

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, September 7, 1967

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A rich prospect -- four days for Lyndon at the Ranch. For me, work with Roy and Mr. Wells on the addition. For Lynda, showing our home country to Chuck. And for Lyndon I hope, peace and relaxation. He's been gone two months.

About 10:00, the four of us -- Chuck and Lynda and Lyndon and I -- took a ride. We went to the Sharnhorst, found the antelopes. I think they've had two little ones. And Lyndon talked about land and cattle and Marines and family with Chuck. And then we went to the Ragan seeing more and more bouncy little fawns. There have been lots of twins. And we stopped at the fence where the big red English deer live, and a huge buck came up, looking at us with his evil eye. He is a most frightening animal. The velvet is almost gone from his horns. And he kept butting his head against the mesh with a thudding impact, with his malevolent eye fixed on us while Lyndon gingerly proffered him a cigarette. My eye meanwhile was fixed on the clock, alas for the martyr in me -- a rare time when I could ride with my husband and my daughter and her very likely future husband. And my thoughts were on the interior decorator who was driving up all the way from Houston and the decisions waiting for us in the new rooms.

So a little before 12:00 they dropped me off. Mr. Wells had arrived, and we walked through, congratulating ourselves ~~from~~<sup>on</sup> the color in the sitting room -- a cheerful glorious yellow. And the fawn trim in

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Lyndon's room is so smart. His lights remain a lamentable problem. We hammered away at hall lighting and hardware until early lunchtime. Weezy had driven out to bring some things. And there was Lyndon and Chuck and Marie and Jim and Ginny and Mr. Wells and I.

After lunch Lyndon went off to meet A. W. and Lynda took Chuck over to the lake for water skiing and boating. And Mr. Wells and I kept working.

It was some time in the middle of the afternoon when I took a break to make some calls -- Liz and Bess and Mary Lasker. But I received a call from Max Brooks about 3:00 I think. The bids had come in on the Library, within the budget, only a slight percentage over the estimate, everything that they had hoped for! The travertine not appreciably more than Texas shellstone. I know Max and Gordon Bunshaft have been holding their breath. It was a great day -- a time to celebrate -- another giant step.

Sometime late the Nugents arrived -- Luci and Lyn and Gerry and Phyllis and little Gerald Nugent III. This is Pat's weekend with the Reserves, and he won't be here until Sunday afternoon.

The babies are only one day apart and so different. Gerry Nugent III, small, active, big-eyed. Little Lyn, about twice as big. He is nearly 16 pounds now. And Luci laments that he never has been able to wear some of the darling things he got when he was born -- especially a pair

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of blue and white saddle shoes that she could not cram his little feet into.

I worked with Mr. Wells until nearly 7:00. And then the five Nugents and I, complete with two diaper bags and a supply of bottles and the babies on papoose boards, went out to get in the helicopter -- the <sup>Hewey?</sup> "Hewey". Gerry eyed it and smiled and said, "My favorite helicopter." And I thought of all the other times he had ridden one in rice paddies in a foreign land. What a world of change.

There was a little sliver of a new moon, just visible in the fading twilight. And the country is a little greener, although here there has been less than an inch of rain. All around us -- Austin, San Antonio, even Johnson City and Fredericksburg -- two and three and more inches. The country is a little greener, and there are gay feathers along the highway, golden rod by the streams, and rain lillies all over the pasture. This morning at the Sharnhorst we had seen lots of yellow-orange ones that come with the granite soil.

The Pickles are staying at the beach house, and we all converged on the Haywood where Lynda and Chuck had finished their water skiing and swimming. And we went riding in the big boat.

Lyndon took a good look at little Lyn and said, "He looks just like Sam Rayburn with his stocky build and round, bald head." It was an endearing phrase. But after I had called him "Buster" all day, and

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Lynda had said he looked like Winston Churchill, Luci Baines' smile was a little <sup>pal? Thin?</sup> file. For such a little girl he is an armful to carry.

And Cinderella has really gone back to the pots and pans and the hearth. She said rather plaintively, "Mother, do you think I can ask Miss Gfeller to come for the week before Lynda's wedding?"

We stayed out on the big boat until the last ray of sun had gone from the sky. It's a tonic, a deep draft of almost tangible restorative for Lyndon -- a mixture of the physical and the spiritual. And the Pickles are good company. How satisfying to have him for our Congressman.

We were back on the patio for dinner by 9:30, and then sleeping babies and dirty diapers and bottles and weary folks all in the helicopter and back to the Ranch for a rare bedtime of 11:00.