

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, November 5, 1967

Page 1

It was remarkable for having all of our family with us.

We went to the 11:00 service at National City Christian Church -- Luci and Pat. They are so quick to want to go with Lyndon wherever he wants to go, though they sit stiffly and not participating in song or prayer or communion. And Lynda and Chuck and Lyndon and I.

It's got so of all things that I approach church with a sort of trepidation.

Dr. George Davis who is our good and devoted friend, whom I really love, is so likely to launch into a heated defense of the Administration's policy in Viet-Nam, or a scathing description of the hippies. Of course it's vastly more pleasant if the preacher must talk politics if he is on our side. Even so we sit there riveted with embarrassment even when we agree and are grateful. And it's a great relief when we find a minister who does stick to the Bible.

This time Dr. George Davis "touched them up" as Lyndon would say, but mildly, and we got out without headlines I think, and paused on our way down those high steps so the cameras could get a picture. Six of us together is news. And then we drove on to Abe and Carol Fortas' house. Abe had been telling us about the bubble over their swimming pool.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, November 5, 1967

Page 2

It was a glorious, golden, sunshiny day, though sharply cold -- the first breath of winter.

Abe and Carol were both in the back yard in gardening clothes, and we examined the clear plastic bubble that covers the pool making it feel like a Turkish bath on the inside. And I told them that if it only had a cat's face and whiskers on one end and a tail on the other, it would be just like the cat in Alice and Wonderland.

Carol has her garden and Abe has his fiddle, and they are both wonderful therapy. It is such easy fun to be with them. We spent a pleasant hour. Carol's mother was there from the rest home, and a couple who had just been sailing in the Aegean.

And then we went back to the White House, and lo and behold the seven of us sat down to lunch, just us -- no other company. The seventh was little Lyn who was in his stroller right by Lyndon.

Lyndon had just finished discovering Lyn's first tooth -- a sharp little seed pearl, but clearly cut through the gum. And now he offers him his finger at every opportunity and Lyn chews away.

Luci delivered the blessing, and I had that pleasantly proprietary feeling that any woman must have when she looks around the table at her whole family.

Troubles have besieged us this year and mounting crescendo after the brief week of euphoria in July around Glassboro time.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, November 5, 1967

Page 3

During September and October there seems to have been a variedable propaganda war which we cannot stem. But one thing -- within our own family circle, thank God, it's been good and strong and happy. All seven of us healthy, all seven of us loving.

Lyndon layed down for a nap after lunch, and I went to the swimming pool for thirty laps. He can't go with me with his cancer thing not yet healed on his foot.

Back upstairs I recorded while he had a long talk with Luci and Pat. It means so much to Luci. She has an extraordinarily grown-up way of saying to me, "Mother, you just don't know what it did for Pat to have Daddy talk to -- to put confidence in him and to ask him questions, because if we are going to have a happy life together Mother, Pat's got to like his work and think he's giving something."

Pat caught caught a plane back to Austin about 6:30. I was having a quick rub when I said goodbye to him.

And then we had dinner guests. Dr. Ransom had come up from the University for our meeting tomorrow, and he was our house guest. And I had asked the Rostows and the John Macys and Mary Vee and Buzz to have dinner with us. And also Lynda and Chuck.

It was cold enough for the first fire of the season -- always a sort of a ritual for me. So we had our drinks in the Yellow Room. It's always a clean pleasure to lift my eyes and look out on the view of the

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, November 5, 1967

Page 4

Washington Monument and the Jefferson Memorial.

My purpose was rather vague and muddled. I wanted to expose John Macy and Walt Rostow to Dr. Ransom and them to him, and with Buzz as a sort of a catalyst, to talk and explore and project about the Library and the School of Public Service.

My first choice -- now and for a long time -- has been Walt Rostow to head that school, though I haven't the ^{shadow} ~~shatter~~ of an idea that he would accept it, and I would not want him to leave us until the day we walk out of here. But that may be only 14 months from now. And the school will actually open in a little more than 2 years.

One thing we did accomplish, and that was the concentrated attention of Lyndon on the Library and the School of Public Service for one whole evening. We talked of salaries and courses, what sort of young men and women we hoped to turn out and ready for what jobs. And we talked of the men to head it. Wilbur Cohen was mentioned by Lyndon who thought very well of him. Elspeth didn't. We made a breakfast date for him and the Chancellor. We talked of Harry McPherson. We couldn't spare him. Of Tom Mann -- he wouldn't leave the job he's got. Nobody ever said to Walt how much we would like to have him. Without the slightest authority to offer it, sometime I am going to ask him.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, November 5, 1967

page 5

Buzz's reports leave me more and more distressed about Drexler and the status of our exhibit planning.

But Dr. Ransom heartened me immeasurably when he said in an aside to me in a quiet moment that he would be able to offer a consultantship to Dr. Grover. I asked him if we could get together about 15 minutes before the meeting tomorrow -- we would.

Lyndon's interest in this project falls like rain on the plowed field. It would do vastly better if he could push it, live with it day and night, teach in it. I remember McGeorge Bundy's laughing statement on that Armistice Day of '65 when we met at the Ranch and some six or eight of us spent three or four hours in the little house where Lyndon was born. Mac had said, "I know the very person for the job. But right now he is otherwise employed." No, Lyndon would never really be the right one to head it. But what a catalyst he would be and what a salesman.

The evening was worth it just for the fun. But I think in some nebulous way we did plant some seed -- pushed the Library and the school a little bit farther toward a reality of excellence.

It had been a pleasant oasis sort of a day and reasonable hours, though Yuki has waked us up at 7:00 with his tremendous barking, and Lyndon had kept on trying to send me in to get the baby until finally at

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, November 5, 1967

Page 6

8:30 I did bring him in just to lie on the bed by Lyndon as we both read the Sunday papers.

And we were back in bed and ready for sleep by midnight.