

MEMORANDUM

WHD

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 26, 1968

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Wednesday, June 26th, was remarkable for three reasons at least to me. I made my last planned trip and speech -- certainly last for a long, long time. I saw a part of America that I knew the least of all -- Oregon -- the far Northwest. And third, Lyndon named Abe Fortas the Chief Justice and Homer Thornberry for Associate Justice.

I had breakfast and read over my speech in the comfortable little room at the Sheraton Motor Inn, and then drove with Orville to the Civic Center where the American Institute of Architects <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ having their annual convention.

It was a fresh, clear, beautiful day. And every where you looked you saw roses, roses, roses. Portland lived up to its billing as the city of roses -- so abundant and multicolored.

The Durhams -- he's outgoing President of the AIA -- met me and escorted me to the stage. A familiar sight -- an audience that must have been several thousand -- TV and Press on the platform on my left -- a standing ovation. You would have to be dead not to get a lift of the spirit.

Orville introduced me, and I delivered the B. Y. Morrison lecture on nature and ~~architect~~ architecture. I've hardly worked as hard on a speech and it was the longest one I think I've ever delivered. I spoke of the new conservation which means first a concern ~~not~~ for the total environment, attention to the human scale and a new emphasis of the areas of natural beauty, kept in due regard for the TV cameras on my left, spoke of some of the places made for delight and intimacy that I enjoyed most, here at Dallas Square, San Antonio and its little river winding <sup>through</sup> ~~the~~ the center of town. Georgetown, so attractively restored,

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showing how the past can serve the present. And a few Senators I particularly liked when I spoke of the enormous housing developments that were so dull and all alike, that there's no there there. And likened some shopping centers to a sort of urban strip mine and ended on a call to city planners and architects who ~~to~~ work on the problems of unsightly shopping centers, and on the ugly, ragged city fringes.

I did get a very nice applause -- another standing ovation -- at the end. And later in the receiving line more compliments than nearly any speech, so I was relatively satisfied with myself, the chief satisfaction being that this is the last time that I'll be making a speech for a long time. And all the while duely ~~very~~ aware and scared because the speakers in the days just before me had been Barbara Ward and one of the most able and articulate Negroes I know on urban affairs.

After me there came a panel discussion on nature leading off with Orville Freeman and then a Professor Gordon Wolman. And then how deflating, just as all of the TV cameras walked out and most of the press left, the third and best member -- better than any ~~officer~~ of us in fact -- Marvin Durning -- ardent conservationist and ~~high~~ highly articulate Attorney who it turned out was running for Attorney General in ~~XX~~ Oregon.

Next, Orville announced that an azalea -- pure white and very lovely -- was being named for me -- the Mrs. LBJ -- another one of those times when I wished I hadn't acquired a nickname but had just been Claudia all of my life.

And then the presentation of a nature notebook prepared at the National

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*Arboretum*  
~~Art-Boretium~~ by the District school children.

Finally I presented an award from the AIA to Arthur O'Dell who had been chairman of the Potomac River Planning Task Force.

And then it was all over and I filed out of the big auditorium with a sense of relief and the pleasure of a job well done.

Back at the Portland Sheraton a little later there was a reception in which I stood in line with Mr. and Mrs. Durham and met the Board of Directors and a great many members of the AIA -- at least a dozen of whom asked about Max Brooks. And to my amazement, hardly any that I already knew.

They showed me the plans for a mobile playground which had been designed in my honor. I am a little unclear whether one is going to be fabricated and presented or whether just the plan and then they can be ordered by public service clubs or by a private philanthropist for low-income, inner city areas. But at any rate, they were very innovative and exciting looking and could be produced in just a month or two time. Not surprisingly they were the work of some of the youngest of architects present attacking urban problems in this brand new method.

Nearly 1:00 we made our goodbyes and Orville and I left with Mr. Dwyer and one of the Park Service men and drove across the beautiful Oregon countryside toward Timberline Lodge.

It was nearly 2:00 when we stopped for lunch at Toll Gate State Park. Everybody ravenous. The sight that met our eyes was two huge salmon split open and spread out and broiling over a fire -- the most delicious smell.

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I could hardly notice the beautiful setting for looking at those ~~beautiful~~ fish -- the setting, a very rustic park -- and old one I think -- shelters, cooking areas, tables and benches, that look like they might have been made back in the '30's and fitted very well into the deeply shaded woods. Enormous trees towering skyward on all sides of us, ferns stretching like a carpet.

We set to immediately on the lunch -- a long table spread with slaw and roasting ears and Oregon fruit -- a distincting fruit-of-the-lands sort of lunch. That brought back so many pictures to me -- a clam ~~roast~~ bake on the rocky coast of Maine -- a ~~roast~~ fish fry with the surf breaking on Podre Island -- barbeques on the banks of the Pedernales. I have really seen America in all its wonderful diversity these last five years.

The Press came briefly and took pictures, and I felt sorry because they weren't eating too, though we all fell to and the lunch was marvelous. I have never tasted salm on like that before.

We topped it off with berry pie picked from the mountains and many cups of hot coffee. And then we were on ~~a~~ our way again.

We had come to a beautiful farm lands -- very green. Berries were one of the principle crops -- delicious strawberries, but too sweet and soft to ship they said. And black berries galore that were trained up on vines like grapes. The roadsides were lined with purple vetch and a tall stemmed purple flower.

And then we had come to the forest -- Douglas fir and hemlock -- enormous trees that soared skyward -- 200 feet or more. I asked the forester how old they might be. He said from 100 to 300 years. Straight, magnificent trunks.

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Hardly any limbs until way up high. Every now and then we would come over a rise and there would be Mt. Hood gloriously framed by these giant trees. I asked about fall color. Yes, there were a lot of maple and it was glorious. A zig zag river ran along beside us. It flowed off of a glacier and was icy cold they said. And there were many little rapid streams that entered it.

Soon I noticed moss on the trees that looked rather like a gray beard, domey and soft. The forester told me that the deer loved it for food <sup>whereas</sup> ~~because~~ it was very bad for forest fires. A fire would just race through it.

They pointed out the bear grass which was a cone shaped mass of tiny white flowers, delicate and beautiful -- about the size of a grapefruit. The bears liked it they said. Later when I got close to one, I discovered it had an awful smell.

When we would come into a clearing there would be a great line of mountains against the sky -- beautiful country. And occasionally on top of one a little forest fire lookout. And they told me about the smoke jumpers -- brave young college men hired during the summer usually who parachuted from small planes in the direction of the smoke whenever a fire had been spotted, their firefighting equipment attached to their backs, and proceeded to put it out. I asked how they got out again. That was their problem.

It turned out that Jerry, my Agent, Jerry McKinney, had been a ~~smoke~~ smoke jumper when he was in college.

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They told me another surprising fact too. The Hudson Bay Company -- a romantic fixture in my early childhood reading and long ago extinct I had thought -- was still in business. It now had department stores in Canada.

Mr. Dwyer was a very interesting conversationalist. His father had come out here in 1901 and this country had just been a seaboard he said with 4,000 people in Portland.

We were gradually ~~rising~~ rising here on a mountain.

Close to 3:30 we pulled up to Timberline Lodge -- a fantastic building that looked like the biggest chalet in all of Switzerland. A huge building of weathered timbers -- as much at home on the mountainside as the rocks and trees. It had been built in the depths of the Depression by the WPA to put to work all sorts of craftsmen who were unemployed. And it was a superb monument to the daring dreamers of those days.

FDR himself had dedicated it in 1937. He and Mrs. R had spent the night in the suite that I was to use. I went straight to the suite -- a charming room with a fireplace, handsome made furniture, a big sofa, a bouquet of the wildflowers which one of the foresters had thoughtfully put there. I changed into a beige pants suit and then with the clouds already gathering in the mountain-tops, we got into a strange vehicle call a "Sno-Cat", a long cab on caterpillar treads. Orville and I and a sizeable contingent of press, and started out on a ride up to the snow fields -- the slopes of the mountain on the way to the good ski runs.

We crunched along through snow that had fallen two weeks ago and was

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alas quite dirty now. A forest ranger told me that you could expect a snow any time up to July 4th and then it would begin again in early September.

It must have been fantastically beautiful when it was all sparkling white. And there was a majestic view all around us -- great wooded mountains rising to bare peaks, some snow-capped. I could see several ski runs. It's quite a tourist industry here.

Clouds were settling on top of Mt. Hood, and very soon we were going to be enveloped in a salt white blanket.

And so, admitting defeat we turned around and came down the mountain getting out once for what may have been some good pictures against the gorgeous back-drop, and were back at the lodge in time for a long rest before dinner. This hardly ever happens on a trip. It was a luxury I scarcely knew how to take. I curled up and read that great chief of brochures all about the multiple use management of the forest and the building of Timberline Lodge which I had been provided.

And then close to 7:00 I put on my white "See America" dress with a bright scarf and went in to dinner.

We had cocktails in the lounge -- a balcony that surrounded a great, six-sided lobby, a vast high-ceilinged room that looked like the baronial hall of some ancient Viking.

The guests were our own party, some foresters, a few Oregon State officials, including a former Attorney General who is a great friend of John Ben Shepherds, and a bunch of young skiers who were practicing for participation

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in the Olympics, they told me -- long <sup>haired</sup> ~~haired~~, earnest faced -- a different breed from the young folks I've known, but attractive.

The main attraction was Timberline Lodge itself made of the stone and wood of Oregon. It's pictures and carvings all showing the cascade mountain environment in three themes: Pioneers, Indians, and plants and wildlife. It's stairway treads, made of old railroad ties, and the mural post of telephone poles topped with a hand carving of an animal of the region known by some down-and-out artist of the Depression days -- a little bear curled up, a duck, an eagle, a raccoon. They were absolutely delightful. Even the vast fireplace was 6-sided. It must have been wonderful roaring in mid-winter. And nice even in June -- a bright fire going. On its six sides, huge ponderosa pines towered 96 feet to the arched ceiling, their sides hewn. And the massive light fixtures that hung from the ceiling were made like Indian storage baskets. They too were six-sided. Everywhere there was the work of artisans in <sup>wrought</sup> ~~rod~~ iron, carpentry, carving, painting. One hall was lined with water colors of the wildflowers of this region. And the furniture was ~~a~~ hand-made. A wonderful montage of the artistry of the 1930's. I was thrilled at the imagination and the perseverance of the people that had put it together.

~~Meeting in the cascade dining room~~ Leading in to the Cascade Dining Room were massive iron gates weighing a thousand pounds -- the two of them. A fox face -- the motif. The handle -- a snake. Some of the artists whose work in oil and water color hung on the wall had gone on to fame. One of them had several pictures in the Metropolitan in New York they told me proudly.



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He was C. S. Price. And of course on my desk I saw the signatures of FDR and Mrs. FDR and all of those accompanying them. They had some delightful pictures -- not many. And I thought of what a wonderful picture job we do now.

But the thing I liked best I think are the carvings throughout the Timberline Lodge of the Indian symbols of the moon -- the snow moon of January and the hunger moon of February, the planting moon of May, and the green corn of August, and the leaf-falling moon of October, and delightfully the long night moon of December.

We went into the Cascade Dining Room for dinner. There was a big fire going. We had beef fondue which we all did at our own place, mixing it with various sauces and having a very good homemade bread, a red wine and then the local marshal strawberry.

I sat next to the former Attorney General who was very talkative and full of Lyndon's appointments of the day -- Abe Fortas and Homer Thornberry. Indeed everyone came up to me with questions or expressions of interest. But I was unable to assess the color of their thinking, approval or disapproval, surprise. Actually there is a tremendous difference between the whole thinking of the rest of the country outside of Washington. ~~Some~~ <sup>Such</sup> things are important, yes, but they are not the whole universe. Washington sinks into perspective when you are some 2500 miles away. I love it, but it is a self-important town.

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During dinner there was entertainment by a couple of strolling young folk singers -- brother and sister -- fresh, delightful, appealing -- just right.

But afterward we went into the lobby and had coffee and listened to a professor from the University of Oregon I think tell us about the history of Mt. Hood. Actually of volcanos in general. And it was a rather lengthy history, but I had hoped for more about history of man and of plant and animal life twined into it.

And then the Bohemians -- a group of businessmen who sing for fun and who had some ~~very~~ marvelous yodelers. I haven't heard yodeling since I was 17 years old on the banks <sup>of Caledo</sup> ~~Cattle~~ Lake and this was absolutely great -- quite in tune with the alpine flavor of the evening.

And then pictures with the entertainers and <sup>principal</sup> ~~principle~~ guests and early goodnights and to bed at the very civilized hours of 10:30. This indeed is a different sort of trip. Not as exciting, not as productive. But another face of America -- a day to be cherished especially as they become more numbered.