

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1966 -- page 1

Thursday, November 10th, was until sundown quite typical of these ten November days at the ranch. ~~Since~~ Friday the 4th when we arrived to rest from our Eastern trip until Monday, November 14th when we return to Washington, ~~They~~ were marked by a strange inability to sleep, and much of the day revolves around when and whether and how one did sleep. Most aggravating. It is ~~somehow~~ somehow an inevitable result with almost all of us ^{of} the trip around the world, ~~was~~ ^a gaining and day and losing a day, and getting our internal clock quite upset.

// "Rest" at the ranch is a complete misnomer to me, and I do not understand how it is restful to Lyndon. The airport stays busy with planes coming and going, disgorging Cabinet Members and ~~staff~~ officials with important, difficult new decisions, budget estimates. It is in fact living in a revolving door. I only know that somehow it manages to be restful to Lyndon. //

This morning's planeload brought Secretary McNamara and General Earl Wheeler and Walt Rostow and George Christian and Hal Pachios and Tom Johnson. It was a morning of work and then lunch, and then at 1:45 into the front yard for a Press Conference with McNamara and Lyndon making a joint statement.

// The house has become a joint residence and office. Visitors pour in and news pours out. And these old walls are bursting at the seam. //

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Hurley

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I spent a part of the afternoon retracing my steps with Nancy to the guest trailer and the Cedar House, reviewing our hanging of pictures, making notes of bedspreads to be bought, window shades or drapes to be decided on, and to the hangar to make choices between floor covering and wall covering. They are doing a quick inexpensive job of converting it to part-time hangar — part-time meeting hall where Press Conferences and gatherings could be held when the weather is cold or when it is raining.

A goodlooking simulated stone^{lynil} floor, an oatmeal colored wall hanging, a good foil for any decorations,

And then a little before five Cabinet, Military and traveling staff had left and the ranch assumed its other face. We began our daily ritual -- into the car, Lyndon, Luci and I and over to the Lewis Place to pick up A. W., drove around the Lewis and Hartman, circling those caliche hills to see the sunset from the top. It is an early fall. We had a frost by the first of November and the ^{sumacs} ~~shumacks~~ are brilliant red, and the Spanish Oaks dark russet, but the sunflowers and asters have gone. The morning is crisp and chill, but the days have been hot golden blue. It is in the 80s in the middle of the day. Indian summer. Absolutely divine weather to live with that is, but the part of us that is rancher looks at the blue sky with a groan and yearns for rain.

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It was after six-thirty when we decided to go to Cecil Ruby's for dinner. Cecil and Mrs. Ruby have a deer camp close to their main ranch out from Buda and they were having some 40 or 50 guests including the Directors of the American National Bank. On the business phone we asked Maryallen ^{Matfelle} and Matfelle and Mr.

Galland her father if they could be ready in about ten minutes. They could. We got in touch with Pat who is driving out from Austin. We rendezvoused at the Moursund Ranch, picked them up and helicoptered over to Buda, landing in a field near Cecil Ruby's ranch house and then driving to his deer camp. It was quite dark and we were alone on the road. All the other guests had come in before us.

The road was alive with nightlife! Two raccoons crossed in front of us, and a skunk, his white plume waving, ambled off into the brush. There were lots of deer in the shadow close by, and once a fox darted quickly through the headlights and on into the woods.

It was delightful! The hunting camp was a big, roomy, rambling place, which had grown, Cecil very proudly showed me, from a one room cabin he and his wife had had there in their young days. It was practically a story of their own success from laborer to wealthy contractor. Their pleasure in having us there was so genuine and touching it added to my enjoyment of the evening, and I ~~don't~~ soon found myself surrounded by familiar couples from our past -- the Ben

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Brighams, the Jesse James, the Jamie Odoms, the Tom Miller, Jr.s, the Ed Rhodes Wroes, Charley Green without Floy. I was aware of how many times it was the children of people I had known when Lyndon was a Congressman frbm Austin. How sharply this told the tale of passing years, which I somehow did not feel very much!

Suddenly I found myself in a group of four, all of us who played bridge together in the 30s, and had that astonishing feeling "My, you all have grown old," & cosily exempting myself from the same. It was a pleasant change of pace in life at the ranch to go out to dinner, and if it seems ^{bizarre} ~~bizarre~~ to take along four extra people — Pat and Luci and ^{Matilda} ~~Matilda~~ and her father, our hosts' greetings were so cordial and the whole party so casual that it all seemed to fit into the western way of doing things.

Pat was busy meeting everybody; actually he knew more names than we did in his brief months' work at the station. It was a warm and pleasant evening, ending early - a little past 10 o'clock ~~w~~ we were back at the ranch. I talked to Lynda in Washington, and I heard that Dr. and Mrs. Young had a baby girl ~~xx~~ named after me, Claudia Diane. Lyndon, with his dozens of namesakes, and now I with two!

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