

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, March 17, 1964

St. Patrick's Day began with Senator Sparkman coming at 9:30 to talk with Liz and me about our prospective trip to Huntsville. Generally, he approved of the trip but he's worried because we are confining it so much to the installation, for what seems to us, ^{the} necessary reasons, and he thinks it ought to be more a part of the community and more of a Democratic political rally, I think.

At any rate, he was mighty helpful and mighty sweet.

This afternoon was a delightful time of having tea with some old friends. The Clifford Darrs, friends from the days of '39 on thru the war years and most of the 40's. Now they are living back in Montgomery, Alabama, their home town, which must be a most uncomfortable climate, ^{for} two very liberal and outspoken people like Cliff and Virginia. But for this moment, they've just had a wonderful interlude. Cliff has been lecturing in England, before some University groups on Civil Rights. And Virginia got to talk on BBC about the Presidency.

With them was their daughter, Ann, now grown up and married to Walter Lyon and living in Pennsylvania. It was she ^[2] had run into when I was up in Wilkes Barre.

And also Helen Fuller of the New Republic, friend of Claudia Marsh's, off and on friend of ours, a liberal from the old days, whom I feel does like us (I always keep a sort of question mark) and Anita Williams, Aubrey's wife, whose eyes are just as sparkling as they were 25 years ago. Aubrey is

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practically dying with cancer. He could not come.

We all talked at once because we had so much to say. Cliff looked as kind and as philosophic as a Southern gentleman of two decades ago; a little younger, he would have been perfect to play Atticus in To Kill A Mocking Bird.

And Virginia, that remarkable combination of loving, understanding, and being proud of southerners, and yet being for integration, and I'm sure, by her strong opinions, strongly voiced, driving off every paying customer Cliff might have had during the years.

Lyndon just got to say hello to them, and then he left in a cloud of leaves, in the helicopter, bound for New York, to address the friendly sons of St. Patrick dinner.

After they all departed, I had a talk with Blair Whitehead, keeper of the library down here, and tried to learn one more facet of this great complex, the White House. That is, what the Presidential Library consists of and then a quite different thing, the books that are given each year by the American Booksellers Association. The latter being largely best sellers, and the Presidential Library itself, being historical and biographical works of sterling quality, that will last through the years and will be useful to any President as research material.

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At six, Mary Lasker came and we had an hour of looking over the pictures that I had already hung... A lovely, golden summer afternoon by Child⁰¹Hassam, and the mother and two children by Mary Cassatt, which we both approved. Discussion about what might go opposite Mary Cassatt's, talk about the possibility of obtaining the Thomas Jefferson from the New York Historical Society, for Lyndon's office. And discussion about getting together with Miss LaNaire, in New York at Mary's house, in case I came up the latter part of the week.

For dinner, I corralled my children, all three of them. We sat down, for once in the lovely dining room, and not eating off trays. They were in an ebullient mood and we laughed so much the servants must have thought we were crazy. They began to jump up from the table and sing NCS songs, linking arms and dancing around the room, something about, "Lord, thy daughter's crazy, Bid us one and all, Like the polished corners of the temple wall; strong because united, fair because apart, like the temple building, Father pure in heart," All the time, racing and giggling, and acting more like eight years old, than nearly 20 and 16. But it was one of those moments that you wait for, and don't get enough of, and after all, life is made up of laughter and memories. I know that bringing Lynda Bird back here to stay with us, for whatever it may have cost her, in terms of leaving the university and coming to a concrete campus, has been the happiest

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investment of this spring for Lyndon and me.