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Saturday, August 28th

The last of the golden summer weekends. It has been a wonderful summer. Many trips to the ranch and Camp David. Not enough islands of peace in it, to be sure, and sometimes I think <sup>"</sup>the world is too much with us, soon and late. Getting and striving, we <sup>day</sup>waste our days."

But getting and striving is the stuff of life to Lyndon. All morning he was on the phone, with each call restive to get off and into the pool by 11 o'clock. He said, "Don't you want to swim with me?" I have too broad a strain of Martha<sup>?</sup>. I said, "No, I've got to finish planning where everybody's going to be." A great influx of guests were coming. Dean and Virginia Rusk; the Postmaster General and Mary Gronowski, the Larry O'Briens and their son and Bill Moyers on the first courier around 1:30. And then the Goldbergs are coming in at midnight. And some time around 9 o'clock at night my very special friend Jim Webb, and Dr. Seaman.

With due regard to rank and comfort and closeness, where to place everybody. I thought of the old Sam Johnson house. We must stop calling it the birthplace -- that sounds too stuffy. It would have to be somebody special, to my thinking, to stay there. I am fond of the old place, and it has rank<sup>"</sup> -- at least in my opinion! So I would love to put the Rusks there, the first

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ones to spend the night in it. A Georgian, he would understand the old place. And he's our top-ranking guest.

On the other hand, there is no air conditioning. Has that become a requirement of life like clothing and shelter? I am afraid so, so I ruled out the Rusks.

And my next special favorite people would be my own children, so I routed them out of their room, Luci and her guest Helene, making a special adventure of it for them. The first night anyone would have spent in the house!

And went through the reliable routine of giving the Rusks the master guest room upstairs and saving the Gay Room for the Goldbergs, putting the Gronowskis in the children's room and the Larry O'Briens in the new trailer down the way, making sure there was a guest room each for Dr. Seaman and Dr. Webb at the guest house, and Bill Moyers could be the roommate of Jake Jacobsen.

Liz and Bess are anxious to leave by the first courier possibility. Bess has a room, and Liz could either go up and be Jewel's guest for the night or they could both go to the Lewis place. Sometimes it gets to be quite a juggling feat.

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About 11:30 in the morning some oldtime friends drove up. A. W. and Melvin Winters and Bill Allen and Cecil Ruby and Dewitt Greer of the Texas Highway Department, to witness the signing on the front porch of a highway construction bill. There was no press. My lovely leather-topped bridge table in the living room is being hauled out onto the front porch more and more for bill signings these days!

Lyndon gave them a pen, and then they rode around and, of course, he asked them for lunch. I had made certain that our guests arriving at 1:30 would have lunched on the plane, and an extra five was no problem. But it is quite true that the sheer logistics of where to bed and what to feed people is a time-consuming thing here at the ranch, and I would like to devise a special medal for James and Mary and Gertrude and, of course, for Zephyr -- for everybody who works with us through the years.

At lunch Lyndon gave an hilarious description of offering of communion in his little Christian Church in Johnson City to our assembled group the last time we'd been. Arthur and Dorothy Goldberg and their son and his fiancé had been among the crowd, not to mention a clutch of Catholics, some 6 or so; Califanos,

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Jake Jacobsen, possibly the Valentis. Lyndon is a born storyteller. And you could see how Mr. Terry, as he went down the line offering the wine and the bread, became more and more puzzled and not sure what sort of folks he was dealing with, as one after one they shook their heads.

During the morning Lynda called Pam and had the shattering news that Pam was going to be married within a week. One by one her good friends are marrying, and here she is, past 16 and still without a ring! Of course, a ripple of fear went through me that she should ever make her own decision to marry on such a wave of emotion, thinking she was being left behind. She went in to Austin, taking Helen with her, to move her things into the Theta house and to prepare for school, which begins September 20th.

And then we were all out at the airport to greet the guests. I could hardly realize that it was Virginia's first time down here. Dean has been quite several times, but, as she explains it, her calendar becomes very full far ahead, because she goes to every one of the National Days of the 117 or so countries. He excuses himself from going to any by her faithful presence.

And it was the first time, too, for both the O'Briens and the Gronowskis. And I was very much aware that in a way it

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was a touchy situation, the Gronowskis about to leave the Cabinet to become Ambassador to Poland and the O'Briens about to enter the Cabinet, and I did not know how much either knew about the other's situation. I go through life happily playing ignorance, and often being ignorant.

When Bill Moyers emerged from the plane I kissed him. I still do not know the cause of the turmoil.

The men talked in the afternoon, and then very late, after they had been waiting a long time in the bedroom, the doctor and two helpers, they got their patient, Lyndon, and operated on his hand, removing a skin cancer, this time a fairly sizable one, as big as one of my fingernails and much thicker. He, poor lamb, was lying up there complaining not a bit.

And finally we were loose and the day was his and we were doing what he wanted to do -- that is, get on the boat, watch Vicky or someone ski, and look at the sunset.

I took Virginia and Elva and Mary and Jesse Kellam in one helicopter, and we headed for the Coca Cola ranch, preceded by the men. The sky was black and full of storm clouds, and I was not too comfortable. I could see Lyndon's helicopter hovering above A. W.'s ranch, almost in the middle of what

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looked like a rain storm, the most welcome thing that could happen to this starved country, but NOT with the President in the middle of the turbulence.

They beat us to the Coca Cola ranch. I was busy pointing out to the ladies all along the turkey ranches, the granite outcropping, the nearly dry Pedernales, and the timeworn hills, and they were thrilled enough to make me happy.

Just a moment or two after we got there the still water began to get choppy, and then more and more choppy, quite wild, in fact. Vicky tried water ski-ing and got rather a bad fall, and that was the end of water ski-ing for the day, so we all got on the big boat and retrenched to the beach house.

Virginia was a little unsteady on the boat. She does not like heights or motion. What a good sport she's had to be in her life! All the airplane travel, all the strange people, and what must have been the constant absence of Dean. Somehow he manages to have the sweetest twinkling smile. The corners of his mouth go up and his eyes actually twinkle. His patience is phenomenal. I suppose that must be one of the first requisites of a diplomat.

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Larry and Elva, gay and easy to be around, had an air of excitement. I am sure this must mean recognition to them. I respect them and enjoy them and am gratified that his very considerable technical skill has been transferred from the Kennedy Administration to the Johnson Administration unimpaired, as usual and as loyal. And this is a delicate operation.

The sky was a drama to watch. Storm clouds all over, you could see rain falling several places on the horizon. The little sickle of a new moon I could not see at all.

We were back at the Haywood house by 9 for a most delicious dinner. Steak, and corn from our own fields, and beans from our garden, tomatoes from our neighbor Sultemyer, and later, Stonewall peaches, probably a birthday gift also, and birthday cake.

The single exception to Lyndon's ebullient good health is that growing weight, and he enjoys food so much that I don't have the heart or the feminine wit or the toughness to try to make him take SEGO instead of the ice-cream and chocolate sauce and homemade cookies he enjoys so much.

Dr. Seaman\$ and Dr. Webb decided not to join us. They arrived some time after 9, I found. And Luci and Helene and

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Pat never did join us. They went instead to the Johnson City rodeo, I found out later. They enjoyed it hilariously, and were full of tales about the barrel races and the little children chasing their calves.

After dinner we saw A President's Country. The noises of nature are so good in it I don't see how they are going to dub in sound without losing something. Because our guests seemed to like it, I was purring with pleasure.

We returned to the ranch a little before 11. For me it had been a long day, so I asked Jake if he would take my place in greeting the Goldbergs at midnight.

And then, with Lyndon still on the phone, talking with secretaries, getting a massage, I retreated to the back room with Lynda Bird and we curled up together for the best night's sleep I had had in weeks.