

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1966 -- page 1

Wednesday morning, September 21st, I breakfasted in bed with the incredibly beautiful view of San Francisco Harbor spread out below me, and the ships coming and going. It spells romance. Nothing gives me the wanderlust more.

I was dressed and ready to go a good hour before time to depart for the airport, and there was San Francisco with all its wonders untapped. I called Liz and said ^{let's} let's see what we can crowd into this hour. Get Sharon to mention any outstanding achievements in beautification and conservation, ["] and I knew I would like to go to see Lombard Street. We drove to the head of Lombard Street, and head is the correct word. We stopped at the top of a steep hill where little terraced gardens, lovingly tended, go step by step to the bottom of the hill with a great view of the Bay beyond and a narrow road winding ^{really} precipitously among the banks of hydrangeas, pink and blue, and there are little cobbled paths where an agile pedestrian could make his way right at the very edge of the houses that cling to the cliff. Very varying architecture they were -- some old and quaint, some very modern with a glass wall or balcony that sought the view, and the hibiscus espaliered ^{to} the wall -- bouganvillea in a riot of color -- a brilliant fuchsia more profuse than any I had ever seen with a lovely weeping habit falling over the walls of a little gardens. The

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whole picture was marvelously artistic. I am sure that anybody with a Lombard Street address reads good books and drinks good wine. There was a tourist at the bottom of the street taking pictures -- there probably always is.

Next we went to Ghiradelli ~~city~~ Square. That was Sharon's idea. It was an old chocolate factory that had been abandoned. Some imaginative businessman had taken it over, and hired the landscape architect Halprin (✓) who had brought it back to life, its center a little vest pocket park to which you mounted by a winding stair among very attractive plantings - trees that may have been eucalyptus - fuchsia once more very abundant, bright calendulas and ~~zinnia~~ ^{zinnia} ~~and~~ antique stores ^{and} with book shops and craft shops around the sides of the square, so you could shop by day and ~~dinner~~ ^{by} then you could dine ~~by the~~ ^{and entertain} by night. ~~in~~ There were a cafe, and the theatre where the Fantastics were playing ~~here~~ ^{and} a fountain in the middle of the paved area. Already, although it was early, there were a few tourists about, and one was taking pictures and she said to me, ^{||} That is such a pretty dress, would you move to other side of the fountain so I can get you in it? I did, ^{||}

Below us there was the enticing view of Fishermen's Wharf.

What a delightful prototype for a small select shopping center this would be in many American cities!

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Then, with just a little while left, we hurried to the cable car -- that quaint old-fashioned trolley that valiantly works its way up the steep hills of San Francisco. It doesn't pay its way any longer, The Governor ~~states~~ tells me, although it was certainly crowded. We rode it until we came in sight of the Fairmont Hotel. We got off right close to the Leland Stanford House, a grand old red sandstone house, rather Victorian; Now it is the Union Club. There was a ~~The~~ crowd in front of the Fairmont to say ~~goodbye~~ goodbye to me - pleasant, friendly. Inside all the newspaper women were milling around in the lobby asking What have you done? Where have you been? I was delighted to tell them and for once felt fairly articulate.

And then into the car with Mrs. Brown for the long drive to the San Francisco International Airport. On the way I was impressed over again by the splendid tree planting program in downtown San Francisco. They are sort of topiary ~~saplings~~ trees; they look like they have been clipped. Mrs. Brown told me that nurseries have a new angle on their business: they plant trees in tubs and rent them to business places by the month or year.

On the way out to the airport we passed through a lot of cuts (?) or depressed highways where there were steep banks on the sides, and they were covered with marvelous ground plantings, ivy and many things I couldn't name. One, Mrs. Brown ~~told~~ ^{told} me, was ice ~~plant~~ plant. She also described to me how their committee

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-- the Governor's Committee on beautification -- had spent four days touring California by bus, stopping at many cities to see their success stories, their good entrance plantings or river fronts, or vest pocket parks. What a good way to spread ideas -- to spark one's thinking against another's!

We left on a chartered plane with the Udalls and all the Press. Had a light and very early lunch aboard -- sandwiches and coffee -- and Stu gave us a good air tour, pointing out beautiful blue Lake Tahoe, a brilliant jewel in the mountains, and Point Reyes, and then we proceeded on down the coast -- a marvelously dramatic sight -- arriving at Monterrey about 12:30 where Governor Brown and Fred Farr were awaiting at the foot of the ramp. We waved to the airport crowd, shook a few hands, and then motorcaded to ^H Holton Hall where I stepped into one of the most picturesque scenes I have ever participated in. ^H Holton Hall itself was the backdrop -- a mellow old adobe house, pinky beige, Spanish-Colonial, I am told, in architecture with columns and a gallery, and winding stairs on each side, from which today ladies in costumes of the 1840s were gracefully waving. It was here in 1849 that California's first Constitution was signed. The lady Mayor of Monterrey, Mrs. Minnie Coyle ^{joined} met me on the stand besides the Browns and Senator Farr. There were Mayors from surrounding towns - 15 or 20 --

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and in front of us as far as we could see a happy holiday crowd of 5,000 or so. In the foreground there was a little kindergarten girl in butterfly costume sitting on the grass, and in another direction ladies in costumes of about 25 countries. They were language teachers in the Defense Language School nearby. And there were balloons rising in the air and bands playing, and the gloriously abundant California flowers in every direction. Such a land of flowers! Everything seems to grow. And a Head Start Group ^{with} ~~that~~ sponsors and volunteers, and the little five or six year olds lined up by the fence with outstretched hands, and Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, flags galore for an honor guard through which I walked to the speakers platform. ^H My speech was recognition and applause for them. "I wanted not only to see the natural beauty of your country but also to salute the citizens and leaders in government who have taken action to preserve this natural heritage. Your coastline, which is your immediate pride and pleasure, is also the nation's coastline, our common western edge. What you have done with it ~~am~~^{am}kes all your countrymen applaud. We have misused our resources, but we haven't destroyed them. It is late. It is fortunately not too late, and I know that the people of Monterrey Peninsula know that conservation, beautification, call it what you will, is more than just one tree, or one historic building, or one scenic highway. It is a

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frame of
~~friendly~~ (2) reference, a way of life," -- a pleasant, unimportant speech, but I felt easy with it, and there was a salute to Governor Brown and Senator Farr, and then I finally put down my Chestnut tree seedling which had traveled all the way across the Continent.

The butterfly ~~girls~~ girls helped me plant it. It seems they represent the butterflies that migrate in great droves to a certain California town close by every year at exactly the same time, and then with ~~there was~~ much cheering and hand-shakings and happy feelings, we were off.

But we put in one more short stop -- just a few minutes out of town. We were late and Liz was prodding us, but I wouldn't have missed it. It was Carmel Mission. Just as we approached it I saw a field of artichokes -- the only time I have ever seen them growing -- and on the banks of the highway there were the gold poppies for which California is famous.

Carmel Mission was built in 1770 -- one of a string built by Father *Junipero* ~~Junipero~~ SERA and his bones remain here. It has been restored much as it was then. The old bell in the tower is the one that called the Indians to prayer before our Revolutionary War. There is a charming Quadrangle at one end of the lovely picturesque mission and on two other sides low soft buildings that were, I believe, Catholic schools. And all around a great crowd of squealing, chattering school

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children, bright faced and merry, in striped uniforms, and every few feet a smiling Sister in her habit shepherding them.

Everywhere were the lush and brilliant California flowers -- bouganvillea, hibiscus, fuchsia, eucalyptus trees. The Governor and Berniece and I waved to the children and walked across the paved square toward the Mission, to be greeted in the middle by the very benevolent-looking Catholic churchman in charge. I think he was a Bishop. And, ^{oh,} ~~in the~~ Ecumenical world we live in, he had the Episcopal minister with him to greet me!

We looked up at the wall and there was a swallow's nest. I asked about them. They come every April 19th to take up residence. Liz was hot upon our heels saying we had to hurry, hurry, we couldn't stop, but we did stroll inside, and see the tomb of Father ^{Junyera} ~~Onete~~ ^{Sera} and then hurriedly to the car and on by motorcade to the Big Sur Scenic Highway. This is ⁷² ~~32 to~~ miles of fine, shining thread, a road leaping, bridging and ^{weaving} ~~moving~~, a mountain range and the Pacific.

As we rounded every corner of the hair-pin curves another magnificent view of towering cliffs and rolling surf below came into sight. You exhaust all the ^{superlatives!} ~~superlatives~~. You can feel but you can't talk. We stopped about 2:40 at Hurricane Point, close to Bixby (?) Bridge, and there was a huge boulder which was brought there for the purpose -- I hate to think about how many tons it weighed -- poised right

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above the Pacific, and on it was a placque with the words of Robinson Jeffers from his poem *Continent's End* -- "I, gazing at the boundaries of granite and spray, / established sea marks, felt behind me mountain and plain, the immense breadth of the Continent, before me the mass and [?] double stretch of water." And then the words that I had dedicated the highway. It was a fantastically dramatic setting. ¹⁷ The Governor and Fred Farr and ^{Nat Owens} ~~Matt Owens~~ and I each made our little remarks, and then the four of us stood at the edge, with the Pacific below us, and flanks of camera-men charged in front of us, each jockeying for a better position, inching forward, moving each other aside, and there was Liz suddenly in front of ~~xxx~~ us, saying, "No, no, gentlemen; we will not take a picture; I will stand right here until you move ten feet back." She stood like Horatio at the bridge, and they, somewhat unbelieving at first, edged back, and back, and back, while I breathed a sigh of relief because we had unconsciously as they advanced edged closer and closer to the sheer brink. There was a great battery of them. Ansel Adams, among them. He gave me one of his pictures of that country as a part of the program.

I was the most excited member of the troop that day, and relatively satisfied with my speech.

And then we ~~were~~ were back in our cars to wind along the highway toward San Simeon, this time with ^{Nat Owens} ~~Matt Owens~~ in the

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car with me. Someone told an interesting tale of whales coming up the shoreline in droves, spouting as they went on the way to their breeding grounds. Evidently the return trip they made far out to ocean.

It was a country of artists and poets and writers. John Steinbeck, Robinson Jeffers, and Joan ~~Baez~~ Baez of today. Someone told me only rich ~~people like here~~ people live here and people with no money. The bearded ones come on motorcycles and live under the bridges or in tents or in the parks, and we did see a few of the bearded ones along the way, looking very much at home, and I don't blame them -- it is a land you can love.

It was a long day and I was getting tired, and the whole thing ~~becomes~~ becomes a blur. I remember the Big Sur State Park and redwoods, the only ones I had ever seen, great giants to me, reaching to the sky. The Governor said they were only about 100 years old and not the real patriarchs to the north. And there were sycamore and bay, and ~~the~~ a small rushing river -- the Big Sur it was called -- and once a deer came out across our path rather large, dark brown, not like our gray white-tails, and later on there was ^a pampas grass, faintly silver-lavender along the cliffs and the meadows, taking over the country. But not many houses.

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It had been a long time since our light lunch and I was famished when we got to ~~Matt Owens~~^{wings} residence about 3:30. The Udalls, the Browns and Fred Farr and I went in. The newspaper people took pictures outside, and then let us have a few minutes of rest. One newspaper woman described it as "perched like and eagle ready for flight on a spur of rock that juts out over the Pacific, " Actually it seems to become a part of the rock and the landscape.

As we walked down the narrow path that hugged the cliff there was my old friend, the MADRONA tree, and stripped petunias and a little waterfall over the rock that dropped into a pool, and then inside a large gracious living room which is also a dining room, and a kitchen off to the side with a big stone fireplace, a small French clavicord, a Dutch chest, with paintings and furniture from Thailand and Turkey -- just a life's accumulation of things they have loved and lived with, and absolutely charming house.

But the most thrilling thing of all was the patio that had a sheer drop to the sea below. ^{And from there,} ~~Matt~~ gave me his glasses and I looked out and saw 24 sea lions cavorting in the spray! That was the high point of the day for me.

Two such talented people are really out of the world when they are here in residence, and they have an apartment or two in much more populous areas -- I think San Francisco and Washington, perhaps, but they have put a lot of their hearts into this house.

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We had light refreshments which I gobbled. Somehow emotions and being ~~contx~~ constantly on view and trying to express myself in words or even in looks is very tiring to me and I get hungry as a bear.

Then we drove on to San Simeon -- another hour and a half along the coast and through ranch country, past the lighthouse, with Governor Brown telling me that San Simeon with its take of or \$3.00 \$2.00/per tourist made enough money to take care of most of the state parks in California, and then telling me about the large bond issue he had floated for the parks of California. Tired as I was, it was very interesting. He is a genuinely interested conservationist and a courageous man. Berniece told me more about their committee and the Richfield Oil Company which gives out California flower seed -- wild flowers -- at their filling stations, and ~~that there~~ ^{which uses} is a real sense of esthetics in the design and landscaping of their stations.

About five thirty we came to the entrance of San Simeon Estates. Here the tourist normally leaves his car and gets into a bus, but we continued on. We were able to see the fabulous castle high up on the mountain to our left, and we approached it over very dry looking ranch country. I saw some ^{Zebras} of the / that Lynda had told me about -- ten of them grazing placidly to our right. Except for them, the largest private animal collection in the country, ^{except} is no longer.

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In its day it had contained 30 kinds of carnivora and 70 different species of grazing animals -- everything from elephants, tigers, and water buffalos to ostriches, yaks and chimpanzees!

On one side we saw the airfield with three planes or so on it, and we kept on winding up the ~~rock~~ mountain to the great white turreted castle with its tall sentinel ~~(2)~~ cypresses looking so European ^{framing} ~~screening~~ its entrance. And when we drew up at Cottage A ^{miserable} the biggest ~~miserable~~ I can think of, in itself it was a castle to me, and there was Bess, ^{calm and busy} ~~Tommy~~ ~~man~~, with word that we had about 30 or 40 minutes to be ready for the evening.

I raced to the bed. It looked like it had come out of some medieval castle, and the ceiling above me was an expanse of ornament - carved, painted, elaborate, from some medieval palace. I melted into the covers for half an hour.

The evening that followed was straight out of the Arabian Nights, but it should have been the only affair for the day - visually and emotionally and physically. There was so much to see and feel and do, and I was all out of exclamation points. A little after seven, dressed in my white satin ensemble by Mollie Parnis I strolled out in front of the castle which was ~~like~~ rather like a ^{magnificent} medieval cathedral, ^{with gargoyles} ~~with gargoyles~~ hanging from the corners and giant twin towers reaching to the sky. There were tall majestic palms and the cypresses so exotic. Terrace after terrace of ^{beautifully} ~~beautifully~~ kept gardens. I

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remember masses of purple lantana falling over the stone wall.

The Governor and Berniece joined me and we started descending steps toward the Neptune Pool. Facing us at the end was a Greco-Roman temple with majestic pillars and a beautifully carved facade.

Behind it the mountains and a sunset sky. The pool itself was a beautiful blue green. It is lined with white marble, I understand, studded with antique ~~xxx~~ green marble mosaics in a pattern, and all around it there are life-size marble statues that represent Venus rising from the water, and a colonnade where we took up our stand, and the three or four hundred guests filed by, leading Californians including conservationists, museum directors and college presidents and Pulitzer prize winners and movie stars and big businessmen.

And old friends, Lloyd and Ann Hand, Woody and Mary Ellen Woodward, and the Ed Pauleys, and Carol Channing and her nice husband, Carol in a sailor suit with an enormous watch the size of a grapefruit and her big smile, and Mrs. Clark Kerr who is an outstanding conservationist, and members of the Hearst family - George Randolph Hearst Jr. She had a picture of me made when I was 21 that F. D. Brown had given her and asked her to get autographed! I did later. And another generation of ~~Hearsts~~ ^{MRS.} Hearsts -- ~~named~~ Cook, I believe her name was -- she was a granddaughter and she had been hostess for Lynda when she was out there, and we had a happy talk about that.

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And Shelley Burman, and Abby Lane.

~~After~~ ^{While we were} greeting the guests, there was a water ballet behind us, and the whole thing was like one giant movie set.

When we finished the line, we walked up the stairs to the top level right in front of the great facade of the castle itself, and there under the stars ~~with~~ ^{were the} tables covered with yellow cloths and centered with hurricane lamps surrounded by flowers and a head table right in front of the main entrance. It was a breath-taking setting and a ~~xxx~~ Herculean feat to feed ^{so} 300 or ~~30~~ people on this mountain top so many miles from civilization in any direction!

It was a bar-~~bo-cora~~ ^{"Tocoo"}, so they say in California. I soon realized my white satin was too dressed up.

All the ~~gests~~ ^{guests} had driven a staggering number of miles and would have to do so again when the evening ~~evenx~~ ended.

A great tribute to Berniece's sister who had worked on it, and to Bess, it was a delicious dinner. And then entertainment with Danny Kaye as Master of Ceremonies. He began with some general ^{the} jibes at his good friend Stu E Udall, and then a take-off of disjointed phrases that sounded like a political speech. I flinched for many of mine! Then there was a choir of young boys, charming sweet voices, and the guitarist, very Latin, Norendo (?) Armado (?), and the evening ended early after a round of toasts at about 10 o'clock.

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They had brought out heaters to put behind us, ~~not~~ but they did not take the chill off the ~~the~~ California air on that mountain top.

Some of the guests went through the castle, but ~~after~~ as for me I went happily to bed determined to see it at 7 b'clock the next morning. The whole thing was like a fantastic dream, and I had the feeling that I was living a night in a world that was gone and would return no ~~more~~ in the castle of the last American baron. I went to sleep and good dreams, and no movie stars or tycoons or political figures of bygone days came to haunt my slumber.

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