

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, July 2, 1968

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Luci's 21st birthday -- Tuesday, July 2 -- was a full busy day.

In the morning I had a meeting with Simone and Tommy Atkins, Art Winterfelt ~~and George~~ and George Bergholtz in the West Hall on the script of "Crossing the Trails of Texas". It is going to be a good film, and better for us putting our heads together on it ahead of time.

We have now begun very late in the day a month or so ago an earnest, hard effort to get all of the cooperation from the West side about scheduling the knowledge of important events and all of the evaluation and careful scrutiny of me, Simone, Liz, to make these last 10 or 12 monthly films and these probably last two trip films of mine as high caliber as possible. I groan that we didn't begin it two years ago when the film program began.

Next I worked with Ashton at the desk, and then a brief, amusing break to go down to the North Portico as Congressman Jack Brooks had just driven up in a pickup truck containing 50 magnolia seedlings about three feet high that had been germinated with seeds from my old home -- the Elms -- and carefully raised by Mr. Pinkus in the Capitol greenhouse. And now he was bringing them down to me to give away to friends. Funny man, Jack. Shrewd, tough, a battler and yet a fondness for antiques and forests.

Back upstairs I met with Robin Duke in the Yellow Oval Room and soon with Angie/ and we reviewed the Latin American trip, gifts, my program, biographies of the principals -- the Chiefs of State of the 5 countries and their Ambassadors. And went over the program in Texas step by step.

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Then I lunched on a tray in my room. Some time in the afternoon I called Luci -- I don't remember just when, but I do remember her voice, happy, hurried, not time enough to talk to me but too respectful to say so. All signs of adulthood. I said all my love and goodbye quickly.

Lynda was there and in good spirits and she (Luci) was much relieved about her -- that much I did gather.

Then I signed mail in the afternoon, saw a film on President Truman in the theatre. It was done by the Wolper Firm who is working on one about Lyndon to be shown on Lyndon's birthday at the Convention and will then become the property of the Library. It was good enough, but not quite as good as the Bud Benjamin one on FDR I thought.

And then a little session with Jim Ketchum in his office and back upstairs to work with Ashton, interrupted close to 4:30 by a hurried call to go down to the South grounds with Lyndon to welcome the Westmorelands. I get these calls at all times of the day on a moments notice. Its a challenge to have combed hair and lipstick.

The helicopter settled down and the General stepped out -- one of those fascinating men I have met in five years here -- and his delightful little ~~cat~~ Kitz by his side.

We went up to the West Hall and had refreshments and talked, and Walt Rostow came over bringing Andre Meyer with whom Lyndon had an appointment. They lingered and we all talked for awhile, and then Lyndon went back to his office with Andre and I took the Westmorelands to the third floor to the room

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that they have used several times.

It was a busy day. The phone ringing every moment, the desk still piled high. But I was making some inroads on it.

The Henderson Shufflers came at 6:00, and we had a delightful visit in the Yellow Room. He is the real creator and guiding spirit of a Texan Hall of Culture. And if the Lyndon Johnson Library turns out its exhibits as well as that does I will rise up and cheer. All of us talked at ~~once~~^{once} about the exhibit -- how great it is -- and I especially congratulated him on the section on Negro culture.

And he told me a delightful little story about a Negro lawyer named George Washington, Jr. whom he had met and befriended a good many years ago. And when he found himself faced having to put together this exhibit he called on George Washington, Jr. who was of an estimable help in doing research and in seeking out Negro families in Texas. ~~We~~ had old records, old pictures that would add the artifacts to the story that Henderson Shuffler wanted to tell. He would have probably never have had access to them or knowledge of them otherwise.

It was a hot, sultry summer day and a storm was brewing outside. And as we sat and talked in the Yellow Room there was the most glorious drama outside -- great black clouds with lightning knifing through and thunder crashing across the heavens. It was a beautiful vista to watch the Washington Monument and the Jefferson Memorial against this display.

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Another display will take place beginning tomorrow on the mall, and it is for this that Henderson Shuffler has come to town. A show of folk music, folk art, handicrafts -- a large part of it by Texans on the Mall. One of Dillion Dipley's plans to bring the Mall to life.

When the Shufflers left, I went to the bowling lanes and had 3 quick games and then came back and invited the Westmorelands to come down and join me for drinks.

We had a few moments of that personal sort of talk that I don't get to do when Lyndon is around. Kitsy told an amusing story about life in the military that when you are stationed in some Far Eastern place you're likely to have quite a few servants and the house well taken care of. And what a change it is when you come back to the United States and don't have it.

She was waiting for the General in Honolulu doing all of her own cooking and cleaning. And he returned from Saigon with a visiting General or two, and as they talked he called out, "Bring in some cold beers please." And in between shoving the steaks in and setting the table she brought the cold beers in. Pretty soon he asked for some more. And then at the end of the evening as they said goodbye, she said just a minute General, putting her two little hands together in the gesture of eastern servants, "Number 1 boy must open door."

She must be a joy to live with -- pretty, humorous, capable and strong.

And then I thanked the General for taking Lynda Bird's cookies to Chuck and he got a sort of a baffled expression on his face and then he roared with laughter and said, "Those cookies sure were good." He said, "There wasn't

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any address on them and I had lots of packages and I didn't know who they were for. So we opened them and ate them."

Presently, Lyndon came in and the talk shifted to the more substantive matters. General Westmoreland said there is an entirely new dimension for a Commanding General these days because of the press. He must spend hours clearing up misconceptions, explaining things. The press becomes a part of his job.

We talked of Bunker, and absolutely everybody that I know rates as A number 1 of General Taylor and Buzz Wheeler -- the whole picture of the military and the government. General Westmoreland said, "Some of my decisions necessarily ^{are} ~~are~~ in part in the field of diplomacy and politics." That too is inevitable in this sort of war -- this new thing. To my great pleasure he told Lyndon, "I have gotten to work on that history for you. I ought to have it finished in two or three weeks." I am sure this must be something for the Library. How this war has looked for the -- is it four years? -- that General Westmoreland has been over there. How it looks to the eyes of one most qualified to know. It should be a very important contribution years from now.

Lyndon went to his night reading at 11:00, and I to bed and a rub.

And it was only later -- several days later -- that I realized for the first time in 13 years I had passed July 2nd without a feeling of triumph, a sigh of relief, a quiet congratulations to Lyndon that another year had gone by in good health after his heart attack on July 2nd, in '55.

I had simply forgotten it. The shadow has receded.