

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, September 15, 1968

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Sunday, September 15th, we spent at Camp David. It was remarkable mainly because I slept til 10:00. I was bone tired. Perhaps because I had poured so much into Friday and indeed until Saturday noon.

There were years of living and feeling and good tales poured into that short visit with our friends from Texas. And I find that I get tired, which always surprises me, and it also makes me mad.

I put on a robe and went into the breakfast table. The guest list was just made to order to make me happy. The Freemans and the Cliffords, the Wassermans and the Krims. A few of them were already gathered around the table and everybody drifted in and we all ate ^{an} enormous breakfast. And we wound up by sitting around that table for about 2-1/2 hours. So interesting was the conversation and we ranged all over national and international affairs with Lyndon at his best, but everybody talking. I had the feeling of a stolen holiday, and there was little in the paper to make any of us happy. Abe Fortas still being pilloried, the polls saying "Nixon 43% - Hubert 31% - and Wallace a dangerously rising 19%."

Against the gloomy back-drop we somehow all had a happy day. Clark got in some tennis and Jane and Orville some walking. And about noon Lynda Bird arrived with Doug Davidson and Topsy Taylor. It gives me the greatest pleasure for her to have her friends with us at the White House for parties or as weekend guests. And I take great pleasure in getting to know her friends.

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We all converged on the pool about 2:00 and laid in the sun and talked -- the more ambitious swimming, some of us just lying around. The Krims and the Wassermans and I laughing because the Wassermans who had arrived in time for the Friday night affair -- the only non-Texans -- had introduced themselves as from Johnson City.

Close to 3:00 I gave up the prospect of ever getting us back to the house for lunch and had them bring sandwiches and iced tea and salads and cookies up, and we ate around the pool -- everyone heaping his plate when he liked, and finding surprised that we were hungry once again.

And then later in the afternoon, everyone began to drift away to catch whatever plane or make whatever dinner engagement they had.

Arthur left for a few hours in the middle of the day, but rejoined us in time for a ride close to sunset with Mathilde and Marie.

Then we all had dinner while we watched a documentary about Chicago -- Mayor Daley's side of the story. Good, but not as good as it should have been because Mayor Daley should have talked. Nobody could do it as well as he -- tough and strong, for about 10 minutes of the program.

And then rather early -- about 10:30 -- we went to bed.

A gentle little oasis of a day of rest and companionship and some, but not enough, exercise.

My only trip to Camp David this summer. But oh the summer has flown. I love that place. I hope we shall have a few more times there while it is still ours to go to.

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I carried around the big black notebook with Howard Smith's questions in it. And thought back deeply into the past five years and tried to organize my thoughts and read the research that the staff had prepared on dates of trips and number of visiting monarchs. But it was more a day of renewal than of work.