

1967

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5

I really came to about 8:35 and Lyndon said "Well, we could go to Church about 9:00 o'clock. Do you think you could make it?" I could. I bounded out of bed and giving my makeup what ^{Aunt Effie} ~~Anthy~~ would have called a lick and a promise, I met him in the elevator without even a cup of coffee at five minutes of nine and we went to the National City Christian Church for their early service. It will be pleasant not to be accompanied by the battery of photographers and press if it could be managed and they usually don't show up until 10:00 o'clock on Sunday. We settled ourselves in the pew of the small chapel and then I glanced at the day's program. Dr. Davis was preaching a series on "I am What I am." Today's topic was "I am a Hawkish Dove", an excellent, impassioned sermon-- a very sincere man, but also tender for the fires of the press.

We were home a little past ten, ravenous and the two of us sat down at the dining room table and had hot cakes and bacon and coffee with no thought for diet. Then Lyndon said ["] We might get the Tom Johnsons and the Christians and go up to Camp David as soon as I finish this meeting. Who would you like? ["] I would like the Rostows. He left for a talk with Rusk and McNamara and Katzenbach and Rostow and I watched the TV shows-- Fowler and Proxmire, while our guests gathered including the Riordans. At close to two, Lyndon was back

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so we left in the helicopter for Camp David. We settled with the feeling of that delightful sense of expectation of having left your troubles behind and there was talk of snow-- so many inches that perhaps we would be snowed in, an altogether pleasant idea to me, but here the sun was bright and we walked from the field to Aspin Lodge where we had a hamburger lunch and then I explained to everyone the pleasures of the place, a nap, a movie, a bridge game or bowling. As for me, I curled up and tried to sleep ~~intermittently~~^{intermittently}. It is only rare that I can sleep in the daytime and when I go to bed at two, as I had last night and get only six or so hours sleep, I go through the day dragging, clunking along at half steam.

Lynda came in about six. She had been to the christening of her Godchild and was bubbling with talk about how this infant gurgled and about how happy the family was, even with the husband off in Vietnam. A little wistfully I thought, she talked of it all. We walked through the dusk up to Hickory Lodge. Lyndon and I and Walt and Tom and the Riordans, where we had two good games of bowling. Just about the first time in my life I beat Lyndon. It seems no matter how seldom he plays, he can usually come crashing through even at the last with enough strikes to pass me and most of the rest of us. Tonight he didn't. Then we returned to Aspin where a big game was going on of Lynda and the two Christians. She has a bad back and can't bowl and

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pretty little Mrs. Tom Johnson, who is having her second baby very soon.

We had dinner at nine and then after some ^{rather} ~~rapid~~ desultory bridge [^] which George and Jo Ann and I and Edwina engaged. The conversation over on Lyndon's side of the room was too enticing so we left and joined then. The subject at the moment was India and Lyndon was saying "How many years do you think it has taken off my life to try to get help for India? Five years minus whatever I've got." It is one of the most frustrating problems. The simple dictates of humanity make you want to get them food when you hear there are thousands starving, yet you know there will never be enough food and you need never expect to be thanked for it and there are so many places in your own country-- so many Lick Branches and Cotullas where it is needed too-- that same tax money. "

There was a general discussion of foreign aid over the last twenty five years, a suggestion by Rostow of exploring some way of telling the success stories of AID [^] and what countries are asked-- ^{they?} [^] in Greece, Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, very notably in Korea. "Is it a never ending story? " "No, it is tapering off in most of those countries, finished in some and it is completely revived, economy restored, a viable society. If you were in Korea fifteen years ago and went back today, it would be hard for you to believe that all of this had happened in that length of

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time-- all of this good. Lyndon was saying that all it meant to our citizens was an endless story of taxes, taxes, taxes for them. ^{How} ~~to~~ get the perspective of the long view for the twenty year stretch-- the feeling that it would ever come to an end.²

I, too, feel that if it is a success story, ^{but} the success has been hidden from the American public at large. ^{we had} ~~a~~ good talk of the gap between the generations, initiated mostly by me, because I had been reading about Rostow's appearance before a group of young college editors where he was hissed and booed and one of them spoke of impeaching the President. ^{if} There has been a ^sate of writing and TV lately about LSD and marijuana on campuses and among the young in general, and wearers of beards and burners of draft cards and we talked about it, some with indignation and none with very definite conclusions. I spoke of Clark Kerr whom I had heard at noon today on TV describing them as the generation of permissiveness, of affluence, and a massive exposure to enormous problems, physical and moral, the atom bomb, the possible even wiping off the face of the earth of human beings, the population explosion and the pill, and so they are formed by many things. Oddly we all agreed that those we knew ourselves-- those young people-- drank less than we did in the Thirties! ¹⁻²

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And then ~~9~~

the talk shifted to China. It is like a vast canvas on which a great tragedy is being painted out- a Greek, a Shakesperean tragedy of enormous proportions. Rostow said there are many coups going on all over the world, but very seldom does one involve seven hundred million people. China is evolving into a different kind of China right before our eyes and probably it will result in a less dangerous China. I brought up the subject of them using us as an enemy, as a catalyst, to unite them. This has happened before, in history, but if anybody could be called an expert in the situation, they didn't seem to think it was portending that way. Mao is a great figure, an old man who is saying "before I die, I am going to uproot my children." The enormity of it somehow defies understanding, to me at least, although I can vaguely discern that what's going on in Vietnam is probably small in comparison.

There is something about Camp David that is very conducive to talks. It is relaxed, informal. It is a change of pace and is exciting to me, but Lyndon doesn't get from it what he gets from the ranch. I phoned Luci. They were still at Waukegon, snowed in and hoped to return by commercial plane the next morning. I talked to Pat and discussed with him whether it would be desirable for him simply to announce that when he registered that Luci would not be registering; that they

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were expecting a child in June and wanted her to get rest and hopefully to stay away from the publicity that that would engender. Pat stood on their statement that they were not in the announcing business. If we want to--fine--but that he is not. Meanwhile, the speculative stories mount. Friends say ^{all} sort of things. We know our goal is to let them be a normal young married couple. All of us agree... How to get there we don't know quite the right road.