

**Removed from 06/15/1968, page 1.**

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 15, 1968

Page 1

Saturday, June 15th -- the last day of our filming.

We had moved into the den, got started in mid-morning, and I recited my little stories of the piece of needlework that was done by the daughter of not one Texas Governor but two, and a great slab of a coffee table that had come from an oak that had grown in Sherwood Forest for 1400 years, and a painting of the wild turkeys that all the hunters looked at and said, "Uh, four gobblers and one hen," the deer head that had the red nose at Christmas time. And all the accumulation of nearly 34 years of married life make this room, as all the others, a mosaic of our life and travels. And all went rather well. I thought for all that I was plunged into state of nervous disorder when I had heard on Thursday that Lyndon was coming and had thought that this filming with him in the house would be pandemonium. He has been very considerate. We have simply taken over room after room, disrupting life and traffic and hospitality -- silencing the vacuum cleaners, the business communications, and even the omnipotent telephone, embellishing everybody from the premises except those connected with this filming. And Lyndon has been very understanding and Marie so helpful. And all our friends are pitching in, inviting us out to dinner -- to the Moursund's last night and the Winters' tonight and the Krim's tomorrow noon. So now I have relaxed.

Now Tony Loeb tells me that we've got to think about how we are going to end it. And that it could have so much more dignity and importance and interest if we could get Lyndon to come into the scene and just reminisce

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 15, 1968

Page 2

about what this house, this land, this way of life, means to him.

Quaking, I presented the idea to him because he didn't come here to get offered more work, but for escape from work. And this is work for him. But he agrees, yes, after he has had his nap and gets up at 4:30 or sometime after then -- he'll do it for 30 minutes.

Billy Graham and one of his chief assistants drives out for lunch (I believe it was Grady Wilson). He's here doing a brief crusade in San Antonio. It was a surprise to see him so soon again, but I liked having him in the setting that is our real life.

Having finished with the dining room, we ate a proper lunch -- Mary's good homemade soup and hot corn bread and buttermilk and salad and peaches and cookies. And when I told them that we were having a very light, country-type lunch, Mr. Wilson laughingly said, "Well, Billy preached a sermon on gluttony, so this ought to suit him fine."

A little after two, we went out to the airport, Lyndon and I, and there at the south runway the plane rolled up -- Lynda and Arthur and Mathilde and Mathilde's father, and two young men, her cousin, Donald Krim and his friend -- both in Law School at Columbia.

I took Lynda Bird back and got her settled in my room. And they by 3:00 I was back in the study of continuing our filming.

We worked hard without any interruption until 6:00, with me taking occasional, quiet detours to see when Lyndon would join us. He couldn't get loose from the phone. Finally about 6:30, dressed in his kaki ranch clothes and after just the

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 15, 1968

Page 3

briefest run-through by me on what the filming had been like, the story we were trying to tell, and what we hoped he would add to it, he came in while I was in mid-sentence on camera and joined me sitting on the sofa and launched into a long, quiet, philosophic discourse on this country, his growing up years here, why he had wanted to come back, what it meant to him. This was really charming. Somewhat repellative, yes, but some great phrases, warm feeling, Not for a minute did my interest flag.

Finally, he quit~~ed~~ and said simply, "Is that enough?"

Simone was actually in tears, and Tony Loeb's face looked excited and he said, "That's great, that's great. We've got something good." I feel sure he can cut it and tailor a good piece from it.

And then they took pictures of us -- Lyndon and I -- walking out the door and down the walk through the front gate and then paralleling the fence heading west toward the guest house with the camera looking into the sunset down the River.

And then we were finished, though not the film crew because after taking off tomorrow they will no doubt work Monday and most of Tuesday and probably into Wednesday on both interior shots and outside.

We all elected to go to the Winters' house by car which pleased me. And Lyndon and I and Marie and Doris Kearns left about 7:30. Lynda was washing her hair and she would come later, hopefully bringing Simone. And we drove to the Diamond X Ranch in the loveliest time of day and the loveliest early summer I can remember. The weather is just a dream, and just to be alive

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 15, 1968

Page 4

is the greatest joy.

Lyndon was giving Doris Kearns little pictures of his growing-up times here -- the family; where he went to school, a junction, and an Albert.

We drove up to Melvin and Neta's place a little past 8:00, and there was an enormous party. Liz and Les and their son and daughter-in-law and her sister, our four and soon Lynda and Simone, and Arthur and Mathilde and Mr. Galaw, Mathilde's father.

I was enchanted to find later in the evening that Simone and Mr. Galaw, who is pretty well cut off from everybody around here because he can't speak much English, went chatting away animatedly in French. And the Moursunds, and Melvin and Neta's daughter, Joyce, and some five or six others.

It's a thoroughly delightful place fixed up in the beginning as a sort of a dude ranch, a hunting resort and game preserve. All of the interior is cedar. They smell delicious. Bunk beds, card tables, delightful pictures by a local artist who lives right over in Willow City, of deer and wild turkey and quail and pisano and a big fireplace, mounted heads all over the wall, including a mounted golden eagle which Neta explained to me they should not have killed, but it had been killing little sheep and little goats and they shot it just as they would any of several kinds of eagles that are not rare, and discovered afterwards that it was this kind that conservationists hope will be protected.

How like Melvin, good citizen that he is, to even mind that he had shot something that had been destroying his stock.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 15, 1968

Page 5

I could not bear to lose the glorious daylight, so I started off on a walk with Lynda Bird and Les and we went about a half a mile I suppose through the most beautiful country -- rolling hills, a stream, meadows dotted with huge live oaks. We passed the biggest live oak I have ever seen in this country. And there was a sign that said, "Giant live oak - 17 feet diameter".

We could see the antelope in the distance -- a big herd of them. Melvin says he has had no trouble raising young ones as we have. They were bounding along, up a hillside -- a beautiful throat-catching sight.

And the grass was so high that you could occasionally just see the head of a deer sticking over the top of it.

It was a glorious evening. This sort of life to me is truly a day of wine and roses.

Back at the house, we went into the yard where there were ample tables spread out under the trees or else you could sit inside with the air-conditioning if you preferred. I choose the outside.

Melvin had on his big apron and was busy frying the fish, although there was ample help to do it. And there were soon great golden mounds of it, and Neta called us to dinner.

The buffet inside was spread out on a long counter -- catfish and fried potatoes and slaw and tomato slices and hush puppies -- absolutely delicious. And for desert, coffee and cookies -- fig newtons, which Neta and I share a ~~liking for~~ liking for. I remember it from my childhood.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 15, 1968

Page 6

After we had all eaten as much as we could and far more than we ought, the men got down to the serious business of the evening -- their domino tournament. Lyndon and A. W. the perpetual partners, and the opposition changing from time to time - - Melvin, Arthur, John Hill, whatever victims they could find.

Lynda and I got Mariallen and Jo Beth Hill and we found an attractive game room. I am tremendously impressed with the skill with which this place has been put together, and we had a bridge game/ which went on for about 2 delightful hours.

And then growing sleepy and having the excuse of Lynda, I thanked Neta and Melvin and kissed Lyndon goodbye and Lynda Bird and I slipped away a little after 11:30 and were home at the Ranch in bed a little past 12:00. However, not to sleep. Lynda Bird must write Chuck, and I read the papers for a long interval.

One of the main aims of being at home has been to rest. I cannot say that I have done a great deal of it. And Lyndon, so much, much less. This is the third night of the domino tournament and it does not let up. And they play until 2:00 and do not get to bed until 3:00 or later.

But who's to say which is more relaxing -- pleasure or sleep.

At any rate, Lyndon is making his own rules.