

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, August 6, 1965 *WHD*

I slept late, in the "tower of the Princess," and got up just in time to be ready for ^{*Mollie*} ~~Molly~~ Parness, who arrived with a maid and fitter at 10:30, just back from Rome last night, and not yet gone to her office.

The next two hours were exercise and decision; trying on, fitting; trying on, modeling, filling in the holes in the wardrobe I had last year, deciding what would take the place of last year's most useful this or that. Besides the lovely ^{*white Rajah*} ~~white~~ silk ~~Roger~~ dress I had already purchased, I got a white cocktail ensemble, coat and dress; and a dark green Aluete silk dress and jacket; and finished thoroughly confused and uncertain, asking Mrs. Parness to send me sketches of a grand evening dress, for the party for Princess Margaret in November, something ^{*with*} ~~with~~ paillettes ^{*and*} ~~and~~ great glitter up top, but not an absolute sheath of it from head to toe. Some of them look like a crusader in shining mail, or a mermaid; and I'd best stay in the role of a rather quiet, hopefully well dressed 50 year old.

I talked to Lyndon that morning; I told him I'd be back by dark, ready to do anything he planned. He reminded me of the signing of the Voting Rights Bill, ^{*which*} ~~which~~ was to be in the capitol, where in '57, ^{*he*} ~~he~~ had made his first sizeable stride in pushing the Civil Rights movement. It would be a dramatic thing.

Completely inefficient, I forgot to watch, but later, ^{*I*} ~~I~~ was proud to see, ^{*that*} ~~that~~ Luci had not forgotten. She was right there, by her daddy's side, walking in, her hand in his. It was a dramatic setting, a dramatic occasion - but the picture of Everett Dirksen, standing behind Lyndon,

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thrust a little fear into my heart. He looks ill.

I had sandwiches and soup, with ^{Mollie} ~~Mary~~ Parnes, while she told me about seeing Mary in Europe.

The peach wool dress and jacket with the mink collar and cuffs, will be my best arrival costume. I was satisfied and glowing, but at the same time confused and uncertain, with that feeling a woman has, who has shopped a lot, when we walked out of the ^{YLF} ~~Carlisle~~, headed for Greenwich, to see the Joseph Hirschhorn collection.

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Mrs. ^{Hirschhorn?} ~~Hirschhorn~~ had called me the day before, and asked if we could drive out to see it. I was torn between ~~wanting to~~ very much, and realizing we'd only have about an hour to be there, if I were to get home in time to spring Lyndon loose from his desk, for a two day weekend - that is, leave for Camp David, by 8 o'clock. My presence can sometimes make the difference in getting him off. And seeing the Hirschhorn collection in an hour is something of an insult - it should be savored slowly, luxuriously, like a delicious candle-lit banquet, instead of gulped like a hamburger. But my philosophy is that there's only today, and what I don't do now, I may never do. So we went.

The countryside was beautiful, in spite of all this talk I hear about a drought in New York; green and plush, and rolling. Geographically, I don't know much about where I was, but it was so like the country on the way to Mary Lasker's. Lynda was with me and I was a little concerned that my twenty-one year old was going to bid me goodbye at the airport, go back into

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New York, and spend the weekend, having dates, playing bridge with Dave and his friends. She had been to Arthur's the night before and came home with stories of the incredible people - Carol Channing in her white velvet bell bottom trousers, trimmed in red, and a middie blouse top, and a huge alarm clock hanging around her neck, two inch artificial eyelashes, was completely inconspicuous. She said there were only about two people on the floor, who looked like they were having a good time, as they danced. The rest were in a sort of trance; some looked in agony, as they gyrated about. Sybil had been at home, we heard, with a fever of 103. They did see her husband, and a handsome young man he was.

About three, we reached the ^{Joseph} George Hirschhorn residence, where the winding driveway, led through rhododendron, ^{and} ~~some small flowers~~, ^{and} some tall elms, up a gentle hill, topped by a dignified, impressive residence, rather English, and there, all similarity to anything I have ever seen before ended. Right in the middle of the circular driveway, in a plot of green, were five or six huge figures - the ^{"Burgers"} ~~burgers~~ of Calais, in chains, marvelous expressions - agony, dignity, endurance, self-sacrifice, by Rodin!

Our host, all of five feet two, bouncy, delightful; one of the most interesting men I've met, was at the driveway to meet us - and his pretty, warm, attractive, much younger, wife - together with his curator and wife, and his lawyer, Sam Harris and his wife.

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From then on, for the next hour, it was for me, exciting, high living! Being pelted by impression, after impression - a traditional, old-fashioned piece of sculpture, and then some waving wands of aluminum, that were rather bolted together to have a certain balance, but swaying the wind (some follower of Calder, I suppose), and Henry More - many, many Henry More, I think he says that he has more than anyone in this country, his favorite being the King and Queen, seated on a bench, in the center of his rose garden - not at all clearly defined figures of a man and a woman, but with the serious lines and molding, depicting nevertheless, a certain dignity and quiet and importance.

And then there was the one that I called the hungry dog sculpture because one of his pieces is a very lean, emaciated dog, that looks like he is made of some igneous rock, fried and bubbled, and pitted, material that was left in the bottom of the pot when the burning was over. There were all sorts of mediums - marble, and bronze, and wood, some of it painted; and steel and aluminum, and others I didn't even recognize.

After awhile, I began to see similarities, to be able to recognize them - there was the African influence; and there were some pre-Columbian things; but nothing that I saw was more interesting than our host himself, who told me he had been collecting for 40 years, delighted in finding something that had not struck the eye ~~yet~~ ^{yet} of the world, and buying it at a moderate price.

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to see it rise and become a very expensive thing of two decades later.

About every 15 minutes, Bess would say, "If we are going to catch that plane, we have to leave in 45 minutes, or 30 minutes, or whatever." And our hostess would offer us a drink, and we would snatch it up and keep on walking - I asking questions, none of us willing, least of all me, to stop and think about planes or drinks. The setting too, was exquisite - the beautifully kept lawns, sloping off into misty vistas, visible between tall trees, a rose garden, some sort of box - what a wrench it must be for him to even think of letting it go, and yet, in a way, that is why I'm here, because I hope that he will give it to Washington, where thousands of people can see his possessions. But being the world's poorest salesman, I never mentioned, "What are your plans for it?"² Although he said a couple of times, "Oh, yes, we'd love to have you come back, but you know, you must come back before long. It won't be here after awhile."

There is talk that the Tate in London is wooing him with promises to build practically a second Taj Mahal, and that all sorts of New York museums are wanting it as a collection. It is said to be the most outstanding one in private hands.

We went inside and I saw a couple of his ^{Eakins} ~~Aikens~~. He has some enormous figure ^{estimates ranging} from the 30's or maybe in the 50's; these were very commanding character portraits, something of the quality of the Flemish masters.

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And then there was a most adorable Child Hassam, all misty and delicate, an attractive couple, sitting on a balcony, looking down into a Paris street. And to my delight, some little clay figures of ^{Ilaguepaqua} ~~black-pack~~, from Guadalajara, perhaps they might even be from my friend, Juan Aldanas' own shop, familiar dove, and ^{owl} ~~also~~, and roadrunner.

Just as we were about to leave, Mr. Hirschhorn gave us, ^{one} for Lynda and one for Luci, ^{two} pre-Columbian figures. I think I can see the plumed serpent on the headdress of one.

And then we were off in a whirl of goodbys. Looked at a box of Lynda's pictures - wonderful they were, from her western trip - the Grand Canyon, Yosemite, San Simeon, Jackson Hole.

Some anxious mother talk at the airport - "When will you be home? Take care." And then I arrived at the White house at 7 to find that we had houseguests - Arthur and Mathilde Krim, and Bill Deason - but Lyndon was calling me, saying he'd like to get off to Camp David. He'd already done the inviting.

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Besides those, ^{Marianne?} Mary Ann Means and Emmit Reardon; and Sissy ^{Morrisy} ~~Marcy~~, and others to come tomorrow.

It was after 9 before we left and I told Mathilde ^{that} everyone put down ^{his} ~~their~~ burden of care, when we enter the woods, and walk in free. They're (the Krims) balm to Lyndon - quiet, intelligent - and the fact that she's so pretty, is a pleasure for him.

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Bill Deason had bought a house and he and Jean and the children are moving to Washington, to be on some commission.

The Bill Whites were along too. We had dinner and drinks as soon as we arrived, but still it was 12 when we got to bed.