

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1966 -- page 1

Thursday, September 29th, I woke up about 8*:30 feeling completely alive. I had had enough sleep. What a marvelous benison it is!

While Lyndon and I were having breakfast we made plans to go to Camp David. I reminded him of the wedding on Saturday of the Wirtz' son, and right ~~azzz~~ afterward we could take with us tp Camp David the Dean Rusks and the Katzenbachs, the McNamaras and the Cy Vances, the two brothers Rostow and their wives, and the Fay Kohlers.

It was a good day of work and I felt like doing it. Work in the White House often means meeting people, handling papers, and dictating desk work, and talking on the phone. There was a lot of each. In the morning a long talk with Lynda Bird in New York. She is having a gay time - theatres and good dining spots and parties and bright people, and she is shopping. What a metamorph^{osis} from the Lynda Bird of a couple of years ago! And I talked to Horace Busby -- as Lyndon would say, "to build a fire under him" and get him started on writing the scenario around which the exhibits man would have to build the exhibits that tell the story of Lyndon's 30 odd years in political life. And I talked to Dr. Ransom. He reports that Dr. Grover and Mary Lasker had both agreed to be on the Acquisitions Committee, and would he please get in touch with them, set on a date agreeable

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to the three of them; then we could decide whether we needed additional members. I gave him two dates in October that would suit me, and from here on he will carry the ball.

And I talked to Bill Walton about the work being done on New York Avenue -- beautiful specimens of crepe myrtle ⁱⁿ and a ^{ian} strip, double alley down the median ~~and~~ and some brick curbing for small narrow walks, very handsome, and sometimes there is holly in the middle. Several blocks of it start with a great blessing of spreading elm trees. It is going to be a handsome addition to Washington.

And I talked to Mr. ^{Williams} ~~Wiggins~~ about the grounds, and then Mrs. Melon called me. I was delighted that she did. It was about time to plan the flowers for next spring; did I want any changes? what had worked out well? I told her the glorioso daisies had been indeed glorious, and the geraniums unhappily not so good, and ^{up} silver plaque on the arbor of Mrs. Kennedy's Garden had not come back, and the grape vine was a blazing success, loaded with Concord grapes, which I had served to guests on their breakfast trays, nestled in a bed of grapevine leaves, and also had tea out there many times in the summer and watched them hanging in green ~~clusters~~ clusters and later purple. This seemed to please her so much and I was ~~gratified~~ glad because I want very much to keep her ^{continued} ~~contented and~~ interested.

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And we talked of Lafayette Square. The plans proposed had not been accepted by the Fine Arts Commission. This ^{amazed} ~~amused~~ me. I never thought that anything she approved would not be approved by the ~~Fine~~ Arts Commission. Yes, she would be glad to see the plans for the President's Park as it extends down toward the Corcoran the Pan American and Constitution Avenue. The new planting and fountains and walks that are being made possible by the wonderful gift of \$75,000.00 from Mrs. Rose Zalles, whose grandfather was the first head of the parks for the District of Columbia 100 years ago.

The morning was broken by a visit from Diana who wanted to tell me about her new job. She resigned from the Peace Corps and is going to work full time for the Girl Scouts but really ^{as a} ~~is a~~ sort of an executive to handle conservation program that was launched by the ten or eleven service organizations - the youth ones, Girls Scouts, Boy Scouts, 4-H, Future Farmers, YWCA, YMCA, and so forth, at our Youth Conference last June. The purpose is to keep up the ~~At our Youth Conference last June~~ interest and the impact made by the conference and to make youth more aware of their stake and their obligation in conservation. She will do it well. She is intelligent and aggressive enough and a salesman.

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And then, one of the meetings of the day, I went to Lyndon's office to meet the six outstanding 4-H Club members that had come to make a national report to him -- fine and intelligent, good-looking young people they were ranging from Georgia to New York to Virginia to California. I talked with them awhile. The most interesting bit I got is that now only 45 percent of the 4-H youngsters come from farm homes; the rest from rural non-farm areas and small towns, and 6 percent of them come from cities of more than 50,000 population, so it is really moving into the cities.

Then back to the Mansion to my desk ~~xxx~~ again, and close to one, because Lyndon was a little late, into the Yellow Room to greet his luncheon guests, a group of Governors -- Moore of North Carolina and Branigan of Indiana, and Reed of Maine. We had a nice talk about our trip on the great big ship, and Romney of Michigan ^{looking} ~~who~~ quite handsome but not too at ease, and Rolness of Minnesota, and Love of Colorado, and handsome young Governor Guy of North Dakota, and Rampton of Utah. I told him I still had some of the sun tan left from standing on top of the Grand Canyon Dam at that wonderful dedication meeting looking out on the blue waters of Lake Powell(?), and Governor Bellman of Oklahoma, and here it was I who felt a little embarrassed because we had laughed a bit about his telegram which un-invited us to Oklahoma, and Governor Campbell of

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New Mexico, and to him I was all praise of the glorious splash of ~~glx~~ golden aspens on the mountain, and the soft gold of the Chimera grows so ~~Schamessa~~ coupled with the purple aster that ~~gxxxxx~~ abundantly by the highway. I asked him for the name of the Director of the New Mexico Highway Department so I could write ~~xxxx~~ him a letter expressing my delight in them, and also asked if they had a program in New Mexico like we do in Texas of harvesting wild flower seeds and tossing them out on barren stretches. No, they didn't. He seemed very pleased and mildly surprised that I had noticed them so much. Really they were a glory.

Then back to my room for a light lunch, signing a high stack of mail, all thank-yous to California and New Mexico. ⁵Marsha Maddox is a most prolific letter-writer, and she "takes care of her people." Work with Liz, and hours of recording broken by another visit with other people. Lyndon called me. He had Dr. Barnaby Keene out in the West Hall and Roger Stevens and Doug Cater. They were over to report on the government's work on the first anniversary of the ~~Nxxx~~ National Foundation of Arts and Humanities. They gave us a list of the grants they had made, and Roger Stevens said he was pleased to be able to report to the President that more has been done for the arts in this administration than in literally all others put together.

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After Lyndon and the children and this house and conservation-beautification, and the Lyndon Johnson Library, the arts are one of my close interests, and so I was delighted to hear this.

Next I went bowling alone -- a couple of pretty good games, not quite topping my score of yesterday which was 157, one of my best ones -- and then some more desk work until it was time to put on a long brocade evening dress, sit down with Lyndon for a small bite, and go out at nine thirty to the Statler Hotel for the Brookings Institute speech - its 50th anniversary -- Lyndon made an extraordinarily good speech although I could tell his throat was bothering him.

Then we went upstairs for a little reception ~~upxx~~ with the head members of Brookings. Rather to my surprise I found it a delightful half hour. I met one member ~~x~~ who had just ~~explorated~~ ~~fox~~ floated 43 miles down the Colorado River, and said he wished it were 400, and was completely in tune with all the things I had done on rivers. And another member who had actually heard me make my little speech at the Museum of Modern Art. It always amazes me to find somebody who knows about anything like that. Another who had been present at the launching of Mrs. David Rockefeller's flower encyclopedia. She and I had talked wild flowers and how to spread their use up and down the rights-of-ways of highways all over the country. And then there was Dr. ~~Carmichael~~ Carmichael who had read the script of the Living White House and thought it was a great addition to the

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White House volumes. I found myself very much in tune with them.

Then we left. Lyndon was tired. It had been a rough day.

All days are rough now.

Back at the White House just in time for the news. I faithfully did my exercises and then had a rub and then went in to read myself to sleep, As Lyndon labored away ~~at~~ on his night reading. Days like this are the sort that earn me the time to go out usefully on trips such as the California- Arizona-New Mexico one. Days of playing the role of being the First Lady, of working in the White House, with family and desk and people.

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