

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, September 9, 1966

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It was a low-key day with a fair amount of achievements. A complete checkup by Dr. Jim Cain in the morning, a fitting on my dress for the opera ^{with} ~~for~~ Mr. Stavropolous -- a lovely Irish ^{very} chiffon that may look like I ought to have my portrait done in it if it succeeds. Then I talked with Liz about the script for Luci's wedding and about the book by Jim Bishop. And then down in to the Rose Garden where Lyndon is signing the Auto Safety Bill. And there I picked up a rather delightful adventure. Juanita put in my hands a note that three Nuns -- Sister Mary Theresa, Sister Mary Amy and Sister Mary Frances -- who had not emerged into the world for 45 years had come to watch the ceremony. To my delight they remembered me almost like old friends. They were from Beth Jenkin's school where I had made her graduation speech. I took them over to the White House for a special tour. It had turned out that they had already been through. So we sat and chatted in the Diplomatic Reception Room. And then I had the guide take them up to the Lincoln Room and the Queens' Room which they had not seen. They were so happy and I was so pleased to do something for somebody whose pleasure was so obvious.

Then I wound up my day of health checkup by going to see my old friend Dr. Turchin and stopping on the way out to meet Senator ~~Young~~ ^{McGuire} of Ohio who had brought me some orchids from the Democratic Club she represents. I promised to have a picture made and send it to her. I talked to Dr. Cain on the phone -- all of the reports were good. I was

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in excellent health. And then I had a little nap. I find myself exhausted from these late nights -- 12:30, 1:30, 2:00 -- when I am with Lyndon and then up at 7:00. I kind of adjust my days to have a afternoon long nap. I had invited some of the new Ambassadors' wives to tea. I hope by meeting them in small groups of not more than six we can win through the thicket^{of} obstacles -- difference in language, difference in cultures -- to some sort of feeling that we know each other.

Mrs. Rusk and Mrs. Symington brought them up. There were Mrs. Adamou Mayaki of Niger, silent and composed in her sheer blue native costume called a "boo-boo" I think. Mrs. Tun Win of Burma, whom I had seen only the night before in the Yellow Room, who had practically no English. Mrs. Ahmed Hussein of Sudan, dignified and reserved. Mrs. Khamking Souvanlasy of Laos -- young, beautiful, ^{with} that extraordinary femininity of the Eastern women that makes us of the West feel like gangling horses. Mrs. Fernando Ortuno of Costa Rica -- dark, bright, speaking English, thank heavens. And the savior of the afternoon's conversation, Mrs. Albert Edgar Ritchie of our neighbor Canada.

There were also two translators and Bess.

We took up our seats in the West Hall and I really worked at it, bringing out my little wares of hospitality brightly, "Another cup of tea?" "These are grapes from my own arbor", happy reminiscences of our trip to Campobello. Bless Mrs. Ritchie. She was into the conversational

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breach with a good anecdote whenever needed. I did bring a smile to Mrs. Ortuño with my attempts at Spanish -- a smile I hope, and not a laugh. But I felt I had made contact. "Where were you stationed before you came to Washington?". "I do hope that you will see some of our country besides just New York and Washington." And finally, "I wonder if you would like to see the rest of our family part of the house, the dining room, the Yellow Oval Room, the Lincoln Room, the Queens' Room?" The tea lasted well over an hour, and I dared to have the feeling that it was a pleasureable occasion -- something for them to write home about. But it was heavy going and I felt that I had been carrying a load, though one that I had enjoyed carrying.

After they left, Liz and I had a session on the California trip. These trips devour not the 3 or 4 days that one is actually on them, but hours of preparation -- a full briefing on what Point Reyes is like, a projection of how I would feel about it, so Sharon and Liz and Charlie Boatner can try to write a speech draft. My memories of Santa Fe, and I feel I can be really lyric about the scenic highway in southern California that winds between the mountains and the Pacific.

I had asked Leonard Marks and Max Brooks to come up and see the library model that is on the third floor in Lynda's doll room. I took them and listened to Max' ~~explanation~~ explanation. I want to get from Leonard all of the help, the imagination, the planning I can ~~from~~ ^{for} the audiovisual portions

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of the Library. He should have in his vicinity some good graphic artists also. And very importantly he has the understanding and the interest in Lyndon.

It was 7:30 when we finished, and I went over to wait at Lyndon's office for our trip to ~~the~~ Blair House for the returned Burma Reception given by the Ne Wins. This one turned out to be a most delightful reception -- not the usual obstacle course through a crowded hotel banquet room, but a ~~quite~~ quiet and pleasant visit on the sofa and a group of comfortable chairs in a lovely living room at Blair House.

General Ne Win and Madame Ne Win immediately extracted us from any possible receiving line that might have formed. We sat down and had drinks and caviar appeared and we talked about their day. She had had a lovely trip on the Sequoia down the Potomac. She gave me a beautiful bracelet of blue Sapphires -- stones of Burma, for Lynda Bird. She delivered the best accolade any State visit can have when she said "It has been a fun visit." And indeed, they've made it so. There were gay greetings to guests -- many of whom had called her Kitty. First names are seldom used in State visits. It gave a feeling of informality. They showed us pictures of their children and of their catch on a fishing expedition. She was an exceedingly feminine woman who ~~after~~ often turned the conversation toward her husband, ¹ But in whom I felt considerable strength.

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Bob and Margy McNamara joined us in the group. And then Henry Fowler took their place. And then we met the Ambassador and Mrs. Taukiochi. And then we strolled for a while through the salons and dining room of Blair House, staying in all about an hour -- setting quite a record for a return visit I think. Except of course for the Indian one.

Lyndon was back in the office at about 8:40, and I quickly changed clothes and went bowling. Two swift games for exercise and fun, and then some work.

It was 10:40 ~~before~~ before Lyndon came to dinner. And we had a reasonably early bedtime.