

Send copies to President
MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, July 1, 1965

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July 13 - Nancy | Ranch
July 14 - Mrs. Bush - also 14, also 16
A most memorable day. I got up in time to have one more lovely walk through Mary's garden and down past the swimming pool surrounded by chaise longues and comfortable chairs and the broad swathe of green bordered with pink and red geraniums, and behind them rhododendron and large blooming shrubs, now green of course. And then the great elms.

And then she talked about her plans -- Mary always has plans -- of the continuation of the beautification program. First, she asked me if we had someone from Federal Housing on our Committee. Perhaps we should work toward getting one percent in Federal Housing's budget set aside for use in planting. Second, we just must work on the education angle, enlisting the interests of teachers, 4-H Clubs, home economists, garden clubs, Girl and Boy Scouts. The whole attitude of the next generation must be changed if this country is to be preserved and made more beautiful. Third, how about involving labor unions.² Maybe we ought to see Walter Reuther. He's a man with ideas. Maybe he would make speeches to his ⁱⁿnumerable members. And then there ought to be some sort of message from me, thought Mary, in time to reach the September editions of the women's magazines, urging a Fall planting in everybody's yard of one climbing rose, one flowering crab apple or dogwood or whatever is most indigenous to the land you live in.

Checked & ready to give to Library - but show turned down page to Harry
C 32

checked w/ Harry June 22, 1965
Give to Library!
C 50

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A little after 11:00 Mary and I left for the FDR Library.

There we were met by Dr. Elizabeth Drury, the head of the Library, who had been my guest at one of the "Women Doers" luncheons.

Juanita and Dorothy had already preceded us. Having them there was Lyndon's wonderful idea -- what they would absorb would mean something to the future of our Library if ever, and it would certainly mean something I believe to their pleasure and to mine for being with them.

I doubt if I shall ever really like another one of the presidential libraries as well as this. It is so intimate to the man -- to President Roosevelt. His home is there, the rose garden, the lovely view of the Hudson River which was so much a part of his life. The Library itself accords well with the landscape and with the Hyde Park house.

I dare say in modern standards it might be considered old fashioned already in that there are so many exhibits, so many things, in a sort of mixed up fashion. So was his desk always and so was their house. I found the whole thing wonderful! I especially loved seeing his beautiful christening robe and the little Wicker bassinet with a dainty white canopy. The letter he wrote the man inquiring if his ancestry was Jewish -- in which he said he had neither the inclination nor the time to look it up. He referred to his earliest ancestry in this country, six or seven generations back. He said that he only

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hoped they were good citizens who contributed to their country whether they were Jewish, Catholic or Protestant. Cold, cutting, great letter. There were delightful family pictures. How much prettier Mrs. Roosevelt was as a young girl ^{than} and what one hears would have you believe! There was a little tartan from some Scottish clan that had been given to FDR when he was about 4 years old -- delightful. He is said to have hated to have to put it on.

I liked seeing the car that he drove with the special equipment so that he never had to use his feet. And the sleigh in which the family went riding on snowy winter days. It belonged to one of the czars of Russia, and it had been purchased for \$24 by one of FDR's ancestors.

There were some letters to Lyndon and from Lyndon to President Roosevelt. And some from Mrs. Roosevelt. *[J. Lyndon]*

One of the most impressive things of all was a silver bowl which had belonged in the Roosevelt family before the Revolutionary War. It had been made by the silversmith who had taught Paul Revere his trade as silversmith.

There was one room called ~~secretly~~ ^{*Narrow*}, "The Chamber of ~~Auditors~~" which housed all those peculiar things one gets, including a large stone sphinx bearing the face of FDR, made at the time when no one knew whether he was going to run for a third term.

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Dr. Drury introduced us to all the staff. We went into the stacks. More and more it was emphasized to me that really it is the endless lines of American families that come from all over the country to see these remembrances of a presidency and of a day in our history. ^{But} yet in the research room there were several students. There was a display -- some 8 or 10 volumes ^{of books that} ~~They~~ were on the market. They were about the life of Roosevelt, by historians who had done their work here in this Library. Not all historians. One of them was Helen Gahagan^a Douglas who had written about Mrs. FDR. There are many lacks. For instance, there is no auditorium. There will be one when the money is raised to build the wing to house Mrs. Roosevelt's papers.

My trip made me glad of everything we had saved -- glad we had had an early beginning, sorry about all the wonderful things I had lost or thrown away along the way.

About half way through the day I began to have the most awful stomach ache -- a familiar one -- I've had it before. But I was too interested to stop.

There were many tourists, but only one newspaper man.

*garbled
in tape*
It shows a couple of interesting spots -- of President's own desk in his office in front of a display of family photographs where he took pictures. And I was happy to have the tourists take them everywhere.

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Most of all I think I loved going through the house. An early family portrait done by Stuart, no less. How much that says of the family. And then there was a pretty gay chintz, what was called the "Dresden Room" which was put on, they told me, to get ready for the visit of ^{the} King and Queen of England -- the time they served them the famous hot dogs.

The whole day was a delight. We stopped long enough to go to a Howard Johnson's for lunch and took Dr. Drury with us. Practically every youngster in the whole place -- and there must have been 50 -- came over and asked me for an autograph. Fortunately I had a purse full of little cards I signed or Bess signs for me in the White House. And I gave them out gladly to them. One lady sitting behind me leaned over and said, "Mrs. Johnson, we have just returned from Europe. And we feel a little guilty because we traveled so far and saw so many trashy things. Now I want to see our own beautiful country." Truly the Valley of the Hudson is hard to beat.

We had a plane to catch in New York. So we took just a few brief minutes to drive past the vast, magnificent Vanderbilt home, given by some member of the family -- none of ^{us} knew whom -- to the National Park Service -- a palace with towering Corinthian columns overlooking the Hudson.

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Then we said goodbye to Mary, drove back over the Taconic Parkway to a plane -- Juanita and I. Dorothy had continued on her vacation in the Catskills with her husband. We caught the plane and reached the White House around 8:00. And there -- oh, delight of my life -- was Lynda Bird -- home for Luci's baptism tomorrow and for her birthday party. Beth was there and Warrie Lynn and Luci of course. But Lynda and I settled down on my bed and talked and talked and talked. It's the real essence of life to talk quietly with one of your children. Summer has certainly not been utter joy for Lynda. It has been full of humor, learning, seeing America, using an awful lot of muscles. And I/she's grown by it. I am delighted she is doing it. If she writes a good article, it will mean something to her self-esteem and it will add to her maturity.

I thought about tomorrow, and I face it as a sort of goodbye -- a change -- but the change is already made.

There was a sneering, sarcastic article by Douglas Kiker in the Herald Tribune called, "The President's Image Analysis" -- a discussion of Jack Valenti's speech about Lyndon in Boston. That number two following the Herb ^{Bloch}~~Lock~~ cartoon in which Lyndon was the plantation owner with a bull whip and his office staffs were cowering Uncle Tom's. I suppose we shall see in the next few weeks who all are members of his cabal.