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MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

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I was awake before 7:00 studying the scenario for the Wolf Trap Farm visit, worked at my desk with Marilyn. And then at 10:30 left the White House with Nash and Mrs. Jouett Schouse, riding out over the rolling Virginia hills to Mrs. Schouse's farm which she is giving today to the National Park Service for America's first National Park for the Performing Arts.

We stopped briefly by an unpretentious little white framed house which Mrs. Schouse is keeping for her own weekends. We had a cup of coffee, and then went on to the sight of the falene center where there were about 2,000 people gathered and the familiar bandstand and the Marine band. And Mrs. Schouse and I went up on the stand. It seems that I have gone all across the United States to the tune of "Star Spangled Banner" and "America the Beautiful" with Stew Udall and George Hartzog and Nash Castro. And today was another stop on this journey, vaguely sad because a woman growing old was saying goodbye to her past in a very gallant and wonderful way ~~big~~ by giving this sizeable acreage and I think \$1 3/4 million to build this center for the performing arts. And though she was giving it away, she was also insuring its future. She told me on the way out that she couldn't bear to see it turned into a series of sub-divisions, with a grid layed across it and little houses all alike rising up. So that was the vaguely sad part -- the goodbye. And the wonderfully hopeful part was that it's coming into the guardianship of the National Park Service and will be a

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place in the future where young people can practice and perform, an opera, a symphony, a concert and plays. Dean Francis Sayre gave the invocation and Stew Udall the main speech, and I just a few remarks of gratitude for what was taking place here today. "Mrs. Schouse, your gift of this land and of this auditorium speaks eloquently of your concern for the preservation of our natural heritage and the enlargement of our cultural heritage. For both, our warm thanks. From this day forward the hills will come alive with the sound of music."

But it was Mrs. Schouse who was the star of the day. No notes, quite at ease -- a very authoritative looking woman. It was a gracious ceremony -- a small salute actually for a very large gift. And a part of the overall work of those very innovative people -- those bright pioneers, Nash Castro and George Hartzog, led by Steward Udall.

I slipped away right after the ceremony shaking hands and thanking on the way out, and hurrying back to the White House for the beginning of a visit that I have planned subconsciously for a long time. But beginning the night of March 31st when I knew the date of when we would leave the White House as well as anybody can ever dare know their future. I began to list all the people that I wanted to come to see me -- to share a bit of this wonderful place. And high on the list were three old college friends -- Emily Crow Selden from St. Mary's and the University of Texas, and Helen Bird Falley from Marshall High School and St. Mary's. And Cecille

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Harrison Marshall who had been my roommate at the University and had stood up with me at our wedding. We met in the Solarium about 1:00, and after hugs and kisses we settled down to lunch in that room with the incomparable view, and all talked at once. "Do you remember when?", and "How are the children" -- I talked a mosaic of our past and present. And so, spent a delightful hour and a half, and then went downstairs to my room while they started their sightseeing. I had gotten Marilyn to work out a program for them. And I talked with Luci and worked with Bess on plans for the weekend of the 31st and on upcoming party lists. And then tackled my desk with Marilyn, had a brief respite with Arthur Krim to talk "Library". And then sometime during the afternoon, got Mr. West, the Usher, up and discussed something I very much wanted to do -- that is, give some checks which would be divided between the butlers and maids and anybody else he thought I should to express my appreciation for what I know is a very heavy regime on the staff. We are having many houseguests. We will have many more. So I want to say thanks for all this wonderful staff is doing, to make it a never-to-be-forgotten occasion for these people. And I sought Mr. West's advice about who to include and to ask him to divide it as he thought fit. He knows the working of this house better than anybody.

And then I got into my brown lace dress -- that gay flounce always makes me feel very feminine and ready for a party.

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I had asked Marilyn to see that my three house guests met us in the Yellow Oval Room. And at 6:30 I went in to greet the honor guests of the Military Reception -- the tops of the military service -- Generals Wheeler and Chapman and McConnell and Johnson and Admiral Moorer and their wives. And of course Clark and Marny Clifford. And a very important, different group -- the Medal of Honor winners -- several with their wives, several young single men. And Helen and Emily and Cecille for whom I had requested an especially nice White House Aide to see that they met people and felt at home and had fun.

Lyndon was very late coming into the Yellow Room, which meant that I had a chance to circle the room talking with nearly every one of the 13 Medal of Honor winners and observing out of the corner of my eye with relish that Helen and Cecille and Emily were chatting with several of the Generals, and especially with handsome Clark Clifford. And that they were having a good time, particularly Cecille. This Spring is the time of especial awareness, and every moment I remembered that this is the last of the big traditional events on this year's calendar. And so I must live it to the full.

Finally, Lyndon came and we went downstairs behind the honor guard to the Blue Room and lined up for pictures with General Wheeler on his right and Clark Clifford on my left. And then pictures with the Medal of Honor winners. And then we started the receiving line. 900 guests long -- most of whom thank heavens had been already attacking the

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buffet tables and the punch bowls for the long wait they had had. In military fashion, it went rather quickly. Generals galore, the military staff from the Ranch, and Camp David and the boat and the White House and the ★ airplanes, and one very special guest, Colonel Larned who is the Commandant in Karnack at the ordinance plant there and has been so wonderfully helpful on the landscaping at the Karnack Post Office.

I had the aide behind me who called out the names alerted to listen for his. I don't think I had a guest who enjoyed it more or whose presence I welcomed more. I asked somebody on my staff to make sure he had a good time and was introduced to a lot of people. It wasn't really necessary. He was friendly and ~~exuberant~~ exuberant. Later I had a chance to chat with him myself. He said the Post Office grounds looked great. And he gave me some pictures of them -- several of the trees, the sweet gums, were so big. They will be lovely in the Fall.

The 900 guests went by in less than an hour, with military precision, though a good many stopped to clasp my hand with extra warmth and say, "We'll miss you. And we are going to be so sorry to ~~lose~~ you." Or some sweet message.

The papers quoted Lyndon as seeing them in a relaxed, ~~xxxxx~~ mellow mood. And they attributed it to his March 31st announcement.

When the line was over I went in one direction visiting with guests, and Lyndon in the other. The balcony off the Blue Room was full. But

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the night air was chill and clammy. And it was a good thing we hadn't planned on having it outside. This has been no Spring for outside entertainment.

Lyndon had told General Walsh that pictures of Chuck looked like he lost about 20 pounds. And the General had assured him that everybody lost probably 10 when they first got there -- the weather was so hot. And there was talk of General ^{Ginsburgh} ~~Ginsberg~~ replacing Colonel Cross as Lyndon's top aide. How we shall miss Colonel Cross.

As I approached the buffet tables they looked as though the locust had come through and cleared them out. And I made a mental note that I must talk to the kitchen. Although in fairness I had to grant that it was 8:30 and the guests had been here for 2 hours. But we must remove empty platters and group a few full ones in some spot.

Everywhere I went my house guests and Colonel Larned seemed to be having the most fun. And I was satisfied with the party, going upstairs about 9:00. And there in a moment was Lyndon with ~~Saxgenk~~ Sgt. Paul Glenn and Sgt. Ken Gaddis and their two wives, with Captain Barry Beck and Mary. Apparently he had invited them all to dinner -- my extraordinary husband. Paul whispered in my ear that they couldn't stay for dinner, but that he did want to show his wife some of the upstairs rooms. So the four of them went on a tour, and we settled down in the West Hall with Barry

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and Mary, and in a few minutes with General Cassidy and his daughter who is a roommate of Diana Heiges and Phyllis Bonanno and Emily and Cecille and Helen. We had another drink and discussed the party. I in a huddle with my three roommates. They were all full of compliments to the young aide who had ~~id~~ taken them around. And each of them ~~who~~ had a daughter they wanted him to meet.

We had platters of the refreshments downstairs with salad and some desert for dinner about 10:00. And then we had a "Elvira Madigan" in the theatre. So we all drifted downstairs. Lyndon, going promptly to sleep, until I woke him up and said he should go on upstairs and sleep in the bed. And the General leaving midway with his daughter and Diana and Phyllis said they had to get up to be at the office early. So the four of us stayed til the sad, predestined end of this beautiful, artistic and doleful movie. It is one of the signs of the time that I get mad at -- helpless people with no sense of responsibility and a great sense of artistry, poetry, going around messing up their lives and others, undisciplined and destined for tragedy.

It had been such an interesting day visiting with three women whose youth I had shared from the time I was 14 years ~~old~~ old in the case of Helen, until I was 21 in the case of Emily. And I had seen them off and on since -- Emily more than any. It was interesting to see what time and life had done to us.

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Emily is most suitably married to a highly competent professor of drama -- head of the Department at Chapel Hill, now retired after a tour at one of the big California Universities and some other school. And she, with her love of the theatre and constant playwrighting over all these years, and I had a wonderful feast of talking ~~h~~ about the theatre -- what we liked and didn't like. She still has the same sort of expansive, daring, off-beat, humorous look at life that she has always had. She is not outraged / and revolted at the hippies and many aspects of the day's youth ~~xxxxxx~~ as I to a degree find I am. She herself has just gone through one of life's frightening battles -- an extensive operation for cancer. She is recovering beautifully she says, and she looks it, and doesn't talk about it.

Cecille looked most like she used to of any of us I think -- bright, lively, chattery, loving clothes, loving being in the White House . I felt that her life did not hold all the excitement or the variety that she was capable of living up to or would have enjoyed. And I felt vaguely sad.

But it was for Helen that I felt really sad. She had had a divorce and it hurt. And her circumstances I gathered were quite straightened -- her mother in a rest home in Brenham, and she living very quietly with her daughter in Lockhart. I said, "Helen, why don't you go back to work?" She had graduated from Oklahoma as a paleontologist, and had worked at that profession ~~xx~~ for some four or five years before she

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married. She gave me a defeated look and said, "They are not hiring women of my age." She is perhaps a year older than me -- 56 or 57. I had the feeling that they all moved more slowly than I did, and got tired more easily. There is something to say for tension -- for being pressed and stretched and forced to do more than you think you can every day although there comes a time when you yearn for a hammock and hours of nothing.

We had the most fun talking about the things we read. And Emily as she did in our youth still read omnivorously and with great speed, and with such deep things as Paul Tillick, the theologian. I find that my attention span, my sheer ability to concentrate, has withered with the years, though I minored in philosophy and could read for hours Kant and Shoupenhour, in those days. I simply do not think I would take it in now.

It had been an interesting experience with many facets -- the best of which ^{that} we had shared happy times in the past. And it was a great joy to me to share another happy time with them out of something that fate had granted me.

It was about 1:00 when we went to bed, and I read myself to sleep on the big envelope of "read and file".