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It was one of those days so busy that it reminds me of Liz's phrase: "Watch out for that revolving door."

I spent the first hour in the frustrating business of trying to get in a word with Lyndon between long telephone calls. I've learned to take idiot work -- that is something like signing my autograph to a stack of photographs-- and sit patiently until he puts the phone back in the cradle, And then get his advice on some of my pending business.

And then for an hour and a half with the dentist downstairs in the White House. It was just as easy as a dentist can be. But even that to me is a bent war, and there is more looming.

I talked with Clark Clifford about the timing of the proposal from the University of Texas about the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library. He told me definitely that the next move was up to us. Bill Heath would have met with all the Regents on Friday and Saturday. And if they had any objections, they would let us know. But at any rate they would not send the proposed letter until they had word from us or our agent that it met with our approval.

I checked out every last detail with him.

Our one word from Lyndon that morning was that he agreed with it, only "check on an office and show it to Abe".

And then I had a long session with Liz and Bess and Jim Ketchum about the Peale portrait for sale in London of George Washington which

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we might replace the rather poor and very large George Washington that's in the Blue Room. There is a shadow on the authenticity of this Peale portrait, so we had better not get mixed up with it.

heard of from Adeline Beskin as coming over from France and being for sale for \$80,000 which she said was frightfully expensive.

But it might already be sold. This was in May, right after she had been over for tea with me. And it was followed about the 10th of June by a conversation with Bess in which she told us she had learned that the price of the Mary Cassatt was \$100,000 and it had been sold. Lo and behold I received about the middle of July a letter from Mr. Fosburgh about the very same Mary Cassatt for sale for \$125,000. But Nurdlers had agreed to donate \$25,000. But if we wanted to buy it we would have to let them know in a couple of weeks and raise the \$100,000. Oh, wonders world of art -- I am sure I don't know who is doing what to whom.

And then two quite different things -- the offer of a loan of Lubbock Jech Henrietta Wyeth's "Arthrito and the Doves" from Level Tok -- a delicate, charming, aethernal sort of picture. We decided it would be just right for my bedroom, and wrote to gratefully accept it. And another offer of a Remington water color from Ruth Carter Johnson.

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But since we don't need it badly now we said "no" but please not to forget us in case some of the loans were recalled.

And an interesting and surprising letter from Bill Benton about a portrait of Noah Webster -- the father of the dictionary, to me at least: -- done by Samuel F. B. Morse -- that man of many talents.

It should never have been out of the family that had commissioned it back in Noah Webster's day. And now the very elderly owner would be glad to donate it to the White House if he were quite sure that the White House would welcome it -- or so said Bill Benton. I told Jim Ketchum that would be great. The perfect place to hang it would be the Library -- the man of words and all the books together and to proceeds to write a searching letter.

Jim said there were usually two attitudes about the White House. Either the most remarkable, touching generosity that almost made you cry the way the American people think about the White House. Or else on the other hand, doubling the price when they hear the White House has an interest in an item.

The four of us wrapped up a lot of business over a lunch of scrambled eggs and bacon. And then I had a session with Abe Fortas. He read the proposal of the University of Texas about the Library -- Winitialed it "o. k.". And I discussed with him his own decision of last Friday night and asked if it were irrevocable because Lyndon

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would have to make the appointment soon. With a rye smile -- a sort of sad look -- he said it had been a bad day. He had had a lot of telephone calls; a visit from Arthur Goldberg had made him feel real bad. His decision was based on the fact that he had about 42 lawyers in the firm and more coming on and lots of other employees and their families -- some 168 people -- for whom he was in a way responsible. And that he had hoped in his wildest dreams that maybe he could stabilize the law firm, get plans made for them in about 2 years. And then just maybe there might be such a chance. Faced with it now -- to desert them -- was a hard decision. And second, he said, "I would just dread if the President was faced with any real troubles, his emotional reaction. For instance, if Bobby Baker were indicted then I would want to be around to help him. And if I were on the Court, I could not. That was the difference between the possibility of a Court job and the Attorney General job."

I told him if he had any doubt at all he had better let Lyndon know right away -- if that letter were not irrevocable. He said he would have to see what Carol thought about it. I knew how disappointed she would be.

And then I dashed off, late and harrassed, to the beauty parlor and back and late and hurried having used my time under the dryer to read the guest list as much as I could for the Reception for the

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White House Conference on Education scheduled for 5:30. And to go over as many of the panels -- the topics of discussion, the VIP's and try to get in the mood to meet them.

I had known Lyndon had had a meeting at 11:00 with McNamara, just back from Viet-Nam, and Dean Rusk and McGeorge Bundy. And their cars were still there when I got back from the beauty parlor at 5:00. So it had been a sheer helluva day for him -- no time to concentrate on education -- not even for a galaxy of visiting Governors and University professors.

He was to meet the 14 Chairmen and the Vice Chairmen in his office at 5:00 for their report on the achievements of the Conference, and then 30 minutes later we would all march out to the stage for his speech to hundreds of guests -- Cabinet members, Ambassadors, Governors, educators -- ranging from James Conant of Harvard to Nick Garza of San Antonio -- Brackenridge's principal.

To apply one's self with complete concentration to the problems of Viet-Nam and then shift the gears of one's mind to the major workers on the Conference on Education while they discussed the results of the panels on jobs, drop-outs, automation, skill obsolescence, re-education, teacher education, the role of the States to the University and higher education, overseas programs, foreign students, educating the handicapped, preschool education, school desegregation, innovations in higher education—

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while knowing that several 800 people are waiting for you on the lawn would make me throw up my hands and leap out the window. So I felt like cheering Lyndon for getting there at all, quite calm and only about 15 minutes late.

We strolled up the platform to "Hail to the Chief", I recognized Governor Pat Brown, Tony Celebrezze, Terry Sandford, the former Governor of North Carolina, Whitney Young of the Urban League.

Lyndon made a good brief speech with an opening line welcoming them -- "The first White House teach-in" which drew a roar and said the results of all their deliberations would be distributed to Government agencies and to Congress and will hopefully produce action.

Arthur Goldberg was on the platform with us. He introduced him and asked him to stand, and acknowledged his great sacrifice in taking this new job.

And perhaps the highlight of the evening was a proposal to establish a series of Adlai Stevenson scholarships to study international relationships.

Then Lyndon shook hands around with the group for about 15 minutes, and I stayed for another hour and a half greeting Dr. Frank Rose of the University of Alabama -- a builder of the State I love and someone I had been anxious to know, Amazing Sister Jacqueline whose personality fairly shoots sparks and others that I had wanted to see -- Barnaby Keeney, President of Brown University and handsome, attractive John Gardner,

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Chairman of the whole Conference. I didn't have a chance to talk with him.

I directed everybody to see the Jacqueline Kennedy Garden or the Rose Garden. I tried to make them all feel at home. And then after seeing Luci strolling around with Pat Nugent meeting people,

I slipped upstairs about 7:30 and waited for Lyndon to come for dinner.

And when he came, he brought Jim Haggarty of ABC and Bill Moyers and the Jack Valentis.

The six of us sat on the Truman Balcony and talked of the profession of being Press Secretary to a President -- the job not unlike a bull fighter's it seems to me.

I like Haggarty -- crisp, positive, professional. Lyndon has always liked him. It was an interesting evening. He told us we would do well to get someone who understood TV to help us. Someone like Robert Montgomery was to President Eisenhower. He also gave Bill advice about timing of releases, the amount of releases. They had a lot of laughs. And Jim Haggarty and I talked about my ABC show with John Secondari on beautification. How I do like Secondari and all his crew. But I am afraid we haven't gotten the message across to the women on the other end of the set in Gadsden, Alabama or Portland Maine. We talked about upping the release from Thanksgiving afternoon to an earlier time to take advantage of the possibilities of

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Fall planting.

It was a working dinner full of laughter and good suggestions and reminiscences. And I remember pleasantly Jim Haggarty saying that he never entered the gate of the White House without having a special feeling. I do. I always shall.

Bill Moyers -- slim, quick, so very intelligent -- is riding a wave of euphoria of compliments from all sides. And they came from Haggarty as well about his handling of the news office. Everyone's deserved. And yet everyone in a pang or thrust toward George. I wish we could avoid comparisons in all fields. He gaves us years of wisdom, work and loyalty. He simply isn't a bull fighter. I know that the pluses for Bill carry with them also for Lyndon a weight of sadness.

There was talk of President Eisenhower and his way of conducting business. There is nothing like getting in the job youself to become more understanding of the men who had it before you.

President Eisenhower has been very helpful, and I know Lyndon has lived to bless the days in the Senate when he cooperated with him with courtesy and respect.