

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, August 10, 1968

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Secretary Rusk and Dick Helms and Cy Vance arrived by plane early -- about 10:30 -- and they sat on the lawn with Lyndon and talked. Dean looked rested and relaxed. He has been looking so tired and ha/frassed for months that it has worried me. His smile was ready and broad, and he was especially interested in the Johnson School of Public Affairs. I asked him plain out if he would come down and make a talk when we have our launching ceremony probably in January of 1970 or not later than that Spring. He also told Lyndon that he would like to be helpful in any way he could.

About 12:00 Mr. Nixon arrived. Bland, cordial, Spiro Agnew descending the plane behind him. And I couldn't help but feel sorry for him. The papers had been so full of all the laughter at his selection for the Vice Presidency. Four aides came along. We actually had been expecting two. So we made arrangements for two of them to have lunch down at the guest house. And sweet Marie Fehmer did yeoman's service conveying them around to see the Ranch and keeping them entertained.

I had called Pat the night before to invite her and Mrs. Agnew to come along to lunch. She said she had better not because of a sick daughter with a sore throat and fever and she should stay in the hotel room with her. But she did say "I've always wanted to see your Ranch." Actually we would have had a lot to talk about with all our mutual years in the Senate Ladies. And I was sorry she didn't come. But there are

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two sides to it, and I welcomed the freedom I have to do housekeeping when Lyndon has what is obviously such a purely stag meeting as this.

Lyndon was so courteous and affable -- even warm. And both Nixon and Agnew the same way. I could see that Lyndon had considerable sympathy for Agnew, <sup>Augmented</sup>  I am sure as was mine by the cruel treatment the press has been giving him. In our case I find that you are quite easy around former adversaries. There is no fence of venom or rancor or abrasiveness. We both know a bit of what ~~///~~ it's like. However, it is much easier to let your temperature rise when you are dealing with sometime friends, with members of the same party or members of the same Administration.

They worked in the Yellow Sitting Room for about an hour and a half. And then I took them into lunch with Dean Rusk on my right and Spiro Agnew on my left and Mr. Nixon on Lyndon's right. We had planned a delicious lunch -- steak and fresh corn. I found myself considering them rather special company. We wanted to put our best foot forward. You wonder if you are looking at the next President of the United States, or were you looking at him yesterday. And I was very careful to get their signatures right on the next page with Hubert's and Muriel's.

It was a pleasant, careful, good humored lunch, and they left right afterwards -- a little past two. And then Lyndon and Dean and Cy and Dick Helms talked for another hour. And then the Washington shuttle

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returned.

Whatever this ailment I have had, it certainly leaves me weak. And I am all too eager to lie down and rest in the afternoon -- sometimes to even sleep -- often to read, "Nicholas and Alexandra". But the jewel of the day is a late evening, around sunset. So about 6:30 I set out with Lyndon and Marie and Jim and we toured the Dantz and the 80 Acres and went for the umpteenth time to the Mexican house -- the old Dantz house. It is really hilarious how much attention Lyndon has given to it -- supervising -- getting it painted, moving in old furniture, sending James out to buy linoleum and put it down. We got the word that the Krims had arrived. They joined us on the Martin and we continued riding. At least twice a covey of quails flushed in front of us. And the turkeys are having a lot of little ones. And the most delightful ones are the fawns which are now no longer babies. They are sturdy and run with great grace and endurance. We have some little antelope too. That is something of a triumph.

We drove until dusk. Another plane arrived bringing the Postmaster General and Marion Watson. We picked them up and continued riding until black dark drove us in, to find A. W. ~~X~~ and Mariallen and Jessie Hunter waiting for us. I had telephoned them earlier to come for dinner.

The radio had reported that McGovern~~xx~~ had jumped into the race for the Presidency sponsored it appeared by a lot of the Bobby Kennedy aides.

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How relaxing it is to look at this from the distance of a non-competitor -- a first thought and a continuing one for the last 12 or so days that I have been dealing with whatever it is has been thank the Lord I don't have to face up to a campaign. And my first thought when they had told Lyndon at Brookes about the difficulty he might be facing -- what was revealed in the X-rays -- my first thought was that it's providential. Once more it is providential that we are not in a campaign.

We had dinner a little after 9:00 as is usual on summer evenings. And then nearly everybody went out to the hangar to watch a Western -- "Hand Em High". But Mariallen and Jessie and Luci -- a cheerful volunteer -- and I settled down for a bridge game. I found that I could not play long. I simply had a stomach ache that comes in waves and grows so severe I think I am going to faint. And then recedes. And I am not used to being sick. I rail against it, but that does not solve it. So about 11:00 I left them ~~xxx~~ and went to bed.