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Thursday, September 9th

Was the best of my days in the Tetons.

In the morning I talked to Lyndon and to Willis Hurst. Tuesday night had been bad. Lyndon had been miserable with chills. He had asked Luci to come in and she had kept him warm and comforted.

Willis sounds calm, sure of the prognosis. He's going home later in the day and returning in two weeks.

A little after 11 I walked over to join the Rockefellers in the main living room at the Lodge, where he is briefing the press over coffee and doughnuts. How well he does it! A lifetime of learning and working with conservation and with the impressive credentials of success; articulate and knowledgeable; and all of this melded with such a mild, unself-important attitude that is appealing and must, I think, take some of the sting out of the natural-born <sup>cynic</sup> ~~finick~~ in a reporter.

He took them on a tour of the ranch. Of beautification he said, "We have reached a peak of National concern." He used an expression something like this, "Five years ago we wouldn't have dared mention the word beauty. Critics would have deemed it frivolous. But now the high standard of living and more leisure time and an ever-increasing population are working for us." He

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announced the merging of some 6 conservationist groups into the National Recreation and Parks Association. This would mean lower overhead and more effective lobbying.

It seems to me that what we need is for Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith in Dime Box and Rosebud to take their lead pencils in hand and get out their tablet and write their Congressman what they think. They are the only people that can really persuade Congress to act.

Doris Fleeson said, "Congress en masse tends to be Philistine when considerations of esthetics arise." Charles Bartlett said, "Congress has persisted in a wary and unenthusiastic view of the Bills," meaning the Highway Improvement Bills. He went on to say that he thought White House prestige appeared capable of carrying the <sup>natural</sup> ~~national~~ beauty campaign over its first hurdle, but subsequent hurdles would acquire a militation of sentiment. I am far from sure that we will pass this session a Highway Improvement Bill in a reasonably strong form, or at all. And if we lose them, I think perhaps that we deserve to lose them, because we haven't tried hard enough and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith haven't written.

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Lynda went off with Brent and a Park Service Guide to go up Death Canyon and then turn right, into the mountains. I stayed at the Main Lodge after the press left to have lunch with Laurance and Mary Rockefeller and all of his Board Members, a sort of amalgam of conservationists from many groups and from the various Rockefeller Foundations. The Director of Williamsburg, Henry Diamond, the Executive Director of the White House Conference on Natural Beauty, Directors from Caneel Bay, some 30 or so, with their wives, who had helped Laurance Rockefeller spend his money so wisely from the redwoods to the Everglades, Hawaii to the Virgin Islands.

We had a delicious lunch of broiled steak on a porch that almost hangs over the Lake and looks up at the Tetons, and I sat between two gentlemen getting on in years, great story-tellers each, one of whom had been the first Director of Williamsburg, who put it together in the middle and late Thirties, and the other is former Director of the National Park Service, who had worked with Mr. Rockefeller, Laurance's Father, in obtaining the land and putting together the Grand Teton National Park. I never saw men who loved their work better, and never listened to more fascinating stories. That's one of the

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luckiest things that can happen to man -- to love his work and in his 70's look back on it with a fire of enthusiasm and a glow of achievement.

I too took movies, along with everybody else, and then later watched Lynda through field glasses, easy to see in a bright red sweater though miles away, as she climbed the cliff. They had seen a big-horned sheep and had found and entered a cave.

Yesterday had been my day of rest, so I didn't yearn for a nap and when Laurance said that he and Mrs. Rockefeller would like to show me the ranch after the other guests had left, I was all ready, in stretch pants and the best walking shoes I will ever own, brushed Elk, laced halfway up my legs.

Laurance driving, we toured the JY, stopped on the banks of the Snake River. It was easy to see how that rushing wildness of power never freezes over, even in below-zero weather. Too swift to tame, and very dangerous to fall into, with boots on, in icy weather.

We saw their fishing lake, which they had stocked with trout, and I watched a couple of men in a small boat bring out pellets of fish food, while behind them followed a regular Pied Piper's entourage of trout, jumping, grabbing the pellets, diving.

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As we came closer, we could see the fish perfectly -- speckled, about 10 or 12 inches long, their delicious brothers we had eaten <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ day for lunch. Mary Rockefeller and I had already walked down to the corral this morning, but there was one more place they wanted me to see.

Of all things, the garbage dump! Because it's there where the grizzlies come almost every day to have a fine meal. We sat for about 20 minutes. The quiet forest came alive. We saw the busy little squirrels, birds that sound like bluejays, but a quieter grey color, but NO grizzlies.

And then, because twilight was approaching, we drove on to the Lucas Ranch, where we were going to have cocktails with the Fabians. Oldtimers in the Valley, great friends of the Rockefellers, who live in a picturesque cabin, homesteaded by one of the early settlers, right at the foot of the Grand Teton itself. And what a delightful place it turned out to be! The recipe for a room to love: a glowing fire, a picture window framing the Little Teton, Disappointment Ridge, and the Grand Teton.

And shelves and shelves and shelves of books. The Fabians themselves were as charming as their house. They live in Salt Lake City for nine months, but in this log cabin all summer until

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snowfalls drive them back to civilization.

They had their own very special brand of Old Fashions, delivered with a sort of a flourish, and it lived up to its reputation. Mr. Fabian, who was a sort of pioneer in conservation, had worked with Mr. Rockefeller, Laurance's Father, as a lawyer in the land acquisitions. Whenever they mention the senior Mr. Rockefeller, it's in capitals.

My eyes were opened to him last night when I borrowed a book from the Main Lodge called, I believe, Our National Heritage, which told the things he'd worked on and greatly stretched my knowledge of him. I did not know he had contributed money and imagination and power to saving the redwoods or parts of the Everglades in Florida, where the bald cypress grow, or the Indian cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde Park.

The Grand Teton was clouded in a drapery of fog, a shifting scene every minute, but always magnificent. Mr. Fabian told us how President Hoover had visited and fished there.

We drove home about dark to find that Lynda and Brent had returned from their mountain climbing and were sitting by the fire in our own cabin. Brent was playing the guitar -- folk songs of the West. One I especially like about four strong winds that blow.

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While I was getting ready for dinner, I had a message from Mrs. Rockefeller, asking if we didn't want to bring Brent with us. We joined them all in the dining room for the most pleasant evening of all. Besides Laurance and Mary, their son Larry and Jerry Reese, his friend, Stephen, Jay, and pretty Sharon Percy and Lynda and Brent.

I think perhaps the two elder Rockefellers were glowing with the same sort of pleasure I was, at having so many intelligent, delightful young folks that we cared about around us.

It was good talk. I wanted to hear more about Jay and Emmons, West Virginia. At lunch the day before he had told us about his job, which began as a sort of individual domestic Peace Corps, in the most forgotten hollow, or so it sounded, of West Virginia. Sixty families, 47 on relief and 13 with jobs. Less than a fifth of the folks ever brushed their teeth. Their very language he scarcely understood. Many of the children do not go to school because there is no compulsory school law. If you live more than two miles off the road where the school bus comes to, and many of them live farther up the hollow than 2 miles. Some don't go because when there are gym classes and you have to take off your pants and shirt to shower, they don't have on any

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underclothes underneath, and they are ashamed, and they do not want the other kids to see them.

The whole community is afraid of the outside world, used to failure, the 13 that work do strip mining, highly dangerous, no safety rules, crawling on your stomach through a tunnel about 18 inches high, chopping out coal and breathing dust.

Jay's job has later become a part of the Poverty program. He is one of the most outstanding young men I have met in a long time. After college -- Harvard, I believe it was -- military service, and then a year in the State Department here in Washington, and then two or three years in Japan, where he specialized in Oriental languages. And now why back in Emmons, West Virginia? There must be something of the philosopher, of the pragmatic Evangelist about him. He has wry humor and is marvellously articulate and simple in his explanation. And what he's trying to do with them, which is to make them think for themselves, for the better leadership there in Emmons to solve their problems. Something so simple as to how to get a school bus to come up the hollow to pick up the children, or how to put up a sign that marks the town, Emmons. And he's not going to do it for them. It's

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going to take infinite patience and faith. He thinks they're developing it. They've got the school bus. I couldn't help wondering if his 6 feet 5 stature and good face hadn't been a big asset, and his name, John D. Rockefeller IV, a big hurdle in his work there.

The talk went to medicine, and Brent was natural and clear and quite impressive in what he said. It must have been staggering company, the whole Rockefeller clan, for the young boy working his way through school, though I never saw anybody try to deal less in self-importance. They have made a very dignified peace with their name. I have a special sympathy and admiration for them, because they've lived with their name for four generations. I've only had to deal with a rather well-known name for a couple of years!

Brent said he had written a paper while in medical school in favor of Medicare, somewhat to my surprise. He said he thought the supposed attitude of the doctors was really the attitude of a small and very vocal minority and of the executives they had hired to run AMA. It's such a demanding profession, taking 16 hours of a man's day he doesn't have much time to look outside it, to make up his mind about any political issues. And then he said a delightful thing. One of the Rockefeller girls who studied medicine had married a doctor, and we all said how nice and how much they'd

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have in common, and he said he thought it would be good for a doctor to come home to something quite different -- a wife who knew about other things, loved other things, would enlarge his horizons, so to speak.

Laurance and Mary Rockefeller are full of projects. They are going to South America in the Spring, she on YW business, a great love of hers, and he to work and deal with fellow conservationists. He seems to have a network of them -- international. Together they will write an article for the National Geographic.

I told them I wanted so much for them to save one week during April or May to come and visit us at the ranch. I really look forward to it most eagerly.

This was the best evening of the trip -- all that I had wanted it to be: twilight, friendship, good talk.