

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, August 3, 1965

As the weekends become longer, and the work in the middle of the week shorter, it also becomes more staccato, more piled up with work. And so Tuesday it was a rush, from the beauty parlor, back to the desk, a talk about the Life article with Liz and the captions for it.

Then to the Rose Garden for the ceremony for General Clifton, where about 200 of the General's friends, watched Lyndon pin the Distinguished Service Medal on Ted.

Lyndon, who so often thinks of the right, fresh, sweet thing to say, said, "I've done this many times, but before, I've always had Ted to help me." And in his speech, there was the praise for "...four years of service, in the higher councils of our government, and his influence, at least, upon me, has been of the greatest value, and I think, the greatest worth to his country. He's made so many things easier, I can't help but feel a flicker of uncertainty, that all the old team is leaving at the same time - General Clifton, Commander Josephson, Colonel Cook."

And then Ted Clifton made a rather lengthy reply, in which he did just what I want everybody to do, thank all the folks that work together, to make this complex circus run - the cameramen, the communications men, the folks that handle the baggage, all the staff everywhere. Hugs and thanks and goodbys all around - and then quickly to snare Jack for a few minutes advice on the titles for the Life article - I am writing them myself.

Lunch in my room and then to the East Garden, the Jacqueline Kennedy Garden, for a ceremony about the beautification of Post Offices. Sixteen

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postmasters were presented with Citations of Merit by me, for the spade work they have done in sprucing up the grounds of their Post Office landscapes. The awardees ranged from Mrs. Schmidt, from a small rural community of 2600 in Troy, Illinois; to Granville Elder, fo the handsome metropolitan Post Office of Houston. There had been regional judges from the east coast, the west coast, and the vast central part of the country. They had traveled and seen many Post Offices, and these sixteen were the cream of the crop of the changes made.

It was Tyler Abell's idea, I'm sure, and the main burden of my speech, my small words, were that with 34,000 Post Offices across the land, each of these could certainly be an example, a catalyst for their community. I also hoped it would serve as an example to the other Federal Agencies.

There were wonderful before-and-after pictures for the Press to see and a good deal of human interest stories, about <sup>how</sup> ~~our~~ garden clubs, nurserymen, civic leaders, even the drive-in restaurant close by, had joined in to help out on the various planting projects. Does it make any impression? Does it amount to anything? All those little things I do, try to encourage, spur, thank, give awards, to many of the people who put their shoulder to the wheel, in the Beautification drive. Who knows? At least it's the only way I know to try to help.

Then I went to Luci's room, where Luci, Lynda and I curled up on the bed to look at a big stack of pictures. Lynda had taken on her 6 week's trip

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through the west.

The Life's spread lacks a picture of the three of us together, and curling up on the bed is the natural way we meet and talk and philosophize.

And then, the next thing on the day, was to go to the Green Room, to meet Six Ambassador's wives, convoyed by Katie <sup>Lockheim</sup> ~~Lockheim~~ Ann Hand is out of town.

They were Mrs. David Bane, going to Gabon; Mrs. George Feldman, going to Malta (only 32,000 people); Mrs. Parker Hart, on her way to Turkey; probably the most interesting and articulate of the group, Mrs. John Jernigan, to Algeria; Mrs. David Newsom, to Libya; and Mrs. Hugo Smythe, the Syrian Arab Republic.

We had tea and round-the-room-conversation in the loveliest of all the formal rooms, to me, the Green Room, with that outstanding early Ambassador, Benjamin Franklin, gazing down on us. And then we went out on the portico.

I spent my time trying to extract from each, a little nugget of information about her service in the past, or the country she was going to, or some most interesting experience.

Mrs. Hart spent a lot of time in the Arab countries, had done a history of Yemen, made a list of the local birds of Yemen, and tried to stir the interest of the women of Saudi Arabia in volunteer public service work. Hard job, I'd say. Very interestingly, she'd had a little school for young

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children in one of the Arab countries. In the tests, they had all proved normally intelligent, until it came to arithmetic. There they had dazzling high marks - they thought they had given the intelligence test wrong - they did them over again. ONce more, they were practically all geniuses in mathematics! I would have liked to have pursued it further because after all aren't our own figures named Arabian numerals? Could there be a connection?

But at that point, Lyndon arrived, and standing, gave the ladies a sort of coach-to-team talk, that must have made them or it did me feel that they were mounting the ramparts for America alone - that it's future, it's relations with the people of all the great outside world, depended entirely on them - and just how intelligent, industrious and good willed they were in their assignments to all those far away places. I almost clapped when he finished and <sup>then</sup> ~~when~~ he said ~~was~~, "Now ladies, come on over to the office with me, and let's get pictures of all of us together, with your husbands."

Once in his office, we found still another Ambassador there, Patricia Harris; I believe this is the first negro woman Ambassador, very capable of filling the role I'd say. Her husband had not come to tea with me and the ladies. I almost said his role was harder. We took pictures of all the family group - the Ambassador and his wife, and the two Johnsons, and then out into the Rose Garden, for casual pictures. Then I left Lyndon, for further talk with the Ambassadors and their wives because it was past 6 and

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the party for the Celebreezes in the Yellow Oval room must already be in progress.

I'm so fond of Tony and Ann Celebreeze, and it is with real sadness that I say goodbye to them. I think this short, plump, very Italian exterior, masks more real ability than shows through to the press and certainly he and Ann are two warm, good human beings. We've loved having them in our family.

All the cabinet were there - the Connors, the Fowlers, the Freeman's; she and I bubbling and talking about Lynda Bird at the same time, and canoes and pancakes, and fishing and press.

The new Secretary of HEW, handsome, distinguished John Gardner, alone - his wife is house-hunting; the Gronousky's; the Attorney General alone - a summer bachelor; the McNamara's, the Rusk's, the Udall's; and the humorous, delightful Wirtz's. One of the nicest things was that there were four young Celebreezes - their son, Tony with his new young bride; and Jean Celebreeze, and Susan Celebreeze. And the Senator from their home state, Senator Frank Lausche and Jane - I feel so fond of her. And Senator Steven Young, small of stature but large of courage, ready to tackle any Goliath, and his wife.

I got in my words for the lagging beautification bill, with Senator Pat McNamara; hardly dared mention it to Wilbur Mills. It can very well be that we've gone along, doing nothing, insulated by all the mail and praise of "Isn't it a wonderful program!" - and everybody against it is building up the votes that will defeat it.

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It was one of the nicest parties, everybody gay and relaxed. I was particularly glad to have the four or five Congressional couples for such an intimate party, in the very special room.

Lyndon came at 8:00, very late and apologetic; made a beautiful talk, and presented the silver tray. And then the spirit moved me and I felt called upon to speak of Tony and Ann - and to quote the time in the Headstart Meeting, the Seminar, when he had turned the statistics and all the sociological language into flesh and blood success story.

And then Tony made a delightful rejoinder, one of the most <sup>memorable</sup> ~~delightful~~ lines of which ~~first~~ was - "I shall not write a book." It brought from me, at least, a laugh.

You can usually tell how much people have enjoyed a party by how long they linger and it was after 8:30 when the guests left. Lyndon asked Dean Rusk and Virginia to stay, and we went out on the porch, the Truman Balcony, for another drink.

He is a man of monumental patience and kindness, but he has been stabbed with the revelations and the "hot blood" history books now being written, he does not bleed in public.

He used a phrase about people working in the Diplomatic Service, in the UN - it went something like this: ... "Go through the whole agony of understanding." A good phrase, for an attempt for trying to understand our world

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today.

He and Lyndon talked <sup>OK</sup> ~~the~~ Severson, who said he was a magnificent second man; no one was more glad to get a decision that Adlai. More relieved when it was made. Marvelously intelligent, capable of <sup>seeing</sup> ~~saying~~ all the ramifications and the routes, but it was an agony to try to decide between them, to reach the decision. So is it for everybody - it just becomes somebody's thankless job to do it.

They should have sat down to dinner with us immediately, but I couldn't get them to and it was past 9:30 when Dean and Virginia left. And Lyndon, instead of going into dinner with me, went back to the office, promising to stay only 20 minutes. It didn't turn out that way.

I went to bed - it was 11:30 when he came back.