

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, September 19, 1965

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Our last day with Lynda. She came in and settled down on the bed this morning. And Lyndon's dialogue with her was worth an Alabama farm to me or even a piece of my life. He said in 1990 people won't know or care whether you made all A's this year. You've proved you could do that. You've made the honor society and the honor roll every year. I want you to have a good time. Get some good looking clothes. Get a hair-do twice a week and send me the bill. Find yourself some interesting friends -- maybe some young professors -- and use the plane to go to Mexico or take them out to the Ranch or go to football games. Or maybe you might like to use the boat -- while I sat in beaming approval, because he was saying just what I wanted Lynda to do. And she, on whom the silver cord binds a little too tightly, has never taken advantage of her position with our business, with her daddy's job as President or any other job. Lyndon has the faculty of giving in the one moment he has the right word, advice, directive. This is what she's needed. I hope it is what she will use.

She said, "yes", she would go to church with us, and we began to get ready to go to St. Mark's.

The house reverberated with the continuous sing-song from a public address system. Lynda asked the Usher what it was. He

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said a group in Lafayette Square protesting the atrocities against Jews in the iron curtain countries.

Lynda and Luci's rooms -- all that side of the White House -- are just like a front-row seat on a play that you don't want to watch or listen to. The Pennsylvania Avenue entrance to the White House and Lafayette Square are making that whole side of the White House mighty poor living space for a family or their guests.

Lyndon and Lynda and I went to St. Mark's with Mary Margaret and Harry McPherson and Jack. And afterwards to the coffee hour with all the Baxters and their very informal flock. Lyndon asked Coco McPherson to go home with us to lunch -- was turned down -- and then spent his time courting the totally feminine, adorable little Courtney Lynda Valenti who gives and withdraws her attention in a way that keeps him in the palm of her small cherub hand.

Lynda leaned over and said to me, "He's ripe to be a grandfather."

I never saw anyone who needed more to be loved.

Back at the White House Lynda and Dave went off for packing and talking, and I for work, getting together the guests for a boat ride and dinner.

Wanting to expand our contacts for the small and more intimate parties that we have I had made a list of the House and the Senate and the Court and Departments. And Lyndon had added others. So the

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evening was growing.

Lynda, almost ready to leave, said to me about her Daddy, "Mother, he's taken away my crutch -- that's what I did well -- books, study, grades." There was enough truth in it to give me a swift stab. But if so it's better to get rid of a crutch at 21 than 30."

And looking at her -- so slim and smart and attractive, setting off to the University -- I could only feel sorry for me. She brought Dave in to meet and to say goodbye to for herself and our guests as they gathered in the Yellow Room -- Joe and Trudye Fowler, Max Friedman, Elspeth and Walt Rostow, the Califanos, the Carpenters, the Fortas^{en} -- how good it is to be with them again -- the Bill Deasons, just settled. And Lynda's old boss, McGeorge Bundy and Mary. And Hale and Lindy Boggs. When I suggested the boat ride to him I almost said, "You probably never want to ^{see?} give water again." George and Helen Mahon and Bill and Jane Wirtz. And Patsy Derby -- how delighted I was to open the gates of our interesting life to her and Vickie. And then it was goodbye to Lynda and on to the boat -- the "Patrick J" -- where Lyndon went above deck on a very hot, muggy, September afternoon about 4:30. We had just had pads put up there for sun bathing and for increasing the capacity. And he was soon joined by Joe Fowler and Abe and several guests.

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We were assembled in about three spots -- the upper front deck, the upper back deck where Lyndon held forth, and downstairs where I spent most of my time except for circulating to take closeup movies of this interesting ^{potpourri} ~~popery~~ of guests.

We passed Mt. Vernon before sundown, so we stood at attention while taps caught us all up in a moment of dedication and then the "Star Spangled Banner". And a little farther down the river brown and debonair Clark Clifford joined us and was brought by the little jet boat.

It was as hot and hazy an afternoon as I have ever ^{seen} ~~saw~~ on the Potomac. But the conversation for me was brilliant and exciting.

I spent much of the evening with Walt Rostow -- a fascinating short course in world affairs. Little bits from his talk: the world is largely concerned with two old men who do not have the blue chips -- Mao Tse-tung and Charles de Gaulle. And then of the Paks and of the Indians: there are one million Paks and 4-1/2 Indians. But the Chinese have one half of the Indians tied down fencing them across the border so the odds are one to 2-1/4 instead of one to 4-1/2.

I asked him about a feeling that I had -- maybe it has come from the sheer physical appearance -- ^{the} ~~a~~ statue and ^{the} ~~a~~ bearing of Ayub or maybe from what I think I remember about Kipling's picture of

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no - was in wrong

India -- the Pak's are the better fighters. Are the (Secs) a part of the Paks? And he said, "Oh yes. That is the old Kipling myth, and the people of Ayub's generation and your's and mine are likely to have it. If all of God's children are about the same when they have the weapons and the instruction I think things may be different now. And if the Chinese should attack the Indians on the border, they might be in for a surprise."

He went on to state something that I love to hear -- that in Pakistan every dollar of aid has been well spent. What a relief to somebody on the Administrative end who is used to being pummeled with the blame that we are throwing it down the drain.

Earlier I had talked to his wife Elspeth -- herself an outstanding economist, teacher and lecturer. And she had said that if you could graph the economic progress of India and Pakistan during the last decade you would find them going steadily upward economically. And that of China not going upward. And the great tragedy of this moment is that they are risking all this by a confrontation between them because they can't use the same money to stage a war and continue the upward economic trend.

Walt Rostow had said that Taiwan is a miracle. I felt vindicated somehow because I had sensed such a surge of vitality in Taiwan, and

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yet I wondered if I had swallowed a great big dose of propaganda.

I asked him, "How do we communicate with China? No U. N., no trade, no travelers. How do we know what they are doing?"

He said, "We have a sort of a diplomatic dialogue that is rather like a sterilized minuet with them in Warsaw. Our Ambassador there and the Red Chinese Ambassador there." Rather precise. It sounded rather like a play.

We talked of Ayub whom I admire. But it is hard for me to relinquish the image of friendship and warmth that I have from our meetings with him. Mr. Rostow said he did too. He said he had taken a big gamble. He thought he would latch onto a big piece of real estate and use it as a trading position in trying to get Kashmir. Things have not turned out like that and now he was facing a desperate situation -- walking a tight rope between the west and Red China.

And then he said something about Lyndon that was rather intuitive I thought. "If we can just stay the course, if it is possible to ride out this storm of Viet-Nam, and also of India-Pakistan, then in time your husband would have the most wonderful chance of exporting some of his economic advances throughout the world -- our technology, our medical research -- it's a daring, dazzling dream, and it is what I think has been lying in Lyndon's mind."

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He talked of the Asian Development Bank and said that Japan has the same amount in it that the United States has. I don't remember for sure -- I think possibly 20 million. But I was refreshed that somewhere we were met by an equal stake from an Asian nation in Asia's own problems.

I went on around the boat talking to Helen Mahon about Lera and Albert Thomas. Helen is such a good friend. To Lindy and Hale about the "Lady Bird Special" -- almost our first anniversary. And about hurricane Betsy. To Jane Wirtz about the possibility of helping out a polio crippled woman I had had a sad letter about who painted with a brush held in her teeth -- perhaps through ^{Jane's} ~~Helen's~~ program to market things the handicapped did, ^{She} might receive some benefits for the money or recognition.

We had dinner on TV trays. Nothing is very good any more since Lyndon began his steam roller dieting. And then we showed some movies -- "The President's Country", "The Night of the Dragon", and the Inaugural film.

One of the nicest things about the whole evening to me was to see how thrilled Patsy was.

We were back at the Navy yard well before 10:00 -- in time for me to have exercises at the White House and to come back into Lyndon's room to find him still deep in conversation with Clark

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Clifford on a bed covered like a fall of Autumn leaves with his night reading. Each one had a demanding problem that couldn't be settled by his staff or the Departments. He pleads with them to take everything and handle it that they can.

It was a day that I can relinquish to time because I think we've done just as much with it as we could.