

**Removed from 04/23/1968, page 1.**

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, April 23, 1968

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It was one of the days when the White House is like a convention hotel, and the manager is counting rooms and switching guests into them, back and forth, deftly, she hopes, like figures on a chess board.

It is the day of the Diplomatic Reception, and I had invited Dr. Brownie Bauers McNeil and his wife, we put them in 326. And the Bill ~~Bowers~~ in 303; and the Roy Butlers in the Queen's Room; and Dr. and Mrs. Joe Frantz in the Lincoln Room. Very few people have I put there - for the historians, I think, it must have a special aura, but this week it was really designed as children's week.

Betty Weinheimer and her children, Nan and Rex; and Jewel Malachuk and her pretty little daughter, and her two little boys.

I had put Marilyn, as usual, in charge of house guests, and asked her to use my car when possible, another when not, to see that the children did all the things in their days here, that would mean something to them. Of course, the White House very thoroughly, including the swimming pool, and the well screened, attractive pens where the dogs live. And at night, when we were busy with the Diplomatic Reception, and the State Dinner, there were movies in the theatre. But especially, I wanted them to see the Capitol. And here, to my amazement, though Jake Pickle was out of town, they met the speaker, and it was through sweet Hale Boggs, that they got special treatment.

And, of course, they went to the Smithsonian; and I especially suggested that they go to Mt. Vernon, and to the Custis Lee Mansion.

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Our loss was, that in their whole stay here from Monday night til  
Jewel  
Friday afternoon, I scarcely saw them at all - just ~~Juke~~ and Betty for a  
short drink some evening - the children not any. It was one of those  
terrific crescendo weeks, and I found myself testy and edgy and hurried.

There was one hilarious moment though, sometime in the evening,  
a sort of a three bear sequence. I was starting into Luci's room, and in  
the dark, I dimly discerned two little girls heads. I had forgotten that  
we had moved Gwen and Clara into that room for the night, to clear up  
more room for the other houseguests. I just hope they were sound asleep.

I had asked Marilyn to get with Helen, and choose about four of my  
evening dresses ~~that I had~~ and suggest that Jewel and  
~~who had not been told there were evening dresses~~  
Betty try them on, and select something to wear to the Diplomatic Reception  
on Tuesday night; and then for the after dinner entertainment for King Olaf  
on Thursday night.

And so, it was a full morning, work at desk, recording, lunch under  
a dryer at Mr. Pers for a shampoo and set, and back at the White House  
about 2:30.

to dress in my new black Mollie Parness, <sup>with</sup> ~~for~~ the white ruching around  
the neck and sleeves, to go to the women's National Democratic Club, for a  
tea in my honor, by the independent agency wives. There were about 160  
guests. I stood in the line with the President, Mrs. Frank McCulloch, and  
Dorothy ~~V~~redenburg Bush, the chairman and old friend, for more than half

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an hour and greeted everybody, thinking actually, how few of them, and they are all supposed to be Presidential appointees - I really knew.

Mrs. Johnnie Cooker, Mrs. Roswell Hyde, Mrs. John Horn, Vickie McHugh, Mrs. William McChesney Martin, Mrs. Glenn Seaborg, Mrs. Bill Sherrill, Mrs. Jim Wadsworth - and pretty little Mary Pearl Williams.

There were also other guests - Mrs. Mary V. Busby, Alice Hopkins, Mrs. Frank Wozencraft. I think the fact simply is that Lyndon, for all that's said about him, has not been terrifically partisan in appointing people to the independent agencies. Seldom has he chosen just a stout Johnson man. First, he's looked for the thoroughly qualified man.

A little later, I went upstairs with Dorothy Bush and the President of the Women's National Democratic Club, and we went quietly through the Sam Rayburn Lounge.

They do have some good, old pictures, and a wonderful array of original cartoons.

For the press, the most interesting incident was when I left. I had gotten word inside, that there ~~were~~ would be a small group of 'demonstrators' from Mississippi, waiting for me at the steps, to ask for more funds for their project back home.

A small crowd had gathered outside, and the duPont Circle beatniks had drifted over and, of course, the inevitable television crew men. But the sight that met my eyes were six little colored children, pig-tailed and

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smiling, each one with a jonquil, rather wilted, in his or her hand, and a chaperon or two. I said "You don't have to tell me who you are, Head Start. I just finished doing a film which I hope will bring you a lot more volunteers." The lady who was in charge said, "Mrs. Johnson, we'll need your help." I told her, "You've had it all the time and you will." and then I got in the car and drove off and that was all there was to it.

I got a little bit of rest and Mr. Per came for a comb-out, and I put on my newest and prettiest Stavropolous, the flowing pink chiffon with the drift of white flowers that reminds me of Botticelli.

Meanwhile, I got word from Lyndon that Governor Rockefeller had called him, to tell him that he was in town. Lyndon had asked him whenever he was <sup>here</sup> to give him a ring. "How about inviting him to the Diplomatic Reception this evening?" He had been on the South American desk years before, under Eisenhower, I think. I thought it would take the attention, the acclaim, the spotlight, off the Diplomat<sup>s</sup>, and this was their night, their last night with the Johnson administration. So I said, I thought not. Perhaps afterward, <sup>maybe</sup> ~~when~~ we could have a <sup>quiet</sup> bite in the family dining room, beginning about nine?

And so, a little before seven, we went into the Yellow Oval Room for a pleasant quarter hour with the Sevilla-Sacasas, and the Ambassador of Belgium and the Baroness Scheyven; the Humphreys, the Rusks, and the Dukes.

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I'm always conscious now, at each of these great, yearly events, that this is the last one for us, so I wanted it to be especially good. Dress, sense of gaiety, personal attention to everyone, and Bess and I had worked on it.

The Dean of the Corps is so likeable. If he hadn't been a diplomat, he should have been an actor. They have been very much a part of our years here, and I've come to regard them as friends.

The Color Guard came in and escorted us down the grand stairway for a group photograph, and then we went into the Blue Room for the receiving line.

The Diplomatic Corp came through first, according to rank, with Angie calling out the names - only a few of them now, ~~were~~ wear their native dress, and that is a loss.

The wife of the Charge d'affairs, ~~of~~ of the Latvian Legation was an exception, and came in a long embroidered, robe-like costume, and a headdress that looked straight out of Brunhilde.

A few of the Africans still ~~were~~ wear their native dress, wives of the Ambassadors of Upper Volta and ~~Tahomi~~ <sup>Yahomi</sup> - dresses often billowy and sheer, topped off with a huge wrap-around turban.

Tall, patrician Mrs. Kim of Korea had on a lovely peach-colored native dress with delicate embroidery.

And Mrs. Tejera-Paris, one of the prettiest, her husband is the Ambassador from Venezuela, small white orchids ~~in~~ in her elaborate head-dress matching her white-lace gown.

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There were 124 Ambassadorial couples this year, and when the line finished, all of the photographers withdrew, paused for a moment's rest and drink, and then took on the rest of the line.

It was a great time to say ~~than~~ you to many of the people from the world of arts and entertainment who have helped us out all through the year.

This time there was a sort of a reunion for those who had helped on the country fair. <sup>e</sup> Everything from antique cars to popcorn -- my very favorite entertainment in all my time here I think! Another of my favorites, ~~a~~ Man of LaMancha, Mr. Canel who had narrated it, was a guest. And Anita Gillette the singer, pretty and brilliant. Dick Colloman who had sung for the Senate Ladies, I believe. Robert Rogers of the National Symphony. The Fred Weintrogs of the Serendipity Singers. And the Paul Zisler's from the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre. And Abe Feeder<sup>o</sup> who had done some of our best lighting.

But it is also a good time to say thank you to the many wonderful people who have made my trip so great.

The Peter Ebers of Mount Mansfield Company <sup>7</sup> Stole were there.

And quite a few from Hemis Fair, including Cy Con of the Bengal <sup>? Ch. name</sup> ~~Latsis~~ <sup>Lancers</sup> whom I had first seen riding a horse at the Ranch. He had been accompanying Ayub ~~Gen~~ Khan.

And Brown <sup>ie</sup> ~~and~~ McNeil, from almost the best trip of all to the Big Bend country. And of course, some of our friends, <sup>the</sup> town's well known hostesses who see a great deal more of the Ambassadors than we do. Perle Mesta and the ~~REXXXX~~ Dale Miller<sup>s</sup>, Gwen Cafritz, the John Logan<sup>s</sup>, the Robert

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LeBarons and Mrs. Rietzke.

There was a sizeable contingent of Press invited as guests. The Dick Dickerson's, <sup>Washillz</sup> ~~Berketta~~ LeHay, Bonnie Angello and her husband -- she is always one of the most pleasant of them, Hopex Ryding Miller of Diplomat, Norma Milligan, Myra McPherson and her husband.

And some very special old friends. The Tom Mann's, the Lloyd Hand's, the Lester Lindows -- he wearing a high <sup>turtl</sup> ~~tee~~-neck shirt to hide a cast for a broken vertebra.

It's a gala party, and our last of this kind. And so I had plenty of my own staff. There is nothing I can do that's enough to repay them for their part in our lives. The Ernie Goldsteins, the John Rochés, Bromley Smith's and Haywood Smith's, Cynthia Wilson -- one of the little girls from Social Correspondence.

A good many guests had in a variety of ways made life here at the White House more productive, more beautiful or gayer. <sup>Rose Zalles</sup> ~~Rosalis~~ had given the wonderful fountains for the east Ellipse. Amy Lafallett had worked on the book of White House Families. Young Robert Livingston, who is <sup>the</sup> son of Mollie Parness, who gives a lot of extra hour to make me look better dressed. Also <sup>Servato</sup> ~~Lopez~~ Maguire, my Spanish teacher, who had as good a time as anybody there. Anthony Hobarten Wood, such a right name for anybody working at Tiffany's, who was laboring with us on the White House China. Scott Kirkpatrick on whom I always rely to get those last-minute tickets to the National Theatre. The Henry Cabot Lodges were there. He will soon be Ambassador to Germany, I



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believe. And <sup>Diana</sup> ~~Anna~~ whom I always enjoy including.

The Cabinet was well represented. There were the Alan Boyds, the Ramsey Clark~~s~~, Clark Clifford without Marn~~ey~~, the Wilbur Cohen~~s~~, Joe and Trudie Fowler, C. R. Smith, Bill and Jane Wirtz. Lyndon and the Secretarys took up their seat on the Red Room sofa for about 30 minutes of conversation right amidst all of their constituency, as well as the press. And Hubert Humphrey was everywhere -- the most sparkling guest in the House.

I had added to this last diplomatic reception a sort of a Texas House party. Betty Weinheimer and <sup>Jewel</sup> ~~Jill~~ Malechek were there looking lovely <sup>in</sup> my evening dresses. And besides, the <sup>Brownie</sup> ~~Brany~~ McNeils, The Joe Frantz' and the Bill Bowers~~s~~ and the Roy Butler~~s~~.

There was a small contingent from the Hill from the Foreign Relations Committees. Senator George Aiken and his new wife who has, I suppose, not seen enough of these parties yet to quite have the edge off. And Hale and Lindy Boggs. And the John Sherman Cooper~~s~~.

When the line was at last finished, I circled the rooms. There were buffets, and quite lovely looking ones, I was satisfied, in both the State Dining Room and the East Room.

I remember a very intense conversation with the Ambassador from Pakistan who was talking about <sup>Khan's health,</sup> Ayub ~~Gandhi~~. Yes, he was better. He'd been well enough to have a meeting with <sup>Kasiggin</sup> ~~Kerigan~~. If he can have just five years more of Ayub -- he was so hopeful, so determined for his country, so sold on the leadership of Ayub Khan. I find it easy to like Pakistanis. Ayub comes up ~~and~~

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for election next year he said. He was very appreciative of Lyndon's offer to send out his own ~~heart~~ heart doctor when Ayub had the heart attack. And repeated it over and over.

Bill Benton, next to Hubert, was certainly the most <sup>Louyer</sup> ~~abundant~~ man there. He wanted me to conduct a tour of Ambassadors through rural Texas like I had done with the newspaper men. I wish it were possible to know him better.

I remember one highly amusing moment when I was talking to the Director of the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre -- at ~~the~~ least the show I had seen, I would call way out and I had gathered from papers and the story that most of the people connected there were quite avant-garde.

I got to talking to this couple about such ~~x~~ things in the theatre as <sup>"</sup>their home coming and Albee. To my amazement, they agreed with me -- that is in my neither understanding nor liking much of what I see. The lady said, "To think that I would ever see the day that I would be called a square. But this last Albee play, no." And on that note I went upstairs, having circled through most of the rooms and stopped to chat with at least a dozen or more of the Ambassadors.

Part of my mind was with our guests who will be arriving between 9:00 and 9:30. Lyndon had already gone upstairs. It was about 9:15. As I had emerged from the elevator on the second floor, there were our guests who had been ensconced in the Lincoln Room, Dr. and Mrs. Frantz! I knew it would be a matter of seconds whether they've walked into Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller on their way down. <sup>#</sup> The Rockefeller's arrived in just a moment and there

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followed two of my most interesting hours in this house. I liked them very much. Lyndon was easy and relaxed and friendly with both of them. He seemed to especially like Happy and always asked for her at his table. He was quite direct. He said, "I want to make it clear that I am for Hubert if he runs, and I think he will run." He went on to say, "There comes a time in the life of every leader to put in his stack." And Governor Rockefeller appeared not quite committed. He seemed earnestly asking Lyndon's opinion as to a professional who was watching from the sidelines. I remember Lyndon used an expression something like this: "Going <sup>into</sup> ~~to~~ every state, with money, marbles, and chalk, I would not have gotten out if I could have felt that I could unify the country. But you have enough image of solid, reliable strength, <sup>as well as</sup> ~~and~~ compassion and a sense of social consciousness, maybe you could do it. I do not believe the South will ever go for Kennedy or McCarthy." He repeated at least twice that his own allegiance, his preference, was for Hubert. I think it expressed it pretty well his original call when Rockefeller had gotten out of it, "I just wish the Republicans would field their best man."

We had a delicious dinner, but I think we could have gotten by on hay -- so entranced with everybody with the conversation.

Happy is a very feminine woman, but not the sort that raises the hackles of all the women -- at least not of this woman. She looks at a man as though she is all absorbed in what his response to her question or her interest is. It's very flattering. Once she said most directly, "Do you think the country will ever vote for a divorced man?" I don't know whether Lyndon

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was caught off-base or not. With the slightest pause, he said something like, "A lot of things are changing."

I talked of all the Rockefeller homes I had been to and loved. From the Virgin Islands to Williamsburg to the Grand Tetons. And Nelson's son I met out there.

Nelson was enormously complimentary of all my work in conservation. They are such easy people to like.

For a moment I slipped off and went up to the solarium where I had invited all my House guests to have a night cap and found to my horror that no ~~drinks~~ <sup>drinks</sup> had been brought up. I remedied the situation -- got one of the butlers -- and orders for everybody. We had about a 5-minutes chat and returned downstairs. This has indeed been a sort of week in the White House when I could have used three bodies and lots more minds!

The Rockefellers left about 11:15. I had heard, not very long before, the last beat of the music and the last cars of our guests of the Diplomatic Reception pull out.

We went down to the Diplomatic Reception Room to see them off. I went back upstairs, read myself to sleep at the end of one of the busiest days I've spent in this House.