

Removed from 03/02/1968, page 1.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, March 2, 1968

Page 1

Texas Independence Day! And my celebration had been to go to bed at nine o'clock Friday night, the most superb luxury, valued because it's so rare.

Lyndon had thoughtfully had Jim Jones call me back, from somewhere on his whirlwind trip to Texas, and say there was no need for me to catch a plane down ~~there~~ ^{there}. Why didn't I just meet him in Marietta, Georgia, so I could spend a leisurely evening.

And I was up early Saturday morning, and out at Andrews and on the way to Marietta. Read ~~so~~ ^{two} big sacks of "Read and file." I arrived on schedule, ten minutes ahead of Lyndon's plane, and was met by two ladies, the wife of the Commandant of the field, and the wife of one of the heads of Lockheed, who said, "We're so thrilled we're going to meet Luci, and Pat, and the baby." I looked at them in protest, and said, "Oh no, Luci's busy keeping house and taking two courses at the University, and Pat's working. I don't know how that got started but they are not coming." Then I saw the plane landing, and the first person off, ^{was} Luci's agent, but by that time I was being ushered over to the plane myself.

Yuki led the procession down, and then came Lyndon, looking not at all like a man who had left Washington yesterday afternoon, flown to Houston and inspected a ~~man~~ ^{manned}-space flight center, making a speech to the NASA employees, and then gone on to an old folks home, and another speech. And then to a fund raising dinner for Jack Brooks, where he made a rip roaring

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, March 2, 1968

Page 2

speech, and then this morning, back to Marietta. He was swinging along, in high, good spirits, and right behind him, in a short sleeved dress, without a coat, and the weather in the biting 50's, was Luci; and Patrick carrying Lynn, solemn faced, wearing his blue coat and blue southwester hat, which his granddaddy had given him for Christmas.

It was a precision affair. We took our seats on a stand, with probably a quorum of the Georgia delegation—Congressman Hagan and Stuckey; Senator Talmadge, Governor Maddox, and former Governor Carl Sanders; General McConnel; officials of Lockheed. And out in front, acres about 20,000 cheering spectators, but behind us was the star of the show, the reason for our coming to Marietta, the giant CA-5, almost as long as a football field, its tail sticking up six stories in the air, making our speaker's stand look small. And high above the enormous, round black nose, two little tiny windows and the tiny pilots that directed the great thing.

Lyndon made a brief speech describing the ship and our nation's pride in it. It can span the Pacific from California to Japan, in a single jump. And he made a lot ^{of} generous illusions to the Georgia delegation, and especially to Carl Vinson. Seeing him, was for me, the delight of the day. He doesn't look a day older than when he left Washington.

And then, the great thing rolled out on the field, and the crowd roared, and Mrs. Harold Brown, the wife of the airforce secretary, christened the plane, by pulling a chord, which caused a large red, white and blue banner to drop, revealing the name GALAXIE painted on the side.

Lynn had watched the whole thing, with solemn interest. Once, when he

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, March 2, 1968

Page 3

made a few small murmurs, Luci took him out, and presently brought him back, quiet as a lamb again.

And when it was over, we all filed off the stand, shaking hands with all the Georgians, and Lyndon took Lynn in his arms, and proceeded to carefully mount into the interior of the giant plane. A truck could drive up a ramp and into one end, and clear on through and out the other, depositing its men or materiel, and so we did the same. It's like a huge barn inside, laced and ribbed with huge cables of wiring. Lynn was quite comfortable in his grandfather's arms, as he carefully picked his way over the tricky flooring, and Luci was real proud, because he behaved himself so amiably. What a head start that child has had!

And a little past one, we left Marietta, headed for Puerto Rico, Ramey Air Force Base. Lyndon asked George to bring in the newspaper men, and soon there were about 15 grouped around him. He in his revolving chair, and some eight or more to my right and left, across the table from him. Max Frankel and Frank Kormeyer, I think, Sid Davis, and Forrest something; many that I didn't know.

He talked and parried their questions, and it was a very interesting hour. Tom Johnson industriously took notes, there ought to be some jewels in those. I remember one statement he said. They were discussing what someone had told them about his, Lyndon's plans, and he was describing the someone.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, March 2, 1968

Page 4

"A President does not talk to anybody much, who talks to you. Those who talk to you most, know the least." It was good humored, witty, sometimes incisive, sometimes very measured words. And the same question asked over and over, in an attempt to dig out an answer. I've sat in on a lot of these sessions, and never failed to find it exciting.

We reached Ramey Air Force Base, a little past five, to find it in the 70's, and the Commanding Officer and his pretty wife, and they drove us along the streets lined with Palm trees, past bougainvillea and poinsettia, and flamboyant, to the Porterfield House, where we were to stay. It was a quiet modest guest house, with a large, simply furnished living room, the dining room opening off it. And upstairs, three sparsely furnished bedrooms, for Lyndon and me, and Luci and Pat, and Lynn.

There was a feeling of holiday in the air. It was such a delight, to have the surprise of Luci and Pat and Lynn.

Lyndon went off, I believe, with General McConnell, taking Pat with him. And Luci, and Beryl Pickle, and I toured the base in a car, and went down to the beach, which, ^uAlas, was no Caneel Bay. There was an expanse of ragged, sharp coral, dark and forbidding, against which a great, roaring surf pounded. There must have been a storm out at sea, and not the bravest would have ventured out into it.

There was one small horseshoe of sand, and the sign that said "Life Guard on Duty a few limited hours", so we hoped for tomorrow, but Luci,

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, March 2, 1968

Page 5

with the exuberance of 20, walked out onto the sand, and a great wave bigger than any of the rest, came roaring in, wetting her to the hips.

We went back to Porterfield House, and were pleasantly lazy. There were 12 of us at dinner, with the General on my right, Marie and Juanita, and Jake and Beryl, and Luci and Pat. Lyndon had one game of dominoes, but it lacked its usual cutthroat quality, besides, at last, he was tired.

So it was an early night and I read Nicholas and Alexandra until I was sleepy.

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