

Paper Clip Removed from 05/15/1968, pages 1 - 10.

MEMORANDUM

WHD
THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 15, 1968

Page 1

Another packed day. But they all are in this April and May. I went over the guest list with Lyndon, chose my clothes for the Hudson River Valley trip with Liz and Helen. And then about 11:00 I went down to the Library to meet some young students from the Moravian Seminary. There were two reasons: Their Congressman, a good Democratic friend whose wife had gone to the Seminary, asked me very especially to. And second, a class from this same Moravian Seminary had presented to Mrs. John Quincy Adams a needlepoint sampler so popular in that day, and this class wanted to present one very similar to me. They were darling -- bright faced, excited at being in the White House. And I couldn't possibly imagine one of them walking in a picket line or throwing rocks at their Dean.

We had iced tea and cookies and they gave me the sampler in a warm, sweet little ceremony. The excellent needlework, it showed a quaint scene at their Seminary. And I told them it would just be great on the wall at the Ranch somewhere. We had arranged for a tour for them and also for them to watch the ceremony of Bourguiba's arrival.

Fortunately for me custom does not stale these arrival ceremonies. They are great pomp ^{and} circumstance. When the trumpets blow, my heart soars. And when they strike up the Star Spangled Banner, I think I stand two inches taller. This time I was especially looking forward to seeing the visiting Chief of State, Bourguiba. He has, pardon the word,

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 15, 1968

Page 2

charisma -- an outspoken, volatile man, an Arab, but who managed to remain the strongest friend of the United States in the Arab world. My impression as he emerged from the big black car was of a short, stocky, assured man, big smile, darkish skin and white hair -- the look of one who is used to wielding power. With him was a tall, elegant woman, his daughter-in-law. I had not read my briefings. The thing that makes me maddest at myself is not to be prepared. And I did not know that his son, Habib Bourguiba, Jr. was Rusk's opposite number, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and had in fact been here in the Embassy for two tours of duty with his very lovely wife.

While Lyndon and President Bourguiba were reviewing the troops I turned to chat with Dean Rusk and met Habib Bourguiba, Jr. -- a very handsome, suave man, a sort of a French patina over the Arab. I looked forward to the evening. There was a brief receiving line in the Diplomatic Reception Room. And a little past 12:00 I was back on the second floor for lunch and a long siege at my desk. And then tea in the Queens' Room with Bishop McKinstry, who about a third of a century ago had performed the marriage ceremony for Lyndon and me at St. Mark's in San Antonio. We've kept up with him through the years. He's been to certainly the first, and I think both, Inaugurations. It turned out to be a delightful half hour for two reasons. First, to see that somebody well advanced in his 80's can have so much fun. He loves horse racing. He had brought

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 15, 1968

Page 3

Mrs. Richard duPont, an ardent horse racer and one of his close friends. And a Reverend Reynolds. He told me an hilarious story of how he was considered the Chaplain of the horses. I sent through Mrs. duPont my great admiration and respects to her relative Harry duPont and told her of all the wonderful work he's done in this house. And then the Bishop and I reminisced about San Antonio. We knew all the politicians in common. ~~M~~ In fact he said ~~xxx~~ it was he more than 30 years ago who had started a reform movement in San Antonio politics among the businessmen, beginning with a young leader named McAllister who is now the Mayor of San Antonio and who is the father of the man who married Lynda and Chuck. He also told me -- and this I shivered to hear -- that he is always being asked to write his memoirs or to give interviews about our wedding.

We had tea and refreshments and Mrs. duPont gave me an ash tray on which "^{Kelso}Calso" -- one of her famous horses -- appeared. And presently Marilyn arrived at the door with that beckoning look in her eye, and I rose and said goodbye and introduced Mr. Ketchum, the Curator, with the request that they have a very special tour if their time permitted. And Mr. Ketchum is not a man to ignore a duPont I think or either someone who means something to me such as Bishop McKinstry.

So I went down to the West Hall for my third tea of the day with some of the dinner guests for tonight - - with whom I very much wanted

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 15, 1968

Page 4

to spend more than a "how do you do" in the receiving line. The Barney Youngs -- she's Jay Taylor's daughter, and the mother of the cutest 6-year old house guest we've ever had. The Ralph McGills of Atlanta. I wanted to explore the reasons why and express my admiration for Atlanta's rather remarkable success among southern cities in solving the problems of race. And the Fred Erismans of Longview -- old friends of my brother Tommy's who were full of news of east Texas. He told me how much Mrs. Carl Estes had enjoyed her trip to the White House. And Judge and Mrs. Paul Nye of Corpus Christi. And Tony who is in town for three days. I was delighted when I had found there was a nook for an extra guest at this dinner. It means a lot to me to share with him. And from now on for the remaining 8 or so months to share this house -- these opportunities -- with the people who are a part of the mosaic of our lives, who have been a very strong thread in my thinking and in my days.

It was a very pleasant hour or so of give and take. I have set the pattern of a little tea in the afternoon or a little coffee in the morning and of house guests at the State Dinners with a chance to visit afterward in a very important adjunct. The real reward, the real time to get to feel that you know someone on the occasion of a State Dinner. I cannot divide myself into 140 parts successfully. There was just the briefest moment in between to study the list some more. I stretched out on the bed, reading the Tunisian briefing, to call Angie to ask about what I could talk about to President

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 15, 1968

Page 5

Bourguiba. There is a lot of archaeological research in the area he said and tourism is important. That might be a lead. Mrs. Burg is here for the whole week with days planned fully by Marilyn. And then a session of hair dressing. And this time it was double barrel. First the Martinis came in and we tried on our hairpieces. I am sure that I shall always look like a Russian in a big fur hat when I try to wear them. And then Mr. Per came in for a handsome up hair-do. I wore my cerise Stavropolous, had a drink and paced the floor during those minutes when Lyndon was due and then overdue and then at last we were on the North Portico greeting President Bourguiba and the handsome pair, his Secretary for Foreign Affairs -- his son and his daughter-in-law.

We went up to the Yellow Room with two members of his Cabinet and their Ambassador and Mrs. Driss, and our own, Francis Russell without his wife, Hubert without Muriel, Dean Rusk and the Dukes.

This time we were getting rather special pictures in the Yellow Room part of the evening -- the USIA was. It had been checked before hand with President Bourguiba. In fact we were told he traveled with a contingent of press of about 70 of his own. But it did mean extra light -- an engrossment on the ease and intimacy of this 15 minutes. We exchanged gifts, and I was proud of the vermeil desk box we had given them -- the crest of our two countries on the lid. And inside the outline of the USA with the itinerary of his visit and a print of one of my favorites -- a

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 15, 1968

Page 6

^{Caleb}
George ~~Kala~~ Bingham -- "The County Election". They gave us a handsome saddle, ornately encrusted with a sort of gold tooling, a huge hat worn by a desert horseman, and a lovely long cloak, which President Bourguiba draped around my shoulders while I think the USIA cameras were clicking away.

Already late, we hastened downstairs to the East Room for the receiving line -- just the three of us, this time standing in front of the stage.

From the Cabinet there were the Udalls -- Lee was sitting on Lyndon's left, and I noticed a very animated conversation at dinner. I am always relaxed when I see he is having a good time with his partners.

There were only three Senators present and a rather short list from the House. The mounting number of speaking engagements as this campaign year goes on is limiting their acceptances. And yet on the other hand I think I noticed a trend toward a larger number of acceptances since March 31st.

From the Government there were the John Macys -- he has a brother in the Peace Corps in Tunisia. And the Jim Reynolds -- he's the Under Secretary of Labor. And Jim Jones of our staff. My co-^{host}~~heart~~ and donor in beautification -- the Joseph Danzanskys -- he's the President of Giant Foods.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 15, 1968

Page 7

From the press the Sid Davis', Pete Lisagors, and Frank Reynolds.

Old friends -- the Dean Achesons, Bob Meyners -- former Governor of New Jersey, and the Clark Thompsons.

From business the Michael Haiders, Chairman of Standard Oil, and the Rawleigh Warners of Slacony Mobil Oil. And from labor, the redoubtable George Meany -- he on his cane, but looking every inch in charge.

From the entertainment world, beautiful Rebekah Harkness. I had asked Bess to put her at ^a ~~the~~ very interesting table and I think she wound up by the Secretary of State. She especially invited us to come down to Capricorn -- how I would adore to go. Edie Adams with her husband. And Hank Fort who has sung at lots of Johnson campaign rallies in days gone by.

We had asked the J. C. Looneys of Edinburg to be our house guests. And also Woodie and Mary Ellen Woodward. And let this be a lesson to me. I should have invited them to the tea that afternoon, taking our insurance against the possibility that we might not have that late evening visit. So all I got was that brief greeting in the receiving line, and the feeling that I had been more of an Inn keeper than a hostess.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 15, 1968

Page 8

A very special guest was Dr. Thomas Mattingly, the heart surgeon at Bethesda whom Lyndon had had flown over to take care of President Bourguiba when he had had a heart attack last year. And they greeted each other warmly.

I did have an interesting table between President Bourguiba and his son with Mrs. Nitze taking lively care of the President on the other side. C. C. Carusi, Dean Acheson. Mrs. Dillon Ripley next to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. And Rawleigh Warner. I had planned to have him there so I could specially thank him for their pioneering work in good designs for filling stations. Elliot Noyse has done it. They have about 58 stations built -- or building -- and there was that flash of enthusiasm -- that response, that sound of personal involvement that made me feel very glad when I raised the subject, that maybe I had pushed forward just one little bit the future of good design in this big industry.

With the President alas I needed a translator, but his son's English was excellent. Mrs. Nitze spoke animated French, so I spent more than half my time with the Secretary. What would a tourist want to see in Tunisia? The beaches probably. They are wonderful -- white sand. The Roman-Infronesian ruins? Were they doing much work on archaeological research? He smiled and said, "We have to ~~live~~ work on the living before we can work on the dead." True, they were a source of tourist interest. But there were so many places to put the dollars in a sort of a philosophic

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 15, 1968

Page 9

observation that Government is a series of choices of assigning priorities.

It was a good dinner -- ^{Coquelle St. Jean} ~~social saint~~ joc and roast sirloin of beef with Yorkshire pudding -- always reliable. And the desert, named in honor of our guests -- ring of sherbert monas ster. Both the President and his son signed my menu -- quite legibly, in contrast with most Chiefs of State. And then Lyndon gave a brief, friendly toast. And then President Bourguiba made a toast that in the words of one of the reporters, "Must have set some~~ek~~ kind of a record in White House after-dinner toasts -- 25 minutes." And I kept on looking with dismay at the pages of notes still in front of him, counting them with a sinking heart. I looked around the room and had a lesson in what not to do on such ceremonial occasions. One lady, not dreaming she was observed, was yawning quite widely. A gentleman trying to unobtrusively pull a pill out of his pocket and pulled instead a whole cellophane sheet full of them.

At last it was over. And then there was a 25-minute translation in the course of which I jumped to attention when I heard the words that President Bourguiba was saying that he had sent a letter to "my friend Ho Chi Minh", apparently indicating for himself a place in the negotiations toward peace.

One sentence amazed me: "It is obvious the United States and other great powers had hoped to control North and South Vietnam so as to prevent those nations of coming under control of other great powers." It never

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 15, 1968

Page 10

ceases to surprise me how even our friends doubt our intentions.

At length I led President Bourguiba into the Red Room for coffee and liqueurs and everyone quite soon took their places in the East Room to watch a short entertainment which I introduced -- Carmen d'Lavalad and Geoffrey Holder in three dance numbers. They were certainly two of the most distinctive guests of the evening. He looked about 6 feet 6 -- a Negro, bald as Yul Brynner, long graceful hands. In fact the very essence of grace -- both of them. It was quite superior entertainment I thought. And the last number, a flirtation, a sort of take-off on the vamps of the 1920's.

Our guest made his departure shortly after the entertainment had ended. And Lyndon lost no time in going up. I briefly circled the rooms for moments of conversation, lamented that I hadn't really visited with our house guests -- Judge and Mrs. J. C. Looney or Woody and Mary Ellen. And then went to bed by 1:00.