

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

July 10, 1970

MEMORANDUM FOR

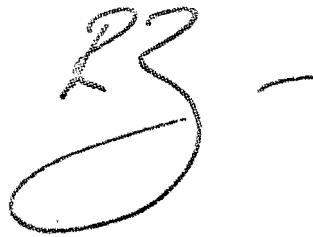
DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

First of all, let's get one thing straight. When you've been in as many Presidential motorcades as Ziegler has, the thrill is definitely gone. It gets to where you are just going through the motions, and all the pomp and circumstance which glitters so brightly in the eyes of those of you on the fringes of power becomes just so much flat champagne. Can you blame me then -- plumb the depths of your sagacity, Counsellor, and answer well -- can you blame me for disdaining, this once, the sycophantic procession of shiny black Chryslers in which lesser men cloak their insecurities, and choosing instead the leisurely promenade up Connecticut Avenue, throwing a little class on the otherwise benignly neglected locals and revelling in the charms of the summer evening? Well, obviously, you can't blame me.

Now we come to the matter which to me, in my professional judgment as a media manipulator, is the most deeply disquieting. There you sat, cozied up to Mrs. Graham, much too smug to recognize the ethical superiority of my independent stance on that street corner, and you put out all kinds of bad vibes about me. "Oh, Oh," you were thinking, "the freeze is on poor Ron. Or at least he lets it look that way. First Wally, now Ziegler. A pity..." And did Kay Graham sense something amiss behind your feeble little coverups about a night off for Ron? Damn straight she did. I will come right out with it. Your philosophizing about the way the mind of the press works and the rumors of your shift in duties are part and parcel of a thinly veiled power grab whereby you, the Irish rogue, the wiley Democrat, seek to supplant me as Press Secretary. The audacity of it -- that you could scheme to intervene in a promising young career highballing toward glory and shunt it down the rusty, grass-grown siding marked "Counsellor."

Be warned, then, usurper. You leave me with no choice but to begin leaking some memoes of my own. In no time my keen Disney-trained wit will overshadow your Gaelic charisma. This I do not for selfish motives but -- as ever -- for the good of the Republic.

RONALD L. ZIEGLER

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'RZ' with a horizontal line extending from the right side of the 'Z'.

The Washington Post

1515 L STREET, N. W. REPUBLIC 7-1234

WASHINGTON 5, D. C.

July 10, 1970

MEMORANDUM FOR

PAT MOYNIHAN

Your letter helped, but Ziegler's status is still a big question mark in my mind. But since I suppose ours is in his--that only evens things out.

We had a great evening, the high point of which was the mode of our arrival. Perhaps the only missing thing was being taken up for the 20-second handshake. Frankly, I didn't think your invitation very wholehearted, and that is why Meg and I coyly declined. We were waiting to be urged just a little harder. Maybe next time.

Katharine Graham

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

July 9, 1970

MEMORANDUM FOR

RON ZIEGLER

At about 1932 hours last evening I was arriving at the NWPC (National Women's Press Club) dinner in the Presidential motorcade. I was accompanied by my hostesses Kay Graham, who is publisher of the Washington Post, and Meg Greenfield, a member of their editorial staff. We were exiting from Rock Creek Park, preparatory to the 240 yard leg northwest followed by descent to the hotel rear entrance when, well let me put it this way, Ron, we were all surprised to see you standing on the corner, apparently walking to the reception.

Despite her gay and sometimes seemingly artless charm, Kay Graham is a tough, seasoned observer of the Washington scene, and it was not hard to see that some observations were going through her mind. I quickly made light of it all, saying something to the effect that "I see Ron has a night off." I added the usual kind of remark about how hard you work, and how I just don't see how anybody can do it all. (And, honestly, Ron, I don't.) But Kay would know that I would have sensed her observation and would try to distract her. I frankly fear that my intervention did not succeed.

I know that appearances mean little to you, Ron, and that many of the supposed prerequisites of White House office seem more like burdens or even unnecessary expenditures to someone whose life has been so much lived in the more easy going atmosphere of the Far West. Yet this just isn't the way the game is played here in Washington. People -- and especially the Press, who are after all people just like everyone else -- expect to see you in an official White House car, with the President. (I would be less than candid

if I did not say that more than a few persons noted that I was in the motorcade, and enquired in that sort of casual, nonchalant way of the Washington Press corps as to whether my duties might not be shifting.)

You and I, Ron, have had a good many straight-from-the-shoulder conversations, so I don't think you will mind this short note. It will be clear that I am thinking about your future. And believe me, Ron, you have one. But you have got to keep ever in mind the rule that appearances count.

Daniel P. Moynihan

bcc: Katharine Graham

DPM/crm