

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, November 15, 1968

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With time a rapidly wasting resource -- but then when is it not -- it seems that every day is so important, I want to crowd so much into everyone -- and everyone is worth remembering.

This morning I worked some at my desk, and then went out to the Navy Photo Lab with Simone to work on the July Interlock. It was good. Sparse participation by me. July is always my private reserve -- few official activities.

Back at the White House I had a hamburger on the tray in my room while I worked with Ashton.

And then I spent a long afternoon in my bedroom working with Charlie Maguire on my diary. Our object was to select a day or so from each year -- some dramatic days of high achievement -- some run-of-the-mill -- one or two certainly spent at the Ranch. He had already read the brief days of '63. I handed him the two or three big black books of one year (perhaps it was '64) while I took those of '65. We leafed through them. We each made a selection or two, and then did the same thing on the succeeding years. Of course there are still big chunks still missing -- still not transcribed. And then alas, some of the most dramatic times of all exist only in my memory or in pictures and newspaper articles. I think that is true of the four days of the "whistle stop" trip.

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It was a very satisfying two hours. I felt that devouring as this project has been and sometimes so uncertain of whether it was of any earthly use at all it was probably worth while. And Charlie's reaction surprised me over and over again. He liked it so well.

This is the first time I had ever worked with him. I have come to know so many of Lyndon's Special Assistants quite well and closely. It's a most remarkable fraternity. And now that the time of breaking up is so soon, I am so keenly aware of what a marvelous bunch of people they are. How did we ever assemble them all. One reason I think -- the chance to work for your country in an Administration that was getting something done. It's a heady draft, this kind of work, and whatever they go on to I think they will remember it, -- I hope as a highpoint in their lives. I know I shall remember them. And I am late discovering how many of them there are that I admire and like and want to be seeing again throughout our lives.

Finally I turned over the great batch to Charlie Maguire -- we had really only dipped into our work -- and he seemed prepared to work all afternoon and into the night. And I suggested that he make himself at home in the bedroom next to Ashton's office, order up coffee and sandwiches, or whatever he wanted. He said he would have it all ready for me the next morning. We were to meet with Doubleday

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Saturday morning. I said Charlie, "How can you possibly?" because he planned to get them retyped -- many of them had bad misspellings or absolutely no paragraphs. And he says, "I'll have them by tomorrow morning." And he called the name of a certain office in the White House -- a sort of typing pool -- where apparently they work all day and all night. And he said with what amounted almost to reverence, "Without them the White House would close up. They will have it tomorrow."

I left him about 3:00 and put on an afternoon tea dress and met with Mary Lasker in the Yellow Oval Room where the fire was burning merrily. And we discussed some of our unending projects -- whether my bronze dore' French Bouillotte lamp was good enough to leave at the White House as a little gift. It sits on the table to the right of the fireplace in the Yellow Room. When and whether we might try to get Mr. Burks, the sculpture, to do a head of Lyndon. And very importantly a list of items she hopes we may get -- at least some of them -- into the budget for this our last year, things planned but not yet funded in parks and beautification here in Washington.

And then a little past 4:00 my other tea guests arrived -- Mr. and Mrs. Marc Chagall with their host, Dr. and Mrs. John Nef. And there ensued a delightful hour.

Mr. Chagall who is a smiling little nome spoke only French, but it's absolutely no impediment. Somehow you just know what he's

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meaning. His wife translated for him some. Lynda came in, was enchanted by him, even gave us the rare privilege of seeing Miss Lucinda Desha, who in turn enchanted them.

The Nefs were interesting also. He had formerly been married to an Arctic explorer and had written books on the subject.

We had a delightful tea and everyone talked at once. And having Mary there made it so much nicer. It was at her home that I had met Mr. Chagall.

And at last as they were about to leave, thankfully I remembered to ask them to sign the guest book. The pen made a blot. With a twinkle in his eye, Mr. Chagall took the extra ink and began to shade it out into a sketch of an amusing face so indisputably a Chagall sketch. What a nice thing to have happen.

Then I took them on a tour of the family end of the Hall -- especially pointing out the Mary Cassatt and the Winslow Homer and Henri. And then I suggested that perhaps they might like to see the rest of the house. And I introduced Jim Ketchum and said goodbye and went to my room for a rest. It seems I do not remember ever wanting to rest when I first came here. And I was only five years younger.

And then it was time to dress for the reception that Lyndon and I were having for Jim Jones and his bride, Olivia Barclay. Back in the Yellow Room, the fire freshly blazing and some 30 or so guests --

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their families, the wedding party, a few close friends. I stood by the door with Olivia and Jim and greeted the guests. And as any melting of two individuals, it was interesting to see the two strains joining. Most of Jim's friends and his family were from Oklahoma, and Olivia's from California. Her mother -- a handsome widow, tall and proud. And her Aunt -- Mrs. Harry Cary whose husband had been a movie star for a long career. She had helped raise Olivia. A very strong indomitable looking old lady, full of ginger yet. And John and Marie about whom we are all wondering with mixed hope for them and despair for us. And the cute young Tommy Boggs -- my favorite advance man. And there was Father Kifer who had inherited so many of the spiritual problems of the White House. And Marvin and Marion Watson.

We had drinks and toasted the bride and groom. There were delicious hors d'oeuvres. Lyndon presented our gifts -- the engraved mint julep mugs.

And the pleasant, easy party dispersed about 8:30, and Marion and Marvin stayed for dinner with us with Willis Hurst who had just