

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, July 13, 1967

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I went to the swimming pool early after unsuccessfully trying to get Lyndon to go with me and had 30 laps while Marilyn walked up and down beside me relaying questions and news and me giving her answers until I finally said, "Why don't you get in and swim?" She was so thrilled. It always makes me feel so good when I offer Marilyn some little courtesy or opportunity. She has still the quality of excitement about the White House and its aura. And so indeed do I. And then quickly to Jean Louis for a shampoo and set. It's a very virtuous feeling to have just coffee and juice for breakfast and lots of exercise.

July is my month to do those things that I have wanted and put aside -- my personal self-indulgence month. And so I have planned to go to Reston today with Abe. I've read and heard a lot about city planning and new developments, and talked a little about <sup>it</sup>. And here the one at my very doorstep I have not been to. So Abe came at 12:00 and we had a hamburger and some iced tea -- no desert for me. ~~And~~ then we drove out to Reston where at the gateway we met Mr. Bob Simon, the developer, and Mr. Salonick. And we spent a very interesting two hours looking into what may be our urban future. I asked Mr. Simon how he came to do this. And he smiled and said, "I could tell you a very interesting story, but quite simply a friend of mine just told me that there were about 6,000 acres coming up for sale between Washington and the new airport." This was Dulles, and it all happened about 7 years ago. And

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he had looked and gotten fired up with excitement and bought. It was a very imaginative, interesting concept. The acreage is rolling, wooded hills and open grassy meadows. And Mr. Simon and his planners drew up a very imaginative concept for a city that will eventually have 80,000 people. At present, there are only about 2,000. But the pattern is set. Houses and commercial area and streets and roads are laid out so that it is pleasant and possible to walk everywhere -- to the grocery store and school and church and the beauty parlor. In fact you can virtually turn children loose.

Just as we entered Reston we saw a little boy on his bicycle whistling merrily along and a dog running behind him. Abe and I turned simultaneously with an almost accusing smile to Mr. Simon just as though we thought he had planted the little boy.

The first characteristic -- the automobile is very much relegated to a secondary place. The people walk here. The second characteristic -- it is both racially integrated -- about 4 percent of the 2,000 are Negroes. And economically integrated. The incomes of families living here range from \$5,000 a year to over \$50,000. And to suit this clientele the dwellings range from small apartments that rent for \$125 a month through duplexes, town houses, (row houses to me) to individual homes ranging to about \$60,000 maximum. All of these were done in earth colors -- tobacco and saddle brown and a beige and a sort of a dark mustard and various

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shades of olive green. In general I thought it was too dull, and I missed the sparkle of brilliant color. Third, there were a great many amenities. There were already three swimming pools for this 2,000 population -- all in loud and happy use as we passed. One golf course in which Mr. Simon says there is always a waiting line. A community house where they have jukeboxes, a pool table and dancing space for the teenagers. A movie once a week. A very nice library. The fourth characteristic -- the commercial area of shops itself is laid out with great charm and imagination around a man-built lake. Except that it is so clean and fresh, it rather reminds me of one of those European towns built on a canal -- Amsterdam or Copenhagen. There is an outdoor cafe with striped awnings and bright flowers. ~~And~~ a walking bridge that arches over the lake, <sup>And</sup> it all has a gay, sort of a Country Club, atmosphere. The innovative planner had put the <sup>Laundromat</sup> laundry mat right next to the little art gallery and right across from the library. The fifth characteristic -- there is also some industry -- a good deal planned and some already in existence. So at present only about 10 percent of the 2,000 inhabitants are employed out here. The rest <sup>work</sup> in Washington.

As we drove by the industries, I was struck anew by what a change ~~in~~ world we are living in. I didn't even know what they were about. Only two did I recognize the names of. Singer Brothers. <sup>But</sup> it no longer makes sewing machines. <sup>Some</sup> much more sophisticated

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electronic product, And Motorola, which I believe still does make radios. The rest was science oriented, highly technical laboratory type things that I could barely understand. One measured the intensity of color. Who were its customers, its clients? Who wants color measured? And why? I don't know. There was "General" this, and "Universal" that -- and something called "Scope". I left in general bafflement, my one impression being that it was probably a high payroll and quite clean judging from the looks.

We had planned this trip to be quite private -- just Abe and me -- with Mr. Simon showing us around. In fact it was only about 8:00 this morning that Roger Stevens had phoned Mr. Simons and told him we might be coming. But alas things seldom turn out that way. I do not believe Mr. Simon told the press. In fact in the middle of the morning he had called Ashton in concern to say that the press had been calling him. But when we got out to walk through the elementary school, it became quite evident that we were there to be looked at and not to look. There were cameras in front of us and a growing crowd behind us as we proceeded through the school. Then when we got down to the shops around the lake, it was really an hilarious pied piper entourage with a crowd of little children swirling about us. One cute little boy that had 1,000 freckles and red hair followed me the whole way through. And on signal as we walked over the bridge, the whole ballstrade of little

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boys dived over into the lake. It was all gay and warm and lively, like so many such tours I have been on before. And Mr. Simon who is really a very nice man kept on turning a rather rueful look to me as though to say I didn't plan it this way really. ~~And~~ I was a little disappointed because I had meant for this to be my day off -- my day to look, not to be looked at -- to take in and to soak up, not to give out. But I waved and smiled and tried to sparkle. And there were presentations -- a book about Reston, a present for Patrick Lyndon, a well-styled souvenir too. And then we were back at the entrance and I was tired and ready to go. First, however, we did drive up the hill to where several hundred young teenagers from 30 States and half a dozen foreign countries were practicing symphonic music under a red and white striped tent. They are living here for several weeks for a summer music camp, sort of like Tanglewood. It is a lively, vital place.

Abe and I drove home excited by what we had seen, and I somewhat exhausted. It was a look into the future. And there was much that was good about it, especially the beautiful forest and meadow setting. But I wouldn't want to share my back yard with five other families.

Back at the White House I had two appointments in rapid succession waiting for me. Bess called it "hot and cold running Ambassadors' wives". Tea with Matsas at 4:15, the wife of the departing Greek Ambassador. They had been stationed here for five years. We sat in the Red Room

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and reminisced about my visits there, the live dig of Artemis, the cafes by the Aegean, former Prime Minister Caraman<sup>lis</sup>~~Leece~~ and his lovely wife. Mrs. Matsas quite straightforwardly said she thought he ought to have remained on after his defeat and carried on the opposition instead of leaving in such bitterness to live in Paris. "We wouldn't have been in the situation we are in now if he had", she said. And the ever-interesting Queen mother, Fredericka. And then after I said goodbye to her, I met five new Ambassador<sup>'s</sup> wives in the Green Room -- Madame Ansary of Iran, Mrs. Corner of New Zealand, Mrs. Banda of Zambia, Mrs. Shimoda of Japan, and Mrs. Wong of Singapore.

It turned out to be an unusually choice group. Everybody spoke excellent English, and I felt ~~accelerated~~<sup>accelerated</sup> by my busy day and worked at making each of them feel that she had had a really interesting trip to the White House.

Mrs. Ansary and I talked about the Shah. I said how glad I was that he had rescheduled his trip. But I was sorry that the Empress Farah wouldn't be coming with him. She will not be traveling with him any more she said. They have just passed a law making her the Regent, and as such she has to remain in the country when he leaves to ensure the continuity of rule. She said, "You are going to be surprised when you see him. He looks so old." She said, "There are times when he works all night. I do not know of any man who works as hard for his people."

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This conversation had begun when I explained how much I had enjoyed sitting by him and listening to him talk about the development of dams for cheap power and irrigation along the rivers of his country. Her candor to say that he looked old startled me a bit. And her intense devotion to him as the leader of her country was quite touching.

Lyndon came in and greeted us all. We had tea and ample sandwiches. And then we went upstairs, and I conducted a tour through the Yellow Oval Room, the Treaty Room, the Lincoln Room, and the Queens' Room.

It was nearly 6:30 when they left. And then came my last appointment of the day.— John Macy whom I took to the Truman Balcony to watch the twilight with a gin and tonic and to discuss the membership of the Fine Arts Commission. Lyndon had asked me if I would like to make some recommendations. And I know that he may or may not be interested in those I make, but I am taking ~~xxxxxx~~ it very seriously, and pouring earnestly over John Macy's recommendations and asking some from Abe and some from Roger Stevens who goes up in my estimation with every contact.

John Macy is ~~xxxx~~ crisp and knowledgeable. He handles his business <sup>with</sup> ~~xx~~ dispatch. He is a very valuable man I think.

We worked for more than an hour and finally had some proposed recommendations for Lyndon.

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And then I went to the bowling alley -- had three games -- having practically commandeered Mr. Kellam to go with me.

Back home I signed mail. ~~And~~<sup>At</sup> it was 10:30 when Lyndon came in to sit down for dinner with me and Jesse and Marie.