

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, July 4, 1968

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We had planned to spend this day promoting Hemis Fair and highlighting the presence of the Latin American Ambassadors we brought down on the plane and the Ambassadors from most of the countries that had exhibits at the Fair.

Mrs. Burg came over and gave me a comb-out, and we left by chopper about 9:45.

We talked about the Gun Control bill. There had been another terrible thing: 2 dead in Central Park - 3 shot. The headlines had been reading: Johnson Presses Gun Bill. But a strange thing had happened. That flood of mail that had rolled in in support of a strong gun bill had now been reversed. Lyndon showed me some amazing figures that indicated a complete turn-around as expressed in the mail. It was an interesting phenomenon and rather ~~frightening~~ frightening and no reason at all to stop pressing but to press harder though with less hope.

We arrived at Hemis Fair about 10:00 and went to the U. S. Pavilion for the flag-raising ceremony. There was a crowd of several thousand people and a good many signs that said "O la, LBJ" -- everybody in a holiday mood -- lots of children and everybody smiling. It was a pleasant, fairly useful day I think. Actually, the principals see so little on a trip like this. It's just a duty.

Ed Clark made predictably an amusing, pleasant speech, ~~in~~ Sevilla Sacasa his reliably flowery and friendly one. And John an excellent introduction of Lyndon which made my heart happy. And a graceful, so much more than I

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deserved, introduction of me, just to stand up.

And then we went to the exhibits without seeing very much actually except the retreating cameras in front of us. Our path was roped off, but Lyndon kept on going to the ropes and shaking hands to the right and left. Actually he saw more people than he did exhibits.

In the Texas Pavilion his interest really came to life, and he examined with admiring scrutiny the contributions of all the ethnic strains that have made Texas what it is.

At the Lebanese exhibit, who should be there but Eddie Joseph.

And at the Negro exhibit, a couple whose names have long stood for power in the political community of the Negroes in San Antonio. The Negro exhibit is in many ways the most interesting and must have been the most difficult to put together. And everybody is proud of it.

I love the Czech and Polish exhibits. ^{John} Don even pointed out the ancient musket that he had contributed. Everybody dug in their attics and in their trunks to find artifacts that show the life of our State since man was first known here.

And then when Lyndon was going to see the film at the U. S. Pavilion, I told him I would rather go and see the Girard exhibit instead. We separated and I had a delightful 45 minutes going with Patsy Steves through this extraordinary collection of folk art which includes ~~panoramas~~ panoramas of marketplace, wedding, funeral -- a montage of life in all the Latin American countries.

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Patsy told me that some of the little doll-like figures made of fabrics from Peru actually dated before the time of Christ. This place would ^{require} ~~repay~~ ^{replace} hours of looking which, alas, I didn't have and I rejoined Lyndon just in time to find that the main interest of the press was two things: the fact that he had eaten an ice cream cone when we were going through the Texas Hall -- he always gets starved for something sweet and especially likes dairy creams on trips like this. And ~~the~~ secondly, what did he think of the controversial film. They kept on repeating over and over what I had said about it and tried to get a statement from him. He just sort of brushed it off.

At one point we stopped in one of the reception rooms and there I recognized a picture -- an artists' conception of the marketplace in San Antonio in 1836. Cathedral, ox carts, vendors of chile and Caucan. The picture belongs to C. R. Smith and he is going to give it to the Lyndon Johnson Library he ~~ga~~ told me. So I was very pleased to get to see it and to report to him on it later.

Everywhere the walls were lined with works of Texas artists -- Andredante, Dawson and Watson and Watson, Selinas and a far different school of moderns that I can't make head or tail of.

We left about 1:30 and arrived home with me absolutely raven~~egs~~ and we threw ourselves upon a substantial ^{lunch} of roast beef and rice and carrots and peaches fresh from our own orchard -- there is an enormous crop this year.

And after lunch I tried to sleep for a couple of hours unsuccessfully.

I got up at 4:00 and joined Lyndon, Lynda, Marie in riding.

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We went to the Sharnhorst and the yellow flowers are still a sea -- a mass. And the antelope were bounding over them -- a breathtaking sight no matter how often you've seen it.

Then we drove into Johnson City, stopped by the house and then on to the Lewis place and Lynda Bird and I got out and walked not more than a mile around the rim of a cliff that ^{goes} straight down to a stream and a pasture beyond.

Then we sat on rockers on the front porch of the Lewis' house -- the most countryfied manner possible. She is the best companion I could want. I enjoy her so much.

When we are out like this, we cling to the ^{LAST} minute of daylight. My spirits always take an upward lift around December 21st, and the days begin getting longer. I love the long evenings of summer and I hate to see pass June 21st when days gradually get shorter.

It was after 9:00 and dark when we finally came home and had a light dinner -- just the staff. Vegetable soup and sandwiches. We discussed the film at Hemis Fair. I found that Lyndon had liked it. Sure we ought to show the good things about our society, but there are so many bad things too. We've got a lot left to do. I was a little surprised and respectful, "but why didn't you say so, then" I asked. I thought he ought to. "I just didn't want to get into a fight with you", he said. "The Press just wanted to play us up against each other."

I am glad that he is more judicial in the long run for all his often tempestuous nature. He is a cooler man who takes a long view -- not easy

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prey to the passions of the day. And there is a rising passion I think among a sizeable segment of the population that we have gone too far -- we the Government -- to try to help and give too much.

Sometimes I am sure Lyndon is disheartened too. But I think he had expressed his philosophy of many decades in public life in his July 4th speech today when he said, "A man who is untrained for work, or harrassed by ill health, who cannot buy a decent house for his family, or see his children well educated, has little independence despite our Fourth of July rhetoric, and so he perseveres."

Lynda and I and Yolanda and Haywood Smith -- Lyndon's aide -- played bridge for about an hour. And then we had a reasonably early bedtime -- before midnight.