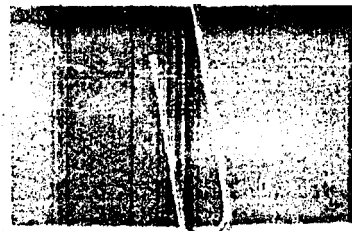


SUNDAY, SEPT. 18, 1966 -- page 1



Some days are pure milk and honey. Such a day was Sunday, September 18th. We had spent the night on the Sequoia -- Ashton and John Gonella, the ~~Rxxx~~ Riordans, and the McHughes, and Mary Slater and her date, and we slept well to the lovely rocking of the boat, anchored somewhere down close to Quantico. There was a delicious sense that we had left our troubles on shore, and we were separated from the necessity to work or to worry. Lyndon ~~xxx~~ himself slept late, and I followed him upstairs about 9:30 in my lovely gold robe that was made from the material that Madame Chang Kai-Shek had given me, and we had breakfast on the back deck with complete abandon - hot cakes and honey and bacon.

It was a clear brisk day, ^{The} sun promising to be warm later on. A little past ten I got a bridge game started with Ashton and Mary and Tim. We played for over two hours and finally wound up by having beer before lunch. We watched Arthur Goldberg on TV. Not until one o'clock did I get dressed and then we had more bridge and all the while going down the Potomac farther and farther until it was very broad and we thought Chesapeake Bay must not be far away. Passing under the enormous ^Nspan of bridge, and close to there a boat put in, and Mr. Kellam and Bill and June White and Dr. Davis looking very wan and silent and ^{removed} ~~relieved~~ from the world -- it has been a little more than a month since his wife died -- joined us and by that time we were all RAVENOUS. We went to the

SUNDAY, Sept. 18, 1966 - page 2

upper deck in the bright sunshine and had hamburgers, stopping long enough for a brief blessing, and then Lyndon and I talked to Lynda Bird and to Luci on the phone. The river was beautiful and the company was good, but I thought how utterly self-indulgent to lie down for a nap so I did for about 2 hours. I cannot decide from a day such as this whether I was really tired enough to need it all or whether mankind just can't take leisure time. Would we waste it? Do we have the backbone, the drive, the curiosity to apply ourselves to constructive things when we have leisure?

Chy.
Around 6 o'clock Mary Margaret and Jack and Mary Esther Garner arrived on another boat. By this time we had turned around after having gone farther down the Potomac than we have ever been before on the Sequoia. Dr. Davis gave us a short sermon. I felt so sorry for him. Her was a man who had been ministering to other people's needs all his working life, and now he was in need, and who was there to help him?

Then began one of the most interesting parts of the day. I sat down on the back deck with June White and we had a long talk about young folks - Lynda, Luci, Cia, Vicky, college campuses in general, and California campuses in particular. It was a shattering hour, LSD and mariajuana, are real, and our nice young folks know them or know people who know them, and it is a quagmire to walk in. They are taking Cia out of - I think it is Berkley -- she will spend the fall at home and then go to Duke when the February term begins. Very

SUNDAY, Sept. 18, 1968 -- page 3

dimly seen by me, it sounds like bright young people, imaginative young people, sensitive and searching, are quite likely to meet up with such a milieu. For Cia, it was all right. She had walked out on it. For some it would not be. What is lacking? An anchor? Constant old fashioned discipline?

We had dinner on the back deck. Dark had fallen. I felt rather like one of those geese who had its ~~h~~ webbed feet nailed down and is gorged and gorged with ^{Food}~~good~~ food, ^{fat}until he gets fat enough to provide the pate de foie gras. And then up on the top deck we saw movies -- June 1966 and one about Vietnam contact. Quite early we were docked back at Washington, and with Jesse and the Valentis ^{drove} ~~went~~ to the White House, ready to go to bed at ten o'clock.

A few minutes later I came in to join Lyndon and there was Bill Moyers telling the sad story, the painful, final days of his brother Jim. So a day that began with velvet and sunshine ended on the harsh and lonely note of death.

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