

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, March 2, 1964

Today, is Texas Independence Day, and that is what the big Texas weekend had been built on, of course, but it's far from a day of independence for me. It's a day of work. The main things on the agenda are winding up project art, that is, firming up the executive order. . . Deciding on all the public members, phoning each of them to accept, as well as phoning the official members to accept, and finally making the Press announcement.

The second thing on the agenda, important to me, is to answer the questions of people, who keep on writing me about teenagers. How do you raise them? And I want this one to be written in my own words, as much as possible, because I do have some thoughts on the subject.

Then the third important thing, I must get done this week, is a complete description of 4040 Fifty-second Street, interior and grounds, the sort of thing that will make people yearn to buy it; get all of my lovely colored pictures together with it, hand it out to two or three people who are interested in helping us sell it, especially to Abe Fortas' firm, in the hopes that we can move it before the month is over.

I had lunch in the bedroom, off of trays, with Abe Fortas, and I think, we finally wound up the project Art, in almost final form.

I did a bit of housekeeping, and then at 4 o'clock this afternoon, Mrs. Harold Wilson and her son, Giles, came for tea. She's the wife of the British Labor Party leader. And they are going to have an election within a month or so and it looks like they are going to give very serious competition

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to Douglas Hume, and perhaps replace him.

Lyndon had Mr. Wilson over in his office, for discussions while Mrs. Wilson and I had tea and sandwiches, and then went down with Ketchum to escort us around, and saw the entire first floor.

I can't say I got to know her in the hour or more I spent with her, but I had the feeling at least, that she's pretty well committed to and pretty knowledgeable about her husband's life in politics, and likes it rather.

Later on, my next visitor, was General Clifton and Mr. Wood, who came to call about a book that Mr. Wood is writing to answer the innumerable children's questions about - What does the President do? - What is his life like? -. He's getting together a sort of a Mother Hubbard answer to their questions, that will perhaps, in the form of a book, cut down on the amount of mail that goes out to school children. We'll just send them a little pamphlet, plus a covering letter.

Next came Secretary of Commerce Hodges, and Martha, bringing with them Angier Biddle Duke and Robin, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitcomb, of Fieldcrest Mills, who had contributed all the beautiful linens for Blair House - and they are enough to make any bride drool.

The purpose of the visit was just so I could express my gratitude to them for their great gift, and indeed it is, to Blair House, and therefore to the people of America - and somewhat rather specially for me because all

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those people that are over there sleeping on those sheets, would be sleeping right in here, in the Lincoln Room and the Queen's Room, if it weren't for the artistry and hard work of Robin Duke and her committee of women who have done over Blair House, into its present state of perfection.

So much for the day, which wasn't exactly a glowing one, but one of those necessary to making the job go.