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MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, June 30, 1968

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Sunday, June 30th, was like many summer Sundays of these last five years. Church at National City Christian, catching up on rest, reading voluminous Sunday papers and seeing the TV interview shows. And in the evening, a lovely boat ride.

I slept late. A luxury and insurance policy. And then read and read and read while we drank enumerable cups of coffee for me and tea for Lyndon. And then in a great hurry, dressed and left for National Christian Church. Lyndon called back to ask Susan Stevenson to join us. It was his sweet thoughtfulness.

A sensible sermon that could reach everyone of our age at least by Dr. George Davis on what to do when you lose a loved one. And then back out the door with three or four cameramen retreating in front of us. And lots of Sunday tourist cameramen on the sidelines calling "Come this way, Mr. President - shake hands with us - I'm from Kansas" or Canada or Texas. Susan marching down the steps with us -- I shaking a few hands here and there. And Lyndon really rising to it with warmth, especially with the children. And then back into the car and to the second floor where Tom Johnson soon joined us and Mr. Saul Pett who is doing a sort of an in-depth article on Lyndon. He had written an amusing letter asking Lyndon to use his influence to get an hour of my time to complete his insight into Lyndon. And Susan Stevenson came in. We sat down for a good lunch accompanied by the very diversified intellectual affair of Hubert Humphrey on "Face the Nation". Oh, he got an A+. My heart in my mouth -- I rode with him every step of the way. And George

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Wallace on "Meet the Press" who was I thought very effective, voicing many of the feelings that I know that are in the minds of people all over the country and indeed smoulder in the back of my mind. And thought I could not be for him now or ever, I found a little bit of me cheering for him because he is so universally cut to pieces by all the Press and TV.

And then after lunch I had a good hour and a half session with Mr. Soul Pett, sort of a philosophical analysis of Lyndon -- a picture of his mood, what would the first three months out of office be like -- a ~~depression~~ decompression chamber. What will you miss most? And least? What do you look forward to most in retirement? And then any insight on the day of March 31st.

~~It was~~ It was easy enough and at times I thought I did very well. And as soon as he left I went to the bowling lanes and had three good games. Yesterday I had had 30 laps in the pool. I hunger for exercise. It balances my life.

And then back upstairs, rested and read a few more ~~pages~~ papers and talked to Ashton who was gathering our guests for the evening.

And at 6:00 they began to arrive in the Yellow Oval Room. The Jerry Williams, young attractive Austinites from the academic community whom I want to know better. Bill Whites and Mary. Two Cabinet members, the Marvin Watsons and the Allan Boyds. George and Helen Mahon and their two grandchildren, and once more Susan Stevenson. And Ashton and John.

I took the Williams and the Boyds and we left for the boat. Lyndon was still in his office and the rest were to follow.

The Temples and the Christians met us at the Sequoia, and we started

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off onto what is a frequent and well-<sup>loved</sup>~~liked~~ summer evening entertainment -- a boat ride down the Potomac. It was a hot, still, beautiful, heavy summer evening with a frail silver sickle of a new moon and the breeze on the top deck was very welcome.

I settled down first for a long discussion with Alan Boyd about the controversy in San Antonio on the <sup>freeway</sup>~~Expressway~~ that will run through Breckenridge Park if it is not stopped. It has been bedeviled ~~h~~ with every cross-current of conflict for some 6 or 8 years now. Determined conservationists, determined highway engineers, byfold and sometimes apathetic public, and I can't make heads or tails of it. In general I think it's a sad thing and that the public will probably come out the loser and the freeway go through.

Somehow or another highways have become a symbol of the civilization of these several decades. They spell success, they are as inviolent as church and motherhood once were.

And later on I had a talk with George Mahon and will him some of our projects -- that is giving the boyhood home in Johnson City to the National Park Service sometime after the new Administration takes over. A prelude to some later date when we will give the Ranch and the whole complex.

And I had <sup>Treached</sup>~~credit~~ gingerly with him on the Beautification Bill which is coming up tomorrow for an absolutely crucial vote, but finding to my relieved and happy surprise that, yes, he would be for it though I expect in a limited way. I thanked him and told him how much it would mean to me but even more to the next generation -- lived in and looked at -- and hopefully had a beautiful

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countryside to love in our land.

Then I had a good bridge game with Flavil Boyd and Helen Mahon and Jo Ann Christian. And dinner served on the TV trays upstairs in the light summer breeze.

And I called Paul Dresser and suggested that we go as far as Mt. Vernon and have the ceremony. We arrived at the perfect appointed moment, sunset. The <sup>bugle</sup> ~~devil~~ called us, the military stood at attention saluting smartly, and the rest of us erect and grave, looking at George Washington's white house on the hill. How well these founding fathers chose their homesites. And in the plaintiff heart filling notes, taps on the summer air and everybody with his own thoughts. It was a few moments to remember.

After dinner we saw a film on the Presidential month of June -- the best I've seen yet. And then we docked about 10:00 and were soon home, had a massage and went to sleep early.