

Possible & up to Mary Lasher - July 22;

MEMORANDUM

Dina Merrill

Mary July 25

Aug. 6 - Herzhorn

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

also Long

Tuesday, July 20, 1965

Aug. 7 - Clark Clifford, Frank Ervin

The month I promised myself that I would be leisurely and lie in the sun and play bridge. But somehow there are so many things to do before I get around to that.

First, to keep going, I just have to have all those tests once a year or so. So I went to Dr. Rohn to have my eyes tested, and came away with that same smug, satisfied reaction daddy used to have for years and years and years when he went to his insurance doctor, and arrived home saying he was thoroughly fit and would live to be 90. Daddy, ^{until felled} ~~with~~ illness in old age, always half in vanity and half in laughter, described himself as "36." Dr. Rohn pleased me very much by saying that the tissues of the eyes were ^{ices} ~~indurated~~ of one's age, and I appeared to be in the 40's. I didn't push my luck to say whether it was 49 or 41!

Then to see my dear foot doctor, Dr. Turchen, and there to find a disappointment. Medicare has past, but the p^ediatrists have been left out of it. The bill is in the last minute of the final stage - they have been cut out, there is virtually no chance of getting them back in. And in his organization, is the only portion of the medical community, that, from the very first, has been in favor of Medicare! I felt lousy - a poor friend, a slack guardian of the interests of those who have been our friends. Dr. Turchen, as officer and sometimes President of the whole organization, has, of course, been flooded with wires.

Checked & ready to be given to the Library - except go over turned down page 6 / Harry - C J of May 1980

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Then back to the White House, to the South Lawn, for the annual meeting of the American Field Service students. This year there ^{was} was some 3000 of them, from 70 countries.

Luci, roped in at the last moment, walked up on the stage with her daddy and me, with virtually no warning, and introduced him - quite well, too.

"For the past four years, I have known AFS'rs from Brazil, (cheers), Germany (cheers), South Africa (very few cheers), and Australia (many cheers). Many of those students, of course, had been at AFS. I just wish I had known more AFS'rs and shared with you the gay, good times" - she had them in the palm of her hand. "I would like the AFS family, to meet the most important member of my family, my father, the President of the United States." Her mother and her daddy beamed, and Lyndon went on to probably to a slightly less attentive audience, to say some good things to these students who had been over for a year, living with American families.

"America means to win the wars that we have declared" (and while I held my breath a moment) he went on to say "the battles against poverty, ignorance and disease, and bigotry. We are not a formal people; we are not governed by custom and tradition; we are more concerned with how our children should live than how our fathers lived." The part that was pure Lyndon was "we are people that wake up in the morning, determined to change what we think wrong."

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In the past, this group has been a very rowdy one - practically knocked President Kennedy down, stripping him of handkerchief, tie, anything that could be a souvenir. Since then we have practiced giving them some entertainment ahead of time - ^{this time} ~~they~~ the Singing Sargeants, their autographs printed on the backs of the programs. They are seated in chairs in front of the stage, and in neatly roped off areas - and this does make for less broken boxwoods. And it was a big day for cameras and shouting. Some of it I was glad to hear - "Texas, Texas, LBJ."

Lyndon and I walked along the roped off areas, smiling, waving, calling but not shaking hands. That would have developed into a rough house and at least an hour.

But Luci took her chances - and charmed all the youngsters by shaking hands and chatting along every foot of the roped off area, using both hands sometimes, getting invited to Egypt, Pakistan, Sweden - asked about her Stingray - and some about the watulsi.

I walked in the house, listening to shouts of .. "We want Luci, We want Luci" from farther up the line to where she had not yet reached. In fact, I wonder how the paper would quite have published that day, if it hadn't been for Luci's activities!

Earlier that morning she'd been to a day camp on the Mt. Vernon Day Campus, run by the Light House for the Blind, where Lucy Grant is

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doing volunteer work this summer. She had met 40 blind or near blind children, six to fifteen, and there was a hilarious story later, which she so touchingly admitted, that she decided not to do so much dancing, the frug and the waltusi, so as to improve her image; but when a little blind boy 15 years old, asked her to dance the waltusi, she said "...the heck with the image. I thought, if they could learn those dances with all their handicaps, and were nice enough to ask me, it was the least I could do. It was a way of communicating, instead of just standing there and looking at - well just standing there."

In spite of ^{Bear}~~Beard~~ and Catholicism, just plain folks love Luci, I believe, especially young folks, and so does the press.

But that only began her day. At 3:00 o'clock she went to the Monument grounds, received tickets for the Merry Wives of Windsor which was being put on in the Sylvan Theatre on the Monument grounds, from two adorable youngsters in Shakespearian costumes. They gave her three and she said "Thanks, because there's always three of us" (~~she~~ ^{me} and her two agents.)

And then back at the White House, she met Ambassador and Lady Ashenheim from Jamaica, and received two Jamaican grass skirts - one was supposed to go to Lynda, from the people of Jamaica.

Dear Tom Clark dropped in with his daughter, Mimi, her husband and their three children, who are visiting from Texas. They all had ice tea and soft drinks, in the White House Library, with Luci as hostess.

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Meanwhile, news of Lynda sounds gayer. She's in Ealy, Minnesota with Orville and Jane Freeman, on a three day canoe and portage trip in Superior National Forest. They have fried fish for breakfast, carry all their own knapsacks, carry the canoes, ~~when~~ when they come to an impossible spot in the river. Dave is along, and her friends, the Giles', he's in the Marines and soon off to Germany. A couple of young forest rangers traveled with them to tell them about the trees and the history and the legends of the country. And at night, they were having steak and baked potatoes, and a sing-a-long around the campfire and then to bed ⁱⁿ and sleeping bags.

At noon, I went to the White House Mess for the first time and had lunch with Liz, and Bess, and Ashton, and Patsy. We ^{have} got to get our calendars coordinated for the next two months, to put in everything I wanted desperately to do, and eliminate other things. To make sure for one thing, that Luci didn't get asked to introduce her daddy five minutes before she was supposed to do it, but knew well enough ahead of time.

My people are all great - but like any organization of more than two, we suffer sometimes from lack of communication.

And then, back upstairs to the second floor, for this was, indeed, one of those days that Liz says .. "Watch out for the revolving door." To meet in the Queen's Sitting Room, Buelah Parker of Marshall, long time school teacher, old Marshall highschool friend of mine, and political helper in all campaigns of our years, And her friend, Mrs. Hall, another teacher.

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They are taking a long automobile trip, stopping to see all the plays and historical sights along the way. We had tea and a good visit and then I got a short nap before going to the Yellow Oval Room to meet the wives of three of our outgoing Ambassadors;

One, Mrs. Whitman, ~~a great national~~ to Togo, Mrs. Robert Ryan to Niger, and Mrs. Clinton Knox to Dahomey. Ann Hand brought them in and we had tea on the Truman Balcony and talked about the countries to which they were going. They're career service advancements - and two of them, surprisingly, I had met in Paris! This is a new routine established by Lloyd and Ann, so that our Ambassadors will feel some sense of closeness for the President and his family. A good idea I think.

I'd autographed a family picture, for the living rooms in those far-away lands of Togo, and Niger, and Dahomey.

Lyndon had asked, "What about dinner on the boat?" That's always a treat, though sometimes I resent anything that takes me away from work when I'm so far behind - and have that frustrated feeling of being overwhelmed by duty undone. The answer's simple, after a day of Viet-Nam, anything that is solace, ^{Nirvana} ~~nervana~~ for him, makes sense - and mostly, he makes up the list, although I usually give him four or five ~~of~~ names that I would like. And I think that we are winding up with more and more of them on there.

Tonight, it was the Bill Fulbright's, and dear Senator Russell,

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Germaine
George and Rosemary Smathers, ~~Jimmy~~ and Maggie, Catherine and Buford
Ellington, the Ed Clark's, still in town, the attractive young Congressman
^LBrazemus, with Vicki; George Mahons, always good company, a man that's
grown with his years in Congress; Mary Ann and Emmet; and a delightful
surprise, Oveta Culp Hobby. She had come into Lyndon's office for one
moment, and remained to spend the whole evening - I'm sure that was the
story of it.

The evening was superb; the views a balm to the spirit, ^{the} the river
full of floating debris, and the talk good. ^{There} It was a big comfortable chair ^{at}
the very end of the Honeyfitz - that's Lyndon's favorite of the boat - and
Lyndon ensconces himself there and gets some pretty ladies clustered
around him, and spends his evening. Sometimes, he even goes to sleep.
Tonight, it was Oveta Hobby, ^{who} that was with him much of the time. I
circulated, first to talk to Dick Russell, whose spirit is undaunted; he's
very thin and pale, frankly says he can stand no exertion at all. Rosemary
Smathers whom I haven't seen in a long time, to talk about bridge, their
two handsome sons who are in very hazardous occupations now, one under-
water demolition and also importantly, to talk to George about the possibilities
of helping out the ^opediatrists, even at this late date.

for a date of
Germaine Magnuson, ~~with~~ 12 years ~~of~~ constant/Maggie's and now his
wife, has done an amazing job of perfect domestication, to one who had

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survived over 50 years of being a bachelor. She has a grandchild, and he makes absolutely the normal remarks of a grandfather, about that baby.

George and Helen Mahon and I, bemoaned the loss of the closeness that had once bound the Texas delegation together and applauded the durability of Abbie and Ewing Thomason, who have grown old as gracefully as any couple I know, loving life every inch of the way, and everybody loving them.

We had dinner on trays, one of the nicest things about the boat is that you have the feeling that every guest is glad that he got included that it is a treat. For me, it always was, the times I went with Forrestal many years ago; the time I went with Roberta Vincent; ^{SON in the Truman Administration} the few times since, and now I'm so glad that we can share it.