

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, November 7, 1965

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Lyndon made the decision not to go to church, and I concurred. I miss the intellectual content, the laughter, yes, even the excitement of St. Mark's. And Dr. Davis' honest battle with the evils of the day. And the rapport between <sup>him</sup> ~~her~~ and Lyndon. Though there are things I enjoy about church here -- the homeyness and warmth of the little church in Johnson City, the great dignity of St. David's on my rare visits there and the music of the Reverend Sumner's voice. I can miss church with ease while at the Ranch. As on nearly every morning here, I put on pants and boots and that sets the mood of the day.

It was gray and dreary. Nevertheless, I wanted to take a walk. I tried to get Lyndon. He does not really feel like being active. He is not yet any tyrant of energy.

And then my enemy the phone soon swallowed him up. Finally, a little past 11:00, laden with wallpaper books, I left in the car with my Agent. We were to meet later at the Haywood or in that neighborhood.

I stopped at the Alexanders. It's so pleasant to have them living there. And I looked at some old chairs -- three of them handmade, which Lucia had found with cow hide seats in bad repair. But it's pleasant to think that these were hewn out of pecan wood by local hands and used for many years. They will add a certain flavor to the Lewis place. And then we drove by Mariallen's, stopped at the <sup>(my friend's)</sup> ~~Ranch House~~ <sup>(K. K. K. Cafe)</sup> to pick up some barbeque, and continued on to the Haywood, stopping just at

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the entrance to look at the lantanas -- orange and yellow in the pasture on the west. I called Pat who is over at the Nicholson looking for yucca. In a few minutes he joined us at the Haywood House. And we planned to dig up some lantana and transplant it to the grove in front of the house where we have barbeques or perhaps under the ~~lantana~~<sup>pitana</sup> trees at the turn.

Mariallen and I could stand it no longer. We had a piece of barbeque and a low calorie drink. 115 becomes more unattainable! But at least I am feeling quite slim in all my clothes.

We leafed through all the wallpaper books. <sup>One</sup> It shows a delightful, spritely red, pink, and blue on white background for the first bedroom. And we are using "Treasure Island" for one of the baths. And then we got word that the President at last departed home heading for Shank's Ranch -- would we join him there? We would. And with Communications and the Secret Service talking us in, we found in a little meadow almost completely ringed by mountains Louis Shank's deer hunting house -- a bachelor hideaway with a long barn out behind that was built in the 1870's. The meadow Louis says is a solid mass of bluebonnets in the Spring.

Ken spread the barbeque and homemade bread and chicken salad and we all fell to in a famished fashion.

And then we helicoptered over to the Davis place. There were

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some machines called " Broncos " waiting for us -- a variety of jeep -- comfortable front seats. I tried them. <sup>There was</sup> But an area in the back approximately four feet by three feet to haul equipment I suppose.

It was in this cozy area that Jesse, Don Thomas, Louis Shanks, Mariallen and I ensconced ourselves to ride around over the so-called roads of the Davis. It was an hilarious hour.

We lined up with our backs to the sides and our legs intertwined in the middle and we bounced through gulches and fords and up ravines and mountainsides. I was branded on the right hip by some piece of metal, stabbed in the side by a <sup>no</sup> protruding bolt about 2 inches long. And my left cheek and left eye imperiled by the thorns of mesquite trees as the limbs swished over our heads. To add to that, it began to rain. Mariallen and I were reduced to hysteria of laughter. It was too ridiculous a situation to complain about.

All the time I kept on getting reports from the Secundaris. I had asked that they join us when they arrived <sup>at</sup> what was to be 3:00. But no, they were delayed. They were not expected until 5:00. It would too soon be dark. I asked them to wait for us. Besides I couldn't really believe this was the way for a Presidential party to greet and entertain guests from New York that we were really fond of.

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About 5:30 we departed in the helicopter. And then we dropped off Lyndon and the men at the Lewis place to meet the Horners and the Southerlands. And Mariallen and I hurried home where we found the Secondaris and two of their editing men. We had a brief ride past the family graveyard and up into the fields and coming back down the runway.

They are two of the most delightful people I have met in this calendar year. But then I have worked with them so many hours and there is nothing like working <sup>well</sup> ~~for~~ someone to get to know them.

With good dark, the guests began to pour in to the living room which the two editors had transformed into the best theatre arrangement we've had yet.

I remembered that it was Jack Southerland <sup>of U.S. News</sup> who did the first real definitive piece back in February on beautification -- an interview with me -- about six of his staff and me --- gathered around the table in the Treaty Room. So I felt like he was in on the very beginning. And now he was seeing the most difficult and lengthy piece of work I have done in this year relating to beautification.

We went into dinner -- fully 20 of us -- I never sure if the table is going to hold everybody.

We had well done roast beef, chuck. One thing I've come to know about John -- he's a gourmet. This country Texas meal, including black-eyed peas and corn bread and buttermilk, was not designed to

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impress him.

And then we went in and saw the movie -- a full hour. At the end I felt enormously relieved. I had to say it was good. I shall still shiver when I read the reviews. I can't forget the one about the Princess of <sup>Sikkim</sup>~~Sikkim~~. But the shots were beautiful, the script eloquent, and the music wove it together so well. There were moments I was really proud of in Rock Creek Park and in front of 30th Place. The end at the Lincoln Memorial lacked a little something.

All in all the Secondaris had done magnificently with what they had to work with. And it's been one of the big experiences for me for this year.

I felt good but tired. I was glad to say goodnight to everyone early. <sup>But</sup> not until Lyndon had brought out a vast sheave of the college editorials he had written back in 1926 or '27 when he was editor of the college paper. This is in preparation for our trip tomorrow to his old alma mater where he will sign the bill for higher education. With the titles of the editorials definitive of a certain mood -- a way of thought -- among rural youth in 1926 and '27, they seemed to me oddly tender and young and hopeful to the man, the region, or the time in our history. It was a far cry from the youth of today -- beards, protest marches and burning draft cards.

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The editorials were on duty, the rural workers society, sectionalism -- he deplored it -- he called for an end to the hostility between region and region. And "Lucky Lindbergh". "After all, it was pluck and planning and skill that brought about his success, and not luck." And there was one on thrift. He often quoted Robert E. Lee and Benjamin Franklin.

Lyndon read them with an actor's voice as though he were being again the young man of 19 who had written them -- laughing at him but feeling sympathetic with him. We were all enthralled, though I did keep on looking at the size of the stack.

And then I went to bed to read myself to a fitful sleep after I had sunlamp and some massaging.

This is the nearest to routine that we ever have. If only my room were big enough to exercise in. But at least the sunlamp gives me some sense of staying fit.