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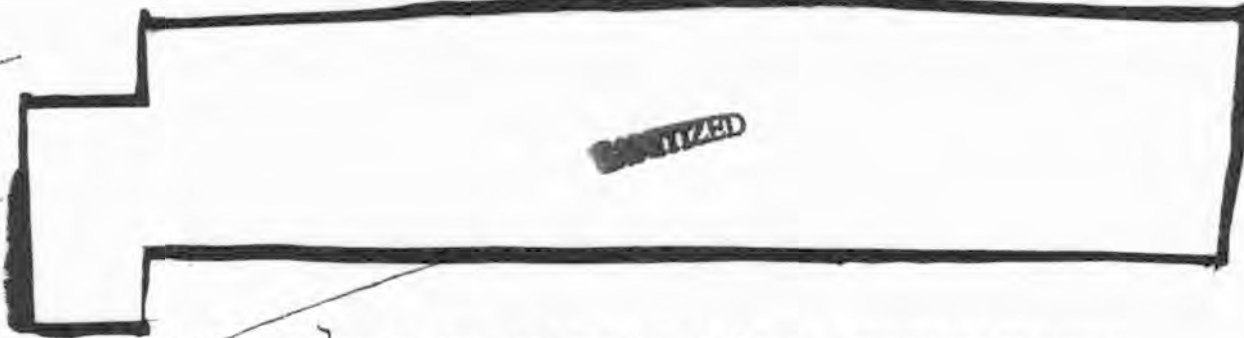
MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, September 16, 1965

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And then I worked on the mail. And then quickly to the pool for 20 rounds up and down because I knew I <sup>not</sup> would get my exercise tonight and I didn't want to miss a day. And to the beauty parlor. And then a really interesting encounter with John and Helen Jean Secondari -- just back from Europe and working on the life of Beethoven. They brought me a gift -- a small marble head of Augustus Caesar, pirated out of Italy, it had been found in some construction building or home. And accompanying it a letter in John Secondari's <sup>signature</sup> ~~senoras~~ prose about the man in his time in history.

I was charmed. I liked it better than the crown jewels.

We talked about our documentary -- about the difficult necessity of reducing the unique city of Washington <sup>to</sup> with some similarity to "dime box" and "rose bud", to Mrs. John Citizen in her living room anywhere. I don't think we've quite gotten the solution yet, and it is such a major investment of hours and money, I want so much for it to be a success. We explored it for two hours, planned to meet again next Thursday to see the picture itself and hope it would spawn ideas.

And then I had a little time to work with Bess and Ashton and

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to watch Lyndon on TV in his address to the Smithsonian. That he has such a real <sup>affinity</sup> ~~affinity~~ for the Smithsonian is one of the many facets of his very diverse makeup that delights me.

It was a good speech, but not his best at all. It was his second of the day. The first had been to the Washington World Conference on World Peace through Law. Each one takes grinding effort. How do you know what is worth it?

And then it was time for me to get off to what for me was the meat of the day -- my trip to New York to be with Lynda. She had already left.

One the way out I had a quick picture with Patty Perkins who worked in the White House for 3 months -- her salary paid by her college -- Mt. Holyoke.

Bess and Liz and Ashton and Patsy are wonderful about using, absorbing, teaching and thanking any of the free summer help we can get.

And then I was off for New York. I arrived at the ~~Carleton~~ <sup>Carlisle</sup> -- Lynda was not there yet. I called home with a bad conscience to all my house guests -- Ed Weisl and Bobby Lehman were in with the President so I didn't interrupt but asked the butler to take them a message that I had called to welcome them. And then I reached Mrs. Theilman and welcomed her and told her that I would look

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forward to seeing her tomorrow. Later I found that Lyndon had also asked Arthur Krim and Gus Wortham. He uses this old house.

It was a calculated decision to come to New York because when Lyndon is having these stag dinners for the business men, although it gives me the night off, it is still a wonderful chance to have tea or a drink or coffee the next morning with important people from across the United States here for the dinner whom I want to

know better. So it was with keen regret that I passed up this chance

*and chose*  
to be with Lynda Bird in New York. I would like to have talked with

Dr. Frank Rose, President of the University of Alabama about the State I love and its problems, to Mr. Lessing Rosenwald, the former Chairman of Sears and Roebuck about all they've long been doing about beautification and also perhaps would they consider whenever they are putting in suburban stores with a big parking lot planting a few more trees in it. And to Mr. Motus Spiegel -- the second biggest mail order house in the United States to thank him for what he is doing to the Post Office Department -- making an enormous donation to landscape it. And to Mr. Jones from Atlanta, just to send Ann my salutes for the anniversary of the "Lady Bird Special". To Mayor Jerome Cavanagh to congratulate him on the wonderful article -- in was it LOOK or LIFE? -- on his very vital handling of the problems of a Mayor of a big city. And I would really love to thank Walter Annenberg of Philadelphia for giving

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to the White House that portrait of an early Philadelphian, <sup>Benjamin (!)</sup> ~~John~~ Franklin, that hangs in the Green Room. But with Lynda leaving Sunday for a whole school year, a night in New York with her and Dave for a play meant more to me.

Dave had arrived before I was dressed, and in a minute Lynda. And we had drinks looking out over the unbelievable view of New York -- Central Park, the river, the skyscrapers.

At 52 I am still as much in <sup>and</sup> ~~all~~ of it as at 21.

And then we went down to Greenwich Village to a play called "The Fantastics". It was a small and rather crummy theatre that held not more than 100 customers. And a stage about 4 feet square. But the six characters in the play would jump down into the well and front of it and around among the audience. It was an experience -- with no stage settings, only two musical instruments I believe -- a harp and a piano. One change of costumes -- imaginative but emphatically not expensive. I believe one man wore a union suit dyed pink. They produced more magic than nearly anything I've seen this year. It was a sort of free verse, <sup>and</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>town</sup> script with some very memorable songs. One that you'd keep on humming -- "Try to Remember the Kind of September". And a humorous one, "Plant a Radfish". It was a completely off-beat, out-of-my-life show. I am glad Lynda and Dave introduced me to it. Never would I have

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found it by myself. A few people did recognize me. But mostly they couldn't care less which was just right for me and them.

Outside, a few people did wave. And then I watched the people far more than they watched me. Girls in tight pants and short hair -- boys with beards and long hair -- a race of their own and welcome to it. You wonder what they do in the daylight. And what they'll do when they are 40 years old.

We went to the Dardenelles for <sup>dinner</sup> lunch -- a small, quiet place. And I am afraid the Secret Service kept any other possible customers out. And we had Shish kebab. By this time we were ravenous. And then back to the Carlyle after midnight, savoring what had been indeed an exotic, off-beat day for me. Good because it had been with Lynda, good because I had had a chance to talk a little with Dave about commodities and the stock market and how he dealt with grain and cattle and soybeans.

Lynda wants me to know what he is like -- what makes up his life.

Lynda had told me about her morning spent at Cook Elementary School where she donated a \$1500 check she had earned by writing the article for LOOK about her life in the White House. They are landscaping the grounds at the school and at the one across the street -- Slater-Langston -- and she had planted a magnolia tree at one, set out a

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window box for the other, met a lot of second and third graders and made a little speech, got an offer of a job as a teacher, and left a book autographed by her Daddy, "A More Beautiful America" for their Library -- hopefully, if there ever is one.

She departed with the word to the students to please take care of the landscaping when it was completed.

She hadn't sounded very satisfied with her performance. It was only the next day when I read the papers that I decided that it was really great. She looked beautiful, sounded warm and gay and useful.

There was in the same day's paper a rather ugly article about the First Lady's public projects, mass media are helping to subsidize same (my ABC documentary and the probable \$10,000 contribution to the beautification project), my article for LIFE and LIFE's donation of the park in Johnson City, the publication of Mrs. Johnson's book, "The Family Album" by McGraw-Hill and McCall's article on it.

I hope nothing worries me more than these did. I am much more concerned about whether the Johnson City Park turns out to be a credit to life than to us.

It was a good, different day.