

**Removed from 03/27/1968, page 1.**

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THE WHITE HOUSE

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Began in some dim, undertain hour of the morning. Lyndon, whose great resource and refreshener, <sup>is</sup> is the ability to go to sleep at will, whenever his work will permit, <sup>can</sup> and still do that, but he wakes up in the middle of the night, <sup>and</sup> and lies there and worries. And when he wakes, <sup>I</sup> I do too.

First of all is the endless, murky, uncertain war in Viet-Nam; and then Chuck's departure; and very soon Patrick; and next, our own personal dilemma. What should we do? Could we make the sort of statement Rockefeller did? Did the Pueblo incident foreclose us from getting out? And <sup>did</sup> Bobby Kennedy's entering, <sup>finally</sup> finally slam shut any exit for us?

I spent the morning working at my desk, <sup>and</sup> and talking with Liz about in going to Palm Beach. And/our long middle-of-the-night conversation, I had told Lyndon, <sup>that</sup> that Mrs. Post, <sup>of giving</sup> was thinking to <sup>give</sup> give to the Federal government, <sup>the</sup> the Park Service, <sup>her</sup> her beautiful ~~xxx~~ Palm Beach home, Mar-a-Largo, and had invited me and Secretary Udall, <sup>and</sup> and the Dukes, <sup>to</sup> to come down as her guests and get some rest, and think about the possible uses of the place. And she had, in fact, so generously invited me to come up to her Adirondacks summer home, <sup>and</sup> and to Palm Beach before.

As much as I would love to, <sup>I</sup> I had always said no, because in what may be a silly way, I think I owe these days and hours, <sup>to</sup> to working at this job, mostly, and not just enjoying myself. But now, I would love to go to Palm Beach - what did he think? To my delight, he said, "I'd go on, and I'd stay,

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get some sun, have a good time." So Liz and I worked out a possible trip. It looks like we might go, right after the Women-Do'ers Lunch next Tuesday!

And then it was time for the arrival ceremony, for President Tubman of Liberia, one of the most durable chiefs of State in this whole turbulent world, next to Haile Salassie and Franco. He's been President for about 24 years, I believe.

It was a beautiful spring day. Lyndon and I walked out on the grounds to see one of the largest crowds that had been assembled for an arrival ceremony. The Thomas Jefferson knolls were full, the ripple of clapping followed us as we walked along the driveway. I looked up on the balcony and there was Luci, with Lynn in her arms; that poor little lamb has been running a high fever. He seems to be cutting two teeth and his tonsils are bad, but the doctors can't quite put a name to it, and so like everything else, it falls under the umbrella of virus. He is hollow-eyed and looks so pathetic, and we worry.

Once more, the big black car drove up and President Tubman emerged, with some difficulty, he is elderly. For the last time, Jim and Sylvia introduced the Chief of State to the Rusks, and the waiting General, and we mounted the platform, listened to the Anthem and counted the cannon shots, and watched the blue smoke twirl upward.

And then the speeches, and we were back inside, for the brief reception.

Today I am doing something very different - going out to lunch with Lorraine

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Cooper, Mrs. John Sherman Cooper. She was having just a few ladies for Evangeline Bruce, who was over from England for a few days. Somehow, I'm loosening up, first Palm Beach and now a self-indulgent lunch, just because I want. Just as I was about to go out the door, there came a telephone call, from Bill Moyers. Could I talk? I decided that even if I was late, I would. I don't want to say no to Bill, first because I'm fond of him. Second, because he wouldn't think it was just because I would be 15 minutes late for a luncheon.

It turned out to be a rather sweet conversation. I had heard he had collapsed in his office, was sick. I had been on the point of writing him a letter and told him so. He said he was feeling much better, he was at home but on a limited schedule. Then he said, "I read a great deal about the speech you gave." That was on Tuesday, before the B'nai B'rith women. He said, "I thought it was a good one, and I wish you'd do more." And then he said, something like 'you're the best interpreter he's got!'. Then he went on, just as though he needed to talk somehow, analyzing and describing today's scene, the situation we find ourselves in, and he said, "History will put it all right, including Viet-Nam. Right now ~~✓~~ everything is all stirred up, tempers are hot, but there will come a day."

And then, as an example, ~~✓~~ of just how mixed up and hot tempers were, he said he had gone to the Board of the Gallery of Modern Arts, and they had had a happening - an exhibition of artists which was picketed by artists

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from Greenwich village, because, apparently it wasn't<sup>''</sup> way out enough for them.

And then came <sup>what</sup> what I think was the purpose of his call. "The wonderful thing," he said, "was I think, though there has been lots of ~~press~~ pressures, all the people who know him best (I don't know that he called Lyndon by name, or as the President, he just spoke of him and both of us knew what he meant) have stuck with him, Like Ambassador Harriman - isn't he wonderful?" I could call him and raise him on that!

And he said <sup>in</sup> a rather dulcet expression, something to the effect that "come November, the best man will win." And I got in my word about, "We have had a lot of achievements, yes, it may not be known. We may have to wait for history, but we don't say enough about them."

~~And~~ <sup>that</sup> it ended on ~~a~~ pleasant note, and I was so glad I had talked, and then I hurried on out to Lorraine Cooper's, with Bess riding in the car with me, because she had lost her few minutes chance to ask me about lists, and decisions, and dates. ~~And~~ <sup>we</sup> we went through some mail, and ~~opened~~ <sup>pinned</sup> some things down on the calendar.

~~And~~ <sup>Then</sup> then I walked into another world, for an enchanting hour and a half. Lorraine Cooper is one of the most sophisticated women I know. I genuinely like her and I think she likes me, although we couldn't possibly be more different.

Her home has great charm and as I looked at it, I wondered what the

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ingredients were. Color, yes! Hues with daring and dash, and drama. And paintings from ~~very~~ varied periods <sup>in</sup> civilizations, and countries. And books, books, books - and objects of art that tell the story of their lives. It's a very "living" room.

The other guests were Evangeline Bruce, one of the most beautiful, serene, and graceful women I know. And Mrs. McBain, and Mrs. Guest, whom I had not met before. Just the five of us.

We had one drink and then quickly lunch, at a table gayly set with a printed cloth in orange and yellow, and pink, and red, and white, and green, and the flowers, bright orangey, tangerine nasturtiums. It was smashing!

And then Lorraine began, almost as though she were making an announcement. "We've just all been saying that you're the best First Lady ever, and we all wanted you to know it and then we'll say no more about it."

And I, with astonished pleasure, uttered some thank you and the delightful luncheon went on. I have never had better food anywhere. It was a treat to look at, to anticipate, and to eat. Beginning with one of my favorites - ~~an~~ I wonder egg Benedictine, I think, although/what that sort of a kitchen, hostess, and menu would do if a husband like Lyndon came in, ten minutes before dinner and said, "Set four extra places, we've got some company."

The talk ranged over the field of what has happened to youth. We explored LSD and its relation with Eastern mysticism, yoga, nihilism. There was some talk of personalities, none of whom I knew, except from the sleek

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pages of Vogue and such, but mostly of ideas and events. I found it rich, varied, spicy. I shall miss this kind of talk when I'm home! In fact, I have to some extent, deprived myself of it here in the White House. So much of my life is dinners for 140, or standing in endless receiving lines, greeting people with just a phrase or two each.

We had our coffee in the garden, underneath what must be the largest apple tree in Georgetown. At another table with a bright flowered cloth, ~~and~~ it must be the "in thing."

And then I said goodby and was back at the White House by 2:30, working briefly at my desk, doing some pictures on the Truman Balcony with Bob Knudsen. I'm determined to get some good ones and quit sending out that one that was done in 65.

And at 3 o'clock, went downstairs to greet ~~B~~ara Holt, at the door of the Diplomatic Reception Room. There was some press lined up, particularly of course, Australian press. Lady Waller brought her, two other ladies accompanied them. She's coming to us for two days, we'd hoped very much that she could come for a week in April, but she let us know that she had ~~to~~ returned to Australia sooner than she thought. And so we had insisted that she come for these two days, though they are far too rushed for a real visit.

This had been Lyndon's idea, bless him. He does not forget - it's more the sort of thing a woman does, and I am prouder of him, I love him all the

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more, that it was he that asked her over the phone to come, and I that just underwrote it and insisted.

We went up on the Truman Balcony and had iced tea, and she and her friend, who has accompanied her on her more than two months trip, <sup>the</sup> Memorial service at Westminster Abbey, and on through Europe, <sup>and</sup> And then for a rather special and very hilarious holiday in Greece. They described their journeys to us and then the others said goodbye, and I took her for an hour's ride around Washington. I myself wanted to see how the daffodils were coming along on Columbia Island. There are several glorious golden swatches along the river. And we went around Hains Point, the blossoms are just at the point of bursting. I told her, "I think you'll see them before we leave, if this hot weather keeps up."

And then we went down Southeast Pennsylvania Avenue, and here the magnolia Soulangeana were out.

We were back at the White House by five and I left her to get some rest while I worked with Ashton, and then had a comb-out and did a bit of calling. Talked to Lynda.

There is, thank God, a strong lilt in her voice. She'll be home at grey dawn Sunday morning. And they, of all things, <sup>are</sup> going to have dinner with George tonight!

Mr. Per gave me an elegant comb-out, and I put <sup>my</sup> ivory Stavropolous and did some more pictures. I want to have a small treasury, perhaps half



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a dozen really good evening dress pictures of me, for the museums, the cultural organizations with the printed program, and just friends who write for one.

A little past eight, Lyndon and I were down on the North Portico to greet President and Mrs. Tubman. She too, had an up hair-do, and a crispy white lace evening dress.

Upstairs in the Yellow Room, our party included their son, and Luci and Pat. We exchanged gifts, and my favorite always, <sup>is the</sup> bamboo bowl in vermeil, like we use here for all White House flowers, <sup>on</sup> formal occasions. This was our gift to Mrs. Tubman; and some sketches of Frederick Douglas by <sup>4. Schenck?</sup> Benshame, for the President, together with the largest and handsomest vermeil desk box I could remember.

Among their gifts for us, <sup>there</sup> was the most delightful white pigmy rhinoceros for little Lyn.

Then for a change, we took them into the Lincoln Room and did the official picture there, with Lyndon pointing out the Gettysburg Address written in Lincoln's own handwriting, <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ President Tubman.

And then we were down stairs to greet our 140 guests. Clark and Marnie Clifford from the Cabinet, beside the Rusks. And the Hugo Blacks from the Court, he looking frailer every time I see him, but just as full of spirit as ever and still playing tennis, Elizabeth said. She was at my table, and good company.

Only one Senator, the Walter Mondales, and they've become among those

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whom I admire and enjoy most.

This is a strange time. The number of regrets, especially in the Senate, is so heavy. They are very busy at home, and on the Hill; we have, it is true, invited the Senators so many times, that perhaps they no longer value White House entertainment. Or, third, perhaps they think we <sup>have</sup> ~~are~~ the political small ~~xxx~~ pox. So I think I shall cut down on the number invited.

The Spiro Agnews, among the governors. We got a regret from the Hoffs of Vermont, at about the same time that I saw in the paper that he had come out for Bobby Kennedy. The first Democratic Governor to do so, and, sadly, he had been one of my favorites. Lyndon, not I, had anticipated it.

The House was fully representated - Jim Fulton, bouncy and friendly, as always. It was the Symington's last dinner, and so, when they left, I couldn't help kissing him.

General

And handsome, durable/Maxwell Taylor and the Henry Cabot Lodges. I have a hard time remembering that we ever ran against each other - so detached, so thoroughly admirable do I find them both.

There were the Gilbert Adams; and the Jack Harrises from Texas. The Adams thrill that they had come across a sculptor <sup>used bust</sup> of his great great-great, or whatever it is, grandfather on the first floor, Count deStang, <sup>A' Estang?</sup> a Frenchman who had fought with our Navy, in the Revolutionary War. I made sure we got a picture of them later, the Adamses, standing beside the bust.

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And Mrs. Lansdale Christi, whose husband had been the founder of the Liberian Mining Company, one of the greatest industries of that country. I placed her at my table.

~~And~~ I had put Jack Harris next to Pat, so they could talk TV and Texas. The names of one of the guests, runs so familiar, Garland Farmer, that later I asked him where he was from. Yes, Henderson, Texas. He worked in campaigns for my husband, decades ago, he knew <sup>Jean</sup> ~~Jean~~, they were representatives of at least two of the rubber companies, <sup>who</sup> ~~they~~ operate in Liberia, the Raymond Firestones - and the Warners of Goodrich.

I put Mrs. Holt next to the Vice President. I can't think of a happier seat; for one evening at least, she will be blithely entertained.

Liberia is such a Christian country, the church so much a part of its life, that they were rather well represented at the dinner. Bishop John <sup>Hines?</sup> ~~Hines~~ of the Episcopal Church, and Bishop Bayber of the Methodist.

From the press, the Roy Howards; the Ray Scheerers; and gnome-like little Leonard ~~Lisa~~ <sup>Lisa</sup>, who has been to more parties than anybody in the whole wide ~~wide~~ world, I'm sure, and who never writes a venomous line about anybody.

I had invited Madam <sup>Shoumatoff</sup> ~~Shoumatoff~~ because she had done the portrait of President Tubman, and I hoped too, to have a few minutes with her in the morning, to discuss the portrait of Lyndon.

I was genuinely glad to see, <sup>again</sup> ~~again~~ Mennen and Nancy Williams. I got the impression they had finished getting out of the decompression chamber

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doing whatever writing they were going to do, and that both of them are rather ready to go back to work.

But among the most thrilled guests, were the Scott Manns. I had told Luci that I wanted her to invite ~~up~~ as house guests, to each State Dinner while she was here for the Diplomatic Reception for anytime that she wanted to, at least one couple of good friends. This time she had chosen the Scott Manns. It's a very strong satisfaction to me, to have the children of our friends <sup>who</sup> and shared more troubles, more defeats, more triumphs with us, than Roy Hofheing, to have the children of those friends in our home here in the White House, with our children. Up until now, I've looked at all of them, and marveled, where are these other children I read about - <sup>who</sup> smoke marijuana and march, who seem to have a sort of a death-wish?

When the line was through, I escorted the President to the State Dining Room. The filet of sole was elegant. It turned out it was two o'clock in the morning, according to President Tubman's ~~stomach~~ <sup>stomach</sup> time, so I could understand his being a rather quiet dinner companion.

Lyndon's toast was part humorous, "A man who is asked to talk <sup>an</sup> ~~an~~ inch, <sup>but</sup> who speaks a yard, should be given a foot." He said he appreciated the warning, but in the present circumstances, it would be rather extravagant for me to encourage any man to give me the foot.'

And then he praised Tubman as one of the truly legendary leaders of

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all time. A symbol of free Africa, Architect of Liberia's modern growth, a far sighted statesman."

And President Tubman was equally warm in praising.

Later I heard that Mrs. Holt had said to some of her dinner companions, speaking of Lyndon, "I do admire that man. Why do you Americans criticize him so? You know, we have the same qualities in Australia. We always want to <sup>2</sup> pair the tall people."

<sup>pare</sup> We listened to Duke Ellington in the East Room. His personality giving off sparks, just as it did when I first met him; his hair, perhaps a little longer, duck tails on the back of the neck. Some of his compositions <sup>were</sup> written in honor of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Republic of Liberia. I believe that was in 1947. And then the old familiar Mood Indigo, and Sophisticated Lady - a program to be proud of but ~~the~~ more and more, during the after dinner entertainment, as I sit next to Lyndon, my heart cries for him. He looks tired and tired, and without the competition, the demand of a face-to-face conversation with someone, his face sinks into deep lines of fatigue. <sup>But</sup> every now and then I lean over and whisper to him, or take hold of his arm, to make sure that he won't go to sleep.

We bid the President goodbye at about 11:30 and I circled the floor briefly. Lyndon had already gone up, and before 12 o'clock, I was upstairs.

This was the first night of a State Dinner in a long time, that we hadn't invited house guests - only ~~Bara~~ <sup>Bara</sup> Holt, and the Scott Manns, who are Luci's.

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I went straight to Lyn's room; Dr. Lukash was in there taking his temperature. He still has a high fever, he's a sick little boy. It's been as high as 104 in the day time, but down in the morning. The doctor thinks it will have a three to five day course.

One of the pleasant little aspects of this dinner, <sup>g</sup>was to include, at the last minute, for the entertainment and the champagne, good friends like Cecil Burney, he's in town working for us; and Gail Linke, with her date; and Marie and John Criswell; and Juanita and her date; and Mary Rather, of course.

And so, finally to bed, on what had been a full and varied White House day.

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