

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, September 25, 1967

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It was one of those bleak nights when the shadows take over.  
*ca. word*  
And I am not repelled by the fast drumming activities of the days. An author I liked when I was an impressionable 17 called them, "The valley of the black pig."

We both woke up about 3:30, and talked and talked and talked about when and how to make the statement that Lyndon is not going to be a candidate again. We talked about October 7th, the date for the big dinner. Perhaps we have already passed up two possibilities -- Lyndon's birthday and the election in Viet-Nam -- certainly a successful highpoint about Labor Day. I do not feel it can be October 7th because these people are the ones who love us enough, who believe in us enough, to have paid a thousand dollars to hear a speech made up of tough assurance and good cheer and some humor. In these discussions I feel that Lyndon reaches out to me more than ever, and yet I do not have the wisdom, the foresight for the answer. The only gift I have is the assurance that I will be content and happy saying goodbye to all this, much as I have loved it -- deeply <sup>in</sup>mersed as I have been in it every day -- even the painful ones.

Finally, we drifted off to sleep, and it was well after 8:00 when we woke up again and had coffee and juice. And my first appointment of the day was with the Tiffany people and Bess down in the State Dining Room. It's free Monday mornings. And a table was set up, complete with gold

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plates and the Truman china and a beautiful flower arrangement -- all ready for a State Dinner. Bess was presiding calmly and there they were -- the Tiffany people -- suave and charming gentlemen with the wonderful <sup>Ch. name</sup> name of Anthony and Hobart and Woods, and the artist with his sketches of the wild flowers. They are much better -- freer, looser -- the designs of the flowers, and less of them. They looked lovely. We are "almost there" -- in design at least -- though we are 50,000 short of there in getting it.

The service plates were elegant. They have changed the eagle. I love nearly everything -- especially the dessert plates and the big bowls for fruit or just decorations. I suggested very few changes and promised to send plates of the blue bell and maybe of the prairie <sup>phlox</sup> ~~flowers~~. And then we congratulated each other all around with that glowing feeling, and I went back upstairs for some desk work before I dressed for the luncheon.

Lyndon was having Sir Robert and Lady Menzies and Ambassador and Mrs. John Waller of Australia. Sir Robert is a legendary character to me. Lyndon has talked so much about him. And I found him as delightful as his billing. Lyndon thinks he is just a notch below Winston Churchill in wisdom and in eloquence. He had been lecturing at Universities around the country -- not, alas, at the University of Texas -- a missed opportunity, and that more than anything makes me mad -- a missed opportunity for our Government, for ourselves, for the University of Texas.

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He was portly and enormously dignified, but quite humorous and very easy too.

Lyndon was obviously having a good time. They reminisced a bit, but mostly Sir Robert talked about how much he approved of what Lyndon was doing internationally, and how tough he knew it was. And then he said what everybody is saying in chorus these days, "You've got to keep telling the people, go on TV." Only he said it better with a delightful story.

In a campaign in Australia, ~~[someone accused a candidate of making the~~  
~~(over & beginning of tape - repeated)~~  
~~same speech - in a campaign in Australia,~~ someone remonstrated with a candidate that he had made the same speech 70 times. The candidate answered, "Yes, that's true. But I made it to 70 different audiences." So, said Sir Robert, must Lyndon -- over and over and over. We keep on hoping for a suggestion that somebody else can do!

At 4:00 I took a little nap and read Wolfe Von Eckhard's piece in the Post about Longfellow Park. He's one of the best translators of what I hope will happen.

High on my list are some quiet afternoons of having tea with just one or two or six like Wolfe Von Eckhard -- people who give or write or carry out projects. There is so much I want to do! Then I worked with an hour or so with Ashton, and restive from a day of desk and talk I went over to the bowling alley for two quick games, which is as good for my spirit as my body, and then back for Jean Louis to fix up my

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hair and into my Mollie Parnis pink silk with the beaded jacket for one of our small dinners. They are not more than 30 people upstairs in the family dining room, and have been, most of them, glowing times to remember and useful for learning and making people, I think, feel closer to us.

From the Cabinet, we had the O'Briens and the Alan Boyds. We had a nice moment about Jake Hershey whom he knows and admires very much.

And from the Senate, Maggie without Jermaine. She is staying in the District working on campaign and grandchildren. And John and Ivo Sparkman -- marvelously resistant to the years. Ivo and I are members of the 75th Club together. And from Nevada, both the Alan Bibles and the Howard Cannons. This was not good planning. Both are good friends of ours, but we should have spaced them differently. And the Philip Harts of Michigan. I appreciate him much more since my trip to Sylvania. His introduction there was one of the best I'll ever have -- understanding, and I believe sincere, and even a touch of lyric qualities. Dear Lindy and Hale Boggs were there. Lindy saying quietly to me in a corner that she would love to do anything for Lynda Bird, make room in her house for kinfolks or youngsters from far off who could scarcely afford a hotel room, or have a gay, small party. To me

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there is a quality about southern friends that can't be beat. The young Richard McCarthys of New York were lively and attractive company. He is just back from Viet-Nam, and like most of those who go, much more realistic and understanding for the trip. And she and I were full of chatter about the children's fair on the back lawn.

And ~~the~~ guest I was especially glad to have -- Congresswoman Leonor Sullivan. We too had come together -- I think it was the 81st Congress though. I have a particular admiration for women who master the intricacies of parliamentary procedure and run an office well enough to stay in for years all on their own.

There was an especially decorative young couple -- the Arthur Cohens of New York. She was strikingly beautiful. And he, extremely able and successful for so young a man in the real estate business I believe. And our old friends the Ralph McCulloughs of Texas who quickly established fellow interest with the other guests, and with whom I enjoyed reminiscing about Alice and George Brown and their long years of hunting companionship. George now with his eye operation can scarcely see -- not at all out of one eye, Ralph told me. But he's learned how to hold his gun and adjust looking out of the other eye until he is a fairly good shot. And the outdoors and the companionship are as good as ever. What a spirit of life!

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The former Governor of North Carolina, Terry Sanford, and his lovely Margaret Rose with whom I share campaigning memories, were for me such fun to see again; and a man around whom there is a certain aura of glamor as a criminal lawyer and a writer -- Louis Nizer -- who lived up to his billing -- his conversation making the evening a more glittering one for me certainly and I believe for the other guests.

We had a rather long cocktail hour, and then went into three beautifully set tables in the family dining room and enjoyed mountain trout, pheasant and a lemon ~~moose~~ <sup>mousse</sup>. And a easy, pleasant, lively enough dinner conversation. I was seated between John Sparkman and Maggie. ~~And then~~ After dessert, Lyndon rose and made a toast to good friends present which actually went on to a colorfully expressed "state of the world as he saw it from the chair he sat in. It was great -- maybe a touch long -- but as we walked out, Leonor Sullivan took my arm and said, "If everybody could just hear him. I would give anything if he could do that on TV. He would make people understand. " Well, it is easier said than done.

I took the ladies with me into the Yellow Room for coffee and liqueurs while the gentlemen stayed in the West Hall. And then in strolling up to the ladies room I took those few who were not familiar with the Queens' Room and the Lincoln Room -- pretty little Mrs. Arthur Cohen

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and Mrs. Ralph McCullough and Mrs. Nizer and Margaret Rose -- on a brief tour, especially because Mrs. McCullough wanted to see how Oveta's chandelier looked. I enjoy these half hours with the ladies. That's when I can talk, though I must say the lively interest is with the men.

And then back in the Yellow Room, I sat down on the sofa with Mr. Nizer who told a spellbound group of us about his trip to Russia to the Film Festival -- a drab country it sounded like, <sup>but</sup> more comforts than on his previous visits. ~~But~~ Even so, no stopper in the bath tub nor soap! But there were statues to the poets and the musicians. He had liked that. He told too of a good many buildings erected some five or six years ago that were so poorly built that they had to be reinforced with an outside steel scaffolding.

When he finished you wondered why we look upon them as 8 feet tall -- so formidable, so organized. Of course organized is just what they are not -- as he had seen it. They did however have an intensity of purpose, of determination, about their country.

Liz Slater arrived sometime during the evening and was taken upstairs to her room. She'll be here with us until the wedding on October 7th. I love very much to do things for people who have done so much for us, like Jess~~ie~~. It would not be possible to do enough.

It was after 12:00 when the dinner guests left, and yet it had seemed a short evening and for me at least the mood of 3:30 this

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morning had completely evaporated against the crescendo of demands of the day.