

Possibly send copies of certain days to Sunderland  
 Will Odom - Aug. 25  
 Kitty Clyde Lenoir Aug. 26  
 1965 Bill Meyer Aug. 27  
 John Connally Aug. 27  
Tuesday, August 17th  
 Helen, Jane, Ben Rush  
 Aug. 28  
 Finished & ready to  
 give to Library, Chas.  
 one turned down for  
 was Harry  
 6/27/88

Where has the summer gone -- the lovely, golden summer? My  
 lie-in-the-hammock time, my read-a-mystery-book time? Here suddenly  
 August is more than half over, and the list is long of things that I have  
 meant to do, headed by rest and learn to water ski, those not crossed  
 off.

We reached the White House about 1:15 in the morning, so it  
 was a short night, and I woke up early and worked with Liz before I  
 had a meeting with Larry O'Brien and Mike Manatos and Paul Southwick  
 and Liz, to talk about how the Beautification Bills were faring in the  
 House and Senate. There are four of them, all relating to highways.  
 One of them is a goner, so everybody agrees, the one about scenic  
 roads or roads to historic sites. The others, about billboards and  
 junk yards and 3% of the money allocated for planting along interstate  
 highways, have a better chance, but are laggard, late in the summer,  
 have no ardent champion, and are being consumed by the arguments  
 about where does the money come from -- whether from the highway  
 trust fund, which is an inviolate sort of sacred cow to the Congress-  
 men, or from the general budget -- and Lyndon is standing in front  
 of it like Horatius at the Bridge, not wanting the budget to be raised  
 any more than he can possibly prevent. Find the money anywhere  
 else.

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Tuesday, August 17th (continued)

Larry and Mike suggested a meeting here at the White House of the heads of the Senate Committee and the House Committee that are reporting out the Bills, having the hearings on them, tea with their wives to thank them for anything that they could in their best judgment do about them. I readily agreed and said let's set it up for tomorrow, Wednesday, so as to catch those members of the T to T Club, Tuesday to Thursday. How we used to laugh when we were in the Senate at people who went away for weekends Thursday afternoon and came back Monday afternoon! And this summer I can think of a time or two when a very hard-working President has done it, but he has also taken his work with him, and packed more into those three days than any human ought to.

After an hour and a half of talking with Larry and Mike, it was a rather dismaying conclusion that there had been much talk in the country and in the papers and not much action on the Hill on the beautification proposal, and we must try at least to get them considered before the mad rush to leave, the late-August fever, set in. Prospect's not good, but we'll try. After all, it took 20 years for Medicare.

Then I had a look at Lynda Bird's new clothes. She takes to heart too much this idea of economy. How odd for a parent to

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Tuesday, August 17th (continued)

say that! And quite the opposite is true of Luci.

I had lunch with Bess in my room, sandwich and salad. Then, after the beauty parlor with my old friend Per again, a delicious hour's nap. And then before my date with Walter Reuther, I got a hurried call from Luci. Oh, couldn't I please come -- no, later wouldn't do -- just NOW -- it will only be a minute. I just HAD to. So I went upstairs to see her, and there was Luci in Ashton's office, a sight I shall never forget, in a little girl dress, middy blouse and very short skirt, freckles painted across her nose, two front teeth blacked out, an upturned sailor hat with a bobbing daisy on the top of it, standing knock-kneed and pigeon-toed with a big grin on, holding onto a great boy whose trousers were rolled up to his knees so that they looked like knickers, who had on a silly hat and a sillier grin and was clutching a lollipop that weighed about 25 pounds. I forgot to mention Luci had a rag doll in her hand.

"Oh, Mama, I just had a little time to goof off, so we thought we'd do something funny." She's brought laughter and sparkle. Was there ever a gayer little girl in the White House?

And then back to the Truman Balcony to meet Walter Reuther. We had iced tea and I listened to him mostly. I had wanted to talk to him about beautification. I had wanted to enlist his own aid as a

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Tuesday, August 17th (continued)

powerful leader in helping getting the Bills passed and his consideration, in case his Auto Workers ever wanted to leave a footprint in their Nation's Capital, of a donation to the cherry tree program that we have.

Well, it ended by him doing all the talking. And he was delightful. He told me about how he and his children and his neighbors had had their own anti-pollution crusade on the little creek that ran behind his house. They had spent three Saturdays cleaning it out, getting everything from a tin can to an old refrigerator out of it, putting in retainer logs on the bank, planting grass to prevent erosion, and some willows and shrubs here and there.

He told me what condition the union was in when he had first taken it over and the first executive committee that he'd had to deal with, or some such organization, which was heavily loaded with Communists, and how he'd combatted them.

He told me about setting up a sort of extra labor organization, a sort of Supreme Court to pass on their controversies. The members had no relation to labor, they were educators, professional people, ministers -- apparently they sort of acted as a brake on the actions of labor people, who knew that they might be reviewed by the public.

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Tuesday, August 17th (continued)

Most interestingly, he told me about what he thought the new role of labor would be now that labor has won so <sup>many</sup> ~~much~~ of the things they had battled for. He thought they should now use their influence and their power for things that did not relate only to their own constituency -- things like beautification, medical research, better community planning. A most delightful man. He uses the phrase The Great Society without self-consciousness and with the sort of enthusiasm that makes you think it is within the reach of America today.

The net of our hour and a half long conversation, besides a lot of pleasure for me, was word that he would help on getting across to any members of the Committee who might care what labor thought, their hopes in favor of the beautification legislation, and that he would think about a donation to the National Capital, and he wanted me to think about being chairman of an art project.

I invited Aunt Ellen to come out on the porch to meet him. I almost wondered if she thought she was going to meet somebody with horns and a tail. He left just as the cars were driving up for Lyndon's stag dinner for businessmen and labor leaders -- one of those talk and write dinners that cut across the whole spectrum of our business world and labor.

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Tuesday, August 17th (continued)

It had been a busy day for Lyndon. The Congressional Leadership breakfast. And then the fourth anniversary celebration of the Alliance for Progress, which had been in the East Room. He sent me word to join him if I could. That I had to forego because I was with Larry, et al.

And then a series of off-the-record things, and this stag dinner. I wonder if there have been many Presidents who have tried to explore so vigorously the feelings of the people they try to lead? He is a searching, determined, hopeful man, and a never-ending surprise to me.

Aunt Ellen and I had a little visit. Her days have been well planned and carried out by Patsy. A tour of the White House. Some relatives in for lunch with her on the third floor. She is going to the Smithsonian and the National Gallery. Patsy is being invaluable on making this a red-letter trip for her. And of course I am seeing that she visits Dorothy Territo and does some tapes about her memories of my Father, my childhood, anything that might be pertinent.

I had expected to have a quiet dinner on the balcony with her and Patsy. But Mary Ellen Monroney had called me -- she's having a dinner in her lovely back yard. The prospect was too inviting. I asked Aunt Ellen to please excuse me, and with Lyndon

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having a stag dinner this was my one opportunity to go out. How I do miss going out -- not having to bother about seating people and having to tell somebody tomorrow that the roast was not good and let's serve the bread hotter. Mary Ellen's is one of my favorite places in town to go.

The Stu Symingtons were there. Marie Harriman without Averell -- I do not know where in this wide world he is. Clark without Marny. The Paul Nitzes. <sup>Ceci</sup> ~~Geecy~~ Caruso and her husband. We had cocktails outside and then dinner by candlelight in the patio by the swimming pool. Mary Ellen has the most beautiful lighting. I wish I could give Lyndon for a birthday present just such a setting in that sweet little brick patio at the Haywood, with its simple overhanging bulb gathering all the insects.

It was a gay, sophisticated, talkative group. Not as young as some of Lyndon's gatherings are, but just my cup of tea. I sat close to Marie Harriman and enjoyed hearing her talk about when she was an art dealer, the astounding prices of paintings. She had known Mary Lasker many years ago. There is something very generous and outgoing about her. I had not really known the Harrimans well, and this year I feel I am getting to. I like him

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simply because he manages to remain so very vigorous and handsome in his 70's.

I had meant to leave at 10, but it was too much fun. It was 11 before I could tear myself away, and Lyndon was upstairs picking up nuggets of information about the dinner from Marvin and Jack.