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THE WHITE HOUSE

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Tuesday, June 7th, began the week of "operation children". The White House was full -- overflowing.

Lyndon and I left from San Antonio about 8:30. And Betty Ann and Many Dick Steadman and their three children were aboard, and Manie Rather and her two girls, Nancy and Betsy, and the James Davis' and their three children. They were last-minute decisions.

To prepare Lyndon for the fact that they wouldn't be here every single weekend this summer when he came I told him that they were going to take their vacation and drive to Washington and I wanted very much to see if they got all the sight-seeing that the children would enjoy. This was on Sunday. He said, 'Tell them to go up with us on the plane.' I nearly fainted. I have some conception of what it's like for a woman to get three children ready, get her hair done, and in the meantime cook for a houseful of guests!

I presented the idea to Mary who almost fainted also, but I insisted that she think about it because it would save them money and the long hard trip and we could lend them a car while they were up there.

And Lyndon, bless him, said he would look for them a ride back.

On Monday morning Mary came to me and said, "Yes 'em. We've decided that we're going."

So we left on Tuesday with a very full plane. And my series, Thomas

Jefferson Taylor III and Chris and their children, Sally and Nancy, had already
arrived by car yesterday. So the third floor would be bursting at the seams.

I phoned the Usher to make sure there would be room in the maids quarters
for the five Davis'. There would by squeezing since Helen and Jean had moved

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out. And all was in readiness to receive the 17 house guests.

We got to the White House about 1:30. All the children had enjoyed the wonders of Air Force I. And I took everybody upstairs and with Patsy's help got them in their rooms. Patsy is the chairman of the organizing and has a day by day program outlined for them -- all that they can possibly see this week.

Then I settled down to the serious business of working on the wedding list with Luci. This week we shall finish it.

Theswith Jean Louis to try to repair the ravages of a long weekend of riding in convertibles, swimming in the lake, and living beyond the bonds of a hair dresser.

The big event of the day was a reception for the Presidential Scholars. It began at 5:30. I walked over with Lyndon in his office and we mounted the little band shell. In front of us were the 121 students from all the 50 States, Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia, two from abroad, and 15 additional that were just chosen because they were really so remarkable.

Lyndon said to them, to American, young or old, must ever be denied the right to dissent. No minority must ever be muzzled of opinion and protest a life breath for democracy -- even when it blows heavy. But I urge you never to dissent merely because someone asks you to or someone else does.

Know why you protest. Know what it is you dissent from. And always try when you do disagree to offer a choice to the course you disapprove. For dissent and protest must be the recourse of man who in challenging the existing order

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reason their way toward better order. He said, your opportunity today lies in working for your country and your fellow citizens on voter education, in civil rights programs and city planning and management. It lies in the Peace Corps, the Teachers Corps and VISTA and in the obligation of military service when that kind of duty is necessary. You will have to earn your tomorrow, and tomorrow is coming up fast behind you. You will find that there is no security on this earth except the security of opportunity. You will discover that democracy has never been more a voyage of adventure and never less a safe harbor then it is in your time.

It was a wonderful speech I thought. The speech and the whole idea of the Presidential Scholars is Dr. Goldman's.

And then Lyndon presented the three-inch bronze medallion to each of the students, shaking hands with them. And then quickly we were over in a receiving line -- all four of us -- in the Jacqueline Kennedy garden which had a flowerable decked tent stretched across the top guarding the lowering skies. Thank heavens it wasn't necessary.

There we met all the mothers and fathers and all the VIP's who had been invited. And there were refreshments for those who needed something besides excitement.

Then Lyndon went back to his desk to work, leaving the party to Luci and Pat and me and Lynda. And the parents too departed. The Japanese layterns were lighted in the trees and we drifted down for the buffet supper

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served under a tent close to President Eisenhower's putting green.

It was here that I first ran into the Taylors. They had been sight-seeing all day. I did my best to introduce them around. And the Steadmans and the Rathers too to the rather impressive crowd of VIP's who were there for the young folks to meet.

From the Government: Senator Mike Mansfield and Senator and Mrs. Fulbright. It seems as though we are going steady these days. And the Leonard Marks and the Thurgood Marshalls and John Gardner of course. He is sort of a God father of this whole project.

Dr. Michael DeBakey from medicine.

Two astronauts: The Alan Sheppards and the Frank Bormans.

Nobel Prize winner Julian Schwinger in Physics and Pulitzer Prize winner Haynes Johnson in Journalism. Architecture was well represented by Manura Yamasaki and Edward Durell Stone, Jr. and Harry Weiss, and Alene Saarinen is more than just the widow of a great architect -- a career woman in her own right.

Artist Robert Racenberg, Sol Steinberg and Jasper Johns and poets
Stephen Spender and Richard Eberhardt.

And from the entertainment world Victor Borge and Jose Lemon.

Stan Musial was much the center of attention, and Senator Fulbright a star without doubt. And youngsters clustered around Dr. DeBakey.

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I was glad to see Joe Alsop and Susan Mary and the Harding Carters from the press world.

And I took particular attention to see that Dr. and Mrs. James McGrock from Lyndon's own Southwest Texas State College felt at home and met some people.

All four of the dogs came out on the grounds twice. Him and Blanco and Kim and Freckles. They raced around undisturbed but much the center of attention.

There were 32 round tables -- yellow covered -- and I was hostess at Tallman one. Howard Express, the art critic, was seated opposite me. Most of the others were young folks. One boy bound for Harvard, one for Yale, one girl to Radcliffe. And only one among the four to a State University, and that was the girl from Kansas -- a somewhat plump, normal looking girl who seemed thrilled to be there, for which I was grateful because we were working hard to make it an evening to remember for all of this cream of the Nation's scholarship.

It was not an easy party. And I appreciated Howard Tallman's trying to keep the conversation sparkling with those on his side of the table feeling a part of everything.

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When dinner was over, Luci went up on the band shell and introduced the entertainment. From the time Lyndon had left, she was the hostess. Bill Dana was the master of ceremonies, with Stan Getz with his jazz and Roger Miller with his guitar and his had homey country boy songs -- quite appealing to me and quite simply outspoken in telling them that he had only gotten through about the fourth grade I think it was. And that he envied and admired their chance in the world.

And then the high point of the evening for me -- Richard Kiley doing some of the scenes from the "Man of La Mancha". He was Don Quixote and it was sheer magic, and I was completely caught-up in his performance.

By this time it was after 10:00 and I said goodnight, leaving Luci to take the students over for more punch and cookies.

Upstairs I found out from the kitchen that Lyndon had never come home for lunch at all. I began to call his office to urge him to come home -- found that he was with Califano, McPherson, Dr. Neustadt. I said, "Please bring them all to dinner. There wives are tired of waiting for them and they must be hungry."

So a little past 10:30 he arrived with the three in tow. Lyndon can be completely oblivious to meals when he is working hard. Not so the ordinary person.

Mindful of my duty to the McCrocklands whom we had asked to be house guests and had been put in the Queens' Room. So tonight this old mansion ** has 19 house guests.

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I had had them join me a few minutes earlier for a drink, and we all sat down at the table while the four famished ones ate.

I told Dr. Neustadt one thing that worried me among the students was that 12 were going to Radcliffe, 16 to Harvard, a heavy proportion to Yale and California -- and that's great for all of those schools to have such a concentration of the intellectual facilities of our country and I want the State Universities to be great and keep the brains of Oregon and Maine and South Dakota and, yes, Texas at home and maybe attract others.

He laughed and said, "You can't expect me to be sorry that Harvard is leading the pack. But I will tell you something Harvard made a knowing decision in the 40's to go National -- to try to attract top talent from all over the country. It's been doing it for 20 years and the results are becoming clear now."

He's a very attractive man. I am glad he is helping Lyndon on whatever it is. There seems considerable rapport between them.

We talked of Camp Gary. Dr. McCrockland is very well acquainted with its problems and its successes and the apprentice rules there. He remarked that he had had no trouble in hiring 16 PH. D. s for his teaching staff, but he had a lot of trouble hiring one plumber and one painter.

We all talked of how much union policies toward apprentices blame they

had to bear for this scarcity. Someone, I am not sure who because the talk

batted back and forth between Neustadt, McCrockland -- several of us -- but

someone voiced the opinion that the labor movements which began, desperately

needed and with vigor and crusading feeling, solved most of their problems

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and had to a measure outlived their usefulness. A very interesting thought.

But was there ever a bureaucracy that turned loose power and place.

All in all this had been a big Washington day, sharing the White House with 19 good friends, topped off with offering whatever glitter and intellectual substance it has to a party of some 300 -- 121 of whom were the outstanding high school students from all of our Nation.