

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, October 26, 1965

LBQ Ranch

Page 1

It began early by no desire of mine. I awoke at 4:30 and courted elusive sleep until about 6:00 when the reddening sky reminded me I might see a beaver or coypu if I went walking early enough down by the dam. So I dressed and went out in the heavy dew -- my pants and boots soon wet in the heavy grass half way up my legs.

We walked along the river, but nothing exciting happened except good exercise.

When I returned, the Krims were up and Lyndon. And we began the third day of what is settling into a pleasant <sup>idyl?</sup> ~~idle~~ of blue and gold days spent mostly under the sun, walking or riding in the car with the top down, eating light meals, pleasant and undemanding company, as near serenity as our life affords -- regular meals and early bedtimes.

The Krims are a delight to be with because they like what we do -- to ride along quietly in the sunshine. Lyndon is silent for miles. The sun is hot. We watch the ballet of the black birds -- a great swirling mass that swoops up from the ground and plunges and whirls and turns with the most exquisite grace -- thousands flying in perfect precision. Is it for sheer joy? Is it a feeding habit chasing some insects perhaps? Or is it some instinct forever unknown to man?

We looked down into a meadow where some sheep are grazing and farther on some cows under a live oak tree and the colors are gray green and brown and the orange-red of the sumacs. And Arthur says

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, October 26, 1965

Page 2

it looks like a Van Gogh. Mathilde says with delight that this country reminds her of Greece -- the <sup>gnarled</sup> ~~knurled~~ shape of the live oaks and the gray green of their foliage is like olive trees. There are so many rocks and goats and brilliant sunshine. I am pleased because I have felt the same thing. They have actually bought a lot over among the <sup>Rancheros</sup> ~~Camanche Rancho Rios~~ with a view of the lake.

We came back and had a late lunch, and then Lyndon went to the pool to lie in the hammock and get even more bronzed and I went inside for a nap. And then after he had gone around with a CBS newspaper man -- Bob Pierpont,

The Krims and I joined him at the birthplace. I forget. I firmly intend to start calling it the "Old Sam Johnson Place". The other sounds pontifical.

We drove to the Sharnhorst and Arthur reminded Mathilde that this is the place where we're going to shoot a western movie. He's only waiting for the right story he said.

And then when dark drove us back to the Ranch, we lit the fire -- the first time this Fall. It is always the heart of the house and we assemble.

Sometime during the day, Jimilu had snatched a little time to work on the head of Lyndon. Lyndon has issued a statement saying that he will ignore the provision in the Rivers and Harbors Bill which

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, October 26, 1965

Page 3

erodes the power of the Presidency. And Jim Moyers has moved quietly in to begin being the understudy to Bill. And Lyndon has had some earnest talks with Arthur about Democratic Party business and personalities.

And then dinner was over and the Krims were back in their New York clothes and there is a courier which they will catch back to Washington. What a delightful three-days visit. And how nice to think that when we are no longer in this role we might have friends like them -- perhaps quite a few -- a "colony" -- who would come down for weekends or weeks in the summer to their houses on the lake, to add spice to our life here.

The Rusks were to arrive at 11:00. There was just time in between for a little work -- signing mail, reading memos -- the most neglected part of my life during this interlude.

Dean has been in Dallas making a speech. We greeted him smiling and weary at the foot of the steps about 11:00<sup>pm</sup>. He said there had been about 9,000 or 10,000 to hear him, consisting of some 5 or 6 organizations interested in foreign affairs; eager, attentive, respectful, apparently determined to change the face that Dallas has worn before the world these last unhappy years. He was pleased and satisfied and ready for bed -- and so were we.