

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, September 30, 1967

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Saturday, the last day of September, found us at the Ranch. Mrs. Burg came at 9:00 to give me a shampoo and set, and the doctor to give me a flu shot and a "B-12". I do not seem to have enough energy these days to get through my work, to meet with excitement the things I want to do.

We were to have a family picture at 11:00 -- an event I always approach as an ordeal because it falls my lot to try to get everybody in the humor. Lyndon this time had been the easiest, and Lynda and Luci and Patrick and now little Lyn and Chuck -- and to corral them at the same time with the three women in dresses that have a harmony of color and line. This time everything seemed to be going for us. The one and only dress Luci wanted to wear arrived by a miracle of transportation from New York in the early morning. In fact the colors we all three had were the best I ever remember for a family picture -- Luci's, yellow and simple; Lynda's, bright coral red; and mine, a becoming fresh green. Our two boys were obligingly ready ahead of time. And so to a considerable degree was little Lyn -- all dressed up in a cute new suit. He had smiled and gurgled and performed for us.

Time passed -- and 11:00. About 11:15, Lyndon asked me to go with him out to the airstrip to meet the plane from Washington bringing Ramsey Clark and Barefoot Sanders and Ed Weisl, Jr., and Dean Griswold.

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of Yale Law School and Steve Pollack.

It was a fresh, golden, beautiful morning.

We got them settled in the front yard with coffee and sent Jim Jones to take care of them. And then past 11:30 we all went into the living room for our family picture. Alas, time had run out for little Lyn! He was getting sleepier and sleepier and hungrier and hungrier.

We took our seats on the orange sofa in the den -- Lyndon and I in the middle and the baby on his lap, Luci next to me and Pat leaning over her on the arm of the sofa, and Lynda Bird by Lyndon with Chuck on the arm of the sofa by her. Patrick Lyndon screwed up his face and let out a yell. Everybody went into gyrations trying to amuse him in their own way. Luci went for a bottle of milk, and then there followed one of the most hilarious scenes of my lifetime! Lyndon gave Okie instructions how to shoot it, then he stuck the bottle of milk in Lyn's mouth for a long suck, snatched it out and put it quickly behind my back while we all composed our faces into a hopefully appropriate expression and Okie snapped. This went on time after time with little Lyn getting madder and madder and hollering louder and louder and I melting into laughter in between snaps until the tears rolled down my cheeks. Luci looked a graven image. Of course she cared most of all that her child behave well. Pat looking resigned. Lynda and Chuck

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alone, handsome and oblivious in their own apartness. And Lyndon looking like the frustrated captain who can't make his team play right.

We repeated the performance on the hearth in front of the big fireplace with no better results -- with me thinking that if only we'd had a movie, this would be one of the funniest ones to look back on in years to come.

It was 12:30 when Lyndon gathered up his frontyard visitors and all of the family -- save only Lyn, alone at last and happily asleep. Yuki led the way, and we went out to the hangar where all the press was assembled to announce the appointments that were being made. Ed Weisl, Jr. as head of the Civil Division in the Department of Justice, Steve Pollack returning to the Department of Justice from his job as District of Columbia Advisor to the President -- now abolished because we have a Mayor. And a real coup -- the appointment of Dean Griswold, head of the Law School at Yale University, as Solicitor General to replace Thurgood Marshall. He is, Lyndon told me, considered by the whole legal fraternity^{as}/one of the outstanding lawyers in the United States. Getting him into the Government is a big plus, and we could do with some success stories these days.

When the appointments were finished, it turned into a real press conference with Lyndon skillful -- at his best I thought. And Yuki doing his part, going around in front of the TV cameras from one pair of legs to another, smelling and inspecting and trotting on.

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Back inside the stewards passed bloody marys. And then at 1:30, and for our guests it was 2:30, we sat down in the dining room for a real Mexican lunch. The Attorney General on my right and Eddie on my left. Dean Griswold on Lyndon's right, and Steve Pollack on his left. And Chuck and Lynda and Warrie Lynn and Doug Davidson and Barefoot and Marie, making up the 12 at our table, while Luci and Pat joined Jim and Ginny and Ashton at the table in front of the picture window.

It was a delicious, complete Mexican dinner -- much relished by all us southwesterners, and I flinch a bit for our friend from Yale.

After lunch we took our five guests out to the plane -- Ashton was hitching a ride back with them. And Lyndon laid down for a little nap. There followed an agony of indecision about another family picture session. This would be our only chance for one to use as Christmas presents -- the only time we would all be together again until Thanksgiving, and that is much too late to get them ready for Christmas. First we would do it, then we wouldn't. The children were all leaving to go in to a football game, Lyndon was asleep, Okie wanted to try it down by the river -- quite informal, -- "But Mother, I didn't bring a casual outdoor dress. You didn't tell me", said Luci. Finally in a fashion it all fell into place. Lyndon woke up, the children quietly agreed to be late for their dinner date before the ball game. They all got dressed

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somehow, and once more Yuki led the way and sat happily in front of us while we all lived through it. I am sure the pictures of him will be great.

And then the children were gone, and suddenly it was very quiet and time for a ride. Lyndon and I asked Ginny and Marie to go with us. It was a beautiful twilight and sunset with just a touch of Fall in the air. And the maximillon daisies, gold along the roadside. And every now and then the bright purple splash of gay feathers. The rains of the last two weeks have brought them out, though they have not had time to grow tall.

We climbed all the hills in the Lewis and Martin and stopped for a drink on the top of the most beautiful. And then we drove into Johnson City, and I walked into Jessie Hunter's kitchen to find her alone frying some ham and opening some corn. And I said, "Turn off the stove and come home for dinner with us."

So only six of us sat down for dinner -- a most unusual occurrence at the Ranch, and most welcome to have an early bedtime with the relaxed time of reading "Twenty Letters to a Friend" by ~~Sivette Lana~~ while I got a massage. Suehana