" In a way, I cringe slightly at personal references in church, and in a way I like them to feel that way about Lyndon. It is very true.

There were a couple of rather ugly stories in the paper, in the Herald Tribune, one about staff entitled "Up from the Johnson Mines," which begins, "Anonymous faces, perfect servants, is the way an oldtime Washington insider described the tight, bright coterie, a word originally meaning, says Webster, an association of peasants to hold land from a Lord, around Lyndon Johnson in the White House." And the other article, which I was much more disturbed by, was one on the front page of the Star about the Johnson family homes restored by a Foundation, and goes on to describe the restoration of the Johnson City house and the birthplace house, and also adds the restoration of his grandfather's home, which we don't own, would like, and are a long way from getting. "Reaching even farther," it said, "When these three restoration projects have been completed, Foundation officers are considering restoration of Mrs. Johnson's childhood home at Karnack." The main part of the article being made up of references to the possibility of Wright Patman, who was investigating

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200 Foundations in the country, perhaps should turn his attention to investigating ours, since such use of funds was of doubtful educational or public interest.

The 7,000 or so tourists who stop by the Johnson City house each month do seem to find it worth going to.

At church, as we were walking out of our pews for the coffee hour, Lyndon said: "Let's ask the Davises and the Breedings to have lunch with us." We ^{had} sat down in the ^{pew} ~~pulpit~~ by former Congressman Breeding from Kansas. And so we did. After shaking hands for fully 30 minutes with members of the church and visitors from all over the country during the coffee hour, we gathered up Dr. Davis, his wife, and the pretty young girl (incidentally, a Catholic) who is going to marry his son, and the astonished but delighted Breeding^s and off we whisked to the White House for lunch, just the seven of us.

Lyndon said he liked to go down to the coffee hour. He said, "One reason why I like to go to church is to see the people. In this life I lead now I don't have much chance just to get out and mix with folks, and it makes me want to get more education for them, and better health care, and more of the things they need." It is a sort of shot of adrenalin to him. He went on to

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describe to Dr. Davis and those assembled at the table about his appeal to business all during the winter and early spring months to hire and train young folks between 16 and 21 during the summer months. He was delighted with the response of businessmen. He says, "There are less unemployed among that age bracket than there were last summer. That is why we have not had more like Los Angeles."

He went on to praise the business community, and, great disciple of Roosevelt that he is, he diverges from ^{him} ~~them~~ markedly when it comes to calling business men "economic royalists."

Up to now he has gotten along with them splendidly, has made every effort to understand them, to work with them, to explain to them everything he's doing, and their cooperation has been great.

It was especially nice to have the Breedings. We campaigned together in 1960. And then their district had been abolished by some redistricting process, and here he was in Washington in the Department of Agriculture.

Young Nancy Boyle, who is going to marry the son of Dr. and Mrs. Davis, who is a doctor aboard the POLARIS submarine, was a pretty young Catholic, and Lyndon was full of teasing for her and for Luci, about the Catholics.

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Shortly after Luci's baptism on July 2nd, religious statues began to spring up in her room like rain lillies. I could hardly make my way in for the Virgin Mary -- in ^{balique} ~~laleek~~, in painted wood, in cheap ceramics, in elegant marble, and in all sizes. She promises to give them -- most of them -- to some Catholic school.

Our guests ~~stay~~ed for a little conversational period after lunch, and then, very pleased with their visit (and so was I) they left, we had some rest, and then at 5 o'clock Lyndon went over to the office to work, saying, "Let's get together some friends for a ride on the boat. You start the list."

I was delighted to notice that he mentioned several that I am always wanting to include. And then I phoned folks quickly. Clint and Henrietta Anderson and the Bill Moyers and Betty and Bill Fulbright and Bess and Tyler -- this will be the first time they have been on the boat with us, and I always like to include my own.

I got a call that Jim Cain was in town, and I asked him to come join us. And finally located Clark Clifford, after checking the golf club. We set the time at 7:30 at the White House. And so I went over alone for some bowling. I yearn for exercise. I wish

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I had a companion who could just spring up on a moment's notice, not be hurt if I didn't call for weeks and weeks, and be available to tuck into the spare hours I have now and then.

Lynda is in New York with the Arthur Krims, and Luci is always off about her own business. I had four and a half good games, and then back for a pleasant evening on the boat.

Lyndon had brought along pretty little Carole Welch, who had been working late over at the White House, and when we all met upstairs he gave everybody a copy of Toward a More Beautiful America. I am glad I have gotten all of mine autographed for the chief donors.

It was a pleasant twilight ride, this time on the SEQUOIA. Clark recalled old-time rides with Truman on the much larger WILLIAMSBURG, their poker games -- they were mostly stag, those trips.

I spent a good deal of time with Clint and Henrietta, whom I especially enjoy and look forward to being with at Jackson Hole.

The news of Judith and Bill Moyers' child is not good. It looks as though one of his legs may be withered, may not develop. They try so hard, and they bear it with great fortitude.

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The Buffalo River is becoming one of my perennial subjects these days. So much in my mail about wild rivers, and especially the Buffalo. So I talked with Bill about it, who favors leaving it as a wild river and, hopefully, getting a National Park for the area.

But Congressman Trimble has his heart set and his word given on getting a dam for his poverty-stricken little district through which the Buffalo flows. He sees the economic values that come from other dams, and his is indeed, Bill says, one of the poorest sections of the State. And he one of the most respected Congressmen.

Alas for the conflict that arises between two good things, and the difficulty of resolving them!

Tyler, smooth, sophisticated, handsome, was helping all the ladies have a good time. He and Bess are a plus in any group.

We were back at the White House by 10:30, and to bed rather early. Actually, one of the most restful weekends of the summer.

One of the stories of the day was Isabelle Shelton about the White House acquiring the portrait of Mrs. FDR, the Douglas Chandor one, and a very nice reproduction of it *in the paper.*

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I am very proud that we have added it and going to insist that it hang where the general public can see it, because she belonged to the general public. I want to make a very nostalgic and pleasant ceremony around the hanging.