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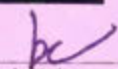
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2	Diary	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Page 6		1	06/24/1968	C

**Collection Title** Lady Bird Johnson's Diary  
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MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, June 24, 1968

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A return to a busy, regimented day, brought an end <sup>to</sup> the slew of despond into which I at least had slept over the weekend.

In the morning Arthur Krim came into Lyndon's room while we were having coffee and summed up his conversations with Bill Heath. Bill felt, and he agreed, reluctantly I think, that we should not proceed now with the formal bringing into being of the foundation that would hold the money from which the Library could get started with such projects for instance as the oral histories. We should wait until after January 20th to form the foundation, name the members, accept the money and get going on the business of the Library and the School for Public Service.

Meanwhile, of course, we should make all plans to have the papers for such a foundation drawn up and membership decided on. It seems we have gone round and round on this for years, and evermore came out by the same door as in we went.

As an alternative Bill felt we might be able to get the University to somehow start the oral history program. I feel deflated, sad, but probably this is the wisest course.

I worked at my desk -- still mountains high. I had lunch on a tray in the room. And at 1:00 Mrs. Provenson came. We sat in the Yellow Oval Room and I read my Portland speech, the B. Y. Morrison lecture ~~for~~ for the American Institute of Architects, <sup>the</sup> ~~At~~ last, I swear, a speech and public appearance for a long, long time. And so I wanted very much to make it good.

Lynda Bird had left early in the morning looking pretty, composed, and once

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more in charge of the situation -- flying to Acapulco to join Joe Batzen and his mother and father and various relatives. He had taken a house down there for a week or so.

I studied the guest list for the afternoon reception. A rather painful blend of goodbye for Arthur Goldberg and welcome to George Ball who is taking over at the United Nations, shadowed at least for me by the increasing hue and cry in the papers for months now that Goldberg wanted to resign, that he felt estranged from the Johnson Administration, had odds on policies, and sharpened this morning by Mark Child's column. I like Arthur and I like Dorothy. And I respect the quality of his work. I am sad about this, but I am constrained to believe that where it is repeated so often there must be some seed of acquiescence on his side.

I had asked Arthur and Dorothy and all their family to join me in the Yellow Oval Room at 5:00 for a quite informal little visit. And we also invited Chief Justice and <sup>Mr.</sup>Mrs. Warren and Arthur Krim and Bob Benjamin who have worked closely with him at the U.N. Only his son, Bob, came. At other events there have been his daughter and the two in-laws, <sup>but a</sup> ~~there~~ new grandchild and sickness in the family kept them away.

The presence of the Chief Justice and Mrs. Warren lightened the atmosphere, but we did not reach that warm and easy feeling I have had most of these five years with nearly every ~~xxx~~ member of the Cabinet. He has read all of the articles and we have read them too, and they stand between us. And I do not really know how much of us has fed on what we have heard the other has said.

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Lyndon came in late and hurried, and presented Arthur with a silver tray on which was inscribed, all of the names of his fellow Cabinet members. I believe the Seal would have to be put on later.

And then in a polite and formal rejoinder which never became personal Arthur answered. In fact I kept on waiting, hoping, all evening that somehow the gap would be bridged and that one of them would call the name of the other in that personal bond of the fellowship that you have when you work together on the Government's hard business, and would call it with warmth and appreciation.

I think Lyndon came the closest to doing it when in his remarks in the East Room to the assembled friends of Arthur Goldberg and George Ball, the members of the Government and a sizeable crowd of press, he recounted how the skillful hand of Arthur Goldberg had produced, and here he was quite specific, an array of achievements in the diplomatic world.

It was proper, it was graceful, it was restrained. There had been a moment of overtones in the upstairs hall when Arthur helped the Chief Justice into his black robe.

The Chief Justice swore in George Ball. We all filed into the Blue Room for a receiving line -- the Balls, Goldbergs and us, with me at the end.

There were the Ralph Bunches. I had a chance go thank him for his nice letter answering Lynda Bird about what he read as a child.

From the Cabinet, the Clark Cliffords and Wilbur Cohen and Joe Fowler alone. And Orville and Jane Freeman, both the Watsons, and Jane and Bill

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Wirtz with a big kiss for the Goldbergs as did so many of those who passed down the line.

There was a goodly number of their friends there.

From our staff, the Doug Caters, the Ernie Goldsteins, Tom and Mary Clark from the Court, Hubert alone with a big kiss for everybody. The George Meaney's, Ed Weisl -- and I could thank him for those wonderful gifts for the Library -- the memo that Abe Lincoln signed, one of the last things he wrote pardoning a prisoner -- and the letter of George Washington.

And Walt Rostow alone looking so spent. And the Gerald Waggoners who asked about Luci, and when I told them that she was upstairs and would simply adore to see them they were anxious to see her and the baby too. So I dispatched them upstairs with a maid.

Because everybody knew everyone else nearly, it was a pleasant party in the State Dining Room in spite of the strain I felt. And if I would have waited hopefully all evening for a show of warmth between Lyndon and Arthur which did not come, I surprisingly found it in George Ball whom I have always regarded as tough, able, someone Lyndon often disagreed with, but often went back to and sought out for advice.

There was almost a show of emotion as he said speaking of Lyndon, "I feel like we have stood shoulder to shoulder on the barricades. That is why I was glad to do it." He means re-entering Government. And he went on to say that there were two clouds over us now on the international field --

Viet-Nam and one which he considered darker and heavier, the Near East.

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And he felt that he could do some good there.

It was a pleasant surprise and a sort of resurgence of pride in that band of patriots who worked hard and long and are capable of making good money and having a good quiet living and yet are always ready to come back in and serve their country.

I saw Mrs. Labouisse whose husband had been Ambassador when we had been in Greece in '61 or '62, and we talked of the situation there. She does not approve of this present regime but thinks it suits a glot of Greeks who are hungry for stability and peace, and who will reach for anyone who can give it to them. She said the King had asked her how she found it when she returned to Greece, and she said "it is so silent".

I stayed until nearly everyone had gone and expressed with a sense of failure my appreciation to Dorothy and Arthur.

And then I went to the bowling lanes. Exercise is my anecdote for many things. And had two quick games and back upstairs to work at my desk.

I had invited the Jake Pickles for dinner and met with them and Bill Heath, our house guest, out on the Truman Balcony and watched the fading day.

We had dinner by candle light close to 10:00 with that incomparable backdrop of the Jefferson Memorial and the Washington Monument.

And then about 10:30 Lyndon excused himself and went to bed abducting Jake Pickle and leaving Beryl and Bill and <sup>me</sup> ~~I~~ for a yawning half hour or so. Then Bill too said goodnight and feeling as close and easy with Jake and Beryl as I do, I excused myself too and went to bed for a rub and some reading.



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And presently Luci came in. She had been out to dinner. She curled up on the bed beside me and we had one of those long conversations which make me jokingly tell her that she is a part time psychiatrist -- the burden of her talk being the value of independence and how she had escaped from this House and did not depend on the servants or the big black car or even the Secret Service, and that she was the lucky one among us. With this I agree.

SANITIZED

And so to bed close to 1:00.