

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, January 31, 1964

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This morning, Friday, January 31st, was the first time to meet one of the "poster children." It was Timothy ~~xx~~ Carroll, six, who is a victim of and hemophilia, ~~xx~~ of the National Hemophilia Foundation had brought him to the White House to begin its campaign to help the hundred thousand or so victims of the disease. He was a slight, frail, self-possessed, engaging little boy, sitting on the yellow sofa in the Oval Diplomatic Room when I got down there. I sat down by him - he was easy to talk to - neither Timothy or I were afraid of the cameras or the people - and it was sort of fun. His mother and father were there, as well as quite a host of newspaper people. He told me about six brothers and sisters and I told him about Lynda and Luci and then I gave him the usual good wishes for getting better and a copy of the guide book. It's a very small thing of doubtful value but if it helps ^[cause] ^[to] somebody put a dollar in the pot, why not?

At lunch, just by curious chance, I wandered out into the hall and there by happened to meet Lyndon's guest, who amazingly enough, was the head of the Mormon Church, the very elderly Dr. Daniel McKay. I believe he is called the "President" of the Mormon Church. ^h His son and one or two other outstanding members. They are a body of people I respect very much and I was glad to get to meet them and glad that Lyndon is being exposed to so many facets of our life. Going to Utah in 1960 is something I will always remember. I told him how the Mormons had stopped in Texas some 10 or 15 years on their long, long journey across our continent; and how there is still a

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cemetery there close by to which it is said, each year somebody returns and cleans up the graves.

This afternoon Lynda Bird and Warrie Lynn helped ~~xx~~ me out in meeting a hundred high school students who are visiting Washington under a U.S. Senate program financed by the William Hearst foundation. Suprisingly enough, the gentleman standing by my side, the chief sponsor of the program, Mr. George Hearst, had been introduced to me by a letter from ⁷ S. D. Brown, my friend of University days, of more than 30 years ago. There were two youngsters from each state and it was especially nice for me that it was an Alabama girl who got her picture made with me. Her name was Lee Davis of Auburn and she knew my Alabama cousins there! And the only trouble was that as she pinned an orchid on me, it's my face that shows and not hers. I wish we had a picture the other way around.

One thing that never ceases to bother me about this present situation and about all that I seem to do about Alabama and Georgia and ^[my] southern background is to give a little extra pressure of the hand ^{to} of those youngsters who go down the line, ^[and] announce that they are from those states. It's a mighty small exchange for the heritage of closeness I feel to them, but at this stage in our history, how to get in there for a useful public meeting?

These youngsters were chosen because of their high grades and special interest in public affairs and I think it was a very worth-while thing for the ^{Hearst} first foundation and for me too. I enjoyed it.

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Tonight is another one of those things planned just for me, self-indulgence, duty, no consideration. I went to dinner at the Abe Fortas' - just Lynda Bird, Warrie Lynn and I - we were all dressed up in evening clothes, sat around and had a delicious drink. We talked to two of the most fascinating people I know Abe and Carol - and then we ^hwisked off to see ^[the] Van Gogh ~~Starz Gold~~ Exhibit at the Washington Gallery of Modern Art. The Netherlands Ambassador and Madam Van Roper ^{Van} whom I've known for a long time in speech class, and Mrs. Adeline Beeskin, the curator of the Gallery, about who I've heard such grand things. And the elderly, beaming ^hnephew of the artist, whose name is also Vincent Van Gogh escorted me around. It was a small gallery and a small crowd and a very impressive exhibit. I'd always thought of Van Gogh as ^hbrilliant colors, orange-ish, yellows, greens - the sun flowers stick particularly in my mind. I didn't realize what a tremendous range he had. One of the saddest things was a painting of his own shoes - very well worn shoes they were. It was a pair he had when he must have been very much influenced by Rembrandt or some of the early Flemish people because all the colors are very dark indeed. And then there was one utterly charming ^[painting] that I loved - called, I think, The Harvest. It was just a spread-out farm scene - bright colors. I would adore to have it, unfortunately I don't have the hundred or so thousand that it would take to get it. When you think that the man only painted ten years and you see all the range that he went through, and all the influences that took hold of him, it's really a most remarkable thing.

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And then as his life approached its end, you see the brush strokes getting broader and broader - or so it seems to me. And the very last canvas was a dark, brooding thing that looked like a storm coming up over the landscape and big black birds flying. I'm not sure but I think that is the last one before he committed suicide. Lyndon would have liked this actually, because ~~it was~~ the working people who were working, ^{and} were really working. They were lifting, and toting and using their muscles. And there was one that was called the "Potato Eaters" that was - well, folks of the soil and they could have occurred in any country. It had a quality that reached around the world wherever people work.

^[Was]
This one of the evenings that I guess, that I have this pleasant job to thank for, because perhaps if there weren't for the slight prod of imagining ^[going] that [^]would be of some public usefulness, I would not have gone to this exhibit, which I actually enjoyed very much.