

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, July 11, 1967

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It was the sort of day with which I pay for my days at the Ranch. It began leisurely enough. I slept until 9:30. That's the great bonus of these very dark rooms. The shades -- the drapes -- make it possible. My desk was loaded and I began working on it. But Lyndon called me and asked if I would walk with him just across to Pennsylvania Avenue and see the Shriner's Parade for a few minutes. We walked right through the front hall amid the crowd of tourists who for the first few seconds didn't recognize us. And then there was a rising chorus of giggles and shrieks as we walked among them down the front drive and out the gate across Pennsylvania ^{Ave} where the parade had already been in progress for a couple of hours.

Suddenly the words of the barker reached my ears and they went something like this: "Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic of so and so and so and so of the Marching Unit of the Moslem Temple of Zura". The marchers did indeed look like they were right out of the Arabian knights or ~~Shakes~~^{Sheikhs} from the Sahara desert -- many of them mounted on beautiful Arabian horses and clothed in this 90-degree muggy weather, ~~and~~ⁱⁿ long, flowing tent-like costumes of white and red and royal purples and golds. There probably wasn't an Arab in the crowd! And very likely the mystic customs of the Shriners have been going on for 50 or 100 years. But against the backdrop of the Israeli-Arab war the words "Moslem" and "Arab" suddenly reached out and grabbed my mind, and I was acutely aware of

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all the red fezes on all the men including Vice President Hubert Humphrey who was in the reviewer's stand. He was a sort of a grand marshal of the parade today. ~~And~~ suddenly I looked over and saw on somebody's red fez the word "Karnak" -- that was the name of his Temple, as well as my own home town. Clowns and bands and flags and many, many units of beautiful horses. And the sun beat down ^{on} mercifully. But these gayly, heavily dressed men -- many of them portly and middle-aged -- seemed to be having the time of ~~the~~ ^{their} lives.

We were introduced to some of the officials on the reviewing stand, and one of them was telling me about the 17 hospitals for crippled children which the Shrine maintains -- farcry from their present activity. I saw another set of flags approaching. I whispered to Lyndon that this might be our exit line. So we stood respectfully at attention while they marched by. And then with smiles and waves to those on the reviewing stand and lined up along Pennsylvania we took our departure across the street. ~~And how much I shall know~~ ^{lo} and behold there was Mr. Bryant with our bevy of dogs also watching the parade. ~~And~~ ^{we} we all walked back into the White House grounds, ^{and} And I to my car because I wanted to take a dry run after my 10-day absence ^{from} of Washington with Sharon Francis to see what I could show this afternoon to Mr. André Meyer. He is in town for a luncheon that Lyndon is having for former Chancellor Erhard of Germany -- and is one of our greatest benefactors of the beautification

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program. I wanted him to see some of the impact it had made on the city, ^{and} ~~for~~ more especially my gratitude to him. Besides, I quite simply enjoy him.

Sharon was waiting and we drove around Haines Point for which Mr. Meyer and Mary are largely responsible. And Syphax School which was a heart-breaker. Apparently about two-thirds of the black locust trees are dead, and weeds have grown high in the very attractive planting. And Buchanan which is just beginning, there was a big piece of machinery out there -- it had been clearing the ground. And past 'Liz' strip and Pershing Square and on down Pennsylvania where there were many bright spots of white and pink and red petunias, and down New York Avenue, once more badly in need of better maintenance. And Walt Whitman Park, hopefully awaiting for a contribution from the Allied Contractors to get it underway in the Autumn.

We spent an hour which left me ardently proud, angry, impatient, thrilled with satisfaction or just a mixture of frustration and hope.

■ // Back at the White House I had my lunch of a scrambled egg and a piece of bacon and a half a piece of toast. Breakfast had been coffee and juice. Dinner -- yesterday, today, and hopefully for several more -- will be nothing but red meat and black coffee or iced tea. The license of these days at the Ranch has left me four pounds fatter and mad at myself. I shall begin getting it off this week. //

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~~And~~ then began the hours of work -- how I really pay for my time at the Ranch. Reading and signing mail or cutting it back, ⁱⁿnumerable autographs/ for entertainers at the last several State affairs, to advance men and Secret Service agents on the trips, social aides who are leaving, all the many folks who make good things happen around here, ~~The~~ engineers who work overtime or the carpenters when there is a State visit.

A little before 2:00 I ~~went~~ went down to the Rose Garden to greet 50 American Field Service students, most of whom had spent their year in the United States somewhere in Texas. This year instead of the inundation of some several thousand that we have had each of the summers before, the students are taking a bus trip around the United States and only this one bus load is coming to the White House -- easier on us. ~~And~~ I tried to make it mean something for them by asking questions -- how had it been different from the ideas they had had before they came -- what would they take back that they liked most to remember? But alas I am much better in encounters between two or four than fifty. And I only hope that I got across the idea that I was interested.

Warrie Lynn was there to make them feel welcome, and we showed them such of the White House as we could with the Erhard luncheon in progress.

At 2:30 it was over, and I met Mr. Meyer and took the same drive I had this morning. I must be incurably naive. But it is always strange

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to me to find that somebody as affluent and as powerful as he is can also be lonely. It seemed to me that he was. He touched me very much when he said, "Someday, four or five years from now I will no longer be in this position and it will be nice to think that we can just be friends and can see each other quietly." I feel that he has an earnest admiration for Lyndon. And even a liking for me! I told him what a sweet letter I had had from Mrs. Kennedy about Patrick Lyndon's birth. He is a great friend and I think adviser of hers. We talked of books. He wakes up about 4:00 in the morning and reads until the household and the city is alive. And of Mary whom he loves. ^cOf her marvelous ambivalence, her hard, highly intelligent work in the field of medical research and conservation-beautification, and bringing more art and culture into the life and people of this country. And of the other side of her life which is a gay social time in beautiful places with beautiful people. This latter he does not share so much.

I had started out just to show him the things we've done with the money of generous friends around Washington. Actually, we talked more than we looked. But it was a fascinating hour to me. And I think he found it interesting. At one point he ~~xxxxxx~~ reached over and took my hand and said, "You remember, I have told you that when you want something very much for the White House -- a fine painting or something -- I want you to let me know, and you haven't yet." I told him I would, but only

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when I wanted it very much and knew it was the right thing.

I dropped him off at the Federal Reserve Building for an appointment. Then I went back to my desk and loaded my arms full and went down to the grape arbor -- one of my favorite summer afternoon places to work. I stacked everything on the table and dully, dully proceeded with the autographing and the simple routine work that must sometime be done. Ashton came down to join me. ~~And~~ ² great, black rain clouds gathered, And the first drops sent us scurrying in, but not until we had been at it for several hours. Then I spent an hour with Bess on lists and back with Ashton to my desk again. ~~And~~ ⁴ it was close to 7:30 when I rose and stretched and started for the bowling alley, fortunately finding Warrie Lynn and Vance in the house and ready to go with me for a game. We had three games and I was awful. And Vance turned out to be a whiz. I told her how excited Lynda's voice had sounded over the phone, eager and full of bells. In fact if I could choose a time when everything is right with both of my children it would be this time -- today and now¹.

Back upstairs I got in another hour of work, and then dinner about 9:30. Much better than last night when it was 11:00. And then he to night reading and I to a rub and to asleep.