

## MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, July 2, 1967

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July 22 to Jessie Hunter & New West, Melvin Winter  
 July 23 to the Batton's family

It was for us two anniversaries -- Luci's 20th birthday and  
 Lyndon's 12<sup>th</sup> anniversary since that heart attack that still divides our  
 lives, rather like a fault line across the landscape.

We awoke with that delicious, marvelous feeling of justified rest,  
 holiday, after a severe protracted strain of work. Few times in his life  
 do I remember a harder two or three weeks for Lyndon than those that  
 ended on Thursday when we flew down for Uncle Huffman's funeral.  
 And today we were just emerging into the full joy of relaxation. It  
 was earned. If I could graph the past year there would be a decided  
 down turn that took place sometime after our return from the Summit  
 Conference in the Philippines. If the graph broke dramatically downward  
 on election day in November I did not fully understand it then, but as the  
 weeks wore on the feeling of being beleaguered, pommelled, cornered  
 by obstacles and problems mounted. Sometime in late March there  
 seemed to be a break and a start upward -- a slow ascent that perhaps  
 reached its zenith with the Middle East crisis and the Kosygin meeting.  
 And here we were at the end of it -- the polls once more high and a sense  
 of well-being running through the office, through the country, through us. //

Lyndon woke in an ebullient mood and began to plan a picnic for  
 Marie and John Criswell and Vicki and Simone. He called Marie in and  
 said "Now why don't you take the boat and get Mary to fix up some fried  
 chicken and some deviled eggs." He even had the menu laid out. And

Finished & ready to give to Libby --  
 worst ch. turned out page w/ Harry  
 Apr 5 '83 - Q 58

July 31 - to  
 Lammie Rock -  
 yellow

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he turned to me and said, "Don't I have sweet people?" Marie said, "You are a sweet man." We are so lucky to have her. So off they went on their picnic with a big basket for the big boat. And Lyndon and I drove to church alone -- just the two of us. Here at this well-populated Ranch that seldom happens. We went to the Christian Church in Johnson City. The old pews and old pulpit from a church in Buda make a pleasant difference, as do the windows that are no longer garish colored but quite simple, rather frosted. And there were fresh flowers from gardens -- marigolds and zinnias decorating the church.

Afterwards we spoke to half the congregation as we walked down the aisle, and out in front faithful Helen Thomas had recruited quite a group of photographers. We had actually slipped into church alone unnoticed!

We rode back by the Lewis Ranch -- a brief trip over the sun-baked hills, and then back to the house by 1:00 for a rather early lunch, as our life goes here. And then a nap of a blissful, euphoric time. Lyndon really slept and I used the time to work. Luci and Pat are staying at the Cedar House. And Patrick Lyndon and Mrs. Geller in the back bedroom. And Father Kiefer who has melted into the household as if we had known him all our lives in the tiny room in the middle. We see them at meals and at least once a day Lyndon and I walk up there or drive by and stop for a visit with the baby. Lyndon holds him with the most amazing ease. And Luci acts as though this is what she has been waiting for all her life --

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assured, happy, but just as anxious to be size 7 and changing clothes four times a day. What a totally female little person she is.

It was a luxurious long afternoon, and then about 5:00 we all gathered -- Luci and Pat, Mary and Jim, and Father Kiefer, and left the Ranch in the chopper and stopping at the Krim Ranch to pick them up along with Marie and John Criswell and the McHughes who had finished their picnic and boating, and we <sup>dis</sup>went to the beach house.

Lyndon and a young crowd took the speed boat, and I went in the big boat with Arthur and Father Kiefer and an occasional exchange of others. I <sup>had found</sup> ~~have grown~~ along Thornton Wilder's "The Eighth Day", but it could not compete with the beauty of the twilight and lying on top of the boat looking at the sky. And at Rehoboth Beach, Lynda Bird was doing the same. She had sounded quite excited -- really <sup>very exhilarated</sup> ~~accelerated~~ -- about going to the beach with a bunch of young people. Chuck Robb was her date. And there would be some NCS girls in the crowd. We gathered at the Haywood Ranch a little before 8:00, the Hills, the Moursunds, and the Wests joined us for dinner. We had a birthday cake for Luci -- white with lemon filling and candles and we all sang under the live oak trees on the brick paved terrace. And I wished we had made pictures of it as I watched her intent little face blowing out the candles and remembering the 6-year old face that I had recorded with my own movie camera. We didn't have any gifts in hand for her -- <sup>but</sup> ~~with~~ a promise of copies

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of the old movies of her when she was two weeks old and on up <sup>And</sup> of  
a screen to show her <sup>own</sup> ~~xxx~~ movies on. Lyndon had given them an 8 millimeter  
movie camera the Christmas before and a projector some time.

I had Wesley on my right and John Hill on my left. And it was  
an evening of serenity and contentment. And I felt for Lyndon it must be  
like the <sup>*Island of Iliad*</sup> ~~birth of Gilliad~~.

We went home right after dinner -- about 11:00 -- and a rub in  
bed wound up this good day.