

Removed from 05/01/1968, page 1.

Paper Clip Removed from 05/01/1968, pages 1 - 6.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 1, 1968

Page 1

In spite of wanting so much to sleep late, I was awake at seven. I must have reached some sort of an end, because I was strained, snappish, very tired.

I looked at my desk, piled high with pictures to be autographed, and growled at sweet little Maryln, who retreats in astonishment; and on the other side of the desk, there were memos, things to act upon, and requests for appointments, nearly all of which I want to do. Some already discussed with the staff; some initiated by me, but I look at the whole mass, and feel like I'm barefoot and exhausted, at the base of a tall mountain, getting ready for the climb.

I called Clark Clifford and reported the White House Historical Association's reaction to the portrait, and that I did not want to phone Madam Shoumatoff to set up dates, for her to begin sittings with Lyndon, until he had a clear understanding with her, first over the phone, and then to be followed in writing.. He promised to do it very soon.

I talked to Doug Hubbard, and asked him to come over about 2:30 so we could have a little prior meeting about the park across from the house.

I talked to Liz who has some plans for writing herself, when all this is over. I spoke to her of the possibility of getting a good many of my tapes transcribed, and described what an ordeal of editing it would be. I have a million words where a thousand might be useful some day.

Mr. Per came and gave me a comb-out.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 1, 1968

Page 2

About ten o'clock, I began the filming, and this was my very own plan. A tour of my favorite rooms on the second floor, the living quarters, and those that had played a part in my life here.

We began in the Treaty Room - Simone, a crew of three or four; Jim Ketchum was standing by for historical details; and a Mr. Philips, who had been sent to us from the University of Texas, on loan from their Communications Department, from DeWitt Reddick, through Liz, I think, to help us fill in the gaps, the lycooni shall I say, and the picture of this administration, that is, the picture as recorded quite literally in photographs and films. Mix is about one part history to establish the room and about three parts my personal reminiscences.

The meetings here on Beautification; interviews, finding Lynda studying here in our first days; the laboratory for the bringing into being the Lyndon Johnson Library. My own fond description of it as my Board of Directors Room. And then my funny story about President Zachart Taylor and Mr. Smithson, told to me by Mr. Rothschild when he was visiting.

There were the takes over and over; somebody was using a vacuum cleaner, the noise came through.

Downstairs there was a ceremony, and Lyndon was giving the Medal of Honor; the Marine Band vibrated through the house. Amazingly, the noise did not come through.

We worked for over three hours. I felt that I was a little forced and pedantic, rather than a loving, spontaneous quality I wanted, but we finished

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 1, 1968

Page 3

the room. No matter how tired, you feel sustained when you are in the middle of something like this, by the goal of completion.

And after 1:30, I went to the theatre, to see the at long last completed movie of "Crossroads U. S. A.", my trip last September through five mid-western states. It had been the most arduous and perhaps the least thrilling of the trips. The movie was rather a disappointment - great shots, but the script did not tell the story I wanted to tell, which made, in retrospect, it all the more wise, that we had taken along the scriptwriter as we went on the "Crossing the Trails of Texas" April 5th to 9th. If you haven't lived it, how can you write it.

I had a sandwich and a salad on my lap while I watched the movie. There was not a moment to waste.

And back upstairs, I worked at my desk, and with Liz, and then to the West hall, to meet with Doug Hubbard. I am completely in the dark as to whether Laurence Rockefeller proposes to do the plan for the Johnson Park across from our house, through the National Park Service, or whether to do any portion of the exhibits themselves. I found, that Doug Hubbard was not clear himself; the plan, yes, certainly, and work was progressing on it. As for any further work on exhibits ~~himself~~ themselves, he would ask Connie Worth, but clearly Doug Hubbard, is interested, excited and knowledgeable about the whole thing, and I feel better than I ever have, that this little park may come to be a point of interest, that we can be proud of.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 1, 1968

Page 4

So at three, we had another meeting in my Board of Directors room. Its object, the crystallization, selection, and drawing together of plans for the Johnson Park. Roy White, the architect for the Visitor's Center; and Joe Frantz, the historian; Connie Worth, father advisor; and link with Laurence Rockefeller; Mark Gosdin, head of the Texas Park Service; and Nancy Kott, its total exhibit staff, and I found her delightful; and Doug Hubbard; Russell Hendrickson; and another member of the National Park Service.

This time, I had a recorder present. We had iced tea, and coffee, and cookies already in. Everybody helped themselves and we shut the door and got down to work. And two hours passed like 20 minutes, just as they had this morning on another project.

I was proud that the Texas Park Service had made considerable headway. Nancy had drawn a plan for furnishing a little log cabin, Circa 1850 to 70, listed all the items. The National Park Service seemed as impressed as I was. We decided to give the list to the heads of the neighboring Historical Associations, especially Mr. Tyrus Cox of Gillespie County, and Mr. Waltz of Blanco County, and to the regional Historical Association, which is called delightfully, the Edwards Plateau, which Historical Association has already met and offered to help.

I believe it was Russell Hendrickson who had some interesting drawings of little islands of exhibits. For instance, the cattle industry which is so

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 1, 1968

Page 5

much a part of that region, would be represented by an old and worn saddle, a lariat, a branding iron, a beat up coffee pot, against perhaps the background of a blown up photograph of a chuck wagon, somewhere on a plain.

We discussed the two walls of glass, one facing north toward the ranch, the other south, toward the highway, and decided that we might have some ~~thing~~ sort of panels that would fold back, on the south walls, so that they could become, if necessary, exhibit areas.

The Austin contingent is staying over a couple more days, and go to the laboratory of the National Park Service, to get all the help they can on exhibit ideas. This is a sort of seminar for them.

And my role is just something of catalyst, I hope. I grope in so many things in the dark, without being a knowledgeable specialist in anything. At any rate, I was excited and buoyed up by the two hours and hopeful, when I left them a little past five, and fell into the bed, where I nevertheless, worked with Ashton, signing mail, making phone calls.

And at seven o'clock went in for my last appointment of the day. James McGregor Burns had brought over the, I think its called, galley proofs of his book, which is really an editing job, with the forward written by him, and a series of people who did essays selected by him. The whole thing designed to give a picture of this administration. He gave me a copy and I noticed that some of those doing the essays, were Howard K. Smith, and Ralph Ellison, and Chester Bowles. And to my great pleasure, McGeorge

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 1, 1968

Page 6

Bundy. He's a spare, non-committal, very professorial man, and I had the sense, guarding his honor carefully, as a free writer, lest I try to influence him.

He asked me a number of questions about my own operation - why I do not really know - because this book is finished and I do not know of another he is writing. What was the work of a First Lady like? How many people did I have working in the Beautification office? In Liz' office? What did Bess do? But not the sort of questions that got at the meat of the matter, it seemed to me. And I, though I regard him with respect, and would really like him to understand what this is, and what it can be, this particular niche I occupy. I simply do not have enough energy left, to paint the word picture it deserves, so I answered in very simply, and briefly, on the bones of the set-up.

And he left about 7:40, and to my amazement, Lyndon came home a little before eight, an early hour for him. We sat in the West Hall, while he telephoned, and I read, and then we had dinner and a rub and went to bed at a blessedly early hour.

For Lyndon, the day must have had some sense of lift. The headlines were - Tax Impass Apparently Broken - Mahon Panel in House O.K's Spending Cuts; but that's a long way from finished.

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