

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, October 27, 1965

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It was another flawless day -- blue and gold and in the 70's. October is my second favorite month in Texas -- April always the first.

Dean and Virginia and I were settling around the pool for a second cup of coffee when Lyndon emerged from the office and said, "Let's go for a ride." Virginia, leisurely on her one day off, was in her house coat and went up to dress while the three of us rode off with the top down, north to the coastal Bermuda, up to Dale's house and then west into the Martin.

I know of no man who carries the load Dean Rusk does with a calm and equable and gentle manner. AO

We rode for about three hours, picking up Virginia about 12:00, with the top down, Lyndon in his red beret -- the October sun actually hot -- and our talk ranged the wide, wide world.

Dean was relatively optimistic about his far-flung problems. Brazil is in a state of upheaval. But it looks as though the President may hold it level. The tiny country of Haiti is like a boil coming to a head with a very bad man in charge -- no telling how the corruption will spread. But things are looking up in Viet-Nam. If only, if only, we could find some right way out of Viet-Nam.

I felt after listening to him that Red China is in retreat -- has enough problems of its own -- its hovering menace in Africa declining.

Lyndon has such a happy relation with Dean Rusk and such a

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respect for the man and for the job he does. He is indeed a bulwark to him.

And as we were riding back toward the house, Dean said something that absolutely elated me. We were discussing the LBJ Library, and he asked that whenever there was a committee or a group to work on it, he would like to be one of them. I felt like somebody had given me a 4-carat diamond ring.

One of my great ambitions of this Fall is to assemble a very small group of scholars and the most knowledgeable Government people -- like Walt and Elspeth Rostow and McGeorge Bundy and John Macy, because so many appointments filter through him as talent scout~~x~~, and John Gardner of HEW, and of course Dr. Ransom -- and just sit around and talk about what can be done with the Lyndon Baines Johnson School of Public Service as for curriculum, professors, and most important of all, its Director, and would set its tone and attract the people to come to the staff and who want to get in the classes. "History is my aim for the rest of this term.

Back at the house we had a late lunch. How could I ever be so sanguine as to plan a soufflé for which we were about 45 minutes late.<sup>2</sup>

The Rusks, Mr. Greenfield, Jake, Marie, Vickie, Ashton. And Jimilu Mason. I am delighted that Jimilu has come down to work on Lyndon's bust. It was his own idea -- no credit to me. He finds her soothing

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company, and I think she is turning out a highly creditable product -- a splendid head of Lyndon. I suppose someday it will join the other Vice Presidents in the Capitol.

Max and Bill Heath and Roy White came, and I invited them in to have coffee with us and to meet the Secretary. It always gives me a thrill when I can have my own special friends meet someone great in Government. And then while they laid out their exhibits on the big table in the office, I went out -- movie camera in hand -- with Lyndon to the plane to say goodbye to Dean and Virginia and get my few moments on film for my personal archives.

Back in the office we looked at pictures of the outstanding buildings of Skidmore, Owings, and Merrow -- Bunshaft is their chief designer -- of Philip Johnson, of Harrison Abramovitz, Yamasaki, Reece of Chicago, and a couple more. Some we had collected on our trips, some I had been picking up over the country for a year -- I had gotten them from Tom Watson or Frank Stanton. This has really been a research -- since last February for me. But what was months for me was moments for Lyndon. He rifled through quickly, listened hurriedly to our observations and said he liked the Skidmore, Owings, and Merrow and the Yamasaki best of the lot. Actually, he tended toward Yamasaki. Why, I am not sure. His style is graceful, beautiful, almost lacey -- with the delicacy and direct opposition to some of the brutal

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concrete of Paul Rudolph or <sup>Kahn</sup>~~Kahn~~ for instance. And it has a definite oriental heritage it seems to me. But I don't see anything in it that looks like Texas or Lyndon.

Then he went to take a nap, and Max and Roy and Bill and I sat around floundering a bit. But what came out of it was that we should take one more trip and see some of Yamasaki's things -- especially the Woodrow Wilson School of Political Science at Princeton and a few more of Bunshafts. I myself have not quite given up Harrison Abramovitz.

And then Max and Bill should go and have a talk with the one or two people here we are definitely considering, to get their ideas, to assess how easy it would be to work with them. We don't want it to wind up by Max's firm doing 90 percent of the work for less glory and less pay. And certainly not with some prima donna architect who presents us a far-out design with no kinship to the land and to the man.

Then the approach of sunset always lures us like a magnet to getting outdoors to riding or to walking. Lyndon leaves like he was rushing to a fire. And he gathered up Jake and Jimilu and Marie and Vickie and Ashton and <sup>me</sup>~~V~~, and we helicoptered over to the West Ranch where we met A. W. and Mariallen and rode around in the last hour of day -- delighting in seeing deer from the top of the hills -- skylighted against the sunset -- or bounding across the fields with their white

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tails up. Lyndon's regime of reducing has certainly done something to our dinner hour, and a good something. We now dine between 7:00 and 7:30. Dark drives us in. He doesn't have any drinks, and has not since Labor Day. So we were gathered around the big table by 7:30 and afterwards watched the TV show, "The President's Seven Days in a Crisis" -- rather good I thought. I watched it out of one eye and did about 20 notes from a stack of 300 I've set aside to do from those personal friends who sent flowers or telegrams or letters.

For me, the big event of the day was a call from Abe. He had been in New York. He had seen the screening of my ABC show. He thought it was beautiful. He thought there wasn't anything that would offend any person or group. He had suggested two or three minor editorial deletions or corrections. Otherwise he gave me the green light to release it and bouquets.

I was enormously relieved and yet I mistrusted Abe's kindness. If he had thought it was dull, I simply didn't hit the mark, I am not sure he would have told me. But what could I do at this point except take it.<sup>2</sup>