

Buchanan  
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MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, May 7, 1968

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It was another day of tremendous activity -- with more on my schedule than I could gracefully handle.

I was up early and worked at my desk with Liz on my speech for the dedication of ~~a canyon~~<sup>Buchanan</sup>. These days, even the drive from the White House to Mr. ~~Peri's~~<sup>or</sup> Shop ~~by~~ Jean Louis have to be used by Liz or Ashton or Bess with papers on our laps in front of us, with the quiet 40 minutes under the dryer ~~as~~ a good oasis of work.

I was back at the White House by 10:30, dressed and studied the guest list over coffee for the Council on the Humanities. About thirty members -- college professors or Presidents, writers, philosophers, political scientists, a newspaper man, an architect, headed by Barnaby Keeney, former President of Brown.

The Honorary Degree they had given to Lyndon was a treasured moment in our lives, and a treasured summary of what he's done with his years.

I know less and have done less about this National Council on the Humanities than most of the things that Lyndon has had a hand in. For instance I have enjoyed and worked with so much the Council on the Arts because I am in tune with it. So I was anxious to be very gracious, to learn, to express thanks.

I ~~stood~~ at the door of the Yellow Room to meet them, Dr. Keeney, one of the first. And then Paul Horgan whom I had liked very much, but who, I know, had cooed on us early in the days of Viet-Nam. A minister, Reverend James Morgan from Austin. And ~~Emmett~~<sup>Emmett</sup> Redford, Lyndon's old classmate from Johnson City and now ~~the~~ a professor of Government at the University of Texas,

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and recently, head of the Association of Political Scientists of the whole country.

The most attractive member to me was Pei, the Architect. And he and I were soon in discussion on the plans for the Kennedy Library which are amazingly, and I thought everything they touched would be starred for success. But no, the plans are bogged down over a difficulty in the site. It involves moving a transit headquarters, or something like that, for buses or street cars. And it's all mixed up in politics, Mr. Pei told me. And that he thought perhaps the plans, so carefully drawn several years ago, would be out of date by the time they got the site settled.

It's easy to see why Mrs. Kennedy chose him. He is intelligent, charming. He must be easy to work with.

I moved from group to group, trying to draw them out about the work, the Council of the Humanities, to whom or what do they give grants. What is their objective? Alas, the more I heard, the less I understood. So I just concentrated on giving them an hour that might be pleasant to remember. Nearly everybody, I find, has an interest, a curiosity, and affection for the White House. So after telling them several of my own favorite stories of this Yellow Room and urging coffee and sweet rolls, I left them a little past 12:00 in the hands of Jim's assistant, Miss Monkmmon, to go and see the Lincoln Room and the Treaty Room.

And then a little more quick work on my <sup>BUCHANAN</sup> ~~speech~~ speech. And Brooke Aster and her son, Tony Marshall, were outside waiting for me. Brooke, breezy,

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fresh, more alive than nearly anybody I know. I don't know why it should startle me to see that she has a son who apparently is in his young thirties.

We drove with Liz to Buchanan for the dedication of this dream that's been 2-1/2 years in the making. There was a sizeable crowd. The school children were all seated cross-legged in the sunken basketball court, and their parents arranged on the sides around it.

Mrs. Florence M. J. White, the principal, was at the door of the limousine to meet us and accompanied us up to the stand. An invocation, the pledge of allegiance to the Flag, with one of the students leading it, and then America the Beautiful. The words never fail to thrill me, but these children haven't been taught to sing it. At least they didn't give forth like we used to at Fern School at Friday afternoon exercises.

Then the Superintendent of Schools, Dr. William Manning, <sup>giving</sup> ~~giving~~ the welcome, and everybody turning around to see if Mayor Washington was going to make it. He did. Just in the nick of time -- slipping into the seat next to me with a big smile.

Mrs. White presided very well -- poise and humor and firmness.

Walter's speech, was, as almost always, without notes and therefore ten times as effective. He's a natural speaker and his heart was in this. And he described all the times we had driven by. He carries the crowd with him. And Brooke was very good too. She pointed out that the Aster Foundation had spent its money in New York always before. This was the only instance outside. And she did it, she said, ~~because~~ for two reasons: First, because when she

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drove around town with me she saw how much I wanted this to happen at Buchanan and how much Buchanan needed it. A year I felt that little taste of what power is and what this office can mean. I wanted it to be a very little taste. And the second reason, because she had spent her own girlhood in Washington.

My own speech I thought was poor in comparison. I read from my notes. And though I tried to inject the warmth I feel about this constructed, useful step in the face of all that's happening today, I gave myself about a "C".

There were other speeches. An acceptance for the District of Columbia by Mr. Cole of the Recreation Department.

But the stars of the day, without doubt, were the pupils themselves. An acceptance for the school and community by Roberta Cyrils and then four little presentations by pupils. Two scrapbooks about the progress of the school, accompanied by well-memorized little speeches, delivered with poise and feeling. One scrapbook for Brook and one for me. And then flowers for Brooke and flowers for me.

The last delivered by a little boy who couldn't reach the microphone and Brook herself got up and picked up a coca-cola box and started to drag it out for him to stand on. A gentleman came to her rescue and he mounted it with undaunted poise and delivered his speech. I gave them all an "A".

Other schools had been invited to attend. There was a band and then a Benediction. And then Mrs. White said, "And now we have a surprise. As soon as the children file out of the basketball court, I want everybody to move back so as not to get in the way of the surprise." And then the sprinkler

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system turned on -- great archs of water spraying out over the basketball court. And a shriek went up from all the children. It really was delightful. What fun it will be in the summer.

I was looking at Wolf Veneckhart and hoping that he was going to write a good story on the whole thing. This could be a wonderful pattern -- a type for the city -- but it cost \$360,000.

The signal was given for us to start to the cars and I began walking with Brook shaking hands to right and left ~~for~~ with the TV cameras retreating in front of us. And suddenly on all sides, pandemonium broke loose. There must have been some sort of signal. I wasn't aware of it. But all at once, everything was in use. Children were climbing up the polls, going through the tunnels on their hands and knees, the little jumping on the trampoline boards until there wasn't a square inch left on it. And the big ones mounting to the top of the climbing equipment where there was a loose cable with a sliding ring where you could swoosh down like Tarzan.

I hope the White House cameras were grinding away because this was what it was all about. Activity use of fun. Brook was obviously delighted. And I was so glad that her son was along. I wonder if he had ever seen close up one of his mother's ~~xxx~~ projects in action before. What she spends their money on and why, because the why was written in her face.

I said goodbye to Walter and Mrs. White, with a last wave to the children and the cameras. I got into the limousine and back to the White House in that aura ~~and~~ of warmth and success. It is so pleasant at the end of any job, and

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this is an end. And by this time, raveness because it was after 2:00.

We went up to the Lincoln Sitting Room, Brook protesting all the while that they ought to go and let me rest. I enjoy her so much. The only trouble is, I want to talk every moment and I want to listen every moment. She and her twenty-one committees, born in China, married at 16. Three husbands in all. And now this fascinating life of administering a very sizeable Foundation. It's a good works that she truly knows about and loves. So I wasn't about to let her go.

We had a sizeable luncheon. Crab meat cocktail and then a steak. Brook said, "You ought to be happy with what you've done." Some nice warm things that made me glow. And well do I know that it's composed of Sharon's work and Liz' and Bess's. And mostly my husband's. Still, I've had a hand in it too.

When she and Tony left a little past 3:00, I found that I was really tired. So instead of going to the Beauty parlor, I jumped into my bed, signing mail, autographing ~~xxx~~ pictures, working on my speeches with Liz. And then into my pink-lace cage dress for the big Judicial Reception, stealing a few minutes before it to go down to Jim Ketchum's office where Jim and Bess, sober-faced, had spread out the State china, all of the desert plates and an example of the other service, and the rest if lovely. But the desert plates -- I am simply afraid I chose too difficult a design. This is not the day of individual handwork, of 18th Century <sup>Louise</sup> ~~Louistoff~~ DeServ. In short, some of the desert plates were ~~xxxx~~ awful, though some were lovely. So with a sinking heart we talked over the possibility of looking for another design, getting the desert plates



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hand-painted. Meanwhile, keeping everything quiet and just putting out for the China Reception eight of the plates that were really lovely. And now if it exists, I hope we can cash in on any of the goodwill. We may have with the ladies of the press. I flinched ~~at~~ from some of the reviews we might get.

I was back upstairs to wait for Lyndon. And then a little past 7:00 we went down to the Green Room for the receiving line for the Judicial Reception.

We asked the Chief Justice and Mrs. Warren to stand in line with us. They've become one of our favorite couples in Washington -- my respect, my liking for them, is very deep. Mrs. Warren was very lovely in a lacey black dress that she ought to have her portrait made in, wearing her little green buddha, without which I don't know whether I would recognize her.

First came the Supreme Court and then the Cabinet and then some 500 guests from the Judiciary, and outstanding lawyers, from the appropriate committees on the Hill, some of Arthur Krim's friends, and there was their own staff who are lawyers and will be thrilled to the opportunity to meet the Court.

Once again I tried to weave into this Reception my own friends, making a regular House party. I had asked the Adrian Spears and the O. J. Weber's, and the Irving Goldberg's and the John Koffer's of Austin to spend the night at the White House. Right at the last minute, the Hal Woodwards, by which time I was about down to Luci's room.

Cy and Mrs. Vance we put in the Lincoln Room.

The Philip Baldwin's were there. I pray that his judgeship will go through soon. And my old friend, Russ Brown, from the days when I used to run

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Lyndon's office and he was off in the war. And Miss Ella Clarey in an evening dress, barely tottering, but having more fun than anybody. The Cochran clan, Tom, Margaret. And Judge and Mrs. Howard. The Johnny Crooker's of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Mrs. Erwin Griswold, the wife of the Solicitor General was in her wheelchair. A pretty, charming woman, completely uninhibited by whatever her ailment is. And he, a staunch attendant. I like them -- I think I would enjoy knowing them better.

Lyndon had asked that we include all of the Texas judges that he had appointed.

I saw the Ernest Gwynn's and the Wayne Justice's. And there was Marvin Jones -- from the passage of time, does not alter, but rather mellows. And Mrs. Mitchell Palmer, alas looking like a rathe from the past. An old friend, Alice O'Donnell, who has taken an army of special guests to the Supreme Court for me. And old friends, the Leon Jaworski's and Paul Porter's.

From Government, the Lawson Knott's, William McChesney Martin's. There is always a notable slowing up of the line when passes these days. And he and Lyndon huddle. The Dillon Ripley's, the Glenn Seaborg's and the Ed Weisl, Jr.'s.

Of course, a sizeable contingent from the Justice Department. And Bess had told me that this was a good chance to add Department Heads from Government who are not ~~x~~ often included on invitation lists.

And Senator Strom<sup>Thurmond</sup> followed as usual by the exceedingly pretty and very young lady whose name I did not catch. Even on a list as monumental as this,

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one must spend time going over it carefully, because unless you do, someone may be quite unintentionally left off. And so were the Gene Worley's of the U.S. Court of Customs and Patent Appeals, until I discovered it and put them on. Anne is changless, but alas Gene looks so much older and he is using a cane. I know he is younger than we are. And it hurts to remember all of those good times in his backyard and to see him ~~know~~ now like this. Later, I made sure that he and the Philip Baldwin's got together because that is the Court that Philip aspires to now.

We took the line without stopping for a break, and I was grateful for what it must have meant -- all the lawyers to get to meet the Chief Justice.

And Lyndon carefully introduced old friends like the O. J. Weber's with wonderful preface about what a great young lawyer he had turned out to be.

I was particularly glad that Jim Roberts, the architect that had done Probono Publico, a better design for the little Post Office in ~~K~~arnack. He accepted the invitation. ~~ix~~ I introduced him to Bess and then to Marta, to several of the VIP's, thanked him over and over, and then asked Marta to make sure that he had a pleasant evening.

At each of these big receptions I am conscious these days that this is the last one, and I want it to be just as a good one as the Johnson's are capable of giving, and to be remembered by these guests. And there were ~~somx~~ many of them with whom my own memories run back affectionately and devotedly. Especially Dorothy and Phil Nichols. I tried to get them together with the Weber's.

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And there was much regretting that Eli Jones hadn't been able ~~to~~ to come.

When the line was finished, I went in one direction and Lyndon in the other. I walked slowly to the State Dining Room and down the Hall and into the East Room, stopping to speak to groups of guests. It was after 9:00 when I went upstairs.

And then began for me the most pleasant part of the day. The Woodward's, and Spear's and Weber's and Goldberg's and Koffer's and I all gathered in the West Hall for a night cap. Actually the Cy Vance's came up first and I made it very clear that knowing what faced him I thought he would probably want to go straight to bed. He didn't -- he stayed and was soon the lion of the evening because all of the men gradually gravitated over by him and began listening to what he thought the next few days might hold for peace talks in Paris.

So I moved around among the ladies, enjoying it tremendously, really.

Each of these people has touched our lives closely and at some crucial point -- always giving, in my judgment, more than they got. I reminisced with the John Koffer's about the law suits of '48. With Hal about the progress on the little highway parks close to us. I didn't really get to go into the old days with O.J. when he and I ran the office, as much as I would have liked.

About 11:00 ~~somebody~~ somebody made a move to go. I did not stop them, but said good night all around with that satisfied feeling of having accomplished a good ~~week~~ day.