

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, August 3, 1967

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I had asked to be called at 7:30 so I could make the 9:00 shuttle. But Lyndon never sleeps until 7:30. So I ruefully opened my eyes when he turned on the light and began to read, and we had breakfast and I brought little Lyn in and put him down on the bed beside us. And he was good as gold and just eyed us solemnly and boxed at the air with his little hands.

As I walked through the Diplomatic Reception Room at 8:30, I found Lynda and Warrie Lynn bound for New York on the same flight. So they and Bess and I got in the limousine and flew to LaGuardia. Lynda and Warrie Lynn are staying at the Krims. And I thank heaven that I can remember the many nights when the Krims have been our house guests at the Ranch because Lynda has practically moved in with them now. But bless them. Everytime they see me they say that they are lonesome when she doesn't come.

Lynda was in high spirits. She and Warrie were going to plays and have dates and look for clothes and go to art galleries. And Luci and Pat with their friends the Alderson Smiths of Austin are staying at Mary's. The Johnsons have really moved in on New York. But my day was spent only in the Waldorf Towers in an attractive enough suite that in no way reminded me of the Carlyle. I made a lunch date with Eddie Weisl. And then spent the morning with Miss Treyz and Adele Simpson trying on costume after costume, remembering what were my

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favorite things of the past season, what looked best in pictures, what survived the long days freshest, and what holds the days problems, that was absolutely impossible to sit on the platform in. I bought only a couple of things. One black velvet that looked like it was designed for a gentle woman to have her portrait painted in. And Bess busily took down the prices and we asked for samples of other colors and fabrics. And in a few days we'll evaluate them all against last winter's wardrobe and against Mollie Parnis and whatever else I can find. And hopefully in a week or two come up with the decisions. x About four days a year -- two in August and two in January or February -- I spend on clothes. And occasionally there are a few fill-in hours. And it works wonderfully well -- very much so because I have the kindly help of these several interested designers -- Adele and Mollie. And Miss Treyz from Neiman-Marcus and Marquise. And this last year Miss Custis from Bonwit-Teller who brings Ben Zuckerman things and George Stavropolous in person with his lovely flowing chiffon evening gowns. And most of all Bess -- resourceful, tactful, reminding, threading it all together. And in the background, Helen, whom I think is always looking at me rather disapprovingly because I don't get enough.

I stopped for lunch with Eddie Weisl. We ate alone in front of the window looking out on the skyline of New York with Bess and Miss Treyz in the dining room. And we talked about our problems with KTBC and

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the possibility of selling it soon. For years whenever it is mentioned I dig my heels in firmly and say "no", not with my approval or willingness. Now, at last, I am ready. I am tired, tired of our family being blamed, accused of seasonal newspaper attacks by the Wall Street Journal or the Republic^{an} party. And so if it can be sold with relative ease, I will rather sadly acquiesce, and a big part of my life will be gone.

It was a pleasant lunch. I am so fond of Eddie. He has done so much for us. He cares so deeply about Lyndon. It is a friendship that survives decades and changes.

// In the afternoon I tried on Marquise things. For the last three years one or two of his dresses or costumes had been a backbone of my wardrobe. But I can't afford many. I yearned for several. I will decide on it all later. I weary of this after about 5 or 6 hours. ⁷ And so at 3:30 I decided to go by the William Jackson Co. and look at mantels. We did and were unrecognized, at least for the first few minutes, but not long. And then I said goodbye to Bess who is going out to Fire Island for the weekend and drove out to LaGuardia observing the bright flowers in the middle of the street on Park Avenue and the fact that the fence has been taken down for at least two blocks along the way making it much more visible and gay looking. The Mayor had told me about it. ⁴ We were in good time and boarded the shuttle. The day had been by fits and starts stormy with thunder and lightening that reverberated through the canyons

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of downtown New York. And then just gray and overcast, and finally the sun had begun to come out. So I was relaxing a bit, though not too comfortable yet about flying. And ^{we} had considered up until the last 30 minutes going on the train. At any rate, in good spirits, we got on the shuttle, went out to the end of the runway, delayed, delayed, and presently on comes the pilot saying that because of bad weather between New York and Washington there will be a few minutes delay while they decided how to go around it. Not exactly reassuring. And then suddenly a couple of orange colored police cars and the black car I had ^{ridden} ~~in~~ in rolled up at the foot of the plane, the steps went down, and my Agent said, "All right, let's go." ^Q With a mounting question I descended the steps, got in the car and then asked Woody, "What's up?" He said something rather Delphic -- rather like "that's what we're going inside to find out." And the questions in my mind on the way in were the only things about the whole experience that approached being frightening. Of course, the questions are, "has something happened to some of my family?" -- "to Luci?" -- "or the baby?" -- "or Lynda?" -- "or Lyndon?" ~~that~~ You don't ask and you appear quiet. In the time of strain the only decent thing you can do is not to add to it. ^Q The Agent who had met us at the foot of the steps then said there had been a telephone call to Eastern anonymous that there was a bomb on the 5:00 shuttle that I would be riding on. And of course they couldn't take the chance. We drove

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up to an entrance and went quickly into a small VIP lounge and they shut the door. And I asked if the rest of the people on the plane were going to get off. They told me yes, but it took a moment or two to get the transportation to them. Mine came more quickly because of the Secret Service and the police cars. The Agents came and went, there was talk about which plane to take now. They had searched these and probably the same ones would fly an hour or so after they had been searched. We found that we could make a 6:00 shuttle. I sense a feeling of indecision on the part of my Agents, but humans have to make human decisions. And I had certainly nothing to offer, either to insist that we do it or to negate the whole idea. I felt curiously impartial about the whole thing. It's too incredible to imagine that a bomb was ever meant for me. So we were airborne a little past 6:00. But it was a bad flight and a slow one. One gets might^y used to jets. ^{It} The only saving grace was ^{that} I found aboard Jean and Frank ^{Ikard} ~~Ikard~~. And I got Frank to sit by me and we talked about the University of Texas and his tenure as Regent, the things they've accomplished and mean to, the three new members -- Joe Kilgore, John Peace, and Dr. ^{Hermenez} ~~Hermenez~~ -- of Frank and June who apparently at last is losing her val^liant struggle. And of our new Ambassador to Sweden.

It was 7:30 when we reached Washington -- a 2-1/2 hour flight -- all told. And back at the White House I felt how empty it was with no

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Lynda or Luci. However, I did have a good visit^{with}/Lyn. He and Lyndon make up the reason why I did not spend the night as I normally do, thereby saving \$30 in round trip fares because I really got only a half of a trips work done and must return on Monday.

I worked at my desk. And it was 11:00 before Lyndon came for dinner, bringing with him Barefoot and Marie. Barefoot and I are very compatible about his job. I like the way he works with those legislators, knows everybody's philosophy and relations with the Administration. And the reasons he gives for putting various ones of them on lists for White House lunches or dinners.

And then Lyndon went to his night reading which went on until 2:00.