

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 18, 1964

All morning I worked with Liz on speeches, also talked to Mrs. Tom T. Jones, on the board of regents at Texas Women's University in Denton, wife of the successor of Jesse Jones, John Jones, and daughter of Senator Clint Small, long time, ~~non~~-friend of ours. I found her, however, a very refreshing and interesting person to talk to. She evidently works very hard at being on the Board of Regents and knows a lot about it. It was a sort of an audience analysis exploration and an effort to determine what I ought to talk to those young women about. I feel a lot easier about making the speech now, and I was able to sit down and talk to Liz and give her the ground work for the speech.

And then we talked about the Huntsville, Alabama speech.

And then at 1 o'clock, came the big event of the day. One of my luncheons for Women Doers, which included, from the Senate, Mrs. ^{Phil} Bill Hart, wife of the Senator from Michigan; and herself an aviatrix of very considerable note, she's the one that is very anxious to have a female astronaut. Mrs. William Wallace Barron, wife of the Governor of West Virginia; Mrs. Eberhard Faber from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, whom I heard about when I was up there. She is the really working Vice President of the Pencil factory up there, Eberhard Faber. Betty Furness of CBS-TV, whom I remember from conventions of the Westinghouse program. From political vineyards, Millie Jeffries, Mrs. Homer Jeffries, from the UAW Community Relations, ^[and] Democratic party committeewoman member; Mrs. Annabelle Burns Lindsey, the Dean of Howard University School of Social

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Work, and what a remarkable contribution to American life Howard University has been; Peggy Schweinhart^{it}, who has the unhappy sounding job of being chairman of the State Coordinating Commission on problems of the aging; our own Dr. Travel; Eleanor Pressley, who is head of the vehicle section, space craft integration and sounding rocket division, out at the Goddard Space Flight Center, in nearby Maryland. She is the one who talked to us. She described herself of being in charge of the little fellows, the small size rockets, not manned, that were sent up to obtain research data.

It was a rather interesting luncheon, but it could have struck more fire. I'm really not satisfied with what I'm contributing in putting these luncheons together.

We toured the second floor and after the ladies left, I put on some low heeled shoes, and went out to join Mr. Williams, the head gardner, and a trip around the lawn. This is in preparation to seeing Mrs. Mellon in just a few days. The skilla are blooming under the magnolia trees; the tulips are some three or four inches up; and the jonquils are just beginning to show color. Mr. Williams is one of the people that Mrs. Mellon found and brought to the White House from the National Park Service, and trained. And as I walked around with him, I felt that I was in the hands of a real perfectionist and someone who managed to achieve perfection from those who worked with him. But it was just too cold for us to go far, so after about forty-five minutes, I came back in and Lynda and I talked about what pictures

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to have hang in her room, and we took up a bunch of pictures that describe our political life, from 37 on thru 48, those with the red mats, and hung them on the approach into the solarium, along slanting-upward hall, that leads into what could be the most attractive room in the White House - that is, in the family quarters.

Marizette Morrison
Mary-Allen-Morrison is spending the night with us. She had come up with quite a delegation from Blanco County. Babe and Crick Smith, and the *Hiltins* Hilteens. Central Texas has turned out a lot of \$100. tickets for the big Democratic dinner tomorrow night and she's staying with us at the White House. She joined me in the west hall for a long quiet drink and conversation, interrupted by a call to Elaine Fischesser by me, to inquire about all my Alabama cousins that I'm going to get to see when I come down for the visit to the rocket center.

And then very late in the evening, about 9:20, Lyndon came home and we had dinner and went to bed. Or rather he went to reading and I to bed.