

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 9, 1965

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Lyndon got up early for breakfast with the Prime Minister of Australia -- Lord Menzies. He wanted particularly for him to meet Ed Clark who is to be our new Ambassador to Australia -- the Senate willing and Australia providing an ~~agreement~~ [?] *"agreement"*

Sir Robert and Lady Jackson were invited too. But I felt in spite of Lady Jackson's presence this was really a stag affair. So I stayed in bed.

My first appointment of the day was to go to the Congressional Club. How many dozens, hundreds of times I've been there since 1937 -- especially to the Friday afternoon teas -- constituents in tow, to listen to an Ambassador or maybe a Cabinet member or someone from the world of the theatre. This time it was to see presented to the Club a miniature of my own Inaugural Ball gown worn on a four-foot doll, placed in a beautiful Italian cabinet to join the collection spanning 100 years of First Ladies from Mary Todd Lincoln to me. I was horrified when I saw later in the paper that it cost \$1500. It was made by John Moore out of material he had left over and presented to the Club by Ivan Perfumes -- Barton W. Langer von Langendorf, the head of Ivan Perfumes -- elderly, gracious, beaming -- on hand for the presentation to represent his firm. With someone ^{to lead} ~~upon~~ us, it was not a crowded affair -- just about 150 of the Club members present -- ^{Came} ~~Gary~~ Davis and Mrs. ^{Kunkel} ~~Gonke~~ meeting me at the front door. We went in to look

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at the dolls lining the walls of the parlor, newly decorated, had sherry. And then went upstairs for the presentation. Mrs. ^{Kunkel}~~Conkle~~ welcomed everybody. I made a few remarks of acceptance and then unveiled the cabinet containing the replica of my Inaugural gown, thanking the Bafron, receiving yellow roses from him. And then after hugs and kisses as I went down the aisle seeing my old friends and getting a can of sorghum from Ivo Sparkman!

I was back in the car by 12:30.

I joined Sir Robert and Lady Jackson and the Ed Clarks for lunch in the downstairs dining room. I do not trespass on the upstairs one very often, and this time there was a luncheon, off the record, that Lyndon was having for Hurst newspaper executives -- William R. Hurst, Jr., Connie Kingsberry Smith, two or three more and Mary Ann Means. ^{This}~~There~~ had to be a brief luncheon with me, getting everybody settled, just a bite, and then loving goodbyes to Barbara and her husband because they will be going back to England any day now, and I had to meet the ABC filming crew for a long afternoon of this endurance contest.

This afternoon is different from the others. There will be no Tele^Prompter. It's the Washington-Baltimore Parkway and New York Avenue. And then the George Washington Memorial entrance to the city of Washington. And then a drive through Rock Creek Park. If I were

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as aggressive as I am understanding, I would have insisted on reversing the order and doing Rock Creek Park first in order to assure myself and get me in the mood because Rock Creek Park I know and love from more than 25 years of experience. And New York Avenue for instance I have no particular feeling for. Therefore, I cannot talk about it. I found it very different without a TelePrompter.

I sat in the back seat of the car with my friend Bill Hardigan, the camera man ~~perched~~ ^{crouched} up on the front seat, grinding away with his camera, and John ~~Secretary~~ ^{Secretary} slinking ^{if one can say he does} into the corner of the left-hand back seat while I just simply talked away about the history of Rock Creek Park for instance -- how it was acquired, what it means to the city, for a flow of traffic, for beauty, for a ribbon of green.

It was nearly three hours before we returned to the White House with me feeling shaky and uncertain about the results. And it was time to get ready for the farewell party for the Kermit Gordons. Like others, it was in the Yellow Room at 6:30 -- a small, intimate, perhaps the smallest of the lot. The honorees -- the Kermit Gordons and their daughter Catherine and the young man she is going to marry -- the Dave Bells of AID, Celebrezzes from the Cabinet and the Fowlers and the Freemans and the Gronouskis and Lydia Katzenbach and Dean and Virginia Rusk -- bless them. The Kermit Gordons, the Charles Schultzes,

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Stew and Lee Udall and Jane and Bill Wirtz and Jim and Patsy Webb whom I've always regarded as very special friends -- somehow having North Carolina connections are special credentials to me.

This was one of those parties where you soon felt the waves of good communication flowing -- everybody having fun. Jane Freeman and I and Orville reminiscing about what a wonderful snorkeling guide Noble Samuel is; Stew and Lee Udall adding their word about the glories of the Virgin Islands -- the history of the Park system there. I had a good chat with David Bell about Tony's working temporarily for AID ^{Advising} ~~devising~~ on how to market handicraft products made in some 6 South American countries.

The hit of the evening was Mrs. Kermit Gordon -- always so quiet and gentle and in the background. But it seems she had just delivered a Budget Message of her own to her husband -- that is a family one, at another farewell party, and everybody was hilarious over it. The universal language -- wife-to-husband Budget Message.

In the midst of Lyndon's toast to the Kermit Gordons I stood beside him behind the desk. And then casually rested my knee on the green leather antique desk chair -- my hands on its back, my full weight on it. Crash! Down it went to the floor. Lyndon, without even a comma, continued his speech and gets an "A" for poise -- also for not being "put out" with me -- one of the hazards of living with antiques.

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Thankfully, the next day I found out it could be mended by a skillful craftsman.

It must have been a good party because the guests stayed fully two hours. But then Lyndon went back to his office, and I worked at my desk on mail. It was nearly 10:30 before he came home for dinner -- just the two of us.

Reverberations are still coming in from Luci's weekend in Milwaukee. That irrepressible child had worn a wig as a disguise. She had rented it from Jean Louis and had taken it to Marquette where she had gone to a prom, the graduation events and the Mass at a Catholic Church -- eluding happily the pursuing press and falling in love with Marquette. And from all I hear, they fell in love with her. I couldn't help but be a bit chagrined that after all my calling from far away Virgin Islands to the Felsteins and their gracious welcome prepared at their house for her, that when she drove up in front of their house, saw a TV truck and lots of newspaper men with cameras, she just said, "Keep on driving." She didn't stop at all. She spent the night instead at the home of her former Agent and his wife and family. But she told me she had called the Felsteins to apologize and to thank them.