

MEMORANDUM

Sept. 5 - Luci ? Sept. 7 - LBJ Library
Sept. 19 - Hester Beall Provencher
THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, September 5, 1967

Finished and ready to go to
Library, except ch. turned down page
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Tuesday, September 5th, began early because I was leaving for

Texas to spend four working days winding up the Ranch -- the work on Lyndon's part of the new addition -- and we'll be returning to Washington on Friday night unless he joins me. There is an increasing glow from the outcome of the election in Viet-Nam -- a sort of relief that expands into confidence. And then the House and Senate are out of town until next week. And those add up to a very strong possibility that he may fly to Texas tomorrow night. But I can't lose the two days waiting. And so I was up a little past 7:00, finished a little work at the desk, said goodbye to Lyndon and went out to Dulles to catch the 9:30 plane for Dallas.

It is one of those rare and wonderful stretches of weather when the air is like wine and the sunlight clear and fresh minted. And there is a feeling of renewal. It is just sheer joy to be alive.

At Dallas, Dale met me and we started for the Ranch to find that amazingly we couldn't land there because of fog. So we flew to Austin. But the feeling of being in tune with the universe was only accelerated because what we needed so desperately here in Texas was rain. And our conversation, our thoughts, our prayers are all centered in that direction.

We talked ahead to Luci's house to say we were coming, and we stopped at Youngblood's and picked up a box of chicken. I was so

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ravenous I couldn't wait, with nothing but coffee and juice at 7:30 this morning. So I ate half of the chicken sitting in the back seat of the car as we drove up to Luci's house. Phyllis and the baby were there. Gerry was out with Pat at work. And we all gathered around the kitchen table -- the real center of the house as in most homes. And I ate the rest of the chicken while they talked. Lyn, a fat cherub, was asleep on his stomach, his little hands fisted, his profile looking like an Alfred Hitchcock drawing.

Gerry and Phyllis are going to move into Mrs. Johnson's old apartment. And there is another job of papering and painting. How nice that will be for Patrick with Gerry in Law School here and a feeling that he has his own stock in Austin and not just Luci's friends.

I made calls about the house to Roy and Herbert Wells. And then answered one from Bobby Lehman in New York. And then left for the Ranch, stopping at Oak Hill to ride with Roy. I think if we added it up hour by hour, I have spent more time with Roy White in the calendar year of '67 than with any other one person -- and a gentle, skilled person he is.

Going through Johnson City I made my brief, satisfying detour to see Lynda's oak trees and the boyhood home. And we were at the Ranch at 4:30, and spent three hours going through the house talking to Mr. ~~Wyrick~~^{Smith} and checking on all the details -- lamenting a few and

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mostly very pleased with the progress. And going to the Martin House to list all of the repairs that need to be done there -- the bath to be tiled, some painting.

I talked to Luci on "business service" and arranged to meet her at El Rancho.

Roy and I drove back in in the sunset. And when I walked into El Rancho, a typical American tableau 1967 met my eyes -- two young couples out for dinner -- fine looking youngsters completely relaxed, a baby on a papoose board propped between each couple. Lyn was fast asleep, and little Gerry III was wide-eyed, alert, regarding everything with wonder and making no objection. And so they remained while we had our Mexican dinner and Gerry and Pat and I a mug of beer. Austin friends came over and "ooed and awed" at the babies and said hello to Pat and Luci and were introduced to Gerry and Phyllis.

Helen and Bob Phinney were among them with their daughter Susan who is getting her Ph. D. at the University and very studious she looks. The Mexican propri^etor -- obviously an old friend of Luci's and Pat's came up with a proprietary air, overseeing young Patrick Lyndon.

The young parents were having a good time with complete ease, and the babies accepted this as exactly the sort of thing babies were used to. And I marvelled!

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One of the real joys of my life is the gradual coming together of Luci and Lyndon. For years she resented him as the man who always took me away, who was never a part of the family himself, at least not reliably present at a specified hour. And now she is his most understanding champion. Luci is a delightful little person to watch. [She is the eternal Eve, and if her housekeeping leaves something to be desired -- and a brief walk through indicates that it does -- I think her husband will always be a happy man, because she is always gay, daintily dressed, and very articulate about his good qualities.] She has the quality of grace. She remembers to express appreciation, and in such a fresh, quotable, charming manner that I hope, hope, hope she will go back to school sometime and take creative writing and learn to make the most of what I think is a real vein of natural talent.

Robt. C. Allen
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