

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Sunday, June 5, 1966

WASHINGTON

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Sunday, June 5th, was a happy day and remarkably unmarred by the Gallup Poll headlines: "~~President's Standing~~ Lowest in 30 Months". Fewer Americans today express confidence ^{in the} ~~in a~~ way President Johnson is handling his job than at any previous time during the 2-1/2 years that he has been in office. In May it had been 54%. ~~Now it is 46%~~ who approve. Not that the disapprovals have grown -- only 1%. But those that have no opinion have grown from 13% in May to 20% ~~in time~~.

It was interesting to see ~~that the happy~~ Eisenhower in his eight years only fell to 49% at the lowest. Whereas Truman was ^{be} set with Korea and hitting it head-on had at one point fallen to a low of 23%. I was also equally surprised that Roosevelt had a low of 50%.

Other headlines showed the impact of beautification, conservation, of our new awareness. "Rock Creek -- a beautiful sewer" -- in the Star. And a story about the Big Bend as a vacation place -- "time marched tirelessly in Big Bend. "You can see ^{into} ~~him~~ the day after tomorrow."

And another about the Mall Tempos Fall.

Either the country is waking up to a new interest or my eyes are just coming open. There were unhappily several stories -- Isabelle Shelton and Betty Beale -- about Washington becoming a "swinging set". Rather sympathetically handled I thought. But ^{what} ~~what~~ I want to read about it is nothing.

We went in to Johnson City to the Christian Church -- taking the Bishops with us on very short notice -- they dressed in about 5 minutes and had no breakfast. They are not quite accommodated yet to the pace at which Lyndon moves.

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It was a delightful service conducted by the children all the way from the hymns -- the old familiar "Onward Christian Soldiers" and the passing of the communion to the sermon.

Many names were so familiar to Lyndon -- Summey, Gliden^d, Bushnell, Haley. And the children ~~several~~^{Saber} composed, going about their duties with dignity, while a blond lady on the left who I believe had coached everybody watched anxiously. And Lyndon leaned over and said^{"G} she reminds me of my mother. Mother was always doing everything like this that took place."

I had the feeling that all of the congregation was pulling for them and were smiling inwardly.

Afterwards Lyndon shook hands with them and congratulated them -- the pianist and preacher and the 7-year old little blond girl who had read the poem.

And then we set out for home -- all feeling happier I think for having come, though I dare say it was a strange sight to the Bishops.

Lyndon called the Krims and Vickie and Marie and Lynda and George -- and they met us at the Lewis place. ~~The~~^T Bishops still without any breakfast. And we were off on one of his open-end safaris -- the Logan and then the Sharnhorst. Somewhere along the way the Bishops left and went home to eat. But we continued on for the first time into the Tomlinson -- some 700 acres of pastureland that we are leasing and had been doing some cutting work in. It was beautiful -- good grass, but rough country. Down here to our left lying in the brush, not more than 10 feet from the car, we saw a little spotted fawn -- motionless as a shadow -- looking at us as though mesmerized.

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I called softly back for my camera, but before it could be brought up he leaped to his shaky little legs and went bounding off into the deep thickets.

It was ^{NOT} more than 5 minutes later when rounding a curve in the rough new cut road we stirred a whole cloud of hideous buzzards into angry, awkward flight. There was their prey ~~xx~~ hanging on the fence -- a deer who had caught his leg on the top strand of the barbed wire and had hung there. They always kick frantically -- usually breaking the leg -- until ^{they} ~~he~~ died. Very quickly we had gone the whole circle from new life to death. You see the whole drama of nature in all its gentle charm and cruel ugliness when you walk or ride around the country.

It was 3:30 before we got back to the Ranch. We were famished, and sat down to a delicious big lunch. Judge Heath joined us. He is leaving for the Far East tomorrow and he had come over to talk business with Lyndon.

I was so glad that Lynda and George stayed with us. I want to spend the time, the companionship, it takes to get to know him better. He and Arthur talked about show business and personalities. He and Lynda seem remarkably companionable. I think it's a play between ~~the number~~ ^{Them} of things the other didn't have -- for Lynda, ^{the} excitement, freedom, somewhat ^{spicy} ~~spicy~~ life of show business. For him, could it be perhaps a solid education, the real interest in learning, and I would hope the fairly deeply rooted family life that she has had.[?]

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Lyndon is never ready to stop motion. I wish sometimes that he would ^{lie} lay in the hammock more by the pool and just give his thoughts to the clouds and ^{feel} ~~let~~ the breeze and let the birds' songs sink into his consciousness.

But no. A little past 5:00 he picked us all up -- the Krims, Bishops, Lynda and George. We stopped for the Moursunds at their Ranch ~~and~~ and then went on to what he called the "Krim Estate" -- the outlines of a house are taking shape.

Lovely Mathilde surveyed it with a happy proprietary air. Lyndon keeps on speaking of "his room" and of the birthday party she is going to give him there.

I think they will set a good example in taste and in conservation practices. I do not believe a bulldozer will rip up the mesquite and the persimmon and the Christmas cactus.

At the beach house we were joined by Jessie and Carolyn and Tom whom Lyndon himself had called. There's only one swift moment for him between thinking of something thoughtful and kind and doing it.

We spent the sunset hours -- Lyndon in the fast boat, free and relaxed, with Mathilde and Arthur and Lynda and George. And I on the more ^{staid} ~~stayed~~ big boat for some of the more ^{staid} ~~stayed~~ company.

Marie and Vicki came to meet us back at Mary Margaret's house. And then we all got on the big ~~boat~~ boat, and in the dying light proceeded back to the Haywood where we had a delicious dinner.

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*believe it
name of
question
scientist
- ch.
Kaga*

It was there that Jim Bishop told a remarkable story about a Dr. Lisa Mikner -- a woman scientist. She somehow came into possession of the information on firmass test -- the beginning of the long chain of breaking the atom. She applied for permission to go to Denmark on a vacation. This was in 1934 and I am a little vague as to whether she was in Mussolini's Italy or Hitler's Germany. At any rate, much hung on her ability to get out for the vacation. Somehow she did and went to Dr. Neils Boor, *Ch. Kaga* Indian mart, who was about to catch the boat to go to the United States to lecture, thrust herself into his presence just at the last moment -- he at first exasperated and then with deep excitement -- listened to her information and promised to take it out to the United States. He did -- to Dr. Teller and there it went to someone named Szilard and then to Einstein -- with the hope that Einstein's name -- his great prestige -- could bring it to the attention of the President of the United States. Actually, Einstein went through still another man who was a friend of FDR. FDR listened and got a \$6,000 appropriation to start the atom project. This was in 1934!

Assumer threat
What a ~~goose of threat~~ of circumstance and uncertainty these events hung on that have since shaken the world! James Bond has nothing to match them.

A charming sidelight was that Arthur said, "Mathilde and I met one evening at Dr. Neils Boors. He was a wonderful man". Mathilde herself is a scientist and they filled in sidelights of the story.

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We were home at a reasonably early hour because the Krims had to fly back to New York that night. Not only he, but she, is a hard worker in a tense field.