

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, July 31, 1966

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The rest of us gave no anxious thought to church. But the Catholic contingent -- Vicki and Simon and Pat with Luci rushing to make it (Pat probably has a life-time of that ahead of him) -- were off to a 10:00 Mass while Lyndon and I and Bill and June and Bill Deason and Jeanne, John and Ashton, gathered in a slow and leisurely fashion around the breakfast table in the big room that looks down into the valley where one of the great battles of the Civil War was fought. Lyndon read out loud to us the New York Times Magazine story by someone none of us had ever met, who had not interviewed a member of the family or anybody in our Press office or anyone we can identify.

It is not as lethal as I had feared it would be when Liz had told me that upon reading the first draft her blood pressure had reacted in a way that sent her to ~~drop~~ Dr. Travell and thence to bed for two days.

We sound "country", perhaps like a soap opera family, <sup>was?</sup> ~~with~~ the calm judgment of Bill White. <sup>if it</sup> Was it a stranger reading it, he would think it was a plus for the Johnsons. <sup>?</sup> Ch  
top

I went to the bowling alley with Pat and the Whites and the Deasons and Simon and Vicki and the Gonellas joined us. And my game made up for yesterday's awful ones -- 133, 110. And that self-satisfying <sup>red</sup> ~~feeling~~ feeling that comes with being fairly competent at something.

We were deluged with news of the wedding today. A spread in the Star with a color picture of Luci and Pat walking hand-in-hand past the fountain.

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One I read with a sinking heart, where Betty Beale reported that the King of Morocco is sending four caftan ensembles made to Luci's measurements. We haven't seen or heard of them. But it will not make good reading for the opponents of foreign aid in the Congress.

Another story -- this in Parade -- about Luci's mail and gifts, inevitably entitled, "They Love Luci". It was rather really charming. "From Punjab India to Eden, Texas the plain people of the world have deluged Luci with songs, poems, recipes, advice and congratulations." One of the most startling letters was signed by Pat Nugent. He wrote from Anaconda, Montana. Another Pat Nugent -- this one from Philadelphia -- turned out to be only 7 years old, and the letter was written by his 7th grade sister who reports that her brother is really taking a ribbing because of his name and doesn't appreciate the importance of the similarity. And a dear one from Cincinnati. "I am writing this note to congratulate you on your upcoming marriage and to commend you on the upholding of the reputation of the American teenager. You've not only caused a new warm light to fall on us, but you have forced older Americans to look upon us with seriousness as well as humor."

Some humorous cartoons of ~~three of us~~ semi-principles -- me, Liz and Bess, <sup>W</sup> With this one sentence summary I liked, "Bess has a southern graciousness that never sags under the magnitude of pressures of her job."

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And then the news that Lyndon read with great ceremony. He has had the strangest, long-term relationship with the Pope, entirely one way, for about the first 25 years, <sup>and</sup> And these last few years -- since his meeting with Pope John -- a quite real relationship. The headline was: "Pope May Bestow Wedding Blessing". "Pope Paul VI is expected to bestow his personal blessings on the marriage of Luci Baines Johnson and Patrick J. Nugent. Highly placed Catholic sources say the papal benediction probably will take the form of a warm fatherly message to the bride and groom which will be read by Archbishop Patrick O'Boyle <sup>in</sup> the wedding ceremony at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception August 6th."

Luci, thoroughly inured by the total barrage of words now, was excited and shiny-eyed about this.

Marie Smith's story about Luci and her wedding gifts recorded the practical ones. Zephyr's and Sammie's gift of a vacuum cleaner with all the attachments, a sewing basket from Helen lined in gay quilted yellow chintz by Helen herself, complete with everything she'll need in her new life of keeping her own clothes in order. And the electric mix-master from Willie Day and Ashton and Patsy. And the present I love most of all, <sup>the</sup> six sterling silver syllabub cups from Tony, initialed, "M. L. P. T. - 1912" when they belonged to my mother, "A. J. T." dated 1927 when he took them from the brick house to his home in Santa Fe, and "L. J. N. - 1966".

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Somewhere along about 2:00, a cloud began to gather on our horizon, signalled by the arrival of Bill Moyers and Joe Califano, and Lyndon's long absences on the telephone. I was not really aware what was going on. But one can sense the change in the atmosphere. Outside the day was sunshiny bright, brisk weather with a touch of <sup>early</sup> fall in the air.

After bowling, I went up to the swimming pool where Lyndon was in with the two delightful daughters of Commander Jones -- Karen and Julie, aged about 3 and 5 -- and Bill Moyers and Joe Califano. It was a new conquest. Yesterday, Karen had shouted from her screen porch as we walked by, "Hello Mr. President." And Lyndon had responded immediately, "Hello, come out and give me a kiss." She was there in a twinkling followed by her sister -- blond, brown legged -- immediately completely at ease with Lyndon and he with them.

Lyndon had asked Dr. Davis to come up and bring his family and give us a little prayer. He arrived with his son, the medical doctor who had been in the service on a submarine for many months, and his daughter Mrs. Winstead. We sat around the pool while I took moving pictures. And then despairing of getting anyone to go home and have lunch, I asked the staff to bring the hamburgers and beans and fruit salad and iced tea to the pool -- which <sup>they</sup> ~~we~~ did. And everybody ate ravenously about 3:00.

Afterwards, Dr. Davis gave us a brief prayer and presented Lyndon with a plaque dated many months before which made him the first honorary

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elder in the Christian church.

It was somewhere along in the middle of the day that I learned what lay behind the cloud. The machinists in the Union were not ratifying the agreement that their leaders had recommended. They were voting against it 3 to 1. The strike would not be ended. We had failed. The sweet taste of success turned bitter, and it looked as though the next few days would be a chess game between many forces from which Lyndon would have to wrest some public good with no path clear.

We went back to Aspen, and he tried to take a nap. And I went into Lynda's room for a long talk. She had plans to go job-hunting in New York. McGeorge Bundy had written her about an offer from the Ford Foundation, and McCalls had written her, and she had the possibility suggested by Bill Moyers of a job with National Geographic. And just when I don't know, Arthur Goldberg had either written or talked to her about working for the U. N. One that particularly appealed to her -- but they have held out no offers so far as I know -- is the American Heritage Magazine. And then one that appeals as a safe harbor, but not exciting, is an offer to work in the book collection at the University of Texas. Miss Hudspeth had talked to her about it.

Lynda is at a sort of cross-roads. It is good that she has Warrie Lynn for companionship and hand-holding.

Later I gathered up the few who had enough energy left and we went bowling for a couple of more games, and back to Aspen for an early dinner,

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and then into the chopper by 8:30. There was so little I could do to lighten Lyndon's load. I could only tell him that there is no place in all the world -- not the Grecian Isles, not the Virgin Islands, not any Shangri-la -- that I had rather be this weekend than with him at Camp David with exactly the company we had.

Back at the White House I went to the pool and swam 30 laps, unsuccessful in getting Lynda Bird and Warrie Lynn to go in with me, and sending word into Lyndon who was continually on the phone that I wished he would join me.

Then I and Lynda and Warrie Lynn and one of Lynda's agents, settled down for a good bridge game on the second floor -- one of the things Lynda and I are quite content to do for hours at a time. And then my greatest luxury -- a massage. But sleep was the will-o-the-wisp despite of all the exercise of this vigorous day in the fresh air and sunshine. And it was a restless night. The close of a weekend that had begun on a high and golden note and ended rather in a <sup>plough</sup> ~~slow~~ of despond.

I often think that my very favorite quality in Lyndon is his ability to go doggedly on, looking, searching for some solution. I must read him those lines from "The Man From LaMancha" -- "To ~~with the unbeatable~~ right the unrightable wrongs - to beat the unbeatable foe". This supreme pragmatist is in no way like Don <sup>Quite</sup> Kyoti. And yet somehow the lines are apt.