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Thursday, August 6th

Was a big day. One of the most interesting parts was sitting with Lyndon and Mayor Daley, Lyndon propped up in bed, the Mayor in the rocking chair, all of us with coffee, and the Mayor telling us how he hoped to handle the problem of a race riot in Chicago. He said he would not have his policemen wear steel helmets. They simply wore caps -- he hoped they looked like the friend down the block rather than a soldier. He called in different segments of society -- the communications people, newspapers, radio and TV, Negro leaders, white business men, church groups.

He said he did this on a year-round basis before the crisis became imminent, as it is now, because everybody is on tiptoe waiting to see when race riots will break out in Chicago. All of this he said in the softest, mildest, smoothest, most determined voice. I would not want to put myself in opposition to that man, and I admired him tremendously.

The newspapers' ability to egg on and stir up dissension and trouble by showing pictures of a helmeted policeman with a big stick in his hand, standing over some 14-year-old colored boy flat on his back on the street, or police dogs jumping on women, have certainly been some of the yeast in this broiling mass of trouble

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we are having, and if Mayor Daley can get any kind of cooperation out of the Chicago Tribune, then he certainly deserves the Nobel Peace Prize. He left about 10 and I went down to the Rose Garden for a quick lesson with Mr. Williams on all the things I would be later showing to U Thant.

And then a little past 11 there was a lawn ceremony to greet Mr. U Thant, this time taking place, for a change, in the Rose Garden, with the podium on the steps, flag to the side, band down under the magnolia tree, guests that stretched across the Rose Garden. This time no military pomp and display -- a very delicate touch, I thought, for a United Nations ceremony.

Mr. U Thant went in for an hour's conferring with Lyndon, and then when he emerged I took him on a tour of the flower garden, followed, to my amazement, by an entourage of 10 or 12, including Lyndon and Adlai Stevenson. I pointed out President Kennedy's *magnolia* ~~Soulangianae~~ *gaillardia* ~~zutanianae~~, the *galardia* or Indian blanket that grows in masses wild in Texas when it rains, the gloriosa daisies which are a fabulous flash of color in all the four corners this summer, the white roses for which the garden is named but which are really very few in number, and the lovely lavender asters which, I understand, grow in his native Burma.

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Him and Her came out and accompanied Lyndon and were much more the object of the cameramen's interest, thank Heaven, than were U Thant and I. I showed him the spot where we will probably plant a willow oak and a Darlington oak, the closest thing to the Texas live oak with its grey-green leaves that will grow well in this area. They will flank the walk between the driveway and the door to the President's office.

It is hard to be quiet and intimate and explain a garden when the tour turns into an entourage, so I wouldn't say it was a glowing success, but I showed him some beautiful pictures of the way it looked when Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Mellon were first plotting it, and of its Spring dress and its Fall dress, both of which I think are more resplendent than its mid-Summer dress.

Then when they left I went to the Diplomatic Reception Room to have a picture made with little Kathy Lucas, the cystic fibrosis campaign child, a small, delicate 9-year-old, gentle and pleasant, met her parents and the people working on the drive to combat cystic fibrosis, and then in a few moments was back upstairs for a little visit with Doug Cater and his wife, two additions to Lyndon's staff that I like very, very much and want to have feel at home in the Johnson family.

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Then, oh precious luxury, a nap. And then a talk with Walter Kronkite to discuss the show we will do for TV at the ranch this coming weekend.

Meanwhile, our house guests arrived, and I interrupted our session to go and meet Bernice and Pat Brown and take them to their room, and also the Daltons of Missouri, the Welshes of Indiana. And then, that night, the big event of the day -- the State Dinner for U Thant.

Probably the last one during our tenure. We greeted Mr. U Thant and the Ambassador from Burma and Madam On Sein on the North Portico a little past eight, took them upstairs to the Yellow Room, along with Adlai Stevenson, Dean and Virginia Rusk, Bob McNamara, the Angie Dukes, the Ralph Bunches -- and, to my credit, let me say I remembered to send down quickly and get the Henry Cabot Lodges, because he too had formerly been our Ambassador to the United Nations.

This time I was really proud of our gifts. They reflected history, both very current -- that is, the moon shots, copies of photographs taken by Ranger VII just before its strike on the moon on July 31st, in a leather case with the Presidential Seal -- and history past -- a letter written by Andrew Jackson in 1829 to his

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Postmaster General: "So long as we take the law for our guide and justice the end in view, we will meet with the support of the people." I must remember to thank Bess, the State Department, or whoever has these what are to me really imaginative and worthy ideas.

As for Mr. U Thant, he gave us the most magnificent silver tea and coffee service from Burma that I expect ever to see -- elaborately ornamented with animals and flowers reminiscent of Burma with, of course, the elephant in great prominence -- rather funny for a Democratic President!

This time we all went down the stairs en masse, following Lyndon's instruction, lined up behind the colors, with Lyndon taking U Thant and I with Adlai Stevenson.

It was an interesting guest list that filed past us in the East Room. From the Senate, the Lister Hills, Warren Magnuson (who had brought with him the lady he is currently going with and, rumor has it more strongly than ever, is going to marry.) Bill and Betty Fulbright, Everett and Louella Dirksen, the B. Everett Jordans. Besides our Governor house guests, the Browns, the Daltons, and the Welshes, was Governor-nominee Hayden Burns of Florida and former Governor Stephen McNicolls of Colorado. I was so glad

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to see the Carl Elliotts there from the House and the Walter Rogers and the Daniel Floods, he looking very bad indeed in everything except spirit.

A lot of old friends. There was Anna Rosenberg Hoffman and her husband Paul, Ben Cohen, both of these two closely associated with the U.N., Judge E. Simpson, one of our strongest supporters in the Negro community, and durable Jim Farley. And other pre-1960 Johnson supporters were Leo Harvey of California, the Charles Engelhards. The communications world was much in evidence, with the David Brinkleys, Gardner Cowles the publisher, the Walter Kronkites, the Fred <sup>Friendleys</sup> Findleys, the Chet Huntleys, the Edward P. Morgans, and Howard K. Smith, with whom I later do a TV show for ABC.

Also there was Bob Sarnoff and Dorothy Schiff. <sup>Science ? ch tape</sup> ~~France~~ was brilliantly represented by Dr. and Mrs. Detlev Bronk, Chairman of the National Science Board and President of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

And from the world of entertainment, the Gregory Pecks and the Frederic Marches. And where exactly would you put the Arthur Krims, President of United Artists Corporation? Entertainment? Business? Friends of the Party? Or just the cutest wife and the

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cutest dancer?

Eric Leinsdorf and Ann of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were clearly from the world of art. Labor was represented: the John Lyons of the Bridge and Structural Ironworkers; the Howard Haigs of the United Steelworkers.

And there were a good many special friends of the U. N. whose names had been given to us by Adlai. He knows everybody everywhere -- at least more interesting people than nearly anyone I could name.

I had U Thant on my right and the Ambassador of Burma on my left. Betty Fulbright was a great help in keeping the conversation going.

Lyndon had Mrs. Rusk on one side and Mrs. On Sein on the other and, close by, Ambassador Stephens and the Secretary of State, and, much to my chagrin, he kept on leaning over the ladies and engaging in long serious conversation with the two men. Mrs. On Sein, inscrutable and silent, small and delicate, said not a word and I struggled for some way to communicate with her. It proved too much for even that master, the Secretary of State.

I wore my yellow chiffon gown with the beaded bodice and thought that I looked rather well with all the white and yellow of the room! The yellow, white and pink of stock, roses, carnations,

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daisies, chrysanthemums in little bamboo Vermeil containers on the round tables.

Toward the end of the dinner there was that moment of charm and enchantment from the strolling violins as they came in. I think that every guest is always lifted by this moment of beauty.

And then followed a very unusual thing. Before launching into his toast, Lyndon said he could not introduce all the guests, but he would like to present two Republicans and two Democrats as being outstanding, each with a few well-chiseled words: Senator Fulbright, member of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Dirksen, Minority Leader of the Senate, Adlai Stevenson, U. S. Representative to the United Nations, and Henry Cabot Lodge, former Representative to the United Nations.

After the toasts, we went back into the East Room for the entertainment, which was the folk singers, Peter, Paul and Mary, who had already been guests at the dinner. I loved Dorothy McCardle's description of them: "Peter Yarrow and Paul Stuch<sup>ey</sup>, with their slim bearded faces, looked like minor modern prophets, and Mary, in an Empire crepe gown fashioned with puffed sleeves, with her long uneven golden chopped bangs, looking like a slightly rakish Princess."



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My favorite song was Blowing in the Wind, and once more I can't say it better than Dorothy McCardle. "As this tune was called mirror to music, the underlying seriousness of the seemingly gala occasion, every one of the 142 guests sensed the winds of danger now blowing around the world from crisis-torn Vietnam." The song echoed the concern for these troubled times, the plaintive words, "How many deaths will it take till he knows too many people have died, How many years must some people exist before they are allowed to be free?" A very haunting song. ch,  
tape

I had been talked by Bess into introducing them, feeling, ridiculously enough, like a runner at the end of a marathon, so full are these days. The words were rather good: "Mr. Secretary General, friends, people had songs before they had books. These songs were handed down from Father to son, generation after generation, as records of the deeds, the doubts, the faiths of those who had lived and loved and laughed in earlier times."

Later we adjourned for dancing and champagne in the Great Hall and Foyer, and I don't believe anybody had more fun than the Henry Cabot Lodges, she looking rather thin and worn after her stay in Vietnam, but gay, gracious, and making me feel that I was so glad we had asked them. Next, I think, perhaps the Frank Deniuses of Texas had the most fun.

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There were not many Texans there tonight. Besides them, only the Robert Culloms, President of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce.

Lyndon had to leave at the earliest respectable hour after our guest of honor had departed to talk over the latest developments with, I suspect, Dean Rusk and McGeorge Bundy, off and on a summer bachelor, but I stayed and danced until about 12:30. And so did Lynda Bird -- I expect it was the presence of Gregory Peck that lured her in.

I had a moment with old friends, such as Gladys Tillett, whom I had known on the campaign trail in North Carolina and is now the U. S. Representative on the Commission on the Status of Women to the U. N., and Mrs. Edison Dick, in whose home we had spent a delightful hour at twilight looking at the sea when we were on a trip to Jamaica. One of the nicest things about the party to me was to have Philip Bobbitt there, because he enjoyed it so much. When I heard that the Eric Leinsdorfs had their children down in the car, waiting to pick them up after the dinner was over, I dispatched Philip immediately to go and get them and bring them in to the entertainment, which delighted Ann very much.

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One thing I regret about these dinners is that I would like to have an hour's conversation with any number of the guests, and this was a star-studded group, instead of just that moment of recognition and one sentence as they go down the receiving line, and then perhaps later when dancing a snatched moment of exchange here and there.

I would call it a very successful party. So, like any hostess, I went to bed happy.