

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 3, 1965

Page 1

Life is lived these days, against the backdrop of air strikes in Viet-Nam by our planes; Attacks on our Embassies, this week it's the one in Moscow, stones and ink bottles by mobs of students and dissidents; and a rising murmur of the press here in Washington, about secretiveness or not enough press conferences. But we still read that more than 80% of the people, approve of the record Lyndon is making - it's sort of like shooting the rapids, every moment a new struggle, every moment a new direction - trying to keep the craft level and away from the rocks, and no still water in sight.

This morning I had a conference with Virginia Rusk, Bess and Liz, about the possible trip to Virginia, on which we might take all of the Diplomatic Corps, some 110 women. I am going down to <sup>Abingdon</sup> ~~Abbingdon~~, Virginia in May, to award an honor to Roger Stevens at the Barter Theater, and we thought about taking all the ladies of the Corps, on a bus through the beautiful Virginia countryside. . . Lunch at Monticello, talks along the way on Colonial American history, and then see a play, spend the night in <sup>Abingdon</sup> ~~Abbingdon~~.

It is I who have cold feet. Liz and Bess are ready and willing to work and could, no doubt, do it beautifully. I find Mrs. Rusk as timid as I, or perhaps the word is just more knowledgeable, about the pitfalls we might encounter. The upshot of it was, that after an hour and a half's talk, I said it was too much to tackle, but let's do explore the possibilities of getting to know the ladies of the Corps in some more informal and intimate

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 3, 1965

Page 2

manner than just a handshake and a cup of tea.

Then the next part of the day was decorating with Mrs. Smith, who came with more samples, ~~We~~ made the decisions on all the lovely fabrics for the West hall, and they are a delight to the eye.

And then, Luci had a private session with her, while I did some desk work and Luci emerged, confident, pleased with her choices, quite able to paint a picture of what she wanted; and Mrs. Smith, quite able to provide fabrics, paint, and flooring, to achieve the dream that Luci has. She all but wants a fireplace and pine panel walls, in that opened, glassed solarium!

Then we went over to the President's waiting room, <sup>which is</sup> ~~xxx~~ drab and doleful; it needs color and personality. Mementoes of the man one is waiting to see in the room beyond; evidence that this is really the waiting room for the President of the United States, with a little of the weight of history on the walls around.

I'd had two desks of the vintage of Theodore Roosevelt brought over from the warehouse, and a tall bookcase of the same period. We hope to inherit the bright red rug in Lyndon's office, for color, when he gets a new one with the seal. We rehung pictures and rearranged furniture and emerged quite pleased with ourselves, and with Mrs. Smith's professional touch.

Horace Busby and Bill Walton had joined us. Bill is fresh, enthusiastic,

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 3, 1965

Page 3

easy to know, at least on the surface. This went on until about 3:30 and then I had to make a break.

To go, of all things, to the circus. <sup>1 Rimgling</sup> ~~Ringley~~ Brothers had invited 6000 District children, who have hardly had a chance to see a circus before, and they had invited me, and I was delighted to go because I wanted to say "Thank You" to them for their generosity <sup>to.</sup> ~~with~~ all these youngsters. The children had come in buses, and station wagons, and on foot, from settlement homes, and nurseries, and churches, and elementary schools, all of them selected by the United Givers Fund, to attend the show.

Two clowns led me to my seat, and I found myself between Joyce Waffan, a bubbly little blond, and Towana Johnson, a quiet, decorous, well-mannered little negro. And in a sea of children, three fourths of them negro.

Later I read in the paper, "During the show, Mrs. Johnson sat among them, remarkably unattended by her aides, or by the press." That was true of my aides, Jerry was practically invisible somewhere behind me, and Liz nowhere to be seen, but the press and TV, with a forest of cameras, were right in front of me.

When I saw how pleased Joyce was at the thought of getting her picture made with me, I thought even that was a good idea.

Presently they disappeared, the press that is, and I enjoyed the greatest show on earth, with a very appreciative audience, for two hours. Autorea hung from a short rope, on the top of the tent, and did 100 body turns. And the poodles and scotties, and the dog and pony show were cuddly and saucy.

Ch.  
Name

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, Mzrch 3, 1965

Page 4

And the children enjoyed the cotton candy, everyone got a cone full, almost as much as they enjoyed what they were viewing.

Well, it's a funny thing to regard as a part of the duties of a First Lady but it had its use!

Back home at the White House, I was unsuccessful in prying Lyndon from his office, so I settled down in front of the fire in my bedroom, to read mail and a book, The Ordways, by William Humphrey.  
dinner

Then/about 11, on a tray. Thank goodness Zephyr had gone.

In bed by midnight.

#####