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Initials

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, September 26, 1966

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A day when I get to bed at 3:00 in the morning is in part a lost day for me. Lyndon did in fact manage to sleep until after 8:30 -- very good for him. And I stumbled into my room, but could not go back to sleep. I simply find myself needing more sleep, more rest, than I have in years past. I am resentful, but cannot change it.

I worked in desultory fashion at my desk, talked with Patsy about plans for her future. She can work, but in a limited fashion, not after 5:00, not easily on Saturdays.

Back on my diet, I had no breakfast -- a scrambled egg, half piece of toast and a little bacon and sanko for lunch. Then I layed down to try to take a nap. Lyndon came over at 3:20 for his lunch. He looked weary. I sat with him, searching for something cheerful to talk about until I left for Jean Louis and a complete re-do after my busy week of salt spray and riding in open cars and 16-hour working days always on public view. And last, a long swim in the lake on Sunday.

I took with me the German background to read and left instructions with Patsy to meet and put in their rooms our house guests -- Jay Taylor, the Tom Frosts, and the Max Brooks, though I had chatted with them just before I left.

Back at the White House I greeted the other house guests over the telephone and dressed while Bess briefed me on the seating arrangements. Lynda and I met fully dressed -- she in her lovely golden beaded dress and me in my gold brocade that was a gift from Ayub Khan.

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There is always that tense moment before a State Dinner when Lyndon has not yet come over to dress and the clock ticks on til about 15 minutes of 8:00. And suddenly he comes. In 5 minutes he is ready. And then he is saying, "Bess, I thought you told me the Prime Minister", or the king or whatever it is "was supposed to be here at 10 minutes of 8?"

This time we were down at the North Portico to greet the Chancellor and Mrs. Erhard under a gray and drizzling sky at just 1 minute past 8. This is the Chancellor's third visit. But it is the first time that he has brought his wife. She was a tall, stately woman, as German/<sup>as</sup>Brunhilda, spoke little English, was very pleasant. I kept on hearing the word, <sup>Wunderbar</sup>~~Vonder bar~~ "dropped".

We went upstairs with rather a large group. Her daughter and son-in-law, the Klotz', the Rusks, the Goldbergs, the McNamaras. And of course the McGhees and the Symingtons and Ambassador Knappstein without his wife -- she is back in Germany. And several of those we had known from past visits, but this time with their wives -- Dr. and Mrs. Gerhard Schroeder, the Minister of Foreign Affairs; Dr. Ludger Westrick; and the Minister of Defense, Mr. von Hassel and his wife.

I was delighted to see Cecile McGhee and she was all life and laughter -- very much at home in this world. She had been having a marvelous time at "Farmer's Delight" with children and grandchildren.

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Always before a State Dinner, I come into the Yellow Room ahead of time and look at the gifts. This time I had not done so. Homework always pays. One should brief oneself, learn <sup>as</sup> much as possible.

Our gifts to the visitor are always displayed on the desk; theirs on a table close to the fireplace. I walked up to the usual spot and there was the usual photograph -- a tray engraved with a Seal, a Navajo rug, a book of pictures called "This America" (the text has excerpts from Lyndon's speeches), and then on the left, <sup>(of the desk)</sup> two items I couldn't place. A tiny Minox camera ~~and~~ handsomely covered in leather and two porcelain peacocks. I stumbled -- for once I was glad of the language barrier. I looked at the other table. There was nothing on it. Somewhat belatedly I realized they were their presents to us! And I went into high gear on how delighted I would be to have these porcelain peacocks join the other handsome birds that the Chancellor had given us on the other visit to the Ranch. We displayed them on the piano at the Ranch and on top of the bookcase. And I being an amateur photographer was certain to borrow the little Minox which was Lyndon's present. It was an uncomfortable moment. The moral is, learn ahead.

The guards came in and removed the colors, and we marched down the Hall to the unfitting music of some modern Staccato brassy composition. I always wonder about the behind-the-scenes working, the communications that tells the leader of the Marine band the moment at which we leave the

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Yellow Room and start for the staircase so that he can break into "Hail to the Chief" at the precisely right moment. Nine-tenths of the time it is smooth and velvet working. Sometimes the gears grind just a little. We waited a moment at mid-stairs, then came the stirring notes of "Hail to the Chief" and down we went -- Lyndon escorting Mrs. Erhard and I on the arm of the Chancellor.

The guests <sup>potpourri</sup> were the usual popery with particular accent on German interests.

From the Cabinet -- the Fowlers, the McNamaras, the Katzenbachs.

From the Court -- the Fortas'.

From the Senate -- Senator Williams of Delaware, and the Dirksens -- he still on crutches.

Small, genial Governor Tawes of Maryland without his lovely wife. And a very handsome couple -- to my amazement, they were Democrats -- Governor and Mrs. Guy of North Dakota.

There was a sizeable contingent from the House. Among them -- the Ed Edmondsons of Oklahoma (I believe he is a young comer -- he is certainly a great friend to the beautification-conservation measures), and the John Slacks that we had met on our trip to West Virginia.

Among old friends were General and Mrs. Lucius Clay. I remember when we had complimented him once very highly to Dick Nixon. He said, "Now Mr. President, don't take everybody away from us. We've just gotten

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him to take the post as money-raiser for the Republican Party. And the Bob Andersons of Eisenhower's Cabinet and long before that our friends in Texas. And the Dick Berlins -- Honey still looking just like her name, ~~thinly~~<sup>Gussie</sup>, warm, blond, delicious. And the ~~Gus~~<sup>Gussie</sup> Buschs. I asked about the number of children, and there are now 7.

Labor was represented by the veteran George Meany on his cane and Mrs. Meany. And the Joe Keenans.

And the world of education, Dr. James Perkins of Cornell -- his gay, vivacious wife -- I believe that's part of the requisites of being the wife of a college president. They sat at our table. And Dr. and Mrs. Meredith Wilson of the University of Minnesota. And the George Kistiakowskys of Harvard.

From Government, there ~~was~~<sup>were</sup> the Jim Webbs, the ~~George~~ Balls -- his last of many dinners as the Under Secretary of State. And the Dean Achesons. What an aristocratic pair they are!

And there were two astronauts, the Charles Conrads and the Richard Gordons. They always cause a ripple of excitement in a crowd -- the astronauts.

And a sprinkling of movie stars to add brilliance to the evening -- Arlene Dahl and her husband Alexis Lichine. Lovely, quiet, brunette Merle Oberon and her Italian-Mexican husband Bruno Pagliai. He invited Lynda to their home down in Acapulco. And actress Barbara Rush. And

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George Hamilton was there as Lynda's date. And later when the newspaper women gathered around him just like the chickens do when the farmer throws out corn, I was annoyed because tonight is to be a showcase for Germany and not for young romance.

And there were other Texas guests besides our house guests. Dr. and Mrs. John Guinn, President of Texas Women's University. I had last seen him as we walked between the avenues of red buds on the campus at Denton, for me to receive an honorary degree. And Ernest Kurth, Jr., whose father had been our great friend. He had given Lynda Bird a bond every birthday from the time she was born until he died when she was about 18. And the attractive young Wales Maddens of Amarillo. And that veteran Democrat -- C. T. McLaughlin -- Mr. Mac -- of the Diamond M. Ranch at Synder, and his wife. And the Arthur Stehlings from Fredericksburg. I am sure we had no more interested guests than they. I only regret that the Petschs couldn't come too.

We had asked the Goldberg's daughter. I love including the children of our good friends because I know how much it means to me when ours are included.

A scattering of names well known and not known in profession ~~xxx~~ and business and arts -- Edward D. Stone, Drew Pearson, John McCloy. Some 173 guests in all. Many of whom stopped to speak a few words in German to the Chancellor, so that it was a long line. And at 9:00 when the four of us departed -- Lyndon with Mrs. Erhard for the main dining

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room, and me with the Chancellor for the Blue Room. He had Dorothy Goldberg on his other side-- good insurance that the conversation does not lag. And then handsome General Taylor. And then Mrs. Sarnoff -- and I delighted in telling her how much I admired her husband -- an optimist-- ~~man~~ about man and his future.

We had to have a translator. It does make it difficult. I talked with the Chancellor about his glass house -- his official residence -- about the River Ruhr, which I am told is one of the cleanest rivers in the world, running right through the industrial districts! A great achievement of mankind. I just wonder how they get them to pay the taxes cheerfully. And about the little tiny gardens of flowers and vegetables that residents of high-rise public housing units have at the outskirts of town, and turn into bright jewels with their devoted work. Unfortunately I was talking at too <sup>high?</sup> high a level. The Chancellor and the Minister of Foreign Affairs could not really explain them to me.



Balance of Sept. 26, 1966 --

Mostly the Chancellor talked to me about how much he hoped we would make a trip to Germany. Apparently there is something really brewing on it, and of course I was all smiles and ready to pack.

On the way down in the elevator, Lyndon had told me he was very tired, that he did not feel well; and so I tried to be twice as gay and vivacious, and interested in everything he said, hoping that I could help carry the party and relieve him of some of the load. There was a flurry of menu passing, autographing; usually the word being murmured "this is for my grandchild." People are loathe to ask for one for themselves. Mine most certainly is for myself, and I have most of the Chiefs of State -- their autograph and a word or two in their own language on the menu. Perhaps someday they will be of interest in the Johnson Library. I could see a table close by where Lynda and George and Mr. Pallaire and Jay Taylor and some lovely actress, I think maybe Arlene Dahl, were having very obviously a delightful time. It always makes one feel good that a party is "going". The toasts were lengthy and translated and explained somewhat to me the Chancellors conversation. He had invited the President, and Lyndon had responded that he would go to Europe next Spring if he / his responsibilities permit!

And then on into the East Room for the classical symphony  
-- the chamber music designed especially for the Chancellor.  
Beethoven and Bach and then some of <sup>Baron</sup> ~~Ernst (?)~~ <sup>is</sup> Copland's  
music which I found delightful. Among them the Song of the  
Threshing Machine. Howard Mitchell was the conductor. Remembering  
that Mr. Schrader (?) when I asked him what time it was in his own  
country had said at dinner it was something like 3 AM I was grateful  
that the music was only 25 minutes long and then out into the corridor  
where champagne was passed. The Chancellor made his goodbyes  
very hurriedly a little past 12 and I spent a while longer circulating  
to talk to guests I hadn't really visited with, long enough to be dis-  
mayed at the way the Press was surrounding Lynda and George,  
so that the next day I should not have been surprised to see the  
line <sup>11</sup> all eyes were on the pair as they circled <sup>ated</sup> the entrance foyer  
together while conducting an almost continuous floating press conference  
with reporters. No, that diamond wasn't given to me by George. It  
came from an aunt who was a maiden lady. No the one on my other  
finger is a school class ring. <sup>111</sup>

I was upstairs by twelve-thirty and was in bed with Lyndon  
when Lynda Bird came in, changed to <sup>a</sup> simple, childish young  
dress, looking very distressed. She didn't want to cause us trouble.  
The Press women had simply surrounded them, and she thought it

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All in all, it was a good State Dinner, more bouyant and  
gay than I had expected, and our guests seemed to enjoy themselves.  
Both the honor guests and the very diverse array of Americans.