

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, December 5, 1968

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All days are early now. After breakfast with Lyndon and reading the papers I worked at my desk with Marilyn, stopping to Call John Gonella at home and congratulate him on the new baby born last night. Ashton's fourth boy. We had so hoped it would be a girl. And Juanita about the Library. And George Reedy about my diary. And Mary Lasker who has been ill with the flu. And the infinite details of a dinner, the seating with Bess and Sandy Fox' office checking on who has been to dinner, when. I am trying valorously to make good use of these last few golden nights at the White House -- the dinner for Kuwait on the 11th, the Madison portrait. I want to remember all of our old friends that I can. Almost always the day before there is somebody who comes down with the flu or misses a plane. And suddenly you have some vacancies at a dinner. And there are close friends or staff members that you can invite, even at the last minute, if you have at your finger tips a list of those that you haven't thought of recently or that add the most zest and spice to a party.

It was a bright beautiful day, but bitter cold. And there is no color on the White House grounds except that Maverick crab apple that flaunts its bright red berries when all the other crab apples in the row are drab and wintery. And then the funny thing -- it's bright

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pink in the Spring. And all of them are just vaguely, delicate

~~Lauren~~  
Marie ~~Louis~~ sand pink.

And then a little past 11:00 into my new red and off-white costume by Marquis. And down with Lyndon at 11:30 for our next to last arrival ceremony.

As we went through the Diplomatic Reception Room, I whispered to Lyndon, "It's cold. Please put on your overcoat." He didn't. And then we were under the porte-cochere, stopping to receive the honors and out into the bright chilly sunshine. Then the big black car drove up, and Tyler and Bess stepped out, escorting the Prime Minister of Iran and Mrs. Hoveyda -- a charming, soft-spoken woman who had graduated from UCLA, slim, brunette, gracious. He was older, heavy set, a ready smile, bushy eye brows. We walked the red carpet to the platform, and the bugles on the balcony pulled your heart right out of you, the flags snapped briskly in the wind, and the big billowing puffs of smoke rose on the Mall. And Lyndon make his welcoming address. And I can always tell when it is to a country that he feels a closeness to, as indeed we do to Iran for their magnificent effort for their monarch, for the easy, cordial relation one can soon establish with the individual ~~Pakistanis~~  
~~Pakistanis~~ we have met.

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He was the only man on the platform I think without a coat. Once Tyler quietly offered his overcoat. He shook his head. And then very quickly we were inside in the Diplomatic Reception Room greeting the rest of the party from Iran. And when Lyndon took the Prime Minister away, Bess had Bob Knudsen handy and she was going to show Mrs. Hoveyda through the White House -- leave it to Bess to have thought of something new in her brief tenure wearing this other hat as the wife of the Chief of Protocol. It seems that she has heard from several of the ladies that the visitors indeed see this great house only when it is full of people and they are giving all of their attention to the guests. And if they are interested in history or interior decoration or portraits, little do they absorb of the home of the President. So she was going to give Mrs. Hoveyda a real tour -- upstairs too. We had a quick picture taken.

And then I said goodbye, and went up to the Yellow Oval Room to have coffee with Dr. and Mrs. Otis ~~Sen~~<sup>Singel</sup>eltary.

I have made great use of State Dinners these last few years. Marilyn and I go over the list, always frantically and too late, and decide on a group that she will call and invite to watch the arrival ceremony and have a special tour. And some I will ask to be house guests. And these we usually have a night cap with after the party.

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And still others that I ask to have coffee with me after the arrival or perhaps come for tea in the afternoon or the next day, whatever their time and mine permits.

I have rather specialized on Texans and people connected with the Library or the University or writers or just interesting people I want to know better or people I've met on my trips. It is a wide and brilliant spectrum as well as a warm and sentimental one. It's a tool of this house that I have used with great pleasure. As I look back I only wish I had done more and more. But I came late to the full uses of this place.

This morning I found myself with only the <sup>Singeltary</sup>~~Senckeltarys~~ in front of the crackling fire in the Yellow Oval Room. The other couples invited had missed their plane, but would be here in time for dinner. They were a very attractive couple. He is ~~now~~ the number two man under Dr. Ransom at the University of Texas. We have met in at least three different fields. Once on the platform in 1964 at a college in Greenville, North Carolina I believe it was where he was Dean or President, and I was on the "Whistle Stop" trip. And then later when he was with Sarg Shriver as head of the Job Corps. And only recently I found to my surprise and pleasure -- because I think he is a strong, young, able man -- that he was at the University.

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We talked of students on the campus. He thinks they have a pretty good mixture of communications and understanding on one side and assured force on the other in dealing with the students, and that we are doing it rather well. But he is by no means complacent.

While we talked great black clouds rolled up beyond the Washington Monument. And a few vagrant flakes of snow fell. We were lucky to have had our ceremony in brilliant sunshine. And how I hope there will be a real snow fall sometime before January 20th -- maybe a White Christmas.

I sent the ~~Senckel~~<sup>Singletary</sup> on a tour close to 1:00, and then went into my room, had lunch on a tray, talked to Muriel. And we made plans for all the Humphrey grandchildren to come to the White House sometime close to the Christmas holidays. There is so much I haven't thought of. It would be a sadness if they walked out of here without those grandchildren knowing this house, and their grandparents' closeness to it.

And then fittings with Lucinda and Helen. Dear Lucinda will be one of those I'll miss most when I leave. And I talked to Dr. <sup>W</sup>Nenland and Joe Frantz about the Library, and Liz. Les is still bleeding, and she looks drawn. And fear nibbles at us. For me it was a

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a productive afternoon. I spent about five hours recording, working at my desk on the Christmas list, signing <sup>unn</sup> ~~en~~umerable items, making necessary calls.

And then at 6:00 Tom Mills gave me a rub. But even flat on my back on that beautiful canopied bed it was still possible to work. This time studying the guest list and thinking of the little nuggets of conversation or questions or response that I had for each guest that would be coming down the line. And reading the biographies of our honor guests -- the Hoveydas. And telephoned the house guests -- former Governor Pat Brown and Berniece to welcome them. And Patsy and Marshall Steves.

And then a little past 7:00, into my new blue satin by Mollie Parnis with the lovely white beaded jacket -- which is almost a uniform -- and Berniece Berg came down and watched Mr. Per give me an up hair combing. This is proving a very useful thing, having Mrs. Berg here. She has learned a lot I think.

I had asked her to come down for the after-dinner entertainment, and told Marilyn to make sure that one of the aides or somebody helped her feel at home.

One of the things that keeps me most on edge in today's language it is -- I almost "loose my cool" -- in the 20 minute or so span before and after 8:00 when Lyndon is winding up his last appointment in the

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office or sitting in the barber's chair. And then rushing madly over here. And he can dress faster than anybody. And Carol, on her little black box, is in touch with Bess at Blair House. And we are handling the logistics of the one brief block ride from Blair House to the North Portico where the President and his wife and the honored guest and his wife are supposed to meet at the precise gracious moment.

It is one of the marvels of the house to me that Bess and Barbara and Carol, each have always seemed calm and soft-spoken throughout. Their human engineering is superb. But from the moment when we finally rendezvous on that North Portico -- the Johnsons and the guest of honor -- I really begin to enjoy a State Dinner.

This time we stood on the Portico -- the Hoveidas and the Johnsons -- and Lyndon pointed out the full moon between the white pillars. And I think whenever I see the moon from now on I shall think of it in terms of the astronauts.

And then we were inside and up to the Yellow Room, taking the Ansarys with us, where Hubert and Muriel and Dean and Virginia and the Chief Justice and Mrs. Warren and our Ambassador Meyer were already waiting for us. Four other members of the Iranian party came along. And it was then particularly that I began to miss Lynda

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who would have so loved this party as well as next week's party. They are her two favorite Ambassadors. She plays bridge with them. She feels that they are her friends. The Ansarys had given the baby buggy. And I told them that Lucinda had already been outdoors on bright days. And that in the house we use it to rock her to sleep in.

They brought us still another treasure to add to the Shah's ancient bronze horse -- a beautiful beige ceramic bowl over 2,000 years old covered with Persian characters. I wonder what it says. And they seem more pleased over our very modest gift of a walnut pipe stand designed by Sandy and made in the White House carpentry shop. He is a great pipe smoker, the Prime Minister. And the quite usual vermeil desk set with the Iranian crest and the Presidential Seal. And the delicate feminine vermeil coffee set for Mrs. Hoveida. And because she is a very knowledgeable gardner, specializing in orchids, her husband wore a yellow-orange one in his lapel each time I saw him. We gave her a thick book on cultivated orchids which I told her she herself could have written.

As I looked at the Iranian party I was impressed again with how many good looking women they have. Mrs. Al-Ghoussein is a beauty. And how many smart men. As I had read the bios, one after another



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after another had gone to the London School of Economics. So often it is this school that turns out the future leaders of Eastern countries. And I do not think it is my imagination that makes me see in Dean Rusk an almost impish twinkle of the eye, a more ready smile. And even Virginia, as Luci would say, "<sup>go</sup>It's beginning to defrost around the edges."

To me it was a great party from the word go. A stunning guest list. Three other members of the Cabinet -- Trudye and Joe Fowler, Wilbur and Mrs. Cohen and Alan and Flavil Boyd. Two of my very favorite Senators. And alas, neither will be here the next year -- Mike and Mary Ellen and Tom and Betty Kuchel, both looking very handsome. And he at least a little sad.

And among the Congressmen -- Jack and Charlotte Brooks. And though we have them often at personal parties, it was just on checking (I've done a lot of that lately) that I saw that they haven't been to a State Dinner in quite a long while.

And from the staff our new married couple, Jim and Olivia Jones -- and she one of the beauties of the evening. And alas Liz only on the sidelines, doing her job and looking beat. We had invited her and Les as guests for this almost last time.

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And Dr. Chester Newland whom I must now begin to think of as staff. We sent a guest list for him to study ahead of time.

And another from the field of libraries -- Dr. James Rhodes, the Archivist of the United States.

And others from Government -- Tony and Chub Peabody, she has emerged as one of my heroines of my campaign. And the John Hechingers from the City Council. And handsome, affable Dick Helms of the CIA -- my favorite single man. He told me later while we were dancing that he was going to be married next week!

There were former Governors -- Terry Sanford of North Carolina and Pat Brown of California -- he's our house guest. He had written Lyndon a nice sort of farewell and appreciation letter, mentioning casually that he wished that he and Berniece could be at one more White House function since it was probably a long time before the man who defeated Dick Nixon for the California Governorship would see again. And <sup>Lyndon</sup> in his typical fashion had said, "You invite them to the next thing and ask them to be house guests."

And former Cabinet member, John Connor, the best dancer on the floor with his pretty wife Mary.

And that imposing veteran of Government service, John J. McCloy.

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And some of my favorite people for fun and work -- Brooke Astor in an absolutely breath-taking red and gold brocaded dress in oriental stripes, wearing emerald necklace and earrings. I put her at Lyndon's table, and he was as taken with her as I have long been.

And Laurence and Mary Rockefeller.

And other donors to my Beautification projects -- the DeWitt Wallaces of Reader's Digest. He murmured something to me as he went down the line about we are so glad we are going to have the President's article. <sup>ch name!!</sup> And Emmett Hawk who has just given the two fountains that frame the White House from the Ellipse. She had on magnificent drop emerald earrings surrounded with diamonds and a necklace to match. It was a night for jewels.

And besides the Otis <sup>Singletons</sup> ~~Sandtelers~~, there were Texans -- Bill Gastons and the Wallace Scotts -- she had done so much on putting together Muriel's luncheon. And <sup>Marshal and</sup> ~~Marcel~~ Patsy Steves. They were house guests too.

A sizeable contingent from the press.

Now that we draw very close to the end there are so many of them I really want to include once more. Drew and Luvy Pearson and the Eugene Pattersons, the new managing Editor of the Washington Post. And the Philip Potters of the Baltimore Sun. And Marie <sup>Over</sup> Sower and Guin Dobson. And Lyndon's favorites and mine -- the Jack Horners.

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Many couples had an especial connection with Iran -- the Ralph Beckers, he is the Chairman of the Iran-America Society. And also a donor to my Beautification. And Dr. and Mrs. James Holsted -- she's Anna Roosevelt. They had just returned from Iran doing some research educational work for them in medicine. And the Kermit Roosevelts. And David Lilienthal who must have had as much a hand as anyone in changing the daily life of their country through the TVA-like water resources development.

The East Room was dotted with familiar faces from the field of entertainment -- Rebekah Harbess who would do our show tonight, wearing dazzling jewelry. Some of hers I remember is designed by Delli. Very blond Dinah Shore -- her smile as bright as the diamond pin on the ascot tie of her black and white outfit. Father Hartke whose drama students we have enjoyed through these years.

And old friends, the Bob Kintners and the Frank Paces. And the Ruf Youngbloods. He was one Lyndon had said to be sure and put on the list. And Adelle Simpson and her husband. And from sports there was Olympic Gold Medal winner William Tummie.

Mr. Heller did himself proud on the dinner beginning with one of my favorites -- fillet of sole bunsim. This I must remember for home. And ending with an Iran <sup>glace</sup> ~~glace~~ named after our guests of honor, Lela.

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For the Singing Strings, I tried to send special messages of gratitude to each one between the songs, aware all evening that this was almost the last.

For me it was a very pleasant evening. Both the Prime Minister and the Ambassador expert in English. And there was much for us all to talk about. The Shah and Empress whom I admire so much. And with the Ambassador, Lynda. And I do not think their friendship is simply one of position. And I was so pleased to get to tell ~~Emmett Hawk~~ what jewels on the face of Washington those fountains will be. And aware all the time that Mary ~~Allen~~ Monroney and Jean Kintner are those two priceless additions toward a dinner party -- guests who keep the conversation sparkling.

I asked both the Prime Minister and the Ambassador to sign my menu.

Lyndon's toast was rather amusing I thought. Two things are guaranteed to make an American feel more mortal than a visit from a leader of Iran -- soon we will celebrate our 200th anniversary -- last year Iran celebrated its 2500th birthday. And the Prime Minister responded with an invitation for us to return to Iran and thanks to me for being a member of the committee to raise funds for the Iranian victims of the earthquake.

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And then we were in the Red Room having coffee. And one of the late guests were the Donald Grahams whose <sup>in the</sup> grandson of Mrs. Eugene Meyer whom she had told us so much about on our late evening visit one Sunday.

Rebekah's <sup>ballet</sup> entertainment for us was her youth group. First a number of swimming and skiing and tennis. Very young and fresh and attractive. And then a number called "Demetriani". And here I shivered a little because the costumes in the dance seemed so Russian. Alas, the pitfalls of choosing entertainment, here at the White House!

And then all together we did the pictures on the stage, and out into the Great Hall for champagne.

I had asked the Prime Minister at dinner what time it was for him <sup>in</sup> and his home country. And he had replied something like about 4 or 5 in the morning. So I was very sympathetic.

When they left early, and after saying goodbye at the door, I circled the room to talk and dance. And I noticed Lyndon standing quietly against the wall, just surveying the scene. It was an oddly touching moment except I knew it was a drafty spot. And he has had this lingering cold for weeks and weeks that does not seem to go away. He was soon surrounded by beautiful young people from the ballet with

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whom he talked easily. And that pleases me.

Everyone naturally flowed onto the floor for dancing. With wonderful dancers like Hubert and John Connor and Dick Helms, it is easy to get started.

But I went upstairs about 12:30, wanting to have a night cap with our house guests -- the Pat Browns and the Marshall Steves. Lyndon followed a little later. I talked with the Governor about my trip to California. This State to me is the most baffling, admirable, aggravating, exciting State. So I tried to convey something of my gratitude for what he had done in his time for conservation. And from my own wonderful trip where he and Berniece had been with me nearly every step of the way.

Patsy was bubbling with the things we could plan on doing when I return to Texas. And it was nearly 1:30 when we went to bed.