

MEMORANDUM

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I was hopelessly awake by 7:15. These 6-hour nights are not long enough for me. Lyndon went in and got the baby and put him on the bed between us. And as he read his enumerable papers and talked on the phone and read those reports, Lyn boxed the air with his little fists and eyed both of us curiously. He is getting to use his feet a lot more -- he kicks. He is quite an armful to hold.

I had a good talk with Luci. We could hardly stop, and kept Doug Cater waiting for several minutes for his appointment at 10:30. He wanted to present to me an idea of a program which I would sponsor to get books into the hands of underprivileged children on a nationwide basis. Anna Hoffman would be the chief activist in it. It sounds very good and also like a full-time job. Margy McNamaras program here in Washington would be used as a sort of a prototype. I agreed to do it. And then Doug pulled from his file with a rather portentous air saying, "I'm sad to have to show you this." A telegram from Paul Horgan -- a vigorous expression of his dissent from the United States' policy in Viet-Nam. To him it was the only humane attitude, and to me it's only naive. It makes me sad when it is someone I know and like.

I went over to Lyndon's office, and at 11:30 we went out on the grounds for the welcoming ceremony for the Chancellor and Mrs. Kiesinger. The roadway was lined with people who began to cheer as we walked by lightly. I looked into their faces and wondered how many of them belonged

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to the 39 percent that Sunday's poll said favored us. And how many to the 61 percent of those who didn't. But that is the time for a smile and a calm face. I looked too for the two youngsters from Jefferson -- Marylou Davis Ford's son and the little Hall boy. And for some of our house guests with which the house was bulging. And then the big black car rolled up and out stepped Jimmy Symington, smooth as silk. And the very large and imposing figure of Chancellor Kiesinger who was as tall as Lyndon and as broad of shoulder -- a very imposing man. Mrs. Kiesinger was sweet-faced with very black hair, no English, soft and pleasant manner. As I gave her the bouquet of red roses I vowed to myself for the dozenth time that I must tell them not to put the asparagus fern with them. It sticks to your dress like a green plague. We are having a canopy now in the summer's heat. The first summer I can remember it, and very welcome it's been some of the time. But today is delightfully cool.

There seemed an unusually heavy contingent of press. The German visit carries a lot of interest.

Trumpets and flags and 19-gun salute and the stern-faced, erect military. It was a magnificent setting. And Mrs. Kiesinger murmured her admiration of it. The Chancellor seemed relaxed and very much in command as he made his speech. A very impressive man.

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And then we were inside in the Diplomatic Reception Room, murmuring "Your Excellency" to everyone that went by, and the Dean bowing over my hand. And then as I greeted Walter Tobriner I wondered whom I would be introducing the next time as the Mayor of Washington.

Back upstairs I worked at my desk but in a desultory manner. Sometime during the morning I had met Joe in the hall and he had said goodbye -- the first of our wonderful house full of children to go -- a break in the fullness of the household. What a good time it has been.

I had lunch on a tray and then went back down to the Diplomatic Reception Room to say hello to some people from Marshall -- the Nesbitts with their twin sons, Vance and Lance. And some friends of Diana's, and the Culp Kruegers and their daughter, and the American Field Service student, Bibi, who is staying with them from Argentina. Everybody had a camera eagerly poised, and so I suggested the steps by the wisteria vine. And group after group we posed, and I signed autographs. And just then the Harry Jersigs drove up. They too were our house guests, and I gathered them up and escorted them to their room on the 3rd floor. It is always such a warm and pleasant feeling to be able to make people from back home like the Nesbitts feel good. Mr. Nesbitt had known Tommy and he had known Daddy. He had traded with him as he put it.

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Back upstairs I had lunch on a tray and was joined by Lynda and Warrie Lynn. I felt curiously depleted. In fact depressed. A word I loathe and do not like to permit myself to use. But I must face it -- I was depressed. And so I clung to the talk with Lynda, and after she left, with Warrie, who told me about her beau. She is trying to make up her mind whether or not she is in love and how seriously. And her job as teacher of second grade. And then I turned out the light and tried to go to sleep. And from 3:00 until 6:00 I did nothing, which is close to sinful. I was too dull and weary to work, and too tense to sleep. And -- so I wasted three good hours of my life.

It was 6:00 when I got up and went over to Lyndon's office and together we saw the slides that LOOK had made of Lyndon and the baby and the dogs, and I was in a few. There were some great pictures.

Back on the second floor I took a new grip on life, phoned my two remaining house guests -- Archbishop Lucey and Mayor Harry Akin -- to welcome them. I went in to see Lyn. I had a comb-Out with Miss Jean, who was as nervous as I am about it -- Jean Louis is on vacation. And then dressed in the lovely flowing green chiffon by Stavropolous and reviewed the guest list for the last time. And then began that tight-rope 10 minutes when Lyndon rushes in from his office much too late, gets into his evening clothes quicker than I could believe possible. We hold the elevator. I act as liason with Bess and she with Blair House.

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And then like the curtain going up on the stage just as everybody behind it gets into their position we are downstairs and out on the North Portico -- calm and serene -- I hope it looks that way, as the big black car with the flapping flags drives up. Once more I am impressed by what a large man the Chancellor is. It is rather an asset for a Chief of State. That must be some element of De Gaulle's success. And right behind the Kiesingers are their attractive daughter and her husband Kurt Wentzel whom we had met on our Scandinavian trip -- a photographer for National Geographic. And the Vice Chancellor Willy Brandt whom I had always thought so attractive from his pictures and Lyndon's conversation when Lyndon had been to Berlin in August of '61. There were three other members of the German party, and Dean and Virginia and Hubert were already upstairs awaiting us in the Yellow Room. It was a warm pleasure to see George McGhee, beaming and describing how Cecile and 7 children were living in a villa in Florence overlooking the city -- a most divine place he said. Lynda came in and there were happy reminiscences of her time with them in Germany. And then Pat and Luci.

I had had a strange little pang as I ^{watched} ~~watched~~ Luci dress -- her white evening gown with the blue stole that she had worn frequently last summer. In fact I think perhaps the first night she had met Pat. And she had looked at me and said rather anxiously, "How do I look?" And I ~~xx~~ knew that

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no one in all the world liked dresses more than Luci. And so I put a charge of enthusiasm into my voice when I told her I thought she looked great -- it was so becoming -- knowing all the while that she was a little sad that she didn't like Lynda and I and many of the other women present have a lovely new dress for the occasion. But her black hair was piled up high and she was stunning. And Lyn came in and was shown around to everybody making a great hit and behaving beautifully.

This time one of our gifts I took great pleasure in describing though the describing was really only for the other guests for the Kiesingers knew at once and beamed with pleasure. It was a National Geographic map case with the cover -- a picture of their son-in-law, Kurt Wentzel, of a scene dear to the Chancellor -- the valley of the Danube where he was born. And he began at once to tell us all about it, just as happily as Lyndon would, ^{if} ~~■~~ in some far land the Chief of State had presented something very personal and related to the ^{hill} country. And the gifts were really an exchange of maps. ~~Their's~~ ^{Their's} to us was a very handsome copy of an old map dated 1507 found in a castle close to his home on which the word "America" was used for the first time. This was only 15 years after Columbus had discovered it. And it appeared on the far western edge of the map as just a long, attenuated Island with no western boundary. It just melted off into the sea.

Kiesinger made a joke about this land should have been called Columbia after Columbus. But because it was made by a University

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professor, he gave it the name of a fellow member of academia -- a minor navigator of the day named Amerigo Vespucci -- on what slim threads does history hang.

I found the Chancellor spoke quite good English although he used German for his public speeches. So I chatted away with him as we descended the Grand staircase about the house, its uses, its changes with the years. I was determined to make it a great evening for the Germans, for all our guests, simply for the satisfaction of knowing it was a well-done party. I wanted to rise in combat against my lethargy[?] and depression of the afternoon and pay life back simply for the gift of life. It is hard to explain but troubles arouse one's fighting spirit. My eyes rested on Chuch Robb, handsome in his Marine uniform -- very stiff and erect with as close to a week as I could get at a State Dinner. And then we were in line between the flags. And a great cross-section of our Government and country that make up a State Dinner were filing past. First the German party, and then from the Cabinet besides Dean and Virginia, Bob McNamara without Margy. She still must rest a lot. And the handsome young Secretary of Commerce. And then from the Senate, Margaret Chase Smith -- all serene and dignity, with a single rose that is her trademark. And the young and attractive Scoop Jacksons. Mike and Maureen Mansfield. And husky-voiced George Murphy of California. Somehow the aura of an actor still clings around him.

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There were two of my favorite Governors -- the young and attractive Curtises of Maine. And later when our first course was lobster, I waved down the table at them and said, "None would ever be as good as the lobsters steaming under seaweed that we had had on the rocky coast of Maine". And the warm and intelligent Hulett Smiths of West Virginia -- such a congenial part of my trip through Appalachia.

There was a sizeable contingent from the House. We are having more from the House these days. Among them, two of the women members -- Mrs. Frances Bolton and Mrs. Edith Green and my old friend of the campaign trail, Basil Whitener, of North Carolina and his wife. And that tough veteran, Mike Kirwan who had brought his daughter instead of his wife.

And among old Government hands, the Dean Achesons and the Walter Hellers. I heard such a delightful story about Dean Acheson the other night. At a dinner party he had been listening to Stu Symington whose opinions on Viet-Nam were wild, vehement and unclouded by any doubt. Dean Acheson said, "Stu, this just goes to prove that I was right about you several years ago when I was for you for President, because if you were President you would never dare utter such nonsense as you just said."

From the entertainment world there was the actor Lee Marvin and composer of "Music Man" Meredith Willson. And big, impressive

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Raymond Burr whom I once felt was a personal friend and I almost introduced him as Perry Mason during the evening. I noticed that he always had a crowd of admirers around him.

There was Democratic Committeewoman Mildred Jeffrey and the Eugene Wymans from California. And that unfatigueable advance man Marty Underwood.

I had the Chancellor on my right for dinner. And Willy Brandt on my left. The Chancellor proved a very interesting companion. My usual opening gambit, "Have you been in politics all your life, Mr. Chancellor?" It brought the off-beat response that he had begun by thinking he would be a poet. He actually had published two books of poetry in his youth. And then he had thought of going into politics. But in his words, "1933 ended that."

How do you ask a German today, especially a powerful German, what he did between 1933 and '45? That takes a combination of tact and incisiveness which I have not mastered. The Chancellor skipped over it and then he said, "After the war we went back home. It was all bombed out. There was not", he said, "a chair or a table -- nothing left. I spent the next year trying to keep my family alive, going into the woods with an ax, cutting fire wood -- there was no coal -- and looking for mushrooms -- doing anything to keep my wife and two children fed and warm. And then after a year I got a job in the University as a

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Professor, and things were better." And here he clutched his arms across his chest and shivered and said, "The classrooms were freezing. There was no coal to burn, and all the windows were bombed out. We wrapped up in all the sweaters and coats we could get." But there was an excitement, a pride, almost a pleasure as he talked in remembering those years, to meet the ultimate chance of survival and to spend every last ounce of muscle or brain you've got must be a very sort of special intoxication for a man and a Nation. And it made interesting listening.

Willy Brandt was not so easy to talk to. In fact, I was disappointed. I had expected too much. I asked him how many trips he had made to this country, and he answered, "I think 13." One of them he told me was back when Senator Lyndon Johnson arranged a trip for him that took him through Fredericksburg where a luncheon was given for him. He had been to the museum there, had become acquainted with the German heritage of my part of the State. And he talked of Lyndon's visit to Berlin in '61, and the lovely china I cherish. But I missed any feeling of rapport, of real interest in the evening on his part. Not so the Kiesingers. They seemed to be having a marvelous time, and especially the Chancellor's daughter -- attractive young Mrs. Wentzel -- on Lyndon's left whose youth and liveliness I was grateful for.

Hugo Black was back in circulation for the first time after his second eye operation. And the years are at long last laying their withering

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hands on him, in body if not in spirit.

We had coffee in the Red Room and the Green Room afterward and a few minutes for visiting. And I had sort of a New England reunion with the delightful Bill Youngmans and Governor and Mrs. Curtis.

And then into the East Room to hear the National Gallery Orchestra give a program that was half the music George Washington might have listened to -- a march, a minuet, "The Brandywine Quick Step" in which the refrain of "Yankee Doodle" was just below the surface. And then the last half "Mozart". It was a rather scholarly, sedate program of entertainment. The other side of the spectrum from "Hello Dolly", but patterned after the entertainment that German princelings would have enjoyed in their courts in years gone by. We really run the gambit here -- from Grand operas and Navajo fire dancers to chamber music to "Guys and Dolls".

After the pictures with the entertainers, Lyndon took the Chancellor's arm and we went out into the hall where champagne was being passed. I knew it would be a night of still two more hours work for Lyndon with night reading. And so I was not sorry when the Chancellor and Mrs. Kiesinger made their way to the front Portico.

Lyndon left almost immediately afterward, but I lingered to have as many visits as possible with the Roy McDermotts -- she's Raymond Buck's daughter. And our ~~invitation~~ invitation to Raymond

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had come back with a sad response. He was ill. He was afraid he could not come now or later. He would like it so much if sometime we could invite his daughter Kay and her husband. And so of course we did right away, and I was delighted that she had so much fun. They were a very attractive couple, and among the first to take to dancing, as was Luci with our house guest Harry ~~AKin~~ -- a very gay and vigorous dance. I had asked her to take care of him. And I noticed her through the evening being very attentive, as she was with Archbishop Lucey of San Antonio. The Culp Kruegers were very much at home with everybody. And handsome Harry Jersig had a few words of German with the Chancellor.

I whisked Dr. Harrar off into the Blue Room for a few quiet moments on Daniel Webster's sofa, to tell Dr. Harrar about the plans for the Lyndon Johnson School of Public Service -- what we hoped of it, what its potentialities were, how much we needed a really great director. He said he would think about it and would get back to me with some possible names, and would of course talk to Dr. Ransom. He pleased me no end by remembering that I had been to "Chapingo" in Mexico City, and said how much it meant to them to have that recognition of the place and that much bringing it before the public's eye. And I was delighted that I could remember one concrete example there -- two pictures of loaves of bread -- one small and shrunken that they had

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grown from the wheat of the Region for centuries. And another large and abundant grown from a new strain of wheat that had been developed by ~~the~~ technical research. To me it was the most exciting moment of the evening.

And I had a nice moment with Walter Heller letting him know that he was appreciated by this Administration and by the Johnsons personally. A pleasant moment with the diminutive Samuel Newhouses. And then a really happy time with the starry-eyed youngsters from Jefferson -- Marylou Davis Ford's son and the little Hall boy. They are leaving to return to return to Texas tomorrow, and I am even happier than they that they got to come tonight. I wouldn't be surprised if they mentioned it a few times when they get back to Jefferson.

It was nearly 12:30 when I went upstairs. I had gathered up the Kruegers and Harry Akin to have a night-cap with me. Lyndon was long since at his work, and we had a happy little reminiscence of my trip through central Texas. I believe it was at the fish fry where I had encountered Culp. His loyalty, his fondness for Lyndon is as strong as ever. But he conveyed to me the depth of the disturbance, the bitterness, of many white people -- himself included -- against the Negroes. And I am sure a great deal of it will culminate -- will come to a point against one man -- the President. His was the feeling of the second generation American. His parents had come over very

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poor as he said from Germany and his wife's parents from Poland I believe. And they had had to work and sweat their way up the ladder. And as he expressed it, "We don't like to see it handed to them on a silver sleeve." I was reassured to hear the Mayor take a quiet tone and not just ride off on a wave of emotion. He said that for the first time Austin has a bi-racial, mediation board. I gather any citizen can bring a complaint to it about discrimination and public facilities, the police, etc. He takes his job as Mayor very earnestly.

Once more it was after 1:00 when we went to bed.