

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, March 7, 1966

Page 1

It was a day chiefly memorable because of pain. The sort that happens in the life of every public official, I suppose. But it began pleasantly.

We had gone to bed at two, and Lyndon was awake about 7:30. I tottered, half asleep, into my room, fell into my bed, and was deliciously asleep until a little past ten.

And then up for desk work with Bess. And to the third floor to find Luci and tell her the big news about Becky's wedding. Luci is very apt to analyse people. Her analysis was that Becky thought the parental opposition was more than she could face, and overcome. She'd never marry him if she didn't marry him that way. And so, after 22 years of weak submissiveness she went off on a weekend to Las Vegas and married!

We had lunch, and talked about the lists - I have a great envelope of them. The House, the Senate, the Court, the Departments - I must concoct a family list, the Christmas present list - biggest of all, the inaugural list. Luci must provide me the NCS catalogue and the ^{Mystic} ~~misty~~ catalogue and her checkings in them. And then we must simply comb our memory, for friends of the campaign trail, or Stonewall, or East Texas.

The afternoon I spent on desk work and recording. Lyndon came over for lunch about 3:30, and then lay down for a nap.

Tony is in town, and I had asked him to join me for bowling and swimming. I had three fast games of bowling. My game's getting pretty good - often 150, though sometimes it's still in the 90's. We met at the pool and had a drink, while I did 20 laps and we talked about wedding and about kinfolks, and the

MEMORANDUM

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Page 2

wild flowers of the Holy Land.

I knew what lay ahead of me and dreaded it. I must tell him that his work for AID brought so many cruel, ugly, painful newspaper stories, editorials, expressions of public opinion, that the good he did, ~~of~~^{or} the pleasure he derived from it, was over balanced by the harm to the Administration, to the President. What a raw, ugly, unfair thing to have to do. I felt like I had a stomach full of worms.

When we were seated up in the West Hall, with a drink in ~~his~~^{our} hand, I reminded him of what he had told me on the phone, that if we thought he shouldn't go on with this, that if it was embarrassing, or hurtful, he would bow out. I brought out a sheaf of the stories and showed them to him. He read the first one and tossed the lot over on their face, not touching the remainder. All my days with him, these last 15 or so years, after, I suppose, we reached middle age, have been such good days. There's nobody I really enjoy more, and now I felt like an executioner. He had enjoyed this work and had the rare qualifications of being an importer of handicrafts for more than 30 years, and for his work in Latin America, an infinite knowledge of the language and the people. A rare simpatico relation with them, added up to making him an extraordinary qualified person for the work. He had plans for Jordan - thought they ought to have a bazaar patterned after the one in Lisbon, Portugal, which he thinks is great - where they could sell their handicrafts, ^{for} rubles, or shekels or francs, as well as dollars; and hopefully put them in a stronger position to get along with out

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

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Sunday, March 7, 1966

Page 3

aid from us.

About that time, and it was nearly 10 o'clock, Lyndon came upstairs. We went ~~into~~ dinner. He was short, and swift, and brutal, in his expression of what he felt about it. "They'll hound ^{as} long as you are in government. No need to draw it out or make it slow." Tony had said he felt relieved. I felt sick. He would stay a couple days longer, make his report on Jordan, tell them his health would not permit him to continue in the work, and bow out.

And so, this is one of the things that comes to all people in public life, I suppose. Having to hurt someone dear to you, for a completely unfair reason. Tony looked at me rather wryly - his humor never leaves him - and said, "What about fair employment opportunities? Does that apply to me²." Not in this instance, my friend.

And so to bed for me, and for Lyndon, the thick manila envelopes, full of papers, each requiring a decision.

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