

MEMORANDUM

checked Sept 13, 1977

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1966 -- page 1

Saturday, October 1st dawned grey and rainy, and this

was to be our weekend at Camp David. Jim Cain had spent the night with us so I gathered him up and took him down to the swimming pool at nine o'clock, and then decided I would try Lyndon. Would he come? To my surprise, he said "Yes", I'll be there in a few minutes." I took ~~out~~ the precaution of telling ~~xxxx~~ him that the water was a little cooler than usual. No luck. He seized on it, and told me "You brought me down here in this cold water; if I get a cold it will be because I wanted to go swimming with you." He is a born tease.

He and Jim and I discussed what may be a necessary time sometime out/in November.

Then, a quick trip to the beauty parlor and dressed for the wedding -- the last of the official weddings in the Cabinet circle: Richard Wirtz to Margaret Ann Hickman. I went to Lyndon's office about 15 minutes before the wedding and began to pat my foot. He was in deep conversation with Katzenbach and Bob McNamara and Jim Reynolds about a strike. I finally extracted them all, and ~~at the~~ ^{after} ~~wedding~~ ^{waiting} 8 minutes during which Lyndon completely changed his clothes, We all piled into the car and in the rain went to the church of the Annunciation, arriving ~~xxx~~ right behind two pretty bridesmaids in autumn colors who went in clutching long dresses and umbrellas.

Possibly give to

Oct 6 - Jane Engelhard

& Geo Ball

Oct 9 - Weinheiser

Oct. 1 - Elizabeth

Oct. 31 - Capt M Brown

Finished & ready to give
to Library - except ch. turned
down pages w/ Harry - C J G
7/31/81

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, October 1, 1966 -- page 2

It was a Catholic wedding. Peggy looked both beautiful and pixie and Richard, terribly ~~er~~nest, with his young brother standing beside him as best man.

Our working crew gathered up their brief cases, left at the church door, and then went down to the Army Navy Club, being the first in line to greet our hosts and congratulate the young married couple. It was a medley of government and cabinet and young people I did not know. I saw the Goldbergs, and Lyndon leaned over and whispered "They are going to Camp David with us." Fortunately both Camp David and I are elastic.

The men kept standing in a corner talking to each other, roping in someone else who might have another angle on their problem. I think it was a strike. Then, very soon we were off to The White House and the belated lunch of hot soup and sandwiches at ten minutes of three. — Lyndon and Katzenbach and Joe Califano and Bob McNamara, who looked wan and weary, and Gardner Ackley, and Jim Reynolds, and I believe Henry Wilson. It was an uninterrupted session for a hour, and by that time ~~k~~ our guests to go to Camp David had begun to arrive.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, October 1, 1966 -- page 3

The usher told me the Rusks and Goldbergs and Gene ~~Kohlers~~ ^{Kohlers} Rostows and Walt Rostows and ~~Kelars~~ (?) and Ms. Katzenbach were all in the Yellow Room. I slipped over to Lyndon and we agreed that it would be best for me to go on out with everyone else and he would follow with Bob McNamara and Katzenbach when he could. The Rusks and Goldbergs got in with me and we drove to the Pentagon heli-pad, and then all of us in one helicopter for a ride to Camp David through clouds and fog that broke ^{intermittently} ~~in a literary~~ to reveal the beautiful, lush landscape below. At first, farm lands all neatly geometrical with comfortable white houses and red barns, and then the ^{CATOCTIN} ~~top of the~~ mountains, and the farther up them we flew the more frequent became the brilliant splashes of crimson and gold in the green below us. Fall is just laying its hand on the mountains. It has not really begun at all in Washington

Dorothy Goldberg and Virginia Rusk and I were exclaiming at each new view -- I a little bit nervously to hide the fact that what should have been a 30 or 40 minutes flight was stretching into nearly an hour, and I had the feeling that we were circling. Then suddenly I looked down, and there was Aspen and the golf course, and the ground was quite clear, and at 5 o'clock we landed. It is the most blissful feeling! All our cares are deposited at the entrance and we are free! This weekend I can say that only of myself because it is to

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, October 1, 1966 -- page 4

be a very busy working weekend. I had already made out a chart for the officer in charge about where to put everyone, and on the plane I told everyone their quarters. ~~Hawthorne~~ or Witchhazel or Dogwood.

Paul had already arrived with our luggage and so I was quickly into some pants and flat heeled shoes, and then with Lyndon still not here, I lay down on the bed and worked for a good hour. I had made it very clear on the helicopter that I hoped everybody would do exactly what they wanted -- all the women, that is, whether it was lying in bed reading the whole time, or walking or swimming if the sun came out, or bowling or watching movies or playing bridge with me. A weekend like this is time to be free, not bound by any social necessities.

About six-thirty I went up to the bowling alley with Elspeth Rostow and Mrs. Katzenbach and Mrs. ^{Kahler} ~~Kahler~~ (?), and we had an hour of bowling. Mrs. Katzenbach has a natural athlete's form, although it was a new game to all three of them, or so they protested.

^{The Commanding} ~~General~~ officer had fixed up Laurel as a sort of living room for all the ladies so we would not interrupt the men in their long seminarx sessions. Lyndon had come in about six with Bob and Nick and they were threshing out their problems in that living room that looks down on the valley where one of the major civil war battles was fought and which itself has seen, its walls have heard, a good deal of history.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, October 1, 1966 - page 5

through
Roosevelt~~s~~, Eisenhower~~s~~ and Kennedy, and now the Johnsons.

We had good exercise, but not terribly good bowling. Then we went down to Laurel where Virginia and Dorothy joined us, and we all had a drink, and we had a call from Margie MaNamara in the hospital at Baltimore. It was only at lunch that we had learned she was in the hospital. Lyndon with his quick reacti~~nn~~ had asked that some flowers be sent right away. She was calling to thank us for them. Her voice sounded frail and far away, although ~~xxx~~ she protested "I am just winding my clock." She and Bob have such strong *spirits* -- their bodies do not quite keep up with them. She leads such an active life in every way you would never think that she had been a polio victim as an adult.

Actually we sat down to dinner at a much more prompt hour -- just a little past eight ^{than} we usually do. I with the Secretary on my right at the head of the table and Ambassador Goldberg on my left, some sixteen of us. It was an interesting dinner -- an array of brilliant men and lively, interested, and in some cases brilliant women. Ambassador ^Kolar said that it was in this very room that he had sat and listened to Krush^hchev and Eisenhower. Was his visit a good thing? Yes, he thought exposing Krush^hchev to our country had had a very good effect, and some of it had siphoned through to his *(country)*. And what about now? As well as I could understand him and summarize

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, October 1, 1966 -- page 6

his feelings, these leaders have retreated more into themselves and so has the country. There is less contact. And yet, he said, throughout the country ^{there is} great curiosity, even admiration, certainly great interest in Americans, than ever ^A at any time in all of his travels has he had an act of hostility against himself. ² It seems the contacts they ~~do~~ do have are with the art and entertainment ~~section~~ segment of the population -- the writers.

It was ~~with~~ my first time to be with the Gene Rostows. He looks very like his brother, only more fine drawn. I think there is such a competition between government and business and the academic world, we are fortunate to bring him in. Elspeth Rostow glows in any company. She is a marvelous combination -- a thorough woman and tough ~~(?)~~ intellect.

This group of men had gathered to talk about Lyndon's trip to the East, about the whole international situation, but their time had been cruelly [?] stolen by an impending strike, and the necessity to ward it off, and a flow of figures and ~~alternatives~~ and telephone calls on the quite different matter of a strike.

When dinner was over this time the men adjourned to Laurel and I asked for a quick vote on which movie everybody would like to see. Unanimously they choose Gambit -- a suspense thriller ~~about~~ about an art thief. The popcorn passed and the Johnson bijou ~~(?)~~ set up. At ten o'clock I slipped quietly away with a brief apology for my

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, October 1, 1966 - page 7

~~for my idiosyncrasy~~ ^{idiosyncrasy} to watch a very good hour of Gun Smoke ~~and~~
~~crawled~~ ^{curled} upon the bed. It is indeed an unfair division of labor!

For hours I have been doing things I like, things that are fun, and the men toil away. And then when it was over I slipped back into the living room and watched the end of the movie which was light and fun in a style as new as pop art and vinyl dresses, and then to bed by midnight. ; , ,

The rain had stopped and on our way up to the bowling ~~alley~~ ^{alley} we had seen a beautiful maple like a flaming torch. ~~Indeed~~ ^{In a week} much of the woods will be like this. It is a glorious part of the world.

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