

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, August 13, 1967

Page 1

It was a strange, mixed-up day. I left the Ranch a little past 8:00 and with a heavy head wind had landed at Andrews well past midnight. And then ^{drove} driven to Quantico where Lyndon was anchored out in the middle of the Potomac on the Sequoia. It was past 1:30 and the men guests asleep on cots in the main salon, and I felt my way carefully down the steps and into Lyndon's dark State Room. He roused and said, "It's about time you are coming home." And I quietly slid into bed. ^Q It was 9:30 when I waked to find the bed empty beside me. Even with an opportunity these days Lyndon cannot sleep late. I love to. So I put on a robe and went upstairs for one of the quietest Sundays I can remember. The Deasons and the ~~Re~~ardons and Jim Jones and Marie and Ashton and John were aboard. That was all. A cool front had blown in and there was a promise of Fall in the air. It was a sheerly beautiful day -- a bit overcast at first and then the sun came out sparkling. And it was just a joy to be alive. It played out against that counterpoint, ^u that underbeat, ^m of all the troubles in the world -- riots and escalation and taxes -- that keep closing in. You sense it, you feel it these last few weeks, ^u more I think than ever. But in the circle of our own family life and close friends it has been a wonderful summer.

Luci and Pat and little Lyn with us a lot. And Lynda Bird coming and going with her friends -- especially Warrie Lynn whom I always introduce as our third daughter. And Joe Batzen who has become almost

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, August 13, 1967

Page 2

a member of the family.

We read ⁱⁿⁿennumerable newspapers and drank ⁱⁿⁿennumerable cups of coffee. And then I had that thoughtless, head^{on} treat -- a big breakfast -- bacon and a fried egg and hot cakes. I worry and I try about Lyndon eating too much these days. But I cannot bring myself to put on full pressure to make him stop because it is one of ^{his}the few pleasures.

(Especially since he hardly ever has a drink any more) ^{up}It was a good day for talking. Lyndon discussed columnists who spoke of how decisions were arrived at in the Presidential office, and ^{how some}complained ~~some of them~~ about why they weren't made more quickly. And he said, "The important thing is not to get them off your desk -- it's to make a decision that my grandchild and yours can live with." And he talked about how sometimes he asked some of the wisest people he knew -- he called a few names, George Ball as I remember -- to come in and be the devil's advocate, to take the other side of a question, to give him a picture of all the bad things that could flow from a certain course of action. ^{up}At 12:30 we watched Clark Clifford and General Taylor on TV, and that was 30 minutes of sheer delight. I was so proud of them. They look so trustworthy and tough and handsome. They are both superior men. And there was one period of several moments when General Taylor gave a resume on the economy and the politics and the military situation in Viet-Nam since 1954 -- swift flowing, effective, deeply grounded in facts. I think the

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, August 13, 1967

Page 3

single most convincing picture I have ever had presented to me. And Clark's answer on the coming elections and the President's feelings about them as transmitted to Ky and Thieu was great.

And then the funniest thing of all was at the end when the three commentators just looked silent, out of steam, for once undone.

9 (Next we watched Martin Luther King. To me it seemed the old charisma is fading. He was groping -- not as exciting as I had remembered him.)

About 2:00 we had lunch -- cold sandwiches and salads. And I took my plate up on the upper deck where the sun was brilliant and the breeze cool and refreshing. And later I laid down for a nap, but that oft accorded and seldom attained desire of mine -- sleep -- didn't come.

Luci was arriving at 4:30, and I was anxious to see her. Sure enough when we docked a little past 5:00 there she was. But I practically had to hold on to the sides of the boat. She had on bright green stockings, a very short dress -- shocking pink and a floral design -- huge earrings dangling, the best tan I've ever seen, and a great big happy smile. She and Pat laughingly explained that this is what you wear in the Bahamas. Joe Batzen was with them -- quiet, beaming. He's become a sort of a big brother to all my children. First, Lynda. And then Luci and Pat. And now very much little Lyn.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, August 13, 1967

Page 4

We went straight to church -- St. Dominic's -- what Lyndon calls Luci's little monks. And one of the Priests leaned over and said to Luci, "Have you taught those Nuns how to water ski yet?" The Nuns that have a place right next to Capricorn had become Luci's and Pat's friends last summer. And they had taken them boat riding and swimming, but water skiing they never learned to do.

It was a very simple Catholic church with many obviously parishioners of very modest means and quite a few Negroes. Little notice was taken of us. There were smiles as we walked out. And we were back on the White House grounds by 6:00 to be met by a stumbling army of dogs who just flew upon Luci jumping all over her. And she was hugging and kissing them. And Lyndon was saying in that straightforward manner, "We've decided we are going to keep Yuki and Lyn." And Luci, silent for a half second, came back with the perfect reply, "Oh daddy, I am so glad they have been able to give you a little happiness." She used to respond with firecracker anger to his teasing when she was a little girl. Now she is so wise and kind and loving in her answers.

I went over to the bowling alley with Pat and Joe and we had some practice games while Luci went to the doctor, and later we were joined by Lyndon and Luci and Marie and Jim. We had three games. And Lyndon, to my great pleasure, beat us all. One of my determinations

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, August 13, 1967

Page 5

is that I am going to help him get some exercise for the next few weeks -- just a little.

He went back to the office to read the ticker and to do a little work. And back upstairs with Luci and Pat and Joe I was just a wash ~~and~~ in a fountain of talk -- all in exclamations -- and mostly from Luci, about Capricorn and water skiing and scuba diving, what you see down 40 feet under the water, the fish and the coral. After four or five days of being blissfully alone, they had ~~how~~ phoned Joe and said, "Why don't you come down and teach us to scuba dive?" And Joe is young enough and free enough and rich enough to act on the spur of the moment. So there he was in just a few hours. And Luci was just urging me to go sometime. Mrs. Harkness has very kindly asked them to come whenever they want. And Luci tells me that they are the only people who have used her house. There are some guest cottages attached and I expect other people -- other friends -- may use them rather frequently.

Later we went down to the pool where Lyndon met us, and I had 30 laps and Luci and Marie watched from the bank while Lyndon talked to Joe about ranching in Amarillo and to Pat about his work at KTBC. And then back upstairs for as close to a family dinner as we ever get -- Pat and Luci. Lynda Bird is at the beach with Chuck and won't be in until tomorrow. And Joe and Marie and Jim who are very close indeed.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, August 13, 1967

Page 6

And then I had that great treat -- a rub -- and was in bed a little past midnight.

It's strange. You feel sooth^{ed} and happy by the companionship of your daughter and your grandchild and your son-in-law, and the good young people who are their friends and your staff. And the cool, brisk shiny beauty of the day, ~~for~~ ^{at} exactly simultaneously, you are way down and grieved, spiritually wearied by the troubles that you must try to solve -- the growing virus of the riots, the rising list of casualties, and the voices of your own friends or former friends in Congress -- and most of the bitching is coming from the Democrats. ⁹ There is a sort of miasma spreading across the country, and you think that nobody outside can ever beat us -- we, the American people -- and we can solve all our problems here at home. But maybe there are enough right in our midst -- whiners, self-doubters, gloom-spreaders, who can beat us. ¹ I think the maddest I've been lately is reading a speech that Senator Fulbright made -- the country is damned because we are spending it all in Viet-Nam and we haven't spent it here to take care of the poor ^{and} underprivileged -- when he himself has never voted for any civil rights, and his own record to help those same underprivileged is as frail as a cobweb. It will be sheer luxury someday to talk instead of to act. ²

Today's poll has Lyndon down to 39 -- the lowest he has ever been. And my instinct tells me the only reaction to it should be to work harder, be staunch, and keep smiling. But it is hard.