

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, January 7, 1964 WHD

This morning began with a little business with Liz and Bess, and in looking at lots and lots of samples with Mrs. Hendricks in Lynda and Luci's room.

And then, at 1 o'clock, there was one of the most important moments of the day, when I went to the Red Room to stand in line to greet the Labor leaders, whom Lyndon had invited for a Stag Luncheon.

The big brass was on hand to receive them, Rusk of the State Department, Dillon of the Treasury, McNamara from Defense, Hodges of Commerce, Wirtz of Labor, Director of Budget Kermit Gordon, Walter Heller from the Economics Council, Larry O'Brien, Pierre Salinger - even Theodore Sorenson.

I was glad of the opportunity to look at them all, and see what they're like. Jim Cary I remember from a long time back; and David Dubinsky, rather like a pixie, somebody - one of the best stories I know about, Lyndon tells about him and Maury Maverick... David MacDonald, very big and handsome, and masculine. George Meany, ponderous on his cane. Walter Reuther, so young and vital and, it seems to me, such a good representative of his people, as I hope we are of all the people. Every time I see him, I think about a story, its truth I don't know about, that went something like this: A new process of automation had been put in at one of the Ford plants, that put out of work quite a sizeable number of people, and things got to going on a belt that were formerly done by human beings. An official of Ford was standing there, watching the belt go by and the work being done, with

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Walter Reuther at his side. And knock, knock, knock went the little gadgets on the belt, and the official turned to Walter Reuther and said, "Alright Walter, when are you going to sign them up in your union?" And Walter Reuther is supposed to have said, "Just as soon as they start buying Fords from you."

And then there was Jim Suffrage<sup>id</sup>, whom I remember so fondly and whom I - well, I wonder if the difference between human beings can be as simple as coming to know each other? We went around the world together, we shared a lot of experiences, and so I like him. I wish I could think it could be as easy as that, with everybody.

And Andy Be~~ll~~ Miller, who came here to Congress with us, back in 1936. (We, of course, came in 37, a few months afterward.)

As soon as I had performed my little duty of shaking hands with them and taking them all in, and thinking about them, and wondering how they were serving their various constituents, they all passed into the room for lunch and I went back on upstairs, for lunch on a tray with Babs Janeway, and Liz Carpenter, who was in and out, but mostly out.

Babs is writing a story about me. I couldn't help but remember the last rather emotional time that she and Elliot and I sat on a bed on a small cramped bedroom in a hotel in Los Angeles, in the summer of 1960. After she finished, I had a luxurious afternoon of a nap.

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*Chap*  
And then, a very proper dinner, with Uncle Huffman and Aunt Ovilee, and Aunt Josepha, preceeded by a blessing. And got to ask them all about what they'd been doing. And Susan had been taking good care of them, and they had really done a lot of sightseeing and a lot of visiting with a relative who lives in Alexandria.

It's really given me a lot of pleasure, to know that I have done something for Mrs. Johnson, having her sister and her brother up here to see Lyndon's achievement.

Lyndon, with indefatigable appetite, after having had the Labor leaders at noon, was having the businessmen's council that evening for a <sup>stag</sup> dinner and so, the moment our dinner was over, I went into the Oval Room to greet the 16 guests that had been asked to come upstairs and have a special cocktail with the President, because, naturally, the President wasn't there yet, and somebody needed to be.

There was Roger <sup>ough</sup> Bla of U. S. Steel, and, of course I remember how Lynda Bird had been on the committee that had gotten him to come down to speak to the University of Texas, and told him that she had actually gone up and met him.

And then to Mr. F. R. <sup>el</sup> ~~Kappa~~, the chairman of Americal Tel and Tel - I thought well, it was easy to say that/we ought to - at least - why we practically supported him what with Lynda Bird engaged to a Navy man who was always far, far away, and Lyndon's penchant for the telephone.

*Check up*  
And from our own state, L. F. McCollum of Continental Oil in Houston.

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And how much we missed George Brown, but he couldn't be there that night - ulcers had him in the hospital.

And the very handsome, attractive Tom Watson of IBM, standing in the corner, looking on, probably thinking how much more graceful this could all have been in another day.

It was an interesting 30 minutes to me. Lyndon did join us after a while but I loved listening to those people because a lot of the material success of this country, must be due to the imagination and brains of people like that.

And as for Mr. Murphy, of Campbell Soup, I practically felt like telling him we had gone around the world living off of his soup!

Shortly after Lyndon joined us, we went down stairs, to meet all the other guests. The total party was oh about 89 businessmen and then a contingent of government people, including once more, and it looks like he is working them almost as hard as he is himself, The Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon, McNamara from Defense, Hodges from Commerce, Wirtz from Labor, Kermit Gordon from the Budget, and Heller from the Council of Economic Advisers... Enough to give a good exchange with all these businessmen, of what this Administration plans to do, what its people look like, think like, want, that is, as much as you can in a crowd of over 100.

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Along with Lyndon, I met the rest of the guests. I remember Mr. Lazarus of the Federated Department Stores, I think he's a friend of Abe's. . . Neil McElroy of Proctor and Gamble, whom I remember from a rather recent Administration here. And C. R. Smith of American Airlines, for whom I had a cross word for taking my favorite Vice President.

And Dr. Frank Stanton, my all time friend, to whom I can say "I'm sorry I wasn't a better saleswoman."

Check name  
And to <sup>Jerman</sup> ~~Solon Herman~~ of Lykes Brothers Steamship Company. <sup>W</sup> What I really wanted to say and didn't quite know how is, "I just hope I manage to be important enough, long enough, so you'll save me a free ride on that ship I christened!"

After getting them started in to dinner, I happily left them to their business and went on upstairs.