

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, February 29, 1964

This weekend, might well be called "Operation Texas" because of the presence in town of the Houston Symphony and of ^{"el} numero uno, Darrel Royal, the coach of the number one team in all the nation. All the Texans in town are going, entertaining, talking, letting Washington know that Texas has invaded in full fold, and victorious, both in culture and in athletics.

Going to the beauty parlor this morning, to get ready for the weekend, cost me hearing Lyndon's first TV press conference. I did get to listen to the last part of it on the radio, and it was strong and good. But I wouldn't say the "A Plus" performance that he puts in when its just a face-to-face encounter, and not a TV-Radio. TV is still, to him, a sort of bete noire and so I feel angry at myself that I didn't somehow work it out, to be where I could watch it every moment and give him a critique, honest, if not reassuring.

We had invited all the members of the Houston Symphony, plus as many of those patrons who had accompanied them up here, as we could get in touch with. We later learned that there were between 60 and 70 of those. And I think it finally ended by just a sort of blanket invitation to them to come to the White House at 12:15, for a special tour, and then I was going to meet them in the State Dining Room for refreshments and a little visiting. That meant about 213 members strong, and this included the Texas State Society or rather the Board of Directors of the Texas State Society, and all the officers thereof, who were being sponsors for the Houston Symphony when it plays tonight in Constitution Hall.

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The angel of the Symphony, is a ~~form~~^{woman} of Duchess of Houston, in a cultural way, Miss Ima Hogg, the daughter of the famous Governor Hogg, now well advanced in her 80's, she has been ^{for} 50 years, the greatest backer both with money and devotion, of the symphony.

Bess had primed me to be on hand at the very moment of her arrival. She was coming in a wheel chair, I was standing by the door of the elevator, it opened, and to my amazement, out rolled out not one wheelchair, but two. And in the lead one was ~~Lynda~~^{Linda} Wortham, the wife of our old friend Gus Wortham. In the next one was Miss Ima, very regal, very elderly, but very full of excitement and ~~virve~~^{live} about what was going on. With her were the diminutive Sir John Barbaro~~ny~~^{lli}, conductor of the orchestra, and Lady Barbaro~~ny~~^{lli}; and General and Mrs. Maurice Hirsch. General Hirsch is the manager. After a deferential greeting to everybody, I took Miss Hogg into the State Dining Room and asked her to hold court in one corner, in her wheelchair where everybody would have a chance to come up and say hello to her. And then I got in the receiving line to meet all the members of the orchestra as they had completed their tour and had come filing into the room.

We had them go through in groups of 50 each, so that they could have a really personally conducted tour, with all of the charm and the tradition that the guides can so lovingly impart.

Albert and Lera Thomas were on hand, as were Bob and Hazel Casey, as sort of leaders of their flock of constituents. Lovely Barbara Burris was the person on the State Society most responsible for making

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the arrangements for the appearance, and this was an excellent time also to have in the White House, those other members of the Texas society that I may not get around to including at other parties.

The Charlie Boatner's were here; Bernice Greeder, the Jack Hight's, the John Holton's, the ^{Everett} ~~Ebbett~~ Hutchinson's; and, of course, the [Frederick] Texas State Society, Frank Ikard and Jean; and Ruth Lair; and naturally, the Dale Miller's. I'm always glad to see them here.

And what an excellent time it was to have the Jimmy ^{Pitkins} ~~Pitcairn~~'s. I told them that upstairs, one of my most treasured things, was my Lowestoft ^{the} ~~turkey~~, the Texas Ex's had given me just about two years ago.

The Claude ^{Wilds} ~~Wyle~~'s and the Harvey Young's were among the State Society people present, and there were a good many other Congressmen too, like the John Young's, and the Jack Brook's.

Just as I thought everybody - I had met everybody and spent enough time conversing with everybody and the sherry and dubonnet had been around sufficiently, I was about to take my leave upstairs, when my unpredictable husband walked in, and then everybody swarmed around him - and there was another great shaking of hands and presently he got up and made a few minutes speech, welcoming them all and saying how proud we were of Houston and its achievement in the field of music.

Then I slipped off upstairs, taking with me, for the luncheon I had planned, ^{quinn} Mrs. Ima Hogg, Sir John and Lady Barbo ^{quelli} ~~ony~~, the

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Maurice Hirsch^fs, and we were going to meet Mrs. George Maurice Morris upstairs for two reasons. One, she's a great personal^{ly} friend of Miss Ima; and the second, ^{my} reason^{is} that she's a real authority on early American furniture and the owner of the Linden's, one of the loveliest homes in town, and a place I always wanted to get to know better because it has a rare museum quality, and it's lived in.

Here again, Lyndon surprised me, by joining us for lunch, and we reshuffled the place cards, and the conversation. I didn't get quite as much time to discuss with Miss Ima, as I would have liked, the restoration that she had done on her father's old home. She is giving it to the State of Texas and it is a museum - and her own home in Houston, contains some great treasures, and when she departs from the world, it will become the property of Houston.

Sir John described how he had last been here to dinner in the time of President Roosevelt, how one gets together a Symphony orchestra in a town like Houston, and he said that there's a surprising amount of local talent around that you could find, but whenever they needed somebody to play a certain violin and couldn't find him right there, they looked around all over the United States, into the total music market, to find just the right fellow and imported him.

Mrs. Morris, Miss Ima and I had a good time talking about

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whether the scenic panels of Revolutionary America in the family dining room, by Zuber and Company, were old ones, that is about 1834, or whether they were copies. I think we finally decided that some of the panels were old and some were new.

Then we had a delightful walk through the halls, passing along among the Sheraton furniture, When Mrs. Morris pointed out a sofa that her brother-in-law had contributed to the White House, and Miss Ima said that she had been on the original committee, appointed by Mrs. Kennedy, and that she had sent them a check, but that she didn't know quite what use it had been put to.

They both showed me a way you could feel under the seat of a Hepplewhite chair and find a certain curved reinforcement that proved that the cabinetmaker was following the lines of Hepplewhite even underneath.

After my luncheon guests departed, I had a little while to rest and sign mail. And then about 5 o'clock, Ann Clark of Austin, together with a friend, Mrs. Herring, who had been her roommate in college, and was once more her roommate on this trip (Ann's always taking little trips in the name of entertainment or culture), arrived and we had tea and talk.

We reminisced about all our friends in Austin, their health and divorces, and then on some odd subjects - Bishop Quinn, who had confirmed me into the Episcopal church. A most colorful man - the stage missed a good man when he went into the church. When he used

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to stride down the aisle, with his vestments flowing out behind him, singing "Onward Christian Soldier", you could almost see the flaming sword that he held in his hand, in front of him.

Ann was telling us a story of about how when he had been on the exchange business, of preaching up in Boston, and was striding down the aisle, and the old ladies on each side, were just muttering into their song books, mouthing the words, and he slapped one old lady on the back without missing a beat in his stride or more than three words in the song, said, "Sing, sister, Sing".

It recalled to me one of the best integration stories I had ever heard. It happened along time ago, before the Federal government ever took it up, before the Supreme Court decision, when the Episcopal church was trying to get colored people and white people to join together in church work. There was a meeting of one of the ladies organizations, and Bishop Quinn was urging Ann to attend and to be kindly to and hospitable to some of the colored women who were going to attend. Bishop Quinn said that Jesus Christ would expect us to treat all of each other as brothers, and Ann said, "Bishop Quinn, Jesus wasn't born in Greenville, Mississippi." Bishop Quinn paused a moment and then he said, "No, but he must have died there many times."

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After awhile, the Darrel¹Royal's arrived, with their two sons, the coach looking properly victorious, and bearing with him a wonderful color picture of the main tower of the University, lit up in orange to celebrate the final victory with the number one outlined in the lights of the office building, stretched from top to bottom of that high shaft. It was a present to Lynda Bird.

Beautiful Charmaine Denius and Frank were with them; and Eloise and Homer came up to be houseguests, to stay with us for a whole week.

I called Lyndon and he came over, and pretty soon we were having a real Texas party! Everybody except Eloise, left after awhile for one of the innumerable Texas gatherings.

We had an early dinner and then I got into my best red evening dress - and Miss Ima Hogg's white orchid, and fortified by the presence of Lynda and Bern^{ey}, tall and handsome. ^{He} He'd come to spend a weekend with her. ^w We went to Constitution Hall. We went to the Presidential Box where Miss Ima Hogg was already seated, ^w we had asked her to join us there for the concert. I might as well face it, symphony music is not really my cup of tea. The first composer, Ralph Thorn Williams No. 6 Symphony, I don't know at all and the second half, Beethoven, I only know because of his towering name. But it was good to see that a Texas Symphony, was almost filling Constitution Hall with attentive listeners and to find that at the end of it, there was a five minute ovation for Sir John.

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And really a delightful character, he was. He kept on putting one foot forward just as though he were about to break into a ballet. A very small man, he pointed his toe in front of him, and would shake his fairly ample ^{being} ~~main~~ of salt and pepper colored hair. I really think that part of/a great conductor, ^{he} must be also being an actor and a public relations man. And I wouldn't doubt that the title, Sir John, helped him a bit in Houston, when it comes to collecting money.

^{Mrs.} ~~A~~Ima spoke about the Symphony had grown ^{from} from a very small group when she first knew it 15 years ago, to the highly creditable organization it now is - and that no doubt, it casts luster on the name of Houston.

I looked down into the hall and saw Luci, looking very lovely in her black velvet evening gown, with my little fox around her. Stafford Hutchinson was her date. She came up during the intermission and spoke to us, very respectfully.

And Lyndon joined us during intermission. I had'nt been quite sure whether he thought it would be worth getting into that tux. But he came, bringing the Thornberry's, who sat in the next box, which was the Ikard box, ^{he} stayed awake and clapped respectfully, at the end of the Beethoven, so that we really brought Sir John back for about 15 times.

It was a big day for Texas - and so goodnight.