

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, February 26, 1967

Page 1

// Lyndon woke me at 7:00. We breakfasted and dressed and left the house at 10 minutes of 8 by the least frequented door we could find. We hope that we can escape from this bit of going to church surrounded by dozens of photographers.

We went to St. Mark's. It was communion, but an extraordinary brief service. And I find myself missing Bill Baxter very much.

As we drove away, Lyndon said, "Why don't we stop by Jack Brooks and have a cup of coffee?" This on Sunday morning at 8:30! I remonstrated to no avail. We stopped and the agent went up the stairs and knocked. And after a few moments there was Jack in a robe practically rubbing his eyes, but saying "Come on in this house."

Jack and Charlotte's house is furnished with antiques. You count four clocks, all about 100 years old, in the living room. It had been a late night. They had been to an Embassy party and then on to something called the "Gilded Cage". But in a few moments, Charlotte came down the stairs in a black Korean robe Lyndon had given her. She put on the coffee pot, Jack lit the fire which was already laid, and we settled into his old Victorian furniture for a good, long, gay chat about the House of Representatives especially the Texas delegation. There is always bantering between Lyndon and Jack which is very amusing.

It was nearly 11:00 when we returned to the White House after <sup>12N</sup>innumerable cups of coffee. And I did some desk work, and Lyndon went to his office.

MEMORANDUM

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WASHINGTON

Sunday, February 26, 1967

Page 2

About 1:00 the Valentis came, bringing Courtney. And the Arthur Krims came downstairs. We watched the mid-day TV shows and then had lunch. And while we were sitting at the table, the Bob Jacksons arrived -- fresh from the wedding of their son in Montreal, Canada -- another bell that tolls our age. Helen was looking very pretty and Bob quite at peace with life having survived a heart attack and achieved a very strong place at his profession as newspaper man, and had just witnessed the very much approved wedding of their only child who is getting his Ph. D. at Harvard.

The Krims were going to leave at 3:00. Their presence is like velvet. It is comfortable and pleasing. We asked them to join us on going to Texas next Thursday night. The Valentis left to go to Spain, the Krims to New York, and the rest of us to take a nap. But I read and turned and tossed, and then got up and went to the bowling alley where I had three brisk games -- good for exercise only. It is much less fun without competition, but I enjoyed making 127. And then back just in time to dress for 6:30 guests.

This party was planned for the Jacksons and they had selected the guest~~x~~ list. Tom and Mary Clark, their own Congressman John Young and Jane, Liz and Les Carpenter, the Park Engles -- to whose house Lyndon had taken me within the first week after we came here, right after Christmas in 1934. Some of his former confreres in the newspaper fraternity, Clark Beech, and the Bill Beales -- his old boss at the Associated Press, and Ted Cook. And the oldest friends of all, the Arthur Perrys.

## MEMORANDUM

## THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, February 26, 1967

Page 3

Arthur had lived in the basement of the Dodge Hotel along with Bob and Lyndon from '32 to '34. And the evening was full of "do you remember", and long-ago, youthful anecdotes, that we somehow find more amusing each time they are told. And the Bill Whites were there. He was of that vintage. And Mrs. Tom Connolly, still looking extraordinarily beautiful. I have no idea how old she is. She is probably the only woman who has ever been married to two United States Senators!

It was biting cold outside which made the bright fire all the merrier, and the atmosphere was warm and easy and full of the talk of old friends -- many reminiscences. One of the most delightful of which was Mrs. Tom

Connolly who told how when she was a young girl of 18, sent off to boarding school in Washington, <sup>Mary</sup> Her father's Congressman, ~~Mary~~ Shepherd, had

come calling on her in a carriage and escorted her to the National Theatre.

~~And also, how many years later when she was married to her second~~ <sup>later forming the romance that</sup> ~~And also, how many years later when she was married to her second~~ <sup>many</sup>

husband, Senator Tom Connolly, And time came for him to vacate his office, <sup>each</sup> He packed all his papers labeling/one of them very carefully,

"Personal, private". Somehow the movers got <sup>them</sup> it mixed up with cartons

of the other papers which were being taken away to be burned. <sup>They were</sup> ~~It was~~

burned and that is enough to give an Archivist nightmares! And with all the talk about the Lyndon Johnson Library to which I have listened and participated in for these last three years, it was a frightening story. I am glad that ours has been proceeding for 9 years under professional help, because when the bell tolls and the day comes for us to leave this

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, February 26, 1967

Page 4

office, the Pandemonium will be enough <sup>to meet</sup> ~~for~~ all proper safeguards.

Lots of delightful stories were told. ~~Heard~~ Helen told about them having the same wedding anniversary that we did two years later, and about how when she went to the hospital to have her child, it was on the day Lyndon was elected to the Senate. And as she came out of the ether she began to ask not "is it a girl or a boy?", but "did Lyndon Johnson win?" The nurses must have thought she was nuts.

And then Mr. Beale I believe it was told ~~one~~ of those stories that always happens that the person whom it's told about cannot really remember that way. He said that when Bob Jackson left his job with the Associated Press to go to Texas, he said to him, "Be sure and keep your eye on this young man Lyndon Johnson. He may be President one day." Later Bob confided, that inspite of his unlimited confidence in Lyndon and devotion he couldn't remember really having said it.

After drinks we loaded up our plates buffet ~~style~~ style from the table in the family dining room, and I took a group into the West Hall and Lyndon with others into the Yellow Room. Liz was a great help in keeping everyone lively and conversation going in her groups.

After dinner I suggested that we go downstairs to see a short movie, ~~XOX~~ "Journey to the Pacific" -- the USIA film, 42 minutes long, of our 17 days in Asia. Bob was enchanted with it. The photography is great, though it does not have the poetry of the trip to Mexico -- the one theme running all the way through. And alas there is too much quotation from speeches in the voice

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, February 26, 1967

Page 5

of the speaker. We would have fared better to have the professional narrator carrying more of the story. And then we saw "Poncho" -- a Headstart film for 20 minutes. And Bob said, "I'm proud to say Corpus Christi has got one of the best Headstart programs in the whole United States." It is always good to get audience participation and approval, particularly if it is the editor of the powerful local paper.

I had had after-dinner drinks brought into the theatre. And when we emerged, everybody was ready to go home. But as they all said their goodnights and departed I could see a serious expression on Liz's face. I could not judge what was coming. She came up and told me very quietly that she had had a telephone call from Helen's brother. Her father had died this morning. They had not wanted to tell her before the party. It would be impossible for her to return to Texas any sooner anyway. And he was, after all, 92. She, Liz, had checked the earliest connections. They would be at noon the next day. Nothing remained but to tell Helen. Bob and Liz did together. She had spent most of the time since mid-December *close to her* there, so it was no great sudden blow -- just the final farewell. It was wise to have waited, because now she had a happy, unmarred evening to remember. Bob's tenderness was sweet to watch. He practically enfolded her and was so quick to say how much she had done. He went up another notch in my affection. I asked the Chief to take her up some sleeping medicine, and said my goodnights. And then went in and got a rub and was in bed at a reasonable hour.