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MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, June 14, 1968

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Friday, June 14th, began superbly. I awoke at 9:30. The greatest luxury is a good night's sleep.

Mrs. ^{Burg}~~Byrd~~ came and gave me a hair comb, and I put on my yellow cotton dress and joined Simone and Tony Loeb and the shooting crew. Altogether, we numbered about 13, and we did the rest of the living room, beginning about 10:30.

It's an hilarious business. I look back on my small brushes with doing films with laughter and pleasure and considerable respect for the people who really do them for a living. Funny moments, Tony Loeb calling for a wheelchair. He wanted to get a special shot. I guess a wheelchair would be a makeshift dolly. Mr. Kline produced one. And a funny hour off and on when we got into the dining room to shoot. The table was lovely with orange placemats and the bright Mexican dishes and the amber glasses, a beautiful centerpiece of red, orange, and yellow flowers, and three yellow candles and one white.

It soon became apparent that the eye of the camera clearly noted the difference. Somebody went to Stonewall -- no yellow candles. Somebody called Johnson City, and was about to set out for Fredericksburg while I was scrambling through boxes and closets. We found an ivory candle at last, and they put it in the least conspicuous spot and shot away while everybody who wasn't on camera was holding their sides with laughter.

At one end of the table, we had Lyn's high chair. It was not high enough, so we put telephone books under it.

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I was making up the script as I went along. Finally I got to the point of dictating it, and reading the takes in between time over and over. This would really be a "done at home" effort if it is ever completed.

But my trips through Hyde Park listening to Mrs. Roosevelt's voice, and my wonderful visit to Teddy Roosevelt's home listening to Alice Roosevelt Longworth's living voice, made me realize that such a thing as this does have some usefulness. So I am trying to get it in the can while I have the capability.

This film here, one of the living quarters in Washington -- the second floor -- the audiovisual program for the Library, the exhibits at the Visitors Center in the park across the River. There are so many things I want to get going this summer.

We stopped for lunch. The crew went off to Stonewall. And Lyndon and I had lunch out under the trees with Liz and Marie and Larry Temple and Diana. And the breeze practically lifting our plates up from under us. Sandwiches and fruit salad and cookies and iced tea.

Then very shortly we went back to work. It is very hard work. We do the same thing over and over. A camera gets an ailment, a plane passes overhead, I flub some lines -- we try it again -- there is a tenseness. People begin to snap at each other. I think I had patience if not talent, possibly because I am determined to get this done. You get tired. Finally, at one point, I said "Let's all take a break and go out in the yard and have some beer."

Mary had prepared a big platter of noches specials for us, and draft beer and coke. And we sat under the trees and talked about the things we had done

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well and those that we still hope to do something better on.

There was just one Negro in the crew. He had been doing something with the equipment and came out last of all to find everybody else served and eating and drinking away. And he said, "What's this, what's this. As soon as I get back to Washington, I am going to march," and was greeted by peals of laughter.

It's a healthy moment when you can laugh at all of this together.

So we took about a 30-minute break and then went back to work.

It was nearly 7:00 when we reached the point where all my dialogue in the dining room had been finished. They had other shots to do. But the end of day was calling, and I said goodbye and went out to find Lyndon.

I asked James Davis to ride with me and show me the places where he had planted the ^{Maximilian} ~~next million~~ daisies.

Besides the northeast fence corner of my little corner, he had put out about six plantings in the 80 acres, a few down at the birthplace house and one or two along the runway. Everything that he has planted from roots has grown. And one or two of those from seed has grown. So it is very clear that seed are much less successful fashion.

I got on the business telephone and located Lyndon. And about 7:30, got into the car with him and Governor John Connally who had been riding around with him all afternoon. And together we rode and talked -- Colonel Cross and Jesse Kellum and John and Lyndon and I, -- through the Dantz and the Martin.

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To my embarrassment Lyndon said, "John, you ought to put Lady Bird on some kind of a commission -- park commission, a board of regents. You would have a good worker."

I shriveled, and John said, "All right, you get one of them to resign. Will Edward Odom, Jimmy Derringer."

And then Lyndon launched onto John's future, about which John volunteers zero. And asked John, ~~xxx~~ entirely in jest, I am sure, if he would accept a certain Federal Government post.

John laughed and said, "I don't want any more cheese. I just want out of the trap."

One thing they do plan to do -- he and Nellie -- after January, they will go to Australia for about 3 weeks with the B. K. Johnsons who have a fabulous holding down there -- thousands of acres of King Ranch property.

We were going to have steaks with A. W. and Mariallen at the Auction Barn, and I kept on reminding Lyndon that we were expected about 8:00 or 8:30, annoying him greatly and speeding him not at all.

Finally, we got in the big black car that stays down here for special occasions and looks ill-at-home in this country, I think.

John and Lyndon and I in the back seat drove into Johnson City. John said he thought if the election were tomorrow, that Nixon would carry the State. It is certainly the least predictable, the most evolatile election year I can remember. I do seem to sense in the wind a turn toward conservatism, a yearning for stability. The students, the Negroes, the intellectuals, "have

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done a bitter disservice for the practical liberals", among whom I would count Lyndon.

It was after 9:30 when we left John out at Johnson City, and drove on to the Auction Barn where Mariallen and A. W. had been waiting for us for nearly two hours with the Melvin Winters and the John Hills. We had one more drink -- I made apologies, and we sat down to the best steak dinner in their Board of Directors room. I cannot remember a fancy club anywhere that could boast a better steak.

The the men got to the business of the evening -- ^{playing a} ~~playing a~~ domino game. As I said in the little film, this is a combination of skill and cold war dialogue, the latter much enjoyed by Lyndon and A. W., but I am not sure about their victims. Mostly, Lyndon and A. W. have won -- and outrageously. The winnings, I understand, have been funneled into Father Schneider's church, a saddle for Mathilde and other such worthy causes. In all justice, some ought to go Melvin Winters' way.

About 11:30 I made my thanks to Mariallen and quietly slipped away because I knew we would be shooting very early the next morning.

And I was at home in bed by 12:00, and it was some dreadfully late hour -- 2 or 3 -- when Lyndon came in. I am sure that the release from tension and the laughter paid for the loss of sleep.