

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Wednesday, July 13, 1966

WASHINGTON

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The morning began by watching Jack Valenti on the "Today Show" -- very composed, articulate -- we were proud of him.

When he got to discussing what it was like to work for the President his voice warmed up and his eyes lighted up and I felt like saying, "Jack, put on the brakes." But he was great.

After these two and one half years in the very eye of the hurricane, he's escaped to what looks like from here <sup>the</sup> green pastures of private enterprise.

I really worked this morning. What is it? Signing mail, autographing pictures to White House aides who are departing, to artists who have entertained us <sup>at</sup> the large dinner; the Presidential Scholars' buffet supper, -- <sup>a</sup> gracious letter and autographed picture <sup>and</sup> I hope a happy memory <sup>is</sup> what these highly talented, very expensive, entertainers take away from an evening at the White House.

Robin Duke called. It was a slightly strained, careful conversation on my part because of the press difficulties Lynda Bird had had in Spain. But Robin spoke glowingly for the most part of <sup>how</sup> well informed this girl was, of how she just amazed the guides and the officials by knowing so much about their country and wanting to know more. She's back in this country for Biddle is to have his adenoids out.

Luci and Pat are going to get their license. A White House photographer went along. They stood in line just like everybody else and were not recognized at first. And it turned out that the White House photographer was not permitted to take a picture. However, his presence caused them to be recognized.

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Somewhere -- somewhere down the line, anesthesia is going to wear off and I am going to realize that this is for real.

At 1:30 I went with Lyndon to the Navy Yard for the Commissioning Ceremonies of the <sup>" "</sup>Oceanographer -- the floating laboratory that's going to make a six-month, round-the-world tour in search of the secrets of the sea.

In his speech, he invited 11 nations -- including the Soviet Union -- to have their scientists join in this round-the-world expedition.

One of its main purposes is to search for marine food because of mounting population and mounting deficiency in proteins in many countries.

The Secretary of Commerce and Mary Connor were there. We talked about our speeches for beautification.

We were piped aboard -- the first time that's ever happened to me. It was a thrilling experience. There was an enormous, elaborate cake which pictured every detail of the ship, <sup>&</sup>And in addition, had a little church on the side with a bridal party going into it.

We rode back with Dr. Hornig. Lyndon always fills the car to the brim with all the officials related in his ceremony -- a political expedition. I expect that mostly he's his own protocol officer on these things.

I asked Dr. Hornig for one example of what the ship would do to produce concrete results. He told me of great schools of sardines that for years had run off a certain coast, and then one season they ceased to be there and again and again, and there was a great loss to the fishing industry and they did not know where they had gone. And research had discovered the currents of the

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ocean and the temperatures of the ocean had changed. And the sardines had found themselves another home in the deep a few hundred miles away.

I never cease to feel that I am part of a new frontier here. There is so much happening that I want to see the results of.

When we returned, we walked right into John Connally, Alfred and Nancy Negley, in town for John's briefing at the State Department about Hemis Fair and also to publicize it for the Congress and the country.

Alas, Senator Yarborough has got his feelings hurt and announced that he will not come to the reception being given by John for the foreign Ambassadors of the countries concerned for the Texas delegation. He objects to John having the title, a "High Commissioner of the Fair".

They are staying with us, and I am absolutely shattered by the news that this trip to the six Latin American countries will begin on July 24th and end about August 10th. We've gone through so much together it would be sad not to have John and Nellie at the wedding.

I spent the afternoon working with Ashton and Bess.

And then at 6:30 I had a meeting with Bruce Thomas and Nash Castro, Joe Bruno, Liz, Mr. West, on the Truman Balcony to discuss something that is very important to me -- the tourists and this house. This house <sup>is</sup> has many things: museum for the public, home for a family, site for official entertainment. And sometimes those things conflict. Due to the happy circumstances that Lyndon has gotten more legislation passed in Congress than most former Presidents, there have been more Bill signings. And that means a ceremony

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in the Rose Garden when the weather permits, in the East Room when it is too cold or too hot.

Then there is the influx of State visitors -- arrival ceremonies and luncheons. And award ceremonies to Medal of Honor winners, students, scientists.

In '64, a million, eight hundred thousand people visited the White House and in '65 because it was being closed more -- 8 closings and an hour cut short 12 times -- there was only a million, seven hundred thousand. And many, many, left disappointed. But it grows worse.

In the first half of '66, it has already been closed 8 times and the hours shortened ten times. And each time it is closed in the summer vacation months, there are 6,000, 8,000, 10,000 people who go away disappointed. It wrenches me and I am trying to get the cooperation of the appointments office -- of everybody -- to alleviate the situation.

Marvin joined us and was very helpful and understanding -- that most beleaguered man.

Nash suggested that on days when it was closed for a State luncheon that tourists might at least walk in the drive<sup>3</sup>way or the Pennsylvania Avenue entrance and guides could produce a little story about the house -- and an excellent vantage point for taking pictures.

And I who am a chief culprit in having the house closed all day Friday and Saturday for Luci's wedding had the idea that we would open it on Monday from 8:00 until 4:00. It is never opened on Mondays. This would be what Luci would want.

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Very pertinently also the book sales are falling -- the guide book. 20 percent of those who passed through in '64 bought a guide book. Only 16 percent in '65. And now the first six months of '66 it has dropped to 11 percent. That hits Mr. West and me because we pay for these reproductions of rugs, these recoverings of all the furnishings on the third floor, these doing over of guests rooms, and the eventual great necessity for drapes in the State Dining Room from sales from the guide book.

The new book ~~coming~~<sup>is</sup> out in the Fall -- the "Living White House" -- Liz suggests a fanfare<sup>?</sup> publicity.

The meeting lasted an hour and a half and then Marvin and I went over to the East Wing. I need to solve the problem of crowding in my Social Correspondence office -- beautification and its bulging mail ~~and~~<sup>can</sup> hardly continue to fit into the already crowded quarters of Christine and the six girls who handle the regular mail.

To my amazement and gratification, I found Sharon Francis hard at work at 8:20.

Marvin and I explored and I do think we will get one of the rooms for Sharon and one more secretary.

It's always a good feeling to lay your hand to the problems of the day to think you've accomplished something or at least tried. To me there is nothing more physically or mentally tiring than ignoring my work and letting it pile up.

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Back upstairs I called Betty Weinheimer. This was the first day that the birthplace house had been open. It was an hilarious conversation. They had had 1208 people representing 27 States and three foreign countries. It had all gone very smooth Betty said. ~~Her voice~~ <sup>Her voice</sup> was full of excitement. She'd loved it. How glad I am that it is only going to be open for one month!

It had been a good day. I had especially enjoyed seeing Governor Jack Burns of Hawaii -- one of our staunch friends.

And then about 9:30, <sup>John</sup> ~~John~~ and Nancy and Alfred and ~~the~~ the Christians returned from the party and joined me on the Truman Balcony -- my favorite view at the White House. Lyndon had taken some Ambassadors and also Prime Minister Holt out for a stag dinner on the Sequoia.

It was after 10:00 when I took John and Nancy and Alfred and the Christians into dinner. We were interrupted right in the middle by Lyndon and the Prime Minister -- who is one of the most peppery characters I have met in my experiences with Chiefs of State. He told a delightful story about his travels without as I remember quite identifying the places and the speakers, but it seems that at his arrival at a point of entry a State official had come forward to meet him with a greeting, "Welcome Mr. Ambassador".

And another time, just as his plane landed, a harried looking official had come on staring at the passengers in the plane and leaned over to him and said, "Can you help me? I am supposed to meet the Prime Minister from Australia and I don't know his name." Upon which Holt stuck out his hand and said, "Holt's the name."

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Such mild, deflating jokes on one's self always take the pompousness out of a situation and rather blunt ~~the~~ errors of any members of the press or possible enemies in the audience I think.

After dinner we joined Lyndon and Ambassador Holt downstairs. We saw the old, old movie of early 1942 of Lyndon in Australia. And then our trip to Mexico. The more I see it, the more wonderful I think it is. Will there ever be such another?

Finally, "goodnight" to our guests. Lyndon had a long talk in the bedroom with John. A bedroom is always a conference room with him. But it was 1:00 when he began his night reading. So I slipped quietly out. When I woke fitfully at 2:30, I saw the light still on under his door.