

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, March 13, 1966 WHD

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One thing about our life, you never can tell who you'll find in Lyndon's bedroom! I walked in Sunday morning for coffee - Lyndon had made a surprise visit the night before, to the Gridiron Dinner - and who should be sitting there, but Richard Nixon!

He was looking relaxed and affable, and well dressed. Lyndon was stretched out in his pajamas, drinking tea, and they were apparently enjoying their visit.

Nixon was saying, of the New York Times, "It was wrong on Munich, it was wrong on Castro, it was wrong on Communist China, and it's wrong on Viet-Nam."

Nobody raised a dissenting voice - not the military. Lyndon mentioned three names, that some of his best people thought were the three outstanding military men in the country - Westmoreland, Goodpasture^{er}, and Abrams.

Everything he has to say of Westmoreland, is filled with respect and pride. The other two I know little of.

Snatches of Nixon's conversation, most of it was about the international situation, especially Viet-Nam, where he is in general, in strong support of Lyndon. He said that opponents say we are risking world war III in Viet-Nam, that we are risking war with China in Viet-Nam; that is a big lie, we are avoiding a big war. Of China, he said - Chinese are cautious, and the Communists are cautious. ~~XX~~ If we are going to have any discussion with China, it should come now, rather than later - three or four years from now,

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when they have an atomic capability - but how to start a discussion with them?[?]
It seems that a good many administrations have been painting us into a corner on that one.

"I must fly to New York," he said. "New York is a place to work, a place to make money - not a place to live. If you want to live there, we have as charming a spot as you'd find, overlooking the park."

He looked prosperous, vital, at home in the world, and it sounded like Pat was enjoying life. I told him I hoped she would come to the Senate Ladies Luncheon some time.

On leaving, he said two rather interesting things. "Mr. President, you know this is campaign year and I'll be getting out, speaking up for the Republicans. They'll need all the voices they can get. But there won't be anything personal about you, ^{g'in?} and what I say about the Democratic administration."

And then, on actually walking out the door, he turned back and said, "Mr. President, give Hubert some help."

There was big coverage about my proposed trip to the rugged Big Bend country, and Lyndon teased me all day about those dangerous rattlesnakes.

Lyndon's sore throat hangs on and I tried to get him to stay in bed all day long. He'd slept very little the night before, and had, in fact, had the doctor up a couple times, to swab his throat. But, no, he insisted on getting up.

We went to St. Marks Church, and he took with him, the very generous

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check. How pleased it makes me, and it's all his idea, to help out with the reconstruction of old St. Marks. He handed it to Bill Baxter with some badgering about how much it costs to go to an Episcopal Church. It's really very dull of me, ^{to} still be pricked by this teasing. Sometimes I should just learn to tease him back.

At the church, who should we meet, ^{but} the pretty little blond girl who introduced ~~xx~~ herself as Mollie Shulman, sister of David Shulman, who married Becky Alexander. Charming example of the family.

Courtney escorted Lyndon out, with her two little friends the Diggs, side by side. Jake came over to lunch, ^{Beryl} is out of town, ^{and} while Lyndon was in the office, Jake and I talked over what he's doing for the 10th District. He's gathering a lot of County and City Officials to cue them in on Federal programs, ^{that} the Federal government will help with, and how they can latch onto it.

Sunday is always a succession of TV programs with us. We watched until a late lunch at 2:30, and then after Jake left, we lay down for a nap. We must have slept ^{for} of three hours. Sundays are safety valves, for ^{Cessation} ~~caution~~, for rejuvenation, for Lyndon. But I am beginning to be restive against spending them all here in the White House. Only one in Texas, since the first of January, and it a cold one. And I yearn to go to Camp David or Puerto Rico, or the Virgin Islands, or Huntlands - somewhere for a change of scene.

It was well after seven and dark, when Lyndon woke up. We called the Bill Whites, and the Reardons, and the Birch Bayhs, to come over and have

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dinner with us. The Bayhs couldn't find a baby sitter so they brought their son, an absolutely delightful little boy of about ten, who liked being there much better than any adult member. I made sure that he had a visit to the Lincoln Room, and the Queen's Room, and Lyndon found him some souvenirs and then we settled him with the TV, in my bedroom, while we had drinks and a very late dinner, nearly 10 o'clock.

Lyndon needs company; he is not a man for solitude, but when he is depleted by long hours and a sore throat, or any physical trouble, he likes it to be easy company, pleasant and restful, not the sort where the best is expected of you every moment, in conversation and looks, and sparkle.

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