

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, July 31, 1967 W47

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This month that gives me so many days of my own has slipped away. But in it I have gotten a lot of personal things done and happy things. Today was an intensely family day. Luci and Pat and little Lyn had arrived on Sunday afternoon from Austin. And Lynda Bird was back under this roof. She got in from London Thursday. So naturally this was the day for a family picture. In the last one, there were only four of us. Now there would be six. We never had a proper one made of the five of us just after the wedding.

I was up early and started the day boldly with my diet of coffee and juice. The resolution dies somewhere around 5:00 in the afternoon.

Jean Louis combed my hair about 9:00, and then I began the great operation of assembling the family. I would as soon try to gather the birds of the air! I seem to be the only person in favor of this operation. And the most cooperative is little Lyn. Finally, we decided on my blue Ben Zuckerman, and Lynda is wearing an "ashes of roses" -- very stylish and slim lined. And Luci is in the pink dress that she went away in on August 6th. And I got us all gathered in the Yellow Room -- Okie stationing us like a ballet master. Patient, understanding Bob Knudsen taking the pictures. Lyndon striding in at the last minute, and you feel the urgency riding with him and you hurry, hurry. The camera clicks a 100 times and then Lyndon say, "All right," and we march with him out the door.

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And downstairs in the west garden there are as many cameramen assembled as if Kosygin was back. I do not remember for any visiting Chief of State as many. We marched in a line across the lawn -- Luci holding little Lyn. And then Pat takes him and throws him over his shoulder, very practiced like. And Lyn sleeps through it all -- an absolutely adorable baby. And there are all the ladies of the press like clucking hens. Luci grins effortlessly and says, "I don't know what it is about you all but everytime he sees you he goes to sleep." Coming from her there is no barb in it.

Lyndon went on into his office. Pat took Lyn away, and Luci went ~~next~~ with Liz and the Press into the Library for a Press Conference. Afterward Liz said she was marvelous. She comes across so true. She earnestly believes, and I think she's right, that when you are nice to people, they are nice to you. That is her recipe with the press.

Then Liz and I worked on Mr. Brandon's script, changing a few errors, elaborating a thing or two, like my walks along the river. And we had a hamburger and kept on working. Then with Ashton on the mail and the fabric samples. Lyndon and I had reached a decision yesterday, quickly -- so quickly that I wonder if he will remember them. But he said "yes" to them. So ~~we~~^{with} calls to Mr. DeMint and Herbert Wells I wrapped up a lot of things.

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// Somewhere in the middle of it we got word that the President wanted Ashton in the dining room. He was having lunch. So we both rushed in. He likes to have company while he eats. He likes to have company all the time. Ashton is gentle and comforting. He enjoys her, and she makes herself available as much as she can. And I -- I must be with him more, knowing full well that while I'm there a great part of the time he'll be on the telephone or reading reports, completely ignoring my presence, and yet ^{somehow} ~~somehow~~ drawing some sustenance from it and missing it when I am absent. The ^{martyr} ~~WILLIAM~~ in me makes me want to get back to the desk or to whatever my own projects are. //

I dressed quickly and at 4:00 something I had looked forward to very much took place -- my tea for the ladies of the Texas Delegation -- the group with whom I have met for lunch once a month since 1937 -- the wives of the members of the House and the Senate, ^{And} wives of former members. Because summertime is the time to visit, and I thought there might be daughters and daughter-in-laws in town and even mothers I had particularly invited them to come. And they had! There were four Kazens and three Cases and Mrs. Tom Connolly, still remarkably impervious of the years, had brought her two daughters. And Helen Mahon had ^{Daphne} ~~Dafna~~ with her, talking about what fun their children had had in the swimming pool. Mrs. Yarborough had brought her very elderly mother. And almost everybody had at least one

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daughter. And the de la Garzas numbered four. Jake Pickle's young daughter, Peggy -- Mrs. Norris -- could have been on a poster for the bright young girl of 1967. And Mollie Thornberry looking absolutely delicious, said that she had been wanting to get out of the nest all her life, and now that she was out -- a Government girl in Washington -- she is realizing how good it would be to get back.

I stood at the door and welcomed everybody. And pretty soon Lynda came floating in looking terribly elegant. And Warrie Lynn, bless her heart, chirping around sweetly. I introduced her everywhere as my third daughter. And Oveta Culp Hobby in navy blue and white, serene, beautiful, very much what I would like Lynda Bird to be when she is that age. Alas, I will never achieve it!

At one point I clapped my hands and suggested that perhaps the daughters and mothers and maybe the wives of former members who had not been on the second floor before would like to take a tour with the Curator. ~~And~~ I introduced Mr. Ketchum, ~~And~~ they all streamed out behind him and went to the Lincoln Room ~~and~~ the Queens' Room and the Treaty Room. And just as they were making their way back and about even with the door at the Yellow Room on their way down to see our own personal quarters -- the West Hall and the dining room, -- little Lyn made his appearance. That broke up the tour. Everybody came ~~into~~ to see him, ~~And~~ they all crowded around in a circle. He blinked

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unconcernedly and was ~~as~~ good as can be. And now half a century hence when some future First Lady has a party for descendants of former Presidents he can come here and say that he "received in the Yellow Room in 1967" [^] in the arms of his mother [^] just as the granddaughter of President Grant said to me.

Sometime during the evening Lyndon came in and quietly made the circle. A ripple of excitement following him, especially the young girls -- the daughters -- looked up in amazement as he approached. I called for Bob Knudsen and we did pictures out on the balcony of me and the family groups. And then the party was over quicker than I intended -- by about 5:30. And Luci was leaving for New York almost with tears in her eyes as she said goodbye to little Lyn.

I went to my room for desk work and telephone calls. And then at 8:00 Abe and Carol arrived and joined by Oveta we went out on the Truman Balcony. Lyndon came and the five of us had a good time. And everybody joined vigorously in the conversation. At one time a lengthy exploration of the riots in Detroit. Governor Romney's statements and telegrams and later his press conference. Lyndon's action -- his speech of Thursday night. Cy Vance's presence. The constitutional ramifications. The one, two, three process of ~~having~~ how a Governor gets help from the Federal Government in time of a riot. And the 14 or so times during our Nation's history when it has been asked for and

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sometimes refused. It was a very interesting evening. I remember at one point something that Abe said about this country's whole handling of ~~xxxx~~ racial inequality and injustices, and the monumental attempt we have made in the last few years to even things up. I gathered from what he said that the very fact that we have tried so hard and ~~x~~ done so much in the last few years might be the forerunner -- even the cause -- of this rioting now. And I asked him a question, trying to frame that. He said, yes, it's like steam accumulating in a boiling pot. If you lift the lid it comes out in a great "whosh" that may be destructive. The other way to handle it is like they do in south Africa where they don't even lift the lid at all.

Sometime during the evening he made a very amusing remark about a good friend of ours with whom there was no cooling off place between his mind and his tongue.

One of the things I've enjoyed most living here in Washington in the White House is ~~x~~ good conversation, interesting assessments. It's one of the fruits of the job. I remember what Andre Meyer said sitting ~~by~~ me at dinner when we were talking about the Rockefellers. It went something like this: The Rockefeller brothers are the finest justification of a capitalist system. I wish I could remember his words exactly for sure.

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It was nearly 10:00 when we went in for dinner. And I succeeded valorously in limiting myself to meat only and a little green salad and felt very self-satisfied. My drinks had only been tonic water -- no gin.

And it was 12:00 when I said goodnight and went in for a brief rub and to bed.

// A subject that had been much on my mind over the weekend was our coming down off the mountain -- our departure from this place. Perhaps it had been begun about a week ago by the call from Ashton that told me that the apartment at the Carlyle -- the "Tower of the Fairy Princess" -- would no longer be available to us. And a second note in the symphony was the memo that I had asked Clark Clifford to prepare and that I had found on my desk when I returned on Friday, the 28th. It was about State gifts. And the gist of it was that all State gifts to Lyndon or me or either of our children if their value was over \$50 must be considered the property of the people of the United States, and though they could be displayed and used during our term of office either in the White House or in the summer White House -- our own home -- they should after our term of office was over be displayed in a place where all the people could see them. For instance, the Smithsonian or the Johnson Library. And at first I had a tremendous pang when my thoughts turned swiftly to my pearls from Mr. Sato of Japan. And then my beautiful blue pin from Costa e Silva of Brazil. I had really grown so used to them.

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Somehow over the weekend I thought and thought about it and finally began to feel a sort of comfort in saying goodbye to them eventually -- curiously light and free. And another note in the symphony was a phone call from Mary Lasker on Saturday. She was leaving for Europe. She said, "I will be so glad when four or five years are gone or whatever it is and we can do what we want to do." She was referring to when we ~~are~~ are out of office of course, and it pleased me that she should even think of it and would look forward to us doing things together. I know I shall say goodbye at that time to many of the friends of these days.

But I like to think that Mary will be one of those I won't say goodbye to.

And then on Sunday there was a poll that showed a distinct downward trend in the number of people who approved Lyndon's handling of the war in Viet-Nam. All ~~signs~~ signs pointing to the day when "will it" or "no" -- we will no longer be here. Our own decision, ~~how~~ our hopes, our determination, we know. But how to tell it to the world and when -- in September? -- as John Connally says. Or not until March of '68 -- my own idea, and in it Abe concurs. Nevertheless it does seem the leaves of autumn are falling rather early since there really are 18 months left of this term.