

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, March 10, 1967

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Lyndon did a rare and blessed thing. He slept until 9:00, woke ready for action, and saying it's the best night's sleep he has had in ages. I think it is largely a dividend from a day full of action that he thought had some good results.

After breakfast, I went to the dentist's office. It seems we'll keep company til the end of my days -- at least the White House days.

And then over to Lyndon's office. There was some ceremony in the Rose Garden -- the Law Day Proclamation. And another waiting to be held in the Fish Room -- the 70 members of UNESCO, among them Marietta for a session with Lyndon. And I sat in the car with George Mahon so that we wouldn't hold him up one minute, when he came striding out of the office like he was going to a fire and we headed to Ramsey Clark's swearing-in as Attorney General in the auditorium of the Justice Department.

There was Tom in the black robe of the Supreme Court Justice and Mary leaning on the front row, and Ramsey, very tall and calm -- he's one of the most serene looking men I know. Georgia, her blond hair tossed back, her wide, sudden smile with little Tommy beside her. And on the front row, other Clarks -- <sup>Mimi</sup> ~~Mary~~ and her husband, Bill, Jr. from Dallas, inheritor of the family's old firm, and his wife and child.

There is an old fashioned, simple goodness about the Clark family, and among it's strands is that strong family feeling.

Next to the Clark's sat Bobby Kennedy, which gave me a moment of shock. And then I remembered he had been Attorney General. And right behind, all

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of the Court.

Lyndon made a good, brief speech, full of eulogy, not only of Ramsey<sup>a</sup>, but of Tom. And then Tom swore<sup>g</sup> Ramsey in. And it was a moment of drama and sweetness for all those present. Not the least because it meant Tom stepping out of the Supreme Court because his son stepped up into the Attorney Generalship. And that was a bitter-sweet thing for us, for Tom is no old man yet.

Of course any meeting between Lyndon and Bobby Kennedy is a field day for the cameramen. But this one was brief.

I said, "Mary, wouldn't you like to get all the Clarks to come for tea at the White House this afternoon, and maybe they will want to join the special tour?" I had asked Marilyn Walz to attend to it earlier. But I always try to make these invitations as personal as possible. She seemed delighted.

Back home there was a chance for a little work at my desk and a bite of lunch. Then a little before three, Ann<sup>a</sup> Clark arrived, and we went to the Corcoran ~~Art~~ Art Gallery, Edward joining us down stairs, for the Australian Art Exhibition. The most remarkable thing collected by an American, Mr. Mertz, who had assembled every artist of stature in Australia and brought them over here for his fellow countrymen to see because he had fallen in love with Australia -- a very easily understood fact to me, while the art exhibit itself was not so easily understood. He had found himself the most extraordinary co-emp<sup>ly</sup>sario in Ed Clark who had issued invitations to everybody from Lyndon and me to train-loads of Texans and Mississippians and assorted

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people. And lo and behold, they had come, hordes of them, from 1600 miles away to see the Australian Art Exhibit!

*Ch. name*  
David Lord Precop met me at the front door and some one who I believe was a curator of the Corcoran. And Mr. Mertz himself, a distinguished, white-haired little man. And we walked through behind a battery of clicking cameras to a most extraordinarily, diverse exhibit. To me, there was too much that was weird and tortured, so little that was realistic and reminiscent of the Australia I saw. *were Surrealists Dali* There ~~was~~ sure ~~was~~ like Dolly, and primitives like Grandma Moses. A few canvases I could identify with. One grizzled old ranch-hand on a weathered beaten front porch looking like he'd had it. I bet it took 40 acres to run a cow on his place. But many of them were down-right strange.

It was interesting; I could say it had vitality. I couldn't really say I liked it.

We were whisked off back to the White House a little before 4:00, and I had invited all the hordes of Texans and Mississippians and the two families of Clarks, especially, The Ed Clarks and the Tom Clarks, to come for tea with a tour for all those to whom the White House was new. And it was the most extraordinary and delightful and homey gathering with little shrieks from this end of the room and that as someone saw a close friend they hadn't expected to meet.

I had really pulled together a lot of the warm little visits that I needed.

The Philip Baldwins were in town and I invited him and his brother -- the Scott Baldwins. Several members of the Texas Legislature, including Ben Barnes, the Speaker, watched by everyone as the possible next Governor

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of Texas. The dear, beautiful, B. A. <sup>te</sup>Benson who is the National Committee-woman and had written me much earlier that she would be here. And I replied, "Let's get together for a cup of tea." And of course Marietta Brooks, our House guest. And then our once-removed relative, Mary Johnson, Hazel Dunham and her husband. They are here waiting the possibility of finding a job. And this was a pleasant and easy way for a little visit with them.

Visiting Texans who <sup>had</sup> heeded Ed Clark's invitation included Will Davis and the Frank <sup>Denises</sup> ~~Denise's~~ of his firm and also the Sam Winter<sup>s</sup> -- Dorothy still smiling from our last happy encounter of her six little school girls. And the Dick Kleberg<sup>s</sup> -- she had been Ann Scott and grown up in the only house I had ever envied and wanted for my own -- Sweet Brush. And Nancy Negley and Mrs. Dick Reynolds -- she had been Alice Kleberg and now lives in Austin. And Mary Nash Scott -- Jim and Ann's daughter. And Eloise Thornberry. And Mrs. Hilda Weinert who must be in her upper 70's. I looked at her and wondered if that would be me twenty years from now. I would be proud. She's never too old to tackle another job or take another trip. The <sup>Walker's</sup> ~~Walters~~ were there, one of the most attractive ~~Ambassadorial~~ couples in the city.

And among the Washingtonians I had invited to help welcome everybody to ~~ask~~ old homeweek were the Howard <sup>Barrises</sup> ~~Bursie's~~ and Jake and Marvin and the Frank <sup>Kands</sup> ~~Attins~~ and the Everett Hutchinson<sup>s</sup> and of course the Dale Miller<sup>s</sup> and the Jimmy Pipkin<sup>s</sup> and pretty little Mollie <sup>Schulman</sup> ~~Sugarman~~ who is Jake Pickle's secretary and with whom I chatted about Becky, and Senator and Mrs. Ralph Yarborough, very much in evidence talking to the Baldwin<sup>s</sup> about the

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possibility of Philip getting the judgeship, and Liz and Liz.

The contingent from Mississippi was headed by the Wynns -- Doug and Lela -- with their little daughter Maggie, Lyndon's God child. His mother, Mrs. W. T. Wynn, with a handsome, elderly gentleman with whom I assumed she was keeping company -- a pleasantly appropriate thing for a widow of several years. The Prices, whom Ann had explained to me in that tone of voice that indicates you must know all about them. I didn't. And Mrs. ~~Head~~ Carter III, whom I did know about. And then there were the other Clarks -- Tom and Mary, Ramsey and Georgia, and the three Bill Clarks and the two Sam Clarks -- the first visit to the White House for several of them -- especially young Kim.

I, at least, fell upon the tea table ~~rather~~ <sup>quite</sup> ravenously. It was quite good. And then suggested that some of the guests might like to go upstairs and see the Lincoln Room -- they hadn't on the tour. And then suddenly, there was Lyndon. He came in, made a little talk, during which, somewhat to my consternation, <sup>(Could it be Lincoln?)</sup> he told of the joke about Mr. Lindsay's prayers, had some pictures made with little Maggie that must be adorable, and then he was quickly out. He can certainly make time count. It had been less than twenty minutes.

And the guests began to go up to the Lincoln Room, and I melted away with a few goodbyes to join Mrs. Provenson upstairs for two full hours of practice <sup>for</sup> the 8 speeches that I would make on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

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And then it was time to dress for our dinner. We were going out. It's extraordinary -- what a big thrill it is to me, living in the White House, to be invited out to dinner. I had the feeling that this would probably make outsiders laugh in astonishment. Your old friends forget to ask you or think you're too busy or assume there should be too much pomp and display when the President comes to dinner. We love hamburgers and sudden invitations.

Oddly enough, it's a Senator whom we did not know well in our days in the Senate -- not even in the Vice Presidency -- Scoop Jackson, who has invited us out twice. And tonight, it was as delightful as the other time had been.

Lyndon was very late and I embarrassed. It was 9:00 by the time we got there, or after. There were only ten beside our host. The Martin ~~MA~~ Agronsky's of CBS, and Ray ~~Sch~~<sup>Scherer</sup> of NBC, and their friends, the Stanley ~~Galebs~~<sup>Galebs</sup> from Seattle. And very importantly, their two delightful children -- the youngest of which, a little boy in arms, made a toothy and loud departure shortly after our arrival. Mighty late for him to be up, but he was there to greet us. And their little girl who is a dream with long blond hair and that extremely feminine quality of her mother. She served us hors d'oeuvres and brought other drinks to us all during the prolonged hour before we went into dinner.

It was a delicious meal, and I felt actually angry at Lyndon because he asked for two helpings of both the homemade soup and the desert.



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Before dinner, I had a nice quiet little time with Martin ~~W~~Agronsky reminding him of a lengthy and very warm show he had done with the Speaker -- safe territory to discuss with him. Practically everyone in Washington can agree on how much they love the Speaker.

Afterwards, the women had coffee in the living room while the men stayed around the dining room table. There was no ~~sort~~ <sup>shortage</sup> of strong conversation during the evening. The subject: the press reporting from Viet-Nam. Lydon's thesis, very succinctly expressed, that it was prejudice, one-sided, to the extent where you doubted whose side the reporters were on. Martin ~~W~~Agronsky was resisting with ~~disbelief~~ <sup>disbelief</sup> disbelief, amazement, even some alarm. I do not know that anybody was persuaded -- there might have been a dent. During the dinner, Lyndon read the letter from John Steinbeck, without identifying him, and specifying that it was off the record. It sounds as good the fourth time as it did the first -- great prose. The look of their faces indicated that at least two of them recognized the writer about the third paragraph. They finally ended by saying, "would he let it be printed?". "If so, somebody ought to get together and pay for a full page in the New York Times or somewhere and give it circulation."

Several of them seemed to know that his reports from Viet-Nam were appearing in columns, but where, nobody really knew. Only about 2 out of 10 of us had read them. They are not making much of a dent. I wonder if some papers are buying them and then not printing them? It was a good, but almost too strong, evening. I wondered if Martin ~~W~~Agronsky or even Ray ~~S~~ <sup>SCHERER</sup> Scherer

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or Stanley Goleb might say to their wife when they got home that night that some folks were looking for communists under every bed.

And it certainly passed swiftly. It was nearly 1:00 when we returned to the White House. Four hours that seemed like two. A great compliment to our beautiful hostess. And Scoop, who during the evening rather interestingly referred to himself as a tired old liberal. A title, I suppose, given him by some who weren't as satisfied with his actions as they used to be.