

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, March 23, 1964

This was a day chiefly to be remembered, because that is when the Elms was sold. A. W. handled all the arrangements, together with the American Security Bank. <sup>The</sup> purchaser, is a man I don't know, from Miami. It's a great load off my mind but will be a greater one when the money passes hands and the maintenance bills stop coming in.

It too, was a day full of appointments, beginning with Jacquelin Cochran early in the morning, just as handsome, capable, tough, vibrant as when I used to know her years ago. She is a pretty embittered Republican now, nothing can erase my gratitude for her, <sup>for</sup> things <sup>past</sup> ~~passed~~, — for the flight to Mayo's in the emergency in 1948. It actually enabled Lyndon to remain in the race, and therefore go to the Senate.

But I expect she looks on us now with a pretty jaundiced eye. Her mission was partly to get Lyndon and me to be sponsors for a home — a "Village" for the wives of dependent families, of officers, principally Air Force officers, but the whole Armed Forces in general. And actually, I think, she came as a sort of emissary without portfolio, from the top brass, to say that McNamara is wielding <sup>too</sup> heavy a hand, or am I imagining things.

At late lunch time, I walked in the door, just in time to encounter Lyndon, and then Huff Baines and his wife, who had been on a special tour of the White House. Lyndon immediately scooped them up, brought them upstairs, we sat down, they rather breathless, to lunch. Huff's up here in his capacity as a volunteer for the American Cancer Society.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, March 23, 1964

Page 2

I had to leave them in the middle of lunch, to go down stairs to do a moment of TV filming for the Cancer Society. It was in the library which is sort of becoming my TV room, and the script was good enough to make me anxious to see how it is going to turn out.

Then, at 4 o'clock, I went back to the Green Room, to receive the sword of hope from the American Cancer Society. A little girl, Laura Lee Greathouse, aged 10, a cured cancer patient, and Mrs. Ann Walls, a practical nurse, a negro, also a cured cancer patient, presented me with the sword. George Leader, former governor of Pennsylvania, was the Cancer Society's National Crusade Chairman. The ubiquitous Huff Baines was along, of course, also with another extra sword which he had brought along, for me to get autographed and sent back to Texas. And also Laura Lee's parents, and her little brother, and Dr. Wendell Scott, President of the Cancer Society.

The story of the sword is rather interestng. Mary Love Bailey had gone out to Bastrop, gotten the help of <sup>Mayer</sup> ~~Mell~~ Will Rogers, our old time friend, they had gone out in the pasture, selected the just-right cedar tree, chopped it down, the die had been cut by some local craftsman there in Bastrop, and it had been milled there in Bastrop, but not one sword but two, so that I could autograph one and return it to Mary Love and those that had worked on it.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, March 23, 1964

Page 3

An interesting sideline <sup>too</sup> to Mary Love is herself, <sup>she</sup> cured of cancer.

And how far back and into what unexpected places the roads of old friendship lead. I'm thinking of <sup>Mayor</sup> ~~Mail~~ Will Rogers, who has been with us in campaigns ever since 1937.

After the Cancer presentation was over, I had my picture with <sup>H. G. Hachman</sup> ~~Nancy Hachman~~ just for her own uses. And then one with Scooter Miller because she is this year, <sup>she</sup> the chairman of the Goodwill Industries Tour to raise money.

The Embassy tour, which year by year, <sup>it</sup> grows bigger, with eager tourists, <sup>they</sup> storming the doors of the Embassies at about \$4. a head, for the great benefit of the Goodwill Industries.

The rest of the day, I spent briefing myself for my trip tomorrow to Huntsville, Alabama. That's about the best briefing source I know, — is the National Geographic magazine and it just happens that this very month, <sup>it</sup> it has a long issue on the proposed trip to the moon, <sup>the</sup> the story of the Saturn rocket. That, plus voluminous material that Lillian Levy and Jim Webb had sent me, gave me heavy reading for a long evening, and <sup>I</sup> I hope <sup>a</sup> better preparation for what I see tomorrow in Huntsville.

I certainly wouldn't call it a brilliant day, but it was a rather satisfying day, because I do have a very special commitment for the fight against cancer, and each year scores of victims ~~of~~ among those I know and love adds fuel to my own personal fire to do something about it. And then I

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, March 23, 1964

Page 4

have sizeable respect for Goodwill Industries, so I think I can justify the hours spent.