

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, August 15, 1966

Page 1

I had slept so well. Unhappily, Lyndon had not. He had been awake at 2:00 and at 4:00, and was up at 6:30 and slipped quietly out while I sank gratefully back into the soft embrace of sleep.

About 8:45 I was up and about my job. But the house was quiet. Those easiest of all house guests -- the Krims -- had taken the ^{? ch to go} Josnea's and departed. Where, I do not know. Lyndon was out riding. And I spent about 2-1/2 hours, very needed, on the telephone with Bess, Henry Hall Wilson and Mike Manatos, Bill Moyers, working on the lists for the upcoming parties. The one on August 23rd for the young folks who are getting married -- Hubert Humphrey's son, and Bob McNamara's daughter, and Bill Wirtz' son. And the party on September 7th for the ^{SA (Haw)} ~~Cherkofsky~~ ^{Ischaikovsky} Winners. And the one on the 8th -- the State Dinner for Ne Win of Burma.

Bess, that wonderfully efficient person, had sent me down the last two lists. We had made good progress on the August 23rd list before leaving. But if well done, they take much ~~thought~~ thought and interweaving of those who would enjoy and be suitable for the occasion -- would light the evening up -- those who have helped us make our lives more useful or more fun -- those whom the guests of honor particularly want to have. And always a checking to try to bring in new people to expand our field. So it was about 11:30 before I finished my calls, and there was Lyndon in the door. "Are you ready to go riding with me?" And I was glad that I could give a quick "yes" with no amendments.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, August 15, 1966

Page 2

We went through the Reagan and then on to the Segn^{er} property. And I could see Lyndon's mind working about buying one more place. I often laugh about him and land. Some men run race horses, some men collect jewels or paintings, and some men want "more country" -- more land.

We went down toward Jordan's to see where Dale had sent a couple of his boys because it was too wet to work on the tractors, to cut the dead wood out of trees and to pull down the grapevines. It is a great temptation to see a tree clean and orderly and neat. We yearn to do it for all of them and you could as well ^{buy a} handful of diamonds!

We were back at the house by 1:00. We sat down for lunch with the Krims and the Jonseas who have had a wonderful morning seeing the boyhood in Johnson City, which was quite full they said. It had already had 250 by mid-morning. Then going on to the Moursund's ranch where their daughter ^{Daphna} Daffna had agreed to hire out as a cowhand for the next week -- absolutely in love with life at Round Mountain. What a world apart from her life in New York City and Long Island and Switzerland!

And little Mary Slater and Jake and Genny and Juanita were with us. I had turned over to Juanita for the Archives some of the silver that I especially treasured -- Lynda's and Luci's baby forks and spoons with their names on them, a fish knife that had been "liberated from ^{Berftersgaden} ~~Berftis Garden~~ by the first American soldiers to enter, among whom was Captain White. It had a very proud eagle and the initials "A. H." on it. The silver dish that President

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, August 15, 1966

Page 3

Kennedy had given Lyndon and me when he spent the night at the Ranch on November 17, 1960. A very graceful thing for him to do -- to come to the home of the Vice President. And ~~we~~ ^{when he} had found out ~~it~~ ^{it} was our wedding anniversary, he had somehow managed in a few hours time to get this silver dish engraved and had presented it to us that evening. And also to Juanita I had given • 1908 Ladies Home Journals that had been in the rack down at the birthplace house and were getting more tattered every day.

I always feel sad when it is time for Lyndon to go back to Washington after a stay at the Ranch. He told me that morning that he was not sleeping well night after night -- that it is the unrelieved pressure of Viet-Nam and the rising danger of inflation that makes those night sleepless. He is a man of most remarkable discipline, and sometimes undisciplined. He drinks hardly at all anymore, and yet he has gained a good deal too much and cannot pass up second helpings and Mary's good deserts.

I kissed him goodbye at 1:30 and went by helicopter into Austin. I had spent a part of the morning dispatching Helen and James and Mr. ^{Klein} ~~Kline~~ with two pickup loads of Luci's wedding presents and a double bed that we were lending them plus a kitchen table and some chairs into the house on Herritage Way. And I arrived there myself a little past 2:00.

I suppose it is some sort of a second chapter -- a turning point -- when you begin helping set up housekeeping for your daughter. And I am arriving at it a little late -- 53. I walked in and couldn't help but have a little sinking

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, August 15, 1966

Page 4

of the heart. This charming house was so small indeed and so much needed to be done -- the electricity not on, one chair, one table, two lamps in the living room looking haphazard and lonely, and big boxes full of wedding gifts -- at least labeled -- covering the bedroom floor. Well, of such beginnings a home is made.

I left James and Helen and Mr. ~~Kline~~^{him} at work and went to the beauty parlor. And when I returned they had gotten the wheels in motion to get the electricity turned on, and had made a little list of the things we could bring in at the next passing ~~Luci~~^{To Land}. A chest of drawers, four lawn chairs for the minute porch. I think of all this in contrast ~~with~~^{will} the silver embroidered caftans from the Chief of State of Morocco and Ayub Kahn's emerald and diamond necklace. ~~And~~^{It} is rather hilarious. ~~For~~[#] days and days I have been waiting to be free to walk the river and now was my chance.

So by 4:30 I was back in the helicopter and bound ~~for~~^{for} the Sharnhorst. And from there to Mr. ~~Orange~~^{Chet}'s Ranch to the river. Mr. Orange had a most wonderful crop of wild Texas persimmons. The ripe ones were now black and soft and I tasted one -- a rather sweet bland fruit. No bad but I didn't particularly like it. But the deer did. They were feasting in droves. Some of the biggest bucks with the finest racks I have ever ~~saw~~^{seen}. Lyndon~~x~~ could not have seen them without warning them.

This time the walking was rather good. Most of the way the river bed was wide, with sandbars full of pebbles and sometimes big boulders and faults that ran slant-ways across the river -- almost like stepping stones -- so that

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, August 15, 1966

Page 5

once when we needed to cross, we could actually do it almost without getting wet. There was a song of little rapids in our ears most of the way. In the soft sand we came across coon tracks. And once Clarence, stepping over a rock, said "Look!" with excitement in his voice. And there was a perfect footprint of a man's shoe. I was as surprised as Robinson Caruso was. I wondered who and why. Later on, rather repeatedly, we looked for foot prints. Several times we found them. He was walking in the opposite direction from ~~us~~ us, and I think by the size of the prints, ^{he} he must have been a boy.

Clarence had looked at the river from a helicopter since I had been gone and told me ^{where} ~~that~~ there were roads out, where a car could come to meet us, either about one mile down the river or about three miles. Allowing for at least 100% error, I thought it couldn't be more than six miles. We had elected to ask them to come to the second point of pickup, and we expected to get there by dark. So I was amazed to hear when Clarence's pedometer registered a little less than three miles -- Woody Taylor saying over the talking machine that he could see us. Their pickup was moving in from a high hill directly above us down toward the river. The point of contact was to be a deer camp in a grove of trees right at the foot of a great bluff that rose at the river's banks straight up to the sky.

And so ~~amazingly~~ amazingly we were there at the same time, and it actually was three miles.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, August 15, 1966

Page 6

The sky was full of great clouds like powder puffs, changing to every shade of pink and rose and finally gray. I climbed rather gratefully into the Bronco with Ben Blossman, and we began the steep ascent of the hill. Those deer hunters that lease this place must really want to get away from life, their business, their wives -- everything -- because they really leave civilization behind at the top of this ridge. But I was enjoying the euphoria of being physically tired and having a cold beer and looking at the great drama of the sunset.

I was back at the Ranch at 7:30 and had just broiled steak and tomatoes in bed while I phoned invitations for tomorrow night's dinner. And I talked to Luci who gave me a delightful account of their first week's anniversary. Pat had taken her out to dinner, bought her an ounce of Joy perfume, eaten the food and drunk the water of the Islands, and then on Sunday had promptly been quite ill. She miraculously had not. She had instead gone snorkeling and layed on the beach and met up with ten nuns who were in swimming -- somehow I never thought nuns went swimming -- and she had been enchanted with them, took them for a boat ride -- a most ~~extraordinary~~ ^{extraordinary} little girl.

So it was early to bed. And a very satisfying day. The sort that makes me ~~like~~ believe it can be a good transition from the Potomac back to the Pedernales.