

8
TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1866 -- page 1 WND

This day was a crescendo of activity - full every minute.

Lyndon and I went down to the East Room at 10 o'clock for the swearing in of the first Negro member of a President's Cabinet, Robert Weaver, Secretary of HUD. His Under Secretary, Robert Woods who comes from Boston but not Harvard, ~~not~~ MIT. It must have been an emotional moment for a lot of the Negroes in the room and they were all represented -- Roy Wilkins, Dr. Nabrit Whitney Young, Walter Washington, Louie Martin. It was one of those moments when a sense of history hung in the air. Lyndon's speech was good but not one that has moved me most. ~~It~~ This ends weeks of uncertainty about whom to put in that post. He comes to his job with a heavier obligation than most. He has just got to be good because he is the first Negro. He looks solid. ~~His~~ The acceptance by the Congress and the Country has been good; our hopes are high.

8
After the swearing in, Lyndon brought the Weavers and three the Woods and their/children, Whitney Young, Louie Martin upstairs. We had coffee in the West Hall and talked. And then I went downstairs to the State Dining Room to meet some 200 members of United Jewish Women from Pittsburgh that Lucy Moorehead had asked me to receive. I welcomed them, received a placque. They are going to give \$200.00 toward work at Juvick Village as a kick-off for that project. I thanked them and then stood in line to meet every single one.

TUESDAY JANUARY 18, 1968 -- page 2

A chorus of "You look so much better than your pictures". This takes so little out of me in comparison to any speech. It is the least expensive way mentally and physically for me to be First Lady to receive groups of people, robot ordeal that it may seem to the sophisticated.

Then back upstairs for a meeting with two of our Ambassadors wives. Mrs. Herbert Powell on her way back from New Zealand and Mrs. Thomas Estes going back to Upper Volta. No need to try to make conversation here! It was racy. Mrs. Estes supplemented what we had read in the paper about our state ~~xxx~~ visitors early last year - President and Mrs. ^{Yamancha?} Yamioka (?) of Upper Volta. ~~For the xxx~~ Ch
nem
^{PRES-Y-} very sufficient reasons, a Catholic, had finally divorced his wife last fall and now she was grinding her own corn back in her tribal home wearing a blue costume that indicates you are in disgrace. ~~It gives me~~ This glistening white Diors and fur coat we remember vanished like Cinderella's ball gown. Pres. Yamioka who had re-m married on the day that he read out to his people his divorce had been supplanted by a coup on New Year's and was now in protective custody. So short a time from a State Dinner and the full descent down the ladder!

Mrs. Powell told us that if you were ~~cmxx~~ coming to New Zealand and were a tourist, two of the main things you would want to do would be to see the Hot Springs Gysers and the active volcanoes, and the other to go trout fishing. ~~Trout didn't act~~ ^{begin}

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1966 -- page 3

~~and the other to go trout fishing.~~ Trout didn't actually begin there.
where
They were brought from our own Northwest./ They grow to about 2
or 3 pounds. For some reason, in New Zealand they grow to 9
pounds, although she prefers the smaller ones.

In a country where the production of wool is the main subsistence, I think it is rather charming that she has learned to spin.

Next on the program was a session with Sandy Fox and Bess trying to design some better wedding present, and to redesign the ash trays that we sent out at Christmastime. Sandy is so creative, quick, full of ideas, I like working with him. There will be many on this staff that I will miss.

And then Bess and I had roast beef and piemento sandwiches for lunch on a tray while we went over the three up-coming lists -- the women-doers, the dinner for the Vice President, reception when we hang Mrs. R's portrait, and then down to the diplomatic reception room to meet Dr. Elizabeth Swirzh ~~st~~ st ~~(st)~~, the Minister of Health for the Federal Republic of Germany, only woman in the Cabinet, accompanied by Katie ~~Lxx~~ Louchheim and Mrs. Rief from the German Embassy, who goes on and on, no matter how the Ambassadors come and go. And this too was an interesting time. I learned that in Germany the Cabinet Members are chosen by the Chancellor from Members of Parliament -- most likely outstanding

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1966 -- page 4

members of the party in power. ^{or} Maybe if he wants to find coalition support, from another party. The Cabinet Member retains his place in Parliament and returns to his seat to vote if he sees fit. Also, everybody who belongs to a political party pays dues. They find it amazing that we run a party over here without paying dues. Katie laughed and said "~~we~~ do, but sometimes it is hard."

Dr. Swartz ^{It} ~~is~~ 's English was adequate and her range of knowledge and experience ~~are~~ ^{is} very wide. She talked about water pollution -- that is one of her duties as Minister of Health -- the ^{I have heard} ~~river~~, though in an industrial district, is one of the cleanest rivers in the world. How pleased I was to ^{TOSS OUT} ~~talk about~~ my one little morsel of knowledge! Yes, she agreed, ^{but} ~~it~~ was so ^{because} the industrial plants along its edge are required by Government to belong to an association to which they pay dues, depending upon the amount of waste they put into the river, and with that they have research that has produced methods to clean up the river. The same is not true of all of them, ^(their rivers) ~~^~~ much as she wished it was. She was traveling to Pittsburgh and other American cities to study air-pollution and urban problems.

Just as they left I said "You see ~~there~~ the clock that Chancellor Adenauer gave us when he paid us a visit some years ago, and if you were at the ranch with me you would see the lovely birds that Chancellor Erhard gave us." "I have," said Mrs. ^{Kiep} ~~Kath~~. It turns

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1968 - page 5

out she has been to the ranch last September with a group of ~~Texas~~
Texas Federated Womens Clubs!

No sooner had they left than Mrs. Rusk and Ann Hand arrived with six Ambassadors' wives, most of whom were entitled to sue the State Department for the pictures that were sent to me of them in their advance information. It was Madame Lucet of France whom I already knew from our days in the International Club and their upstairs visit with us a few weeks ago, Madame Thai of Vietnam who had just come at Christmas and was suffering housewifely troubles of getting children settled in schools and getting her household arranged. A very pretty lively lady from the Dominican Republic, Mrs. Messina, Mrs. Lukumbuzya from Tanzania, who had 9 children the oldest of which is 10, in a native dress of gingham swathe vaguely related to a sari, her English perfect; she spoke Swahili also; her manner calmly dignified and well-spoken. Where on earth I wondered is R Tanzania? It has been independent only 4 years. ~~And~~ And there was Mrs. Farhan Shubeilat, wife of the Hashimite (?) Kingdom of Jordan.

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We were quickly at home with each other. She is handsome feminine, charming. We talked of ^{Beruit} ~~Beruit~~, where she went to a girls school, and of archeology, Baalbek which led to Petra, a fabulous city carved out of a stone mountain that flourished and perished before Christ. It has recently become the center of much archeological

Not accurate!

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1966 -- page 6

digging. I told her that the King had brought me some artifacts when he visited us last year.

And then one of the most attractive ones, Mrs. Ernst Limberger, wife of the Ambassador of Austria, -- a hard row to follow Madame Platzer. She speaks 5 languages and is very lively. Her talk was personal, feminine, of an international school, ^{where} all their children could go.

And after tea I showed them the Yellow Room and the Lincoln Room and the Queen's Room. But somehow it wasn't as good as it should have been. Pleasant, a good idea, but I didn't quite establish that thread of warmth and intimacy that I would like to dox having these small meetings. ^{#B} But the day was not yet over. As soon as they left Clark Clifford and Bill Heath arrived, and it was time to shift the gears of my mind to that second interest of my life -- I do think beauty is first -- the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library and the School of Public Service.

Bill announced the action of the University in naming a committee of four -- himself, Dr. Norman Hackerman, Dr. Ransom and Frank Erwin to make recommendations on getting the School of Public Service underway. They were going to form an advisory committee from the faculty, partly to get advice, partly to insure their cooperation, protect their flanks, as it were, from criticism. We

TUESDAY JANUARY 18, 1966 -- page 7

urged that they put Emmett Redford on the committee and also Dr. Benjamin Wright, former President of Smith who is now teaching just a course or two at the University -- man of great eminence in the world of academics.

Bill really wanted to impress upon us that urgency was overtaking us in getting the school started, particularly in setting up a budget for this year because with the rapid rise in population and the federal laws that make it possible for everybody to go to college, there are going to be twice as many students, he says, trying to get into public colleges in 1972 as now. What will happen to all the departments? They will all be hammering at the budget for more professors, more classrooms, more equipment, more money. He doesn't want the school of public service to be just starting when that flood tide sets in. It is urgent that we get a budget established this year. In order to do that, Clark said "Why not send the best qualified man - a good salesman -- to the Woodrow Wilson school, to the ⁷ Lithow school at Harvard, to any other such schools we could find, inquire of them what their budgets were, how many students they had, any of the problems and pitfalls he could find out, ~~and~~ and maybe at the same time he could be looking around evaluating possible directors. Frank Ikard joined us for most of the talk and later Lyndon for a short while. Clark also suggested that Bill get

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1968-- page 8

the committee from faculty to suggest names for the iDirector and to evaluate those names we had. He also found that Walter Heller has accepted an invitation to come to a symposium sometime next month; maybe that means he is really looking the school over a bit. Lyndon, the best salesman among us, broached the subject to him back in December of taking the job as director. He had given little encouragement but not a flat no. He would be wonderful I think. ~~He~~ It would be an absolute dream if John Gardner would do it; that is, on the first day after we walk out of this job.

A little before 8 they had all gone. Lyndon was back in his office at work, and I found myself at that time of day when I ought to continue working and don't want to.

One delightful thing had happened. Luci had wafted in on a breeze, happy as a lark, saying "Mama, I probably aced it" (her zoology final). At any rate, she felt very good about it, either an A or a B, she thinks, and with Mr. Nugent in tow she went happily out to dinner. When people ask me if I am glad about my little girl getting married, if I think she is old enough, what can I possibly answer? How could one know the answer now or five years from now or ten years from now? And how could I presume that it is not good when s he has been so happy for many months?

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1968 -- page 9

I went over to Lyndon's office to see if I could get him to go swimming. He was deep in conversation with Schultz² of the Budget, the staff members -- some I did not recognize. I stood quietly for a long time before I got a word in edgeways. Finally, "Would you go swimming with me?" "Let me sign my mail, you go on and get in and I will join you." And so I did, and swam 40 laps of the pool before he arrived. No grace, no style, but plenty of endurance. It is a luxury I intend to enjoy fully while I am here as much as my investment in hair-dos will allow. We swam and talked about Luci and the Library and his day's quota of troubles, and then a 10:40 dinner, a massage and bed.