

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, July 19, 1967

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It was one of those incredibly full days -- more the tempo of April and May. But I slept late waking up at 9:30 when the meeting in my "Board of Directors" room had long been in progress. I dressed hurriedly and went in for the last 30 minutes of the "indoctrination" meeting which Dr. Grover, backstopped by Dorothy Territo, was giving for Lyndon's Executive Assistants.

Yesterday morning at 9:00 had been the first installment, and most of the Assistants close to him had come to it. This morning when I went in McGeorge Bundy -- God bless him for coming back to help out on the Mid East crisis -- and Bill Hopkins and Dr. Hornig and Mike Manatos, Stephen Pollack, Barefoot Sanders, Jim Jones, Gardner Ackley, John Macy and Marvin Watson were grouped around the long Cabinet table where President Andrew Johnson had worked. I listened to the last half of Dr. Grover's explanation of the goals and procedures of the Library, and of how these individuals could be a part of it -- could help. And then I worked awhile on the mail. ~~And then~~ at 11:00 Henry Branden of the London Sunday Times came, ~~And~~ I returned to the Treaty Room for an interview. He wanted to do it on tape, which is I suppose really the fairest way. He's a smooth, sophisticated, really very attractive man -- as far removed as one could possibly be from an understanding of my background of life in central Texas. We spent more than 2 hours together and still were not finished. We made a date for the next morning. I went in and

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had a hurried lunch. And then dressed to drive out to Shady Grove Music Theatre. It's a building now and not the striped tent I remember. And the Shady Grove Music Fair was having a play about King Arthur -- the last of the some 2,000 youngsters were filing in as I drove up, all of them in some sort of summer program administered by the District school or the D. C. Recreation Department or certain branches of the poverty program, The United Planning Organization and the Health and Welfare Council.

I went in to a little flurry of excitement, chatting with the Manager, Mr. Fess -- about the good times I had had there and Lynda and Luci too. They used to be two of his most frequent customers. And then sat down in a row of teenagers who were participants in Project Trailblazers. Laurence Rockefeller has given \$50,000 to provide summer jobs for boys and girls between 12 and 15 I think it is. They work at things related to beautification. They get a small stipend. They have field trips. Predictably, most of them were Negroes -- not all.

I sat next to a young girl about 14 who was sewing on curtains to be used at the Smithsonian neighborhood museum. So often I find myself in a ~~situation~~ ^{situation} like this, and it is hard to communicate. I talked to one little boy. What was he doing? He was laying out baseball diamonds. But I could barely understand his words, and there was almost no flicker of real interest on his face. You have this frustrating feeling that you

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are really not getting through, that they are in a foreign land. They [#] *atm*
had certainly taken some license with King Arthur! ¹

Out in the lobby as I came in I had met all the characters lined up in costumes. And Merlin, my old friend, had told me I certainly would never have seen the King ~~of~~ Arthur like this one. It was slapstick, and even I with my omnivorous taste didn't really like it. Anyhow I had to leave after the first act at which time I got up and made my little speech of thanks because I did like the fact that the management was offering it free to all these youngsters.

On the way out there were ⁱⁿnumerable pictures, posed or not. And a deluge of autograph seekers for which my patience is fast eroding. And then about 3:00 I left for the always enjoyable interlude along the George Washington Parkway into Washington.

Back at the house I worked on mail with Ashton and Marilyn -- mostly LBJ Library letters. There were a little more than 100 of them, I think, telling them that they would soon be receiving a letter from the Archivist of the United States about the Library's program for bringing together material, and that I had given their name because as old friends they might have letters or memorabilia which would be of great interest to the Library.

A little past 5:00 Mary Lasker came, and we had tea in the Queens Sitting Room and a nice farewell chat -- though she's coming to dinner tonight. We knew we couldn't talk any beautification business

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then. And she is leaving for Europe at the end of the month for her 7-week summer stay. And she had sketches for two proposed fountains at the far side of the Ellipse. As we looked out over the South Grounds above our own fountain, these would frame the Jefferson Memorial. She had a possible donor too, and plans for accelerating the progress in both parts of the Ellipse. We talked over our whole range of projects and problems, and she showed me the most adorable painting that she had brought for Luci's baby. I can keep it until he is old enough to appreciate it she said. It's a tiny Fugita -- a little girl with folded hands that looked like ^{it was by} a renaissance artist. And Fugita's inevitable cat looking on -- the most unique, adorable painting. He's a little master all to him self like nobody I know, at least not now, and I am just delighted that Luci will have this to add to what is really a growing collection.

And Then I went on to a second LBJ Library meeting of the day. This one, back in the Treaty Room. A sort of a press advisory meeting. Once more Dr. Grover and Dorothy Territo and George Reedy, Bob Fleming, Clark Clifford -- who has held my hand all the way through this -- Harry McPherson and Doug Cater. And Liz and George Christian. Juanita, alas, is still in the hospital with ulcers. It's been a long stay from the very first of July I believe. And she is really the pillar of this Library. The purpose was to decide how the press release should read, or how questions should be answered, when the ~~xxxxxxation~~ reverberations

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begin to echo around as the result of our sending out 200 or so letters to Government officials at Cabinet level, Agency heads, Ambassadors, ~~and~~ then another 100 or so to our friends. Folks are going to begin to talk, and reporters to question. What is the wise way to handle it?

Everybody pretty much agreed after about an hour's talk that the release should be brief, ~~factual~~ ~~factura~~ factual and matter of course. This was one of the duties of the Archivist in putting together Presidential libraries from FDR's time on.

We finally hashed it out, reduced it to writing -- George and Liz taking the major part. And then I left for what was one of the most pleasant evenings of this summer. Lyndon and I have had few small dinner parties in our 3-1/2 years here. Tonight we had one of the best I can remember anywhere. I wore my pink Mollie Parnis -- quite simple and summery. Lyndon had agreed to black tie without any demur.

I met the guests in the Yellow Room. From the Government there were Abe and Carol and Bob McNamara without Margy -- she is in the hospital. And Ramsey without Georgia who is taking care of their daughter Rhonda. And John Gardner and Aida. George and Alice had come up. They had stayed at Huntlands, for which I am hungry. And Alice was so delighted to see the Cliffords. Marny is leaving soon for Nantucket, and asked me to come up after the summer people left in late September and have a quiet week with her. I would simply adore to.

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~~And~~ Charlie and Jane Engelhard were there. He had just returned from England this morning at 3:00. In fact he hurried back for the dinner. And she had come down from Canada where she has about 12 children -- their own and friends -- camping and salmon fishing.

Lyndon, who is always paternal about Marie, had invited her and John Criswell. Arthur and Mathilde were there -- an asset to any party. And Mary Lasker and Andre Meyer.

The only people I did not know well were the Edgar Broumans -- young, attractive. She's John Loeb's daughter. Jack and Mary Margaret were there. And almost the dearest to me, Ed Weisl and Alice.

It was a gorgeous night. There was even a full moon. We stood on the Truman Balcony and the fragrance of Andrew Jackson's magnolias drifted up to us, and it was a totally delightful evening.

I had Bob McNamara on my right and was so pleased to see how much he enjoyed him self. Thin and [?]~~warm~~_{warm} as he looked, he and Margy have a quality of steel. And he quickly and courteously bypassed any expressions of sympathy about her being in the hospital.

Andre Meyer sat on my other side. And Marny Clifford was totally enchanting to him. I could have hugged her. Abe and Ramsey were two hosts at one table. And Lyndon had on his right Mary Lasker and on his left Jane, who was absolutely dreamy in a summer caftan as sheer as gossamer -- a print of myriad shades of pink and red chiffon.

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There was music at the end of the hall as they came in and a small group of four played outside the dining room door. It was totally informal and no toasts were planned. And then suddenly as we finished desert^s, Lyndon rose and gave the most beautiful impromptu unexpected toast to Ed Weisl. He is so swiftly generous -- so quick to act on an impulse of gratitude. And there couldn't have been a better time or place to express it. It capped the evening for me.

Then we drifted out into the hall, and a lot of the ladies just quite naturally went on up into the Yellow Room while the men lingered in the West Hall, although I had not really divided us for coffee and after-dinner liqueurs. The next time I shall. It's fun to have some talk with just women. But this was an evening when everybody talked. And there was an aura of gaiety.

Mary and John Gardner gravitated together. They always have projects to discuss. And Bob McNamara and Andre~~x~~ Meyer~~x~~ and George and Jack of course was everywhere.

Once I drifted down the hall with several of the ladies -- actually showed them the ladies' room off of the Queens' bedroom. But to my amazement Mrs. Brou~~gh~~^{gh}man had apparently never been upstairs before. And so I ended with a sort of little tour of the Queens' bedroom and the Lincoln Room, and found that she was as interested as any 14 year old school girl from Idaho Falls or Johnson City.

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It was nearly 12:00 when the guests departed, and the Krims and Lyndon and I sat up and discussed what a good party it had been. And I promised myself we should have some more like it.

One thing especially stuck in my mind -- Jane Englehard's description of Expo '67. She had gone with some enormous number of children -- like 10. And I thought with the Johnson Library coming into being two or three years from now, and this great job of exhibits being done within 2 hours flight time of me, it certainly behooved me to get up there and see it. Exhibits are too big a science for me to imagine that I could learn something about them in a brief time. But at least I could see the reaction of the different exhibits on myself and their general popularity with the crowds there.