

MEMORANDUM

Sunday, July 17, 1966

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

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It was a late night Saturday night hearing Lyndon's adventures, and so we slept until 9:30 Sunday morning -- a very rare thing for Lyndon. And then we went to St. Marks -- all four of us. Luci was happily chirruping her assent, though it means two church services for her.

The day was important to me for three reasons. All four of us side by side in old St. Marks which is still being done over. And so we sat in chairs. And second because Bill Baxter asked God's blessings on thy servants Luci and Pat and their approaching marriage. And third because Bill Baxter is leaving the end of this month and St. Marks will no more be the same to me. He had just returned from Latin America -- his first tour with the Peace Corps to which he is going. In his real evangelical fashion, he was carried away and preached until 12:20. So we were late getting home to see our usual round of Sunday TV shows -- Admiral ^{Rabon} Rayburn, brisk, smiling, tough, winning every round I thought. And Cy Vance, cautious and deliberate in his impossible job of answering reporters who it seemed ^{were} ~~would~~ determine to show up this country in the worst light possible in every situation. Sometimes you get an uneasy feeling of wondering ~~about~~ whose side they are on.

Once more there were just the four of us at the table, and I cherish the time.

After lunch, Lyndon put on his pajamas and crawled into bed. Sundays are his days to make up for the whole week. But he asked us to come in and talk with him. And Lynda and Luci sitting on the bed and I in the rocking chair were soon in one of the longest, best family discussions -- the sort that is

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a cathartic and a salve at the same time for all the problems that beset the four of us, and maybe a solution. We talked about Luci's honeymoon and how she would get there, about Pat's job, and about their courses at the University. We talked about a possible job for Lynda. McGeorge Bundy had told her there might be something in the Ford Foundation -- research and travel. Arthur Goldberg had mentioned a place with the United Nations. She's interested in the "American Heritage" magazine. Someone had suggested a job there for her. And then "National Geographic" -- an official in it -- had talked to Bill Moyers about her going to work for them.

It was a rare and happy time -- productive for us all.

Then when Lyndon turned over to go to sleep, I went bowling. Played 3 games -- about a high score of 136 and a low too bad to mention. Then came back over with Lynda to watch her unpack all of her treasures -- the books, the old prints that she had bought, the gifts including a white mantilla about 8 feet long that would make a good wedding veil. ~~The~~ ^{code stone} books are a leadstone to her.

And then when Lyndon woke up, he said, "Let's go out and see Courtney." So the four of us drove out. Courtney, out on the sidewalk saw Lyndon coming, and nobody in Jack's galaxy of stars could possibly express more delight and excitement than she did. No wonder he finds her one of the chief joys of his hard days.

We had a pleasant hour or so, but the Valentis had a dinner engagement so Luci volunteered to baby-sit with Courtney. We took her back home to the

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Ridgely
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White House for dinner with us along with the ~~Ridgelys~~ who had come in to join the Valentis.

It was a mild, soft, early evening -- the sort that's an anecdote for the struggles of the week days for Lyndon. And for me it was especially dear because we were all four together. And those days in this way are growing numbered.

Today the full-page story about weddings was President Cleveland and Francis Folsom. And then the story of Luci's bridesmaids in pink, including a sketch, was the installment for all the wedding watchers. And a negative short story about Lynda Bird's return -- "Eludes press at airport" it said.

It's an old story by now and I should know it well. It's a sort of conspiracy by the press, by ones friends, by the public. For years they pitted Lyndon against the Speaker, but that never worked. And now increasingly as John Connally is reaching a summit of prominence, they are trying to stir up a fight between ^{him} and Lyndon. Sometimes it's abrasive. But I believe it will never produce anything between those two. And now in a way, it's daughter against daughter. Luci has certain qualifications that make her wonderful with the press and Lynda other characteristics that give her a bad time with them. The moral is, we must be careful -- no rifts within our inner forces. And I believe we are too strong and too close for it. But if you stand off a little from the scene you can see it.