

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, March 15, 1966

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It is one of those days, peculiarly White House, well balanced between work and play. My sort of day!

I was up early for a hairdo. Mr. Per, my old friend, and working under the dryer with Simone, about our film projects, and Liz about our trips.

And then at 11, Mollie Parness, and a fitter, came to try on the clothes I've already bought, and two beautiful evening dresses - Emerald Green, and new as tomorrow; and the other a very understated white, with a very elegant beaded jacket.

Lyndon came in and I stuck my foot in my mouth, clear up to the knee. "Lyndon, you know Miss Simpson." Neither Mollie Parness or I batted an eyelash. I quickly said, "Miss Mollie Parness", while my nerves knotted up inside me. Seldom have I bought two such lovely evening dresses, so painlessly.

The morning was full of business, speedily accomplished. A Hamburger with Liz for lunch, and more things disposed of. And then Ashton.

And then, at 3:30, I left for the circus, the big event of the day, and very important to me because, to some extent, my presence for two hours, makes it possible for 6,000 children, about 2,000 of them Head Start youngsters, the others from Junior Village and the Crippled Childrens Society and the United Givers Fund Agencies,

To see the circus free, Ringling Brothers and the Fells of Super Shows,

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did this wonderfully generous thing last year, with me as ["]Sponsor["]; and again this year. And I'm as grateful as anyone of the 6,000 children.

Winzola McClendon began her story - Mrs. Lyndon Baines Johnson whose been running a three ring circus at her house for years, went down to the Coliseum yesterday to see how Ringling Brothers ["]and so forth, ["]run theirs. ["]

It was a sheer delight. There was a little colored boy in a sailor suit, who had a five word speech - "Thank you for Head Start" and a big bunch of yellow roses for me.

And then a little five year old, Lisa Crittenbrink, gave me a finger painting about the circus, and together, we tried to unroll the Head Start banner, to hold up to view of the newsmen. All the children had cotton, candy, and cartons of milk. Donnie, next to me, in fact had three cotton candies including mine. We laughed with the clowns, caught our breath when ~~with~~ the trapeze artist, ²fell for one split second, and then hung by her heels. Adored the little dogs and ponies, and were starry-eyed at the great procession of the king and queen on elephants, preceded by the camels, and llamas, and courtiers in great Camelot costumes.

Close to me there was a young college girl, a senior, who is doing volunteer work in Head Start, right along with her college career, who was the very picture of one side of our young folks of today. Wholesome, busy, full of hope for the world.

Just about the greatest act of all, ²was a tiger, who kept on licking his trainer's head affectionately, his great big mouth, and his great big teeth,

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and his huge caressing paws - fascinating sight.

I wore my brightest dress, emerald green wool with a full skirt. Enjoyed it tremendously and was just as much a part of the show as my personality would let me.

There were pictures with all the kind donors - the Fells, and the Ringlings - people who help with the transportation, ^{not} ~~and~~ least of all with the many chaperons. And I'm sure the hardest place to get in to, after the show was about an hour long, was the bathroom, toward which, each chaperone led an endless stream of five and six year olds.

There was one exciting moment when a great big rubber ball bounced within about two feet of me. A horse had been kicking them out into the audience, a part of the act, but this particular part of it rather unnerved the Secret Service, or so the newspapers loved to think.

We were home by 6:30. I had asked friends in for cocktails, Mary and George Hazelton. I was delighted to meet Mary's new husband, a long time member of the State Department Foreign Service. He seemed cultured, quiet, charming, just what one would hope would happen to Mary. And then the DeWitt ^{Greers} ~~Griers~~, he's up here on some highway business for the State of Texas. And Liz and Will Edward Odom, came in, with Liz sparkling excitement; and Mary Love Bailey, whose our house guest, joined us.

We had cocktails in the Yellow Oval room, all old friends, and so much to talk about. It turned out, as often happens, that Liz, who is one of my

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oldest and best friends, does not have an autographed picture of me, so quickly I went to get her one, and then another for each of the other couples present - Mary, too, did not have one.

In this business you're likely to send them to Joe Blow of Peanut Crossing who writes in, but not to your favorite cousin who doesn't.

It was a lengthy and enormously pleasant cocktail hour. Luci came in, looking fourteen and schoolgirlish.

Mary Love Bailey is up on some sort of business for the Cancer organization, and ~~Will~~ Edward, in an attempt to convince two members of the Texas delegation, that there ought to be matching Federal funds for State parks under certain conditions.

DeWitt ^{Greer} ~~Grier~~ promised to keep close and scientific watch on the optimum blooming time of the blue bonnets.

It was approaching nine when everybody said goodnight, and then Luci and Mary Love departed to get Lyndon. They were successful, he came home and had dinner with us, looking very weary, and greeting us with words that went approximately like this, "The rioting in Watts; the ~~Venezulean~~ Venezuelan Cabinet has resigned; and the Indian situation is worsening, it maybe even necessary to postpone the visit; in Viet-Nam, they've shot a briber and the liberals are trying to make the government fall. And Germany may or may not fly. "

It makes being a rancher mighty appetising.

He left us early for bed, a little before 11 and I talked with Mary Love, whose project it seems, and something I do not understand at all, silver dollars still in the Treasury, of a very ancient vintage, some back to the

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days of the discovery of the Carson and Silver City mines, will be worth \$30 to \$100 each, by coin collectors. The Heart, Cancer, and Stroke Associations hopes that they may buy them at just the dollar value, and then auction them off. That is a Treasury decision that I don't want to get within a mile of. But it seems that Mary Love has been on the Hill talking about it, and that Congressman Wright Patman is going to introduce a Bill to make ~~this~~ silver dollars, available to the Cancer, Heart and Stroke Association, proceeds of course, to go for medical research.

And so the Ides of March passed - a good, full, happy day, except that little flames of fear begin to lick at me, about what's going on within Viet-Nam. Can the crack-down on bribery and dishonesty be accomplished? The demonstrations of the Buddhists - we have demonstrations in our own country that don't frighten me. If this government falls in Viet Nam, we've had it, at least from where I sit. I cannot see what happens next.

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