

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, October 11, 1965 WHD

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It was a busy day at the hospital. In the morning, Hubert visited Lyndon and I went down to the dentist's office for a series of protracted two or more hour sessions. If some future civilization 3,000 years from now digs me up as a mummy they will certainly find a record of the latest in dentistry circa 1965.

By every barometer Lyndon seems to be progressing so well. But now my chief fear is that he will return too soon to too much work. There are no rabbits in the hat, he is no superman. I know how much of his success is made up of 2:00^{a.m.} nights of dogged determination and of just calling forth from himself and from everyone around him the last ounce of strength. And I don't want him to begin that again. On sheer nerve, ⁱⁿ six weeks we can build up a backlog of strength and sunshine and long hours. But everything was going so smoothly I thought I could take off for two important destinations -- the beauty parlor and Dr. Turchin. The first stop -- the White House swimming pool for 30 quick laps with Bess and Ashton walking up and down beside me asking for decisions or engagements -- all regretted -- special correspondence and office problems.

The White House will be in turmoil for at least another week.

~~The~~ Pennsylvania Avenue is scarred with trenches about 6 feet deep holding huge cables. The driveways are being paved, and the air reeks with the smell of hot asphalt mix. The new turf is being put down in the Rose Garden.

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I returned out the George Washington Parkway which is absolutely glorious -- the dogwoods a riot of red and here and there a maple turning, green on one side and aflame with gold and crimson on the other. The vistas of the river below and the city in the distance and the breathtaking fall coloring would lift the spirits of the most troubled.

Any Congressman in doubt of whether he was spending the U. S. taxpayer's money wisely after all on this Highway Improvement Bill ought to take that ride from Mt. Vernon on past the city and almost out to Great Falls. The highway now goes to within four miles of Great Falls.

I returned to find Clark Clifford in the room with Lyndon. -- They were discussing United States Aid to foreign countries and the United Nations. Lyndon said, "I would like to tell Goldberg we have got a billion dollars in chips in your pile and don't you put them in until you can win the hand."

His heart makes him want to use the affluence of this country for the hungry and for the diseased, but he is getting increasingly concerned that what we send may be wasted or misused, and that countries take it for granted. He believes that Goldberg is a combination of warm humanitarian and shrewd trader who can make aid more effective as a tool. He is being very helpful to him. And I feel closer to him as the months pass.

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Of his own feelings he said, "I am just like a dog on a point." He has not slept enough. I wish I could have given him that feeling of euphoric relaxation I had for about a day or two after his operation was finished.

Someone came in and handed him a slip. He said, "Yes". And in a moment Sarg Shriver walked in explaining that he heard Lyndon was having visitors and was out here so he wanted to drop in if he could.

I talked with Sarg about getting Dr. Otis Singletary to put courses of gardening and landscape architecture and park maintenance into all of the Job Corps camps. They do have one at Camp Gary. But all of the highway and park people I meet talk about how hard it is to get workers. And this looks like a relatively low skill that could be taught in a few months and absorb many of the youthful unemployed.

With an hour long visit with Dean Rusk who brought good wishes from the leaders of the Soviet Union together with the bringing up to date on a number of matters, it had been a long day for Lyndon.