

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Thursday, September 5, 1968 WASHINGTON

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Thursday, September 5th -- our second day back at the White House.

I slept late. 2:00 bedtimes use me up for a day or two afterwards.

I spent the morning working with Ashton at my desk and with Bess and Liz going over the Barbados list for Wednesday the 11th, and the Texas list for Friday the 13th, State Dinners coming up, when to go to New York for clothes fittings, a date for a "Reading is Fundamental" reception and what I hope will be a very gay reception in honor of the new members of the Arts Council, -- the agenda for the Fall.

Lyndon had a Leadership breakfast, and afterward Hubert stayed out in the West Hall and they talked. I ran into Hubert and the sight of his face made me glad once again that it was not us that was the focal point in this campaign.

He looked like a man that had been besieged on all sides as he has.

The house was once again bulging with guests. Max and Marietta and Robert Brooks, who had flown back with us on Air Force I. I was particularly anxious for Robert to have a taste of life in the White House -- to meet some of the bright young men around us. Erv Duggan had taken him to lunch yesterday and introduced him to the West Wing. Dr. and Mary Love Bailey and Kay, their daughter. My Alabama cousins, Lucile Thomas from Selma and her son, Julian. And Carolyn Cousins and her son Sammy. And the Ben Bynums -- Lynda Bird's friends -- were in Luci's room.

I very much want Lynda Bird to give to these last months the pleasure to friends and involvement with all the exciting things that happen in this house

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and to draw from them stimulation from the varied and wonderful people that cross our path here, and satisfaction and memories.

And very important house guests were James and Mary Davis and their sons, Freddy and James, who also had flown with us on Air Force I and will spend the whole week sleeping late, seeing the sights and doing only those things they wanted to.

I asked Marilyn to arrange one day for them to have my car. Another day for the Alabama cousins. Another day for Marietta Brooks.

Whenever I have a group like this, we give them lunch and dinner buffet in the solarium. And then when I can I join them.

Today I went up a little past 1:00 and found Billy and Kay -- Mary Love was at a committee -- and Mary and James Davis and their sons having lunch. Some others drifted in and I ate with them and listened to what ~~xxxxxx~~ everybody had been doing and planned to do.

Back downstairs I found Andre Meyer waiting to have lunch with Lyndon and sat with him until Lyndon came. I said, "One nice thing has happened since you and I were together. The crisis of the dollar has leveled off a bit, hasn't it? Aren't we better off?" And he, to whom I look for as an authority in this field said that yes, we were, indeed a good deal stronger in the world's money market -- more respected, our position more secure. We pause so little to take satisfaction from troubles overcome or at least held at bay. He made me happy by saying, "Now you're real friends can see you more."

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You know when someone is President of the United States you do not think you should call them up and plan a visit. There is necessarily a certain awe of the job. Well, it will be interesting to see and I think I am braced for all reactions.

It is always quite special for me to see Andre. I count him among the real friends that we have made here.

In the afternoon I marked one thing off of my list of things to do -- getting a standard picture made. I have a little shorthand notebook, now it is green, marked "Things to do". Year after year I make my little lists and scratch them off. Now the list is particularly long and consists of things I must get done in the remaining four or so months that we are here.

I am still using a Spring of '65 picture -- a really satisfactory one of me is hard to get, and I want one last good one in one of my favorite White House settings. And for that I will invest several hours. So I choose two favorite dresses. One the turquoise silk. I got my haired combed and stood on the Truman Balcony and down in the Red Room. And Bob Knudson worked away. But I could not be spontaneously gay and easy and I am afraid they were not good. But I did have pictures made with each of the families who were here -- Brooks, Baileys, Thomas', and Cousins. For my Alabama kinfolks I had arranged a good long tour of the White House. And when it was over Carolyn who was going to catch the 5:00 plane and her son joined me in the grape arbor. We had iced tea and cookies, and put up our feet and talked about the day when

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we were ten years old and in high school and visited each other in the summers in Karnack and ~~W~~metumcat, the beaus, the parties, the funny things, and "do you remember" and giggles filled the summer house.

The grapes were ripe. I had asked the gardners to cut some clusters and put them on grape leaves and take them to the kitchen so that there could be some on everybody's breakfast tray.

This was the perfect personal hour -- the highpoint of such a visit for me. As I look back over my years here, all the people who have visited, all the house parties especially, have been such fun -- one of the real joys -- I've loved sharing this house. It's only the things that I haven't done that I really regret. Not making that TV show on the plight of the cities back in '65 right after the one I had done on beautification and before that subject reached such a boiling point. And going down to some southern cities with Muriel. Maybe to see some of the old restored homes or gardens. And Muriel's own retarded childrens projects. It's battles not joined -- things not done -- that sit uncomfortably in my memory. But oh how full and wonderful the time has been -- almost as much as I could do.

For a brief 15 or 20 minutes in the afternoon, I met with Erv Duggan -- ~~and~~ one of the super-bright young college men on his way to Oxford to study. I think we look at each other with a certain curiosity. He seemed very nice -- very idealistic and tender and young.

At 5:30 I settled for a long session -- another mark-off on things to do -- with Dorothy Territo and Gary Yarrington in the West Hall on photos of the

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birthplace and the boyhood home that we might use for postcards that we might sell in one or both of the houses after January 20th. We have some good possibilities. We selected a few. And in effect, turned the project over to Gary who would do research on local places -- preferably Austin who make good quality postcards -- find out the prices etc. And then maybe from some museum sources get some idea on what the public really wants, what sells best.

And then I went bowling with Mary Love and Billy and Kay -- had three good fast games and returned to the second floor, worked at my desk, and finally with Lyndon not yet home and nearly 10:30, I went for a walk on the South Grounds with Lynda and the Bynums, bidding them goodbye at the Southwest Gate. They were going to the monuments. And I back to the second floor just in time to meet Lyndon who was home for dinner at 10:40. And then a rub and to bed.