

*Deep to finally and to judge*  
MEMORANDUM

*Nov. 13 - Catter*

*Dec. 12 - Krime*

*- Connally*

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, November 2, 1965

*Finished & ready  
to give to Libran -  
-- Check page notes  
HTM*

Page 1

Dawn -- gray and dreary -- and early. We had planned to be the first in Johnson City to vote. So we were up at 6:30 and my weight was so encourageing -- 115 - 1/4 that I felt very brave and had just black coffee.

Just the two of us drove in, arriving at Johnson City at 8:00 at Pedernales Electric Co-op Building. The sidewalks were lined with press and cameras. We walked rapidly in, got our ballots from Mr. McNatt, and to the flashing of camera bulbs, we marked and deposited them -- the first and second votes of the day.

Though the skies were dreary, Lyndon's spirits were brightening and expansive.

As we left, the Press fell in behind -- an entourage of about 20 cars. And like the pied piper, we went by the boyhood home, going in for a cup of coffee with Jessie. And then by the Bank. And then started out the highway going to the Lewis place.

Lyndon called back to Bill Moyers -- that if he wanted to bring some of them up with him he was welcome to and to tell them all we were just going to go home by a country road riding by the Lewis place and maybe the Hartman Ranch. Nobody was particularly invited, but everybody was welcome if they wanted to trail us.

Bill brought up Jack Horner, Frank ~~Cabney~~ <sup>Cornier</sup>, Merriman Smith, and Forest Boyd. And we drove to the Lewis. The hills were brightening

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, November 2, 1965

Page 2

with sumac, but our golden Indian summer was gone.

I often wonder what these eastern reporters -- these city boys -- will remember about their Johnson City interlude -- winding over the caliche hills behind the President who stops to telephone instructions to a foreman about a sick cow or a cattle guard or a fence crew or seeding a pasture<sup>2</sup>. It must be as unintelligible as Urdu to them.

At the Lewis we stopped. It will probably be a delight to Liz if she ever finds out that on my own I noticed in the whole crowd of men there were just two women. And so I asked that they come in and join us -- Muriel Dobbins and Cassie Mackin -- and told them innocuous things about the antique pine table we had just gotten, the cow hide bottom chairs, the cattle brands on the front porch.

As we left, Lyndon asked them to ride with us.

It was after 11:00 by the time we had made the full circuit of the Lewis, the Logan and the Hartman and gotten as far as the Scharnhorst turn-off. And there when he said, "I believe we'll drive by the Scharnhorst", I said, "Please pull over and let me out. I need to do some work."

I drove home and had a couple of hours with my bulging envelopes of condolence messages. And then they trooped in for lunch -- Cassie Mackin, Muriel Dobbins, Jack Horner, Forest Boyd, Merriman Smith, Frank <sup>Cormier</sup> ~~Cormier~~, Bill, Lyndon and the staff.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, November 2, 1965

Page 3

I put Merriman on my right and had an interesting time talking to him about his 24 years covering the White House. He told a story about a bill that got lost in Truman's years. Apparently it fell off of Clark Clifford's desk and into the trash basket and got burned!

<sup>38</sup>  
~~There~~ was a big appropriation bill and Speaker Sam Rayburn had to push it through the house again!

Everybody was in a gay, expansive mood. And nobody mentioned Luci.

After lunch they left and Lyndon went in for a long nap. It was one of most restful afternoons he's had since we've been here. I couldn't sleep, but instead I did something I had been wanting to this whole time. I asked the telephone operators -- just as their shift changed -- to come in and have tea with me and tour the house. Beverly Cole, Mary Crow, Mary Hoffer and Ruth Krell. Beverly Cole has been here since the days of Roosevelt.

Martin Anderson had sent us a big box of orchids, and I gave them each one and we all laughed because the height of their social life here in Johnson City is to go to Charles' Restaurant!

I don't think I've ever had more interested or appreciative guests. And therefore for me, very enjoyable ones. But I wanted to run into Johnson City to go with Lucia to an antique shop to find some more calf hide bottom chairs for the Lewis place. So a few minutes before

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, November 2, 1965

Page 4

6:00 I asked Marie to continue the tour upstairs, I told everybody goodbye and took the rest of the orchids in to the Johnson City hospital and then stopped by to pick up Lucia.

By now it was dark and the antique shop was closed. But at least I learned enough about them to know what I wanted -- slanting back with the rabbit ears, the deepest seat I could get, and a leather company in New Braunfels could always put on new raw hide seats if I found very old ones that were too worn. One calf skin does six chairs, Lucia told me. And they simply wait until they get that many chairs before they buy a skin.

I took her back with me to have dinner -- ~~Sirge~~ was to follow. When we reached the Ranch, Lyndon was ready to ride again -- already phoning me a couple of miles before I got there to say "Where have you been? Hurry. Meet me at the side gate."

I jumped into the car with him and headed up toward the Martin where there was a bright flame in the sky. We had been watching it from half way to Johnson City. We knew that they were going to be burning brush, and it was an ideal night to do it -- damp and misty, almost raining, no wind. The sky was so brilliant, so far away, that I almost feared it had gotten out of control.

As we drove up past Dale's house, I had a short lesson in not making quick judgments. We passed a youngster in a jeep, and right

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, November 2, 1965

Page 5

behind him another youngster -- a slight pale boy of about 15. And Lyndon said, "Have you been up there burning brush?" He said, "Yes, Sir." Lyndon said, "How many brush fires do you have burning?" He promptly replied, "I wouldn't know".

We drove on, and I thought summarily, "pretty dull."

The glow brightened and then we were over the brow of the hill. And in front of us stretched acres and acres and acres. It looked like all of the fires of hell were burning!

We drove between them, and the fantastic shapes of the piles of the wood crackling and popping loomed above us on each side. I lost count. I could not see to the end of them in any direction. And then I decided, "I wouldn't know", was a very good answer. And the one who is really dull is the one who judges quickly about something he doesn't know anything about.

It was a wild and fearsome sight. And I thought of all the wonderful cords of fire wood it would have made, but how many years of labor for James and Gene to turn it into fire wood.

We got in touch with Cousin Oriole to come join us for dinner.

So we gathered around the table at 8:30 -- Virg and Lucia and Cousin Oriole and the staff and Lyndon and I. Everybody was gay and relaxed. And this is the sort of medicine we came to Texas for.

I look back on these days and think of the moments I have

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, November 2, 1965

Page 6

savored. Yellow roses in a copper basket <sup>that</sup> came from the flea market in Paris. They were just sitting for a still life on our coffee table. <sup>That</sup> ~~There~~ was once an oak in Sherwood Forest. The gleam of firelight on the glass doors of the old pine corner cabinet that President Kekkonen of Finland gave us. Seeing a roadrunner -- a <sup>paisano</sup> ~~picano~~ -- close up, not more than 10 feet away yesterday at the Martin place -- long, awkward, humorous. I never knew they were so black and white/speckled before... And the mist rising on the river when I wake up early before the sun is up.

The tempo of life must be slow some time for you to really savor moments. But that is one of the values of these days of the Fall.