

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, March 16, 1964

Today began early with 7 o'clock breakfast with Lyndon. And after that Mr. Kellam left.

Then work at the desk.

At 3:00 I had an appointment with a man named Dela Cuenca, whose request was to get information from me about an article he was doing on Lyndon's father; any anecdotes I could remember. I had a rather queasy feeling when I met him, but that wasn't really what he wanted at all, he had used that rather appealing reason to get in and have an interview with me, when there are many others lined up ahead of him, as far as I'm concerned. So I insisted on confining it to talking about Lyndon's father.

And then at 4, Oliver Jensen and Dr. Eric Goldman came in. Mr. Jensen is doing an article for American Heritage on the grandfathers of potential candidates, Republican and Democrat - and do they dig up some interesting facts, all the way from old John D. Rockefeller himself, to Scranton's grandfather, who led the strike breakers into the mines himself, armed with pistols, to break up the strike.

Well prepared, with Mrs. Johnson's scrapbooks, and all the family anecdotes I could remember, I talked to Mr. Jensen about Lyndon's grandfather, which is just a story of the American west, a move ever westward to Texas, driving cattle along the Chisholm Trails, Interrupted by going off to fight in the Civil War, coming back to drive again, fighting the Indians, getting married and raising nine children in the hill country of Texas.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, March 16, 1964

Page 2

All the grandfathers together, make for quite a montage of American History.

I was interested in meeting Dr. Goldman, and only wish it had been he who had been doing most of the talking, instead of me and Mr. Jensen.

Lyndon had the Latin American Ambassadors over for a reception at 6 o'clock, and a pretty unhappy time it must have been, with our relations in Panama all at sixes and sevens.

I merely said hello because it was a stag affair, and then came back up to work on mail, to call Virginia Durr, and later, about 8:30, when the party was over, Lyndon and I went out to Albert Thomases reception, for the Valentis and the Jim Mathis's.

A pleasant relief to get back to somebody else's party for a change, and fun to see all the assembled Texans!

Isabelle Mathis and I laughed about my telephone call to her mother in the wilds of somewhere-in-South-America. I told her it was probably the first appointment ever made to any board, by jungle tom tom drums.