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Tuesday, September 20, 1966, was one of those extravagantly full days. It began at 7:30 with coffee and dressing and then Jean Louis for a shampoo and set, and then Mrs. PROVENSEN to practice with me on my speeches for about an hour and a half. Then over to Lyndon's office for a last goodbye and pictures and on to the National Airport for as remarkable a flight as any American Airlines Jet ever had. Including some 63 passengers, press, photographers, ~~Sarah~~ Cyril Magnin ~~(M)~~, fashion models, 40 different outfits for them to wear, Secret Service, staff and me, and my seedling from the White House Lawn. All we lacked was a beagle. I sat with ~~Sarah~~ Cyril Magnin ^N, Lyndon's good supporter, Adele Simpson's brother in law - a very successful business man -- and heard how he had expanded his father's one store into an extensive chain ^{of many units} all catering to the bright young woman.

It had been gray and raining in Washington. At 15 minutes out ~~we~~ were in clear bright sky, and then the fashion show began, together with cocktails for everybody, absolutely unique of its kind with the girls ~~can~~ changing in a space the size of a telephone booth and the clothes pure California, ranging from vinyl sheathes, ^{mine} ~~mini~~ skirts, and earrings as big as golf balls, and pant suitsx and metallic gold stockings, to a few well tailored gray suits, and a smashing red, white and blue outfit by Bill Blaze ~~Blaze~~ that I would like to have had.

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And evening clothes -- one called the Yellow Rose of Texas.

Later I read where one of the newswriters in describing all aboard had said "And Mrs. Johnson's own impressive wardrobe." Well, that's another first!

There were lots for Lynda Bird and Luci to ~~love~~ love, but not for me.

We had an extravagantly elegant lunch -- many hors d'oeuvres and then a shrimp bisque, salmon souffle, and your choice of fillet mignon or lobster Newburg, and then a pineapple mousse Sierra (?) with champagne. Since it was a five and one-half hour and flight, ~~it was~~ a very long time until any dinner, I ate self-indulgently and then happily slipped inside a little curtained off area where about two seats had been turned into a bed for me, read my speech cards and dozed.

And some 3000 miles later, and already evening - 7 o'clock my time -- ~~when~~ ^{we} I arrived at Hamilton Air Force Base. But it was only four o'clock California time, and just the beginning of our work day. ~~But~~ It was unbelievably beautiful weather, and there was Governor Brown and Bernice at the foot of the plane and a small crowd of some 500 people. The Governor welcomed me and I made a few remarks explaining ^{why} ~~while~~ I was there, "delighted to see some of the proudest possessions of this state, the magnificent seashore, your great opera, your scenic highway, praised Gov. Brown

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and what he has done for beautification, conservation, in calling his own state conference and the \$150,000,000 bond issue for parks, ^a statewide competition for excellence in design. There are so many things labeled California -- the front runner in the natural beauty movement -- and much of it is the result of the foresight and leadership of this Governor.

And then we were off by helicopter to Point ~~Reyes~~ ^{Reyes} with Governor Brown and Berniece by me explaining the history of the region, and Stu Udall explaining how it came to be a national seashore.

Only 15 minutes from San Francisco, it was a world away in mood and vista, the great rolling surf, dramatic white cliffs, and narrow spread of beach, and inland a rural scene of waving grasses and here and there a dairy farm. Sir Francis Drake in his pursuit of a Spanish galleon is supposed to have landed on this beach to repair his ship. Point Reyes is called the land that time forgot. *IT is a good NAME.*

There was a small crowd. One enthusiastic newspaper estimated it at 6,000, but I think it was probably closer to ^{the} 1,000 which another paper carried. Many school children, some whose badges indicated they were members of a conservation group, the Audubon Society, the Sierra Club, and others whose welcoming banners were of a rather bizarre note proclaiming they were members of the local union, carpenters, plumbers, butchers and so forth.

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We walked up on an improvised platform, the Browns, the George Hartzog, ~~Stu~~ Udalls and I with our backs to the Pacific and our faces to the people standing in the sand. It was a brief ceremony, the most dramatic part of which by all odds was the ~~hythm~~ rhythmic roar^c of the surf as it crashed in behind us, accenting every few sentences.

I rather liked my speech. I talked about what a national seashore could mean as a place of peace in the lives of our people. For one of the dominant facts of modern times is that Americans who traditionally have been close to the land now live and work farther and farther from natural surroundings. Every person wants a sense of place, and a place where he can be at repose. For many many Americans that place of refreshment will be land owned by all the people, parks, seashores, refuges of one kind or another. The growing needs of an urban America are quickening the tick of a conservation clock. I use the legend of Anteus (?) and some quotes from Thoreau, and probably got rather far afield for my audience who were digging their toes in the sand.

And then I unveiled a dedicatory plaque proclaiming this as a national seashore. The outlines of a park service building were already going up. Tall timbers painted seagreen and planted in sand ~~looking~~^{sticking} skyward. And then for the benefit of the photographers ~~we~~ *we*

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strolled on the beach, Gov. Brown and Stu and I, and a great wave came crashing in right behind us, and we did a beach ballet ~~dancing~~ ^{advancing} before it.

I shook hands with the crowd, all quite happy and ~~good~~ ^{genial} - none of the ugly banners yet that I had been lead to believe would appear at every California stop. And then we were off in the helicopter flying back over San Francisco and a marvelous ^{view} of the Golden Gate Bridge which we circled, and into Cressey(?) Field, brief greetings from the top officers at the field, and then in a motorcade to the Fairmont Hotel through friendly signs of welcome and a crowded lobby with the Browns up to our suite, where there was a most breath-taking view of the harbor and ships moving in and that beautiful city spread out below us.

Then there was 30 minutes of rest. Inevitably it gets shortened. It began with 2 hours; it dwindled. A roast beef sandwich in bed, time to look at the cards and the many flowers, the wine, the fruit, and then into my flowered brocade sheath covered with floating layers of pale green chiffon by George Stava ^{regular} ~~police~~ (?), a hair dresser in to pile my hair up on top of my head in what I hoped would do justice to the elegant evening before me.

A little past 8 Gov Brown and Berniece and Roger Stevens and the Udalls came by for me. We left for the opera. On the way I couldn't help hearing the chatter over communications about pickets outside the opera house, and when we rolled up to the entrance

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there they were, chanting loudly. I was aware of their presence. I did not look their way. There was an aura of madness, sort of mob spirit. Later I read that some of them carried babies and some carried guitars, and most of them carried signs that said "Lady Bird, bring our troops home now," or "Lady Bird, Beautify Vietnam". They were there for the television cameras, and they got some of them, but as little as we could manage.

I walked in with whatever dignity and decorum I could manage smiling and speaking to right and left, and declining to be hurried to the extent that I could direct the situation. ND ~~Ad~~ then we were in-
by
side and greeted/our hostess, Mrs. Robert Watt Miller, and a little later by her husband, tall, graying, gallant Mr. Miller who is President of the opera association and has been for 29 years. The Browns sat in the box with us, and Roger Stevens, my escort, and ^{hosts} our co-~~hosts~~ were the director of the opera and Mrs. Curt Adler, and a couple of long-time Washingtonians, the John McCones, were there. He was former head of CIA. And the Charles DeYoung ~~and~~ THIERIOT, the publisher of the San Francisco Chronicle, who had been at The White House for the TCHAIKOVSKY Award winners party. Gov. Brown told me on the way that the McCones had already come out for Reagan, and the Millers were, he believed, long time Republicans. That in no way affected the warmth or pleasure of the

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evening and the Millers I found especially delightful. It was very different from the New York opening. Comparisons I dislike, but this one was inevitable. The opera house was old-fashioned and elegant, smaller than the Metropolitan - almost cozy -- and there were great bouquets of flowers on the railings of the boxes and GRAND Tier and balcony, and the opera itself was pure melody, Ballini's "PURITANI". I never heard of it -- it was rather like Verdi -- aria after aria, liquid, lovely, fluid melody, we could practically ignore the most unpromising story. It was about Puritans and Cromwell and their conflict ~~between~~ with King Charles of England. I have never thought Puritans were flashy enough to be the subject of an opera. And Joan Sutherland whose voice was so beautiful -- she is called the world's greatest coloratura ~~soprano~~ -- exquisite instruments. It was Grand Opera in the grand traditions and I loved every minute of it.

The audience I thought came to hear the music rather than to look at each other, although there were plenty of piled up hair-dos, two and three hair pieces, I expect, with hair-dressers rushing around madly all day long. One said he had done his first make-up at 9:30 that morning.

Somewhere during the performance Jerry was ~~back~~ bending over my shoulder saying in very imperious voice, "Will you please come with me right away - you and Governor and Mrs. Brown."

I looked at him quickly, leaned over and said to my hostess, "Mrs. Miller will you please excuse us for a few minutes?" and murmured to Mrs. Brown asking her to come with me and bring the Governor. And the

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three of us walked out, strolled calmly through the lobby, and
in
~~went~~ to a neighboring box which turned out to be the grandson
of our host. It was the box where Tyler Abell was a guest. It
was all very quiet. We stayed for about 20 minutes, and then
returned to the Millers box. Later I saw a simple notice in the
paper that we had paid a visit to another box during the second act.
So, I guess we won on this one. At least we weren't conspicuous.
Maybe they thought that a game of musical chairs is just a part of
what they are supposed to do.

Later on back at the hotel Jerry told me he had gotten the
message from the FBI that a bomb had been planted and was supposed
to go off in our portion of the Opera House at 9:30. He had about
10 minutes to decide what to do with us -- to take us back outdoors
would only create confusion and alarm. He quickly located Tyler 's
box and took us over there to the other side of the building. He felt
sure, he said, that the call had ~~come~~ come from some of the pickets
outside who had hoped that we would emerge in fear and haste and
have some wild picture taken.

I enjoyed sitting by Mrs. Miller. She described her years
of working with the opera. The whole audience seemed to regard it
as their opera. I loved the feeling of the evening. During the second
intermission, the Millers gave a small champagne ^{gave} party and we shook
hands with quite a few guests, and at one time we went outside for

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pictures. Then when it was over close to twelve o'clock, we went back stage. The gentleman escorting me murmured, "This is your debut at the opera," and there it was -- all ropes and scenery and lights and one had to pick one's way across obstacles. We met some of the cast -- the Spanish tenor Alfredo Kraus (?) who had played Joan Southerland's lover, not too strong I thought, the really great villian named Molansky (?), and her father who had been perhaps the best of all, and then Joan Southerland, exhausted after her mad scenes and her magnificent, very demanding performance. I had already sent flowers and notes to the four leading people. I framed my delight in the best words I could. They gave me a scroll for the President commending him for his support of the arts and then I went out with Roger Stevens and the Udalls and Mrs. Brown. The Governor had already left, the poor man, to fly to a Bar Convention to deliver a speech at dawn the next morning.

Then we were back at our suites a little past twelve, only it was about 3 o'clock Washington time, excited, exhilarated, weary. But there was not a minute of the day I would have done without!

~~Some days it's hard to talk and money / \$4 /~~

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