

**Paper Clip Removed from 06/04/1968, pages 1 - 11.**

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, June 4, 1968

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Tuesday, June 4th, at the White House was was another day of grand hotel -- every room full. And swift succession on work and entertaining.

For me, it began a little past 9:00. Lyndon had already left at 8:00 for a commencement speech at Glassboro. And while I drank my coffee, I read the headlines, "Student Protests Flare in Europe - Belgrade, London, Rome", "Marchers Beleaguer Attorney General in the Justice Department", and "Israeli Planes Hit Jordan - Kill 35". What a time of travail.

I was dressed and ready a quarter past ten to go with Doug Cater and Liz to the Shoreham Hotel to the booksellers' convention where "To Heal and to Build" at a special booth with a great big handsome picture of the jacket -- one of the best pictures I've seen of Lyndon.

Several of the McGraw-Hill officials met me at the door.

I am very proud of this book really. And the booth was done with dignity and flare. Ralph Ellison was there -- a reserved, soft-spoken, dignified man. He's one of the ten essayist. His was one of the best. I thanked him for it, and he said, "I consider it understatement." And while he autographed my book, cameras flashed and people pushed up to get autographs. X I did quite a few. But no James MacGregor Burns. He was supposed to have met me there, so Doug said. I wondered what to read into his absence. Was he afraid to be seen with me, lest he be considered courting the Johnsons?

I stopped briefly at the Steck stand and at the University of Texas Press. I was presented with several books, and by the time I emerged I had an arm full

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and was saying, "All I need now is a free weekend and a big suitcase. I'm loaded with books."

Back at the White House, I called Doris Wildenthal, Jesse's sister, to see if she could come to the Dinner tonight. And Kern and his wife to the after-dinner entertainment. No, they are in too much of a strain waiting for the results of the tests on the baby which will be known this afternoon.

And then at 11:30 with Lyndon out on the South Grounds for the arrival ceremony for President and Mrs. Trejos of Costa Rica.

It was a bright and green and gold day and felt like the very first day of summer -- a delicious heady feeling that makes you want to play hooky, leave all your appointments and go off and walk the Appalachian Trail. I count them now with the feeling that each arrival ceremony may be the last, with the summer coming on and the campaign.

President Trejos emerges from the car -- an ample, gentle faced man, placid, liquid brown eyes -- with a big embrasso for Lyndon. His wife, very warm and smiling -- speaking little English.

We make our way to the stand, and the cannon booms forth. This time a perfect smoke ring that rises halfway up the monument. The flags snapped briskly in the breeze. I lift myself an inch taller when they break into the "Star Spangled Banner." Mrs. Trejos and I talk about Washington's wonderful Spring, and her stop at Williamsburg, while our two husbands circled the lawn reviewing the troops.

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I picked out in the crowd a good many of our house guests. This is an every-room-full night. The Bobbitts in the Queens' Room, the Moursunds in the Lincoln Bedroom, the Cecil Rubys and the William Allens; Bill <sup>Neels</sup> Knowles and the John <sup>Ben</sup> ~~Wince~~ Shepherds are coming a little later. Susan Stephenson in Luci's room -- she'll be working this summer. And so will Lafaye Davis, who is in the maid's room. And I had brought Gertrude and her three children -- Hazel, Ethel and Donna for a week of sightseeing in Washington -- part of my continuing plan to share this House with those that are a part of our life in the time that I have left.

When the speeches were over, we filed into the Diplomatic Reception Room -- lined up -- to meet the members of the Costa Rican party and our Reception Committee.

The Trejos' had brought their two sons with them: <sup>Humberto</sup> ~~Enrique~~ and Juan Jose. And lo and behold at the end of the line, there was Gertrude and her three daughters. I don't know whether this was sheer chance or at the special request of my husband who is quite capable of arranging it.

I went to Mr. Per's with my familiar Mexican straw bag loaded -- a week's absence that I enchain to my desk for several days -- and spent my time busily under the dryer reading my briefing on Costa Rica, signing mail and reading memos of things I must decide.

I was back home at 3:00, with Lyndon still in the family dining room for his regular Tuesday luncheon, and my tea guests already congregating in the Yellow Room. I changed quickly and went in to join them for what turned

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out to be the most pleasant hour of the day. There was Dr. Reddick who has hardly changed since he taught me Journalism at the University of Texas a quarter of a century ago. And Mrs. Edgar Tobin and Mr. Robert Tobin of San Antonio who had been my hosts at the Opera on Carlo at the opening of Hemis Fair. He's interested in everything that is historical, restorations, or cultural in San Antonio. The Winton Blunts of Montgomery. He's President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and has himself just built a paper mill within sight of my land in Autauga County. They told me I would not recognize it now. But between Prattville and Montgomery, it is almost solidly built up. And out in the hills from Prattville, handsome homes are going up. And that land which I remember for about \$8 an acre is now selling for \$100.

She goes to the same beauty parlor that Elaine~~x~~ does, and we soon established that comfortable feeling of shared background. And I promised to look them up whenever I came back after January 20th to try to do something about my property.

And <sup>the</sup> John Rogers of Dallas, she's Ashton's cousin, turned out to be an extraordinary handsome young couple. She's anxious to have a portrait done of Lyndon by her favorite artist who wants to give it to hang in the Texas Hall of Cultures at Hemis Fair -- a permanent building. I think we'll give it a try.

And I was especially glad to have John Ben Shepherd's children -- the John Ben Jr.'s.

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I am shifting gears into the younger generation. At least for some quota of the people that we have around us. I do not want to move only in any one age group or regional or interest group.

The Bobbitts came in a little late, both looking very handsome.

We had tea and cookies and tea sandwiches, and good conversation about Hemis Fair and Opera and the beautiful Spring this year. And it was I who hated to turn them over to the guide and go back to my desk. So I gave them the little story about the Yellow Room, and then took them back to our quarters, showed them our acquisitions of pictures, and then slipped into my room for about 2-1/2 hours of lying in bed but working hard -- calling Brook Aster. I very much wanted her to come to the Dinner. But she has been in the hospital for 9 days and cannot.

And then going over the whole seating. It was necessary to change Lyndon's entire table and to rework mine.

Barbara is excellent, but Bess is so superb the household necessarily feels the absence of her steady hand.

I greeted our additional house guests -- the Bill <sup>Noel's</sup> Knowles and the John Ben Shepherds, Sr. -- checked with Marilyn on a schedule being laid out for Gertrude and her three children so that they can do the whole rounds using my car part of the time.

I was in and out of Lyndon's room. He'd been up until 2:00 the night before. And then up again at 7:00 to go to Glassboro. So I had hoped he would get some rest.

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At 7:00 Mr. Per came and gave me a handsome "up" hairdo. I put on my pink <sup>Strawberries</sup> ~~tribe~~polis with the little white flowers, and had time for just a couple of pictures. I could brief myself on the gifts for the Chief of State before Lyndon and I, almost on time this evening, went downstairs to the north Portico to greet a President and Mrs. Trejos.

It was a beautiful vista standing there -- the fountain cool and inviting at the end of the warm day, and around the bright red geraniums edged with white. And across the lawn in Lafayette Park, the bright flag of red and white flowers. The city is lovely.

Rifle butts came down smartly, one by one, when the big black car rolled up, and out stepped the beaming pair -- Mrs. Trejos in her silver lame dress. I'm often the last one in the line of fours. We stopped for pictures practically with my heels hanging off the edge of the top step. And I know sometime I shall come clattering down.

We went to the Yellow Room -- their Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. <sup>LARA</sup> ~~Letta~~, a handsome young Ambassador and Mrs. Ortuna, their sons, Juan Jose and Humberto, Sol Linowitz's, our Ambassador and his pretty wife, Mrs. Boonstra, Angier still without Robin who is in Spain. Secretary Rusk is still absent. We had asked the Bob McNamaras to come up, and I practically flung myself into their arms.

Their gift for us was an outstanding piece of sculpture called "Still Wet", a little new-born calf -- distinctly modern sculpture but very pleasant -- the artist using only a few soft plains and curves and lines to make a perfect little

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animal in an impressionist sort of way.

There were pictures at the foot of the stairs, and then we went in to "Hail to the Chief", and stood in line to greet our 140-odd guests -- not our most brilliant guest list with the Rusks and Humphreys absent. Only one member of the Cabinet -- the Freemans. And the Whites from the Supreme Court. And one member of the Senate, but one I had been long wanting to have, the Harry Byrds of Virginia. A sizeable contingent from the House, headed by Carl Albert and including Omar and Ruth Burleson and the Roman Pucinskis. There were the Felipe Herreras and the Covey Olivers, of course. And Ed and Ann Clark, the new Executive Director of Inter-American Development Bank. And the Raymond Telles, who greeted the President with a big embrasso. They had been Ambassador to Costa Rica for 6 years.

From the Press, there was Ymelda Dixon who speaks Spanish. The good looking young Richard Saltonstalls of Time-Life. Helen Thomas, whom I introduced as the newspaper lady who goes everywhere with me.

From the world of arts and entertainment, Rudolf Serkin, the pianist who has performed so charmingly for us several times at the White House, and Mrs. Charlie <sup>Byrd</sup> ~~Byrd~~ without her husband. Jose Limon whom I find very simpatico, and the young Negro pianist, Andre Watts.

From business, there <sup>was</sup> Jim Farley. Coca Cola claims that it has relations with more countries than the United States Government. Cyril Magnin, and numerous people representing the fruit and coffee and sugar industries.



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Among the latter, Irv Hoff, our old friend.

From education, there was Dr. Robert Hutchins, former Chancellor of the University of Chicago, although his presence did not delight my husband who seems to have overlooked him when we first presented him the list.

Congressman Albert turned out to be the star of my table. He let out lickety-split talking Spanish, said that when he was a scholar at Oxford he had continued on to Spain and studied there for a year -- Law I believe -- and had learned Spanish well at that time. Our guests were as delighted as I was.

The Press was interested in Louis Stokes who is running for Congress. He's the brother of Carl Stokes, the Mayor of Cleveland. And in the Ed Sullivans, that veteran of TV.

One difference in this dinner. I heard that when a guest arrives, he really shows his entrance card. They put it under an X-ray machine and it instantly becomes some color. I suppose this would make it very difficult to forge because you wouldn't know what color was ~~xxx~~ supposed to come out for each dinner.

It was a genial, but unremarkable evening. We talked about their country -- one million and a quarter -- more nearly homogeneous a population than nearly anybody. 95 percent white European background. The most interesting thing: two live volcanos. And some good beaches.

The President's background had been all as a teacher until he entered politics about three years ago.

When it was time for the toast, Lyndon struck light and ~~and~~ numerous notes that I think the company enjoyed. He said he understood that when President

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Kennedy had gone to Costa Rica, he had had an unusual welcome -- a volcanic eruption. "If that had happened to me," and he paused just right, "I would have felt perfectly at home." And everybody roared. "Later ~~tonight~~ tonight we may pick up some tremors from an eruption in California," he added.

We had used our new China, and the guests at my table were very complimentary. Dorothy LeSueur and Mrs. Charles Bennett, the wife of the Congressman, and dear Jane Freeman whom I had put on the President's right. Even Bob McNamara. Bob said he was leaving the next day for Indonesia. Why? He had simply looked on the map to see what countries were most in need for some kind of help from the World Bank, and he was going to travel around and look at some of them. Indonesia was. He described the amount of inflation that had taken place there in the last several years, and it was so incredible, it would take practically a fortune of money to buy a quart of milk, and I gave up trying to understand it.

We had passed our menu cards around -- all of us -- and our courtly guests had penned nice sentiments in Spanish. I had found myself all evening using my few Spanish phrases with wild abandon~~ed~~. They may have a good time laughing as they go home about them.

And though the President spoke English a great deal in the evening when he rose to deliver his toast, it was in Spanish. Most of it was an invitation to us to come to Costa Rica -- hopefully while we are still in office. If not, later. When the President finished reading his speech, he put it down and added a few sentences of very sincere, earnest, friendship~~so~~ appealingly delivered that the

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guests gave him a standing ovation.

We moved into the Red Room for coffee and liqueurs. I wondered how Costa Ricans feel about Sanka, because frankly I couldn't tell which I was serving.

Arthur Drexler came over. I asked him about the exhibits -- how they were progressing. He seemed more enthusiastic than he ever had. "They are coming along fine. I think you will like them."

And then into the entertainment, introduced with a few sentences by me. It was Patricia Brooks in a dress that was solid glitter, singing a bit of "Nimi" from La Boem. And three more brief numbers -- most memorable, "Glitter and be Gay" from Canteen. Leonard Ber<sup>A</sup>stein. I have never heard of it, but it was delightful and as much acting as singing, which added spice to the program. And it was brief -- a bonus for my weary husband.

Then we did pictures. And Angier ~~was~~ whispered in our ears that additional gifts had arrived belatedly from the President, and he hoped we would go back upstairs and look at them.

We made our way through the crowd, slowly, talking to left and right. And then just as we reached upstairs, I could hear Lynda Bird retrieving down the hall with a little screech. I could just see her in curlers and her bathrobe. She ~~exp~~ escaped. And we went in to find a handsome saddle, trimmed with silver. And a silver baby cup and spoon. This will be nice for the next little baby -- Patrick Lyndon is far too grown up.

And in the hall, we ran into our house guests ascending. I think the President will certainly remember them because this is the third time they

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had met.

Back downstairs the band was playing and a few of the younger guests were dancing. Lyndon made no effort to start, which was a relief to me.

And very soon our guests of honor made the movement toward the front door, and we were not reluctant to say goodnight. Though they are as genial and pleasant a pair as we have had in all this busy year.

I circled the room, visiting with Ann and Ed and the Tobins. Roman Pucinski said he wanted to make a bet with me that Lyndon would be drafted. He said, "I think he did the right thing. I think they'll find that they just can't do without him." His young daughter had been out talking to college groups when Lyndon had made his speech getting out on March 31st. She was the absolute prototype of what you hear about as the young McCarthy folks -- bright faced, eager, youth of '68. I am more and more relieved every day that he has made his decision. And Roman's suggestion is absolutely no allure for me.

I went upstairs at 10 minutes of 12. Lyndon had gone ahead. And climbed into bed and read myself to sleep with a large stack from the "read and file" envelope. Mostly wonderful thank-yous for the Diplomatic Reception, the Bulgeba Dinner, various house guests. I wish Lyndon's affair was as palatable as mine. I usually save some of the best of them for him. And some of them I wish I had writing letters for me.

It must have been past 1:00 when I went to sleep.