

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, February 21, 1964

This day began very early because I couldn't sleep, and so I slipped out of bed and went into the beautiful living room of the Taubman's house and watched dawn come up over the desert.

For the first time, I could really see the sort of place we were in. The house is one of the handsomest modern houses I have ever seen. It sits high on a hill, with a vast expanse of glass looking out to the swimming pool, and then down into the valley, ²that is Palm Springs.

The sky was every shade of beautiful, opalescent pink, ²as morning began over the desert. As I had my first cup of coffee, watching it, looking down into the palm dotted city, I thought how very 'California', how very western this is! So new, probably not more than a decade or so old, so clean, fresh, rich. Behind me was a huge fireplace and a handsome stone wall, with two long slits of windows, that looked out to a mountain rising almost straight, cliff-side on up. The Taubmans had really chosen a dramatic spot for their home.

The household was alive early, and we left for International Airport, to greet the Lopez ^{Mateos} ~~Mataes~~'s.

As they came down the steps of the plane, I was shocked ^{to see} /the President of Mexico. He's such a handsome man - I had read that he'd been sick, but he looks gaunt and ill.

Mrs. Lopez ^{Mateos} ~~Mataes~~, is as serene and sweet as I remembered her from

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last summer; and Avacita much more ^{chic} ~~sheer~~ than several years ago at the ranch.

The first event of the day, ^{was} at UCLA, the charter day exercises, where both President Lopez ^{Mateos} ~~Mateos~~ and Lyndon, ^{who} were going to receive an honorary degree of Laws, and both were going to make speeches.

We were met by UCLA Chancellor Franklin Murphy, and UCLA President Clark Kerr.

While the men went to put on their robes, the wives took charge of us and we went in and sat down in the front row of a huge assembly. It was outdoors and people seemed to stretch for acres behind us. In front of us was a covered platform, on which sat all the regents of the vast University complex; Governor Pat Brown, and other outstanding California dignitaries, and members of the Mexican Delegation.

Then the faculty filed in, in their black robes and the hoods which showed the Universities from which they had received their degrees - the crimson of Harvard - and also showed the types of degrees they had. It was a very colorful array, and because there was a lot of faculty from overseas, I found out for the first time that it's we, in America, who have the mortar boards, ^{to} go on the heads, and some people from some other Universities, have other strange looking hats.

It was exciting to be on the campus of UCLA because it has such a reputation as being a very model, a forward thrust, in education. Brains

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from all over the United States gravitate to it, to its faculty, I mean, and then it siphons off the brains from our own southern and western states, because once having gone there to get their degrees, they stayed there to live. It's a challenge ~~to~~ the University of Texas and others like it, are going to have to meet.

Lyndon's talk was partly on Civil Rights - but that part of it was pretty much ignored by the Press - in favor of what they condensed in the line ^{that} "The Soviets are playing a deadly, dangerous game in Viet-Nam." *Condensed into in tape.*

^{Mataes} Lopez Mataes talked on the mission of Universities, made you almost think that Utopia was just around the corner - and so it might be, if the mind of man would apply as much skill to getting along with each other, ^{as} we have to technological development.

After the awarding of the honorary degrees, the men were going back to Palm Springs for serious talk, and the ladies peeled off for a luncheon given by Mrs. Pat Brown, the beautiful wife of the governor.

There were about 35 or 40 of us at the Ambassador Hotel, ^{Besides} Mrs. Lopez Mataes and Avicita, there was Mrs. ^{Tello} ~~Tee~~, the wife of their Foreign Minister; Mrs. Rusk; and Matianna was with me everywhere, I'm glad to say. And the rest were outstanding women of achievement in California. Roz Wyman; Libby Gatave, Carmen Warshaw; I sat next to Dorothy Kirsten, the opera star, and enjoyed very much hearing her talk

Elizabeth Gator

Warschaw

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about her cultural exchange trip to Russia; there were lawyers, educators, right across from me there was a dress designer from one of the great Hollywood studios.

From lunch, we hurried on in a motorcade with 13 motorcycle escort, in roaring pursuit, to Abraham Lincoln High School. And well named, it was, because the job they've got there, is really of mixing people. About 2600 students greeted us there, where the student body is approximately 80% Mexican-American. I'd say it was a sort of 'other side of the tracks' school, that was a lesson in enmity going on, that I wish we could transfer to some other parts of this troubled world - maybe Cyprus.

We stayed here about 45 minutes and it was the best part of the day for me. We went to classrooms, where there are modern techniques of rapidly learning a new language. Youngsters were counting money, they were repeating after the teacher, over and over and over, the commonest term of greeting, and questing. We were told that they used tape recorders and all sorts of new devices.

Mrs. Lopez ^{Mataes} ~~Mataes~~, who taught school for 22 years, was obviously in her element, very much ^{at} ease, and liking it.

We visited an Art class, where each of us received a painting. And then we went out front, where the whole school body had assembled. John Busch was President of the student body, and he made an excellent speech. And

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*if sk
narrow
if pass,*
Anita ^{Contreras} ~~Contraveous~~, 18, who was Vice President of the Student Body, followed him. I felt a keen sense of pride ^g in the efforts of this country, at solving the problems about diverse population.

Then I spoke briefly and Mrs. Lopez ^{Mateos} ~~Mataes~~, in Spanish, gave those youngsters the thrill of their lifetime!

Then we went on to the Los Angeles Museum of Art, to see ¹ which was, for me, the dessert of the day. ^h An exhibit of Pre-Columbian art beginning - oh, some 3000 years or so B.C. - ^A And one of the objects I saw ^g was my old friend, the gigantic head that was hauled out of ¹¹ ^{l a cerca de} ~~the~~ La Silva Seera ~~La Vera~~ Cruz, on a new railroad built for the purpose! Actually, it was the twin of the head that was used at the Houston exhibit, but you could have scarcely told them apart.

Almost the entire exhibit had been traveling for several years - Paris, Rome, Denmark, most of the countries of Europe. It has been invited to Israel; I'm not sure if it got there or not. Now at long last, it was returning to this continent, for a several months display in Los Angeles, and then back for residence in Mexico City.

That's one of the things that is happening to museums today, they take to the road and let the people of all the world get exposed to each other.

A delightful display ^g was costumes of all the 28 states and several territories of Mexico - the personal possession of Avacita Lopez ^{Mateos} ~~Mataes~~. There was the familiar ^{Chine Poblano} ~~Chia Poblano~~ and many others, ¹ elaborate, colorful, crude, peasant-type, everything that makes up Mexico. Several of them,

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I noticed, were very, very old. I asked Avacita how she acquired them and she said, ^{at which} she had been going on campaign trips with her father, from state to state, they were presented to her.

Her mother had opened this Art exhibit, ⁱⁿ Rome, and she, herself, had helped put on the display in Paris, ^{the} display of costumes.

We practically had to go through this wonderful exhibit on roller skates and I regretted it so much, because I would have loved to have stayed for hours and hours. The wonderful guide, Mrs. Frank Clark, took us through, giving information rat-a-tat-tat; it was so confusing, with light bulbs flashing all the time, and reporters and police, I don't see how she did it so well.

A delightful exhibit, ^{was} a whole group of little dogs, all with the most fetching expressions on their faces. They had been raised long, long ago by some civilization, ^{as} food, just as we would raise pigs.

There was an art exhibit too, with ^{Orozco, Siqueiros, Rivera, Tamayo} Arosco, Gientas, Rievera, Pamaya - ^{Orozco, Siqueiros, Rivera, Tamayo} all represented, but it was like being stuffed too full of food - you couldn't take it in well enough.

At my elbow all the day, ^{was} lovely, ^{and} efficient Bernice Brown, and also there at the museum, I met Mary Lasker's step-son, art patron and collector.

About five o'clock, we went to the airport, gratefully stretched out our feet on Air Force One - very weary - had some refreshments, and headed for Palm Springs. ^{where} ~~Where~~, when we got there, just so every moment would be full, we found the Mayor, who had on a blatantly Western outfit, a sort of

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a burnt orange gabardine, a mariachi band, girls in costumes of Mexican states, and rows and rows of citizens along the fence to greet us!

Though we had a pleasant hour or two of rest between getting to the Taubman's and having our dinner guests arrive, this was a rather unusual State dinner. We had only fourteen guests - the Lopez ^{Mateos} ~~Mateos~~ and Avacita; Secretary and Mrs. Rusk; Foreign Minister and Mrs. ^{Tello} ~~Tao~~; Ambassador designate Fulton Freeman; Ambassador Thomas Mann; Carrillo Flores; Tony and Matianna.

The more I look at Thomas Mann, the more I think that he is a very stout link in this chain of government that we've got. It will be hard for Fulton Freeman to measure up to him. ^{Fulton Freeman} He proved to be a very talkative man, so that I had neither chance nor necessity to make conversation with the President, who sat on my right, or with Mrs. ^{Tello} ~~Tao~~, who sat on my left. Tony Carillo Flores is always an asset to any group, and because of his deep and hearty laugh, at one point, my brother, ^{Tony} ~~Tony~~, looked over at him and said, "Mr. Ambassador, I think you're one of the happiest men I know." Tony Carillo Flores looked at him rather gravely and said, "Mr. Taylor, I'll quote Keates and say, 'Happiness is a deliberate business.'" ^{Mateos}

Mrs. Lopez ^{Mateos} ~~Mateos~~ and Avacita were tired - and no wonder - so they did not go to the party being hosted by our two chiefs of protocol, Angier Biddle Duke and ^{Moriscal} ~~Morris~~ Gahl - a rather large group of the press, the Mexican delegation, and our delegation.

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We let the two Presidents go and we said goodnight.