

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE.

Friday, June 3, 1966

WASHINGTON

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When I woke up, I read the papers. I was never more astonished in my life. Well, it had been a short but sweet excursion into the world of high society!

It seemed that right after I left Mary's house last night -- about 1:00 -- an unidentified ~~woman~~ who said she was a neighbor had called the police station and had asked them to do something about the noise at 29 Beekman Place. I just wonder if they answer every anonymous ^{CALL} they get? This one they did. They sent two policemen to Mary's house. They went in and talked to her. Asked her not to make so much noise. And so the windows were closed. I winced when I thought of lovely Mary with news that her friend was probably dying and having to cope with this ugly, humiliating incident.

I was angry and bitter and hurt. The New York Post described the affair as a hundred luminaries from the world of politics, entertainments, society and medicine. It failed to mention the world of the press. In fact I believe Dorothy ^{Schiff} ~~Shift~~ is President of that very paper.

On the other hand, the New York Daily News did list among the guests publishers Gardner ^W Coles and Mrs. Dorothy ^{Schiff} ~~Shift~~.

No other paper that I read ever mentioned any member of the press as being there, though there was a sizeable contingent.

It seems that it was the Washington Post that went out of its way to make the most of it. And one thing I observed later was that it carried the story for two or three successive days, even showing a picture of the policemen as they emerged from Mary's house. For the ^{initial} ~~editial~~ story that morning they added

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one error: "Mrs. Johnson was just leaving when the police arrived", and used the picture of me -- about ~~the ugliest~~ I've ever seen, taken sometime last winter, rather than one of the many that had been taken on this trip. And also, recorded the fact that Lynda Bird's car was given a parking ticket, with about three times as much space as ~~any other paper~~.

Dear Luci. She's the ~~only~~ one who got out unscathed. In fact there was even a small congratulatory ~~editorial~~ in the Star entitled, "A Wise Decision" about our final determination ~~not to allow television or radio broadcasts of the wedding~~.

Simone had phoned Liz with the block-buster news of the Washington Post's treatment of our foray into New York nightlife, and poor Liz' blood pressure really skyrocketed.

I simply announced that this was the last party I was going to -- as much as I had enjoyed it. It certainly is a ~~relative way for~~ relatively easy way for me to keep from hurting my husband -- just to live quietly. ^{I have} I stubbornly refused to be bitter toward the press and see conspiracy ^{or} to think they hate us because I think it is erosive to my own spirit. But I must say this all adds up to look like there's a pattern in the wind to which I shall no longer make any contribution if I can plan against it.

We went by Jim Fosburgh's apartment to see the Eakins painting that Mr. Hirshhorn will give to the White House if we would accept it. It is of a young girl -- a Philadelphian of course. I thought it was great workmanship. He reminds me a bit of the Flemish painters -- maybe even of Rembrandt.

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There is an uncompromising portrayal of character that is not always necessarily flattering. In this case the little girl looked a bit sulky. But I think it's a great painting.

We caught the 11:00 shuttle, and by 12:30 I was back at the White House at my desk -- all packed and ready to go to Texas with Lyndon, but getting in a few minutes work before I did.

Luci told me that when Daddy saw the papers all he said was, "Poor Mary and Lady Bird. They never did anything wrong." She blessed him for saying that and so did I.

About 1:45 Lyndon came out of his office, bouncing along with Kim and Freckles and Him.

I was standing on the steps for a quick mother-and-daughter picture -- Lynda and Luci and I. For once we were all dressed up at the same time. And Lyndon came over and joined us.

And then we were on the helicopter headed for Texas, taking the Bishops with us. He wants to see the reaction that Lyndon has to the Ranch so he will have a feel of it for the book he plans to write. And the Krims were going -- how delightful. And hardworking Congressman Gonzalez, catching a ride home to his District. And Jake and Vicki and Lynda.

Soon we were on Air Force I, and Lyndon was talking about the week in retrospect. He said it's been the best week we've had in a long time. Three things have happened: One, a peaceful election in the Dominican Republic. I wanted to add it was Balaguer winning and a poor showing for the Communists.

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We could unleash our hope a little further. Two, the soft landing of Surveyor on the moon. That was an almost un hoped-for victory that put us ahead. And three, the turn of events in Viet-Nam with the government asking for U.N. supervision of elections.

He was happy with the week and grateful. He did feel that accomplishments, successes, are not trumpeted in the press as were our troubles. But he was relaxed, content, and ready for a good weekend in Texas -- a well-deserved two or three days of refueling at the Ranch.

Lynda left us at Randolph. She was going to fly to Dallas to meet George there, have dinner, then return to the Ranch in the evening.

I escorted the Bishops and the Krims to their rooms. The Krims already are well versed and had changed cloths^s in a minute, but it took the Bishops a bit to get used to it.

We were off in choppers to the Haywood. Jesse Kellam went with us and the Moursunds and Jessie Hunter joined us sometime during the evening. Lyndon took the wheel of the little boat, and with the Krims and Bishops and Vicki "konked her back" and toured up and down the lake with a stop at Mary Margaret's house.

Mostly on such occasions Jesse Kellam and I and Mariallen and Jessie Hunter come along at a quiet pace in the big boat. I love to get up on the deck if it is hot enough in a bathing suit, and frequently if it is cool even wrapped up in a blanket against the wind and spray and watch the sun set.

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The Bishops joined me for a while, and I told them the story about the Capitol of Texas being made of pink granite from a quarry in nearby Llano County, and of the little railroad that ran along by the shores of the lake. And the fact that I have never ever in all of my visits out there seen a train on it.

Suddenly, we heard a whistle. We looked over to the track, and there was an engine with just one or two cars behind it.

I outlined what the six dams on the lower Colorado River had meant to the economy of this part of the country and more ~~ex~~lately to its recreation habits. And the part Lyndon -- along with Senator Wirtz in the days of FDR and all of his 12 years as Congressman -- had played in the building of these six dams. Facetiously I have said from time to time they would probably put on his ~~tomb~~ ^{built} stone, "I ~~built~~ six dams".

I tried to give him the flavor and word pictures of Lyndon's years in the House and the Senate and campaigns and our life together. If people are going to write about us, I hope it will be as good as possible. So I am committed to trying to help.

We had dinner at the Haywood -- fried catfish -- on the delightful little patio ^{with} ~~as~~ the katydids and noises of summer evenings as background music. And it was the time of fire flies -- and a peaceful, delightful evening which ended rather early.

We were back to the Ranch about 10:30 and to bed, with Lynda coming in just before I went to sleep. She and George had had a good steak in Dallas,

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and had been recognized by a few people. But just in a merry sort of way.

So my little world is a happy one, although I personally feel a little scalded by the Vesuvian eruption in the press over Mary's party last night.