

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, October 19, 1967

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I went early to the swimming pool and had my 30 laps. It is pleasant but unimportant for me to swim. But to get Lyndon to swim or bowl is one of the best things I could do for ourselves and for our Government I believe. I fail. There are always so many reasons why he can't. The little growth on his hand has just been burnt off. They are raw. The doctor says they might get infected. And now there is the one on his heel. And here they used for the first time that dread word "cancer" -- low grade, unimportant, they assure us. Still the word is fearsome. At any rate you can't swim with a raw heel, and you can't bowl with a raw hand.

I returned to the second floor, dressed and put on my fall and went in to meet the Ambassadors' wives. Sylvia brought them. Virginia was out of town. It was Mrs. Thornabunya the wife of the Ambassador of Yugoslavia -- plump and pleasant, middle aged, likeable, nothing in her appearance to show that she had worked for the Yugoslavian army at the front -- a little English. And Mrs. Debrah, the wife of the Ambassador of Ghana -- pretty and young and very nice -- talked easily. And we had a common coin of the recent visit of their Chief of State, General Ankrah. And Mrs. Ortona, the wife of the Ambassador of Italy, an old pro, and easy in her role and putting everyone else at ease.

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We chatted of the visit of President Saragat.

The only difficult one was Her Royal Highness Princess Lila Naza of Morocco; aloof, cool, silent. She might as well have had on her veil. So I tried all the harder to pierce it. And finally won a smile from her.

Mrs. Sharaf of Jordan is herself a Lebanese and remembered my visit there and especially to Balbeck -- one of the most romantic days I ever spent in my life. She had run her own TV show in Jordan and represents a special type of woman in the East, working out in the world -- quite vivid -- I liked her.

And then there was Mrs. Palamas of Greece. She recalled having met me on one of our trips to Greece.

It was a pleasant visit in the Yellow Room over tea. And when I suggested that they might like to see the Lincoln Room and the Queens' Room, they were warmly eager, and I love doing the tour for them.

Lyndon came in and spoke briefly. And at 12:00 I was back at my desk working with Ashton.

Lynda came in, and we had hamburgers on a tray and talked about the wedding. The list is almost in shape. We've decided to go whole hog -- invite the approximately 600 that we absolutely yearn to. And if the guests stand on chairs or each other's shoulders, so be it.

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At 2:30 I went down to the Diplomatic Reception Room with Simone (Liz is cruising with the Governors) to greet Barbara Coleman and three or four others from WMAL. They gave me the film made on my New England trip. One day it will be in the LBJ Library. I know how much ephemeral we are letting pass by -- all the little clips of me on news shows from California to Maine. Each of the trips has been vivid and interesting -- a phase of our life -- this country's life. And they will not be kept in the Library for lack of money. It would be money and trouble for each of the TV stations to send them to us. Usually we ask -- occasionally we get. So it was all the more important to me to accept this tape with very real gratitude.

And then the next event of the day was really the one with the most heart and the most interest.

I went into the Library -- so often the scene of our small group meetings -- to present the WICS certificate -- that's Women in Community Service -- to its president, Mrs. Stuart Sinclair -- a white-haired, warm-faced, articulate woman. She and her fellow workers are I think a unique phenomenon in American life. I wonder if other countries have their counterparts. These volunteers come largely from middle-class, middle-aged women with a little time on their hands. They are likely to be members of the National Council of Catholic or Jewish or Negro Women or Church Women United. And they help the Job Corps -- the girl's Job Corps -- by locating girls who need their training, talk

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to them about it, maybe have an orientation program during which the girls visit business offices or cultural facilities. And they help them get clothes and give them pep talks and start them off to the Job Corps. Sometimes after they've applied there is a long waiting list and the WICS women try to keep them interested until they get the chance to go in.

So about six of the ladies -- one from each of the religious groups -- the Director of the WICS -- and Benetta Washington, the Director of the Job Corps.

The whole meeting made me real proud of women in our country and in our Government.

Benetta said there were 12,000 enrollees in vocation training in 17 Centers. There were about 3 newspaper women present -- Elizabeth Shelton and two others. And the minute I walked in I thought how dumb of me to wear my fall and my David Webb tiger pin -- or rather Luci's.

It was a substantive meeting -- a good meeting -- and I want to do what little I can to explain the Job Corps through the press to the folks who voted for it, and not wind up having my fall and my David Webb pin being the story.

I was relieved the next day to see that Elizabeth Shelton had really understood and reported it well -- and the fall only got one line.

Back upstairs I found Lyndon in the dining room for lunch at 3:00 which is pretty typical of his days. And Ashton often keeps him company

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or George Christian or Jim.

I had coffee with him, and then went into my dressing room to work with Simone and Mrs. Provenson on my little Georgetown speech. This one is mostly nostalgia about the hundred years or more of history that Southwestern University has had in playing on the strings of memory of our own part in the old 10th District. And a salute to the role it has been playing in sending people out into the world in business and diplomacy and as missionaries. I will not try as hard on this speech as I did at Yale and Williams.

At 5:00 they left, and then Clark Clifford came. He's becoming a very extraordinary figure in our life -- commanding and calm. I have a great deal of faith and dependence in him. Our subject was the Library. When I finally see it built I can say, "There stands hours, months of my work", for better or worse.

Our problem was a Director for the Library during the two years or more that it is being built. It has not worked out for the University to put Dr. Grover on its payroll. He will not come to Austin to accept a professorship, and they cannot hire him as a professor in absentia since he has never been a professor there on the ground -- so says the Attorney General. In fact I was puzzled and dismayed by his attitude when I talked to him last on the phone after he had returned from Austin. He had only stayed three days. I thought he had gone to spend two weeks. So did

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Dr. Ransom and had made a lot of appointments for him. His enthusiasm seemed diminished, dissipated, and his words were a little vague. My general impression was that he was ready to wash his hands of the whole matter.

I explained all this to Clark. We both feel that we must have somebody in charge in these two years while it's a building -- the architect cares about the building. Nobody as yet cares about the interior decoration. Mr. Drexler is working and nobody knows in what direction on the exhibits. Nobody so far as I know is working on the landscaping. Dr. Ransom and Mary and Dr. Grover and I have given some hours and some thought to the acquisitions. But not the steady day-to-day work that it deserves. In other words this giant topsy is growing with nobody to direct. We need somebody experienced and devoted to whom this is his major and well-loved job.

The trouble is archivists are mighty/^{scarce}breed, and my experience in locating them is nill. And so I turned to Clark -- that the gist of it is that he will call Dr. Grover and they will have a lunch date and he will try to ascertain how he really feels. And then if Dr. Grover is still interested -- still wants to do it -- we will face up to how we could hire him for two or two and one half years -- where we could find the money outside of the Government and outside of the University.

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We touched briefly on Madame Shoumatoff coming to discuss painting my portrait. And Clark left about 6:30 without me having had the nerve or the time to broach to him the subject deepest on my mind -- how and when Lyndon can make the announcement that he is not going to run for reelection. For all his dear, generous, obliging nature, Clark can extricate himself with great courtesy when it is time for him to go.

And so at 6:30 he left, and I worked some more. And presently I called over Chief Mills and had a good rub while I watched TV. This I shall miss so much when I walk out of the White House -- all the more reason to enjoy it every day while I'm here.

Lyndon and I had dinner at 10:30, and then we went to bed with his staggering bundle of night reading.