

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, April 7, 1964

The morning was taken up with desk work, with Helen going out to the Elms, to see that the Goodwill truck picked up all the right things, and so did Diana McArthur and others who were coming by.

Some of the stuff I have lived with and loved at the Elms.

At 3 o'clock I had a picture with Womens' National Democratic Club, that is Mrs. Kiserling, the President of it; Kay Halle, and Mrs. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., to help bring attention to the benefit ~~their~~ ^{they're} having, which it scarcely needs at all, since tickets are at a great premium, and the Lippazaner horses, those legendary performers without peer, need no help from me. But, at any rate, since I'm sponsoring it, they asked me to have my picture taken with the officials, and Mrs. Schlesinger had painted a charming water color of one of the handsome horses, doing his ballet step, which I will probably hang in my little combination office and dressing room.

I felt a little discomfited because I hadn't done my homework satisfactorily on this, not being able to answer Phil Potter's question, as to whether I was going to the performance or not. It is the night after our State Dinner for King Hussein. I don't know if there is any return function or not, so I spent the next two hours vigorously doing my home work for the five o'clock reception for the North Carolina group, which is a presentation to the White House library of the American drawings of John

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White.

The University of North Carolina at Chappel Hill, in collaboration with the British Museum and with the help of artists and craftsman from various other museums, had compiled other marvelous books of the drawings by John White, to present to the library here at the White House.

I walked into the East Room at 5 o'clock and took my place beside the Ambassador of Great Britain and Lady Harlech, and Dean Holman of the University of North Carolina, who is chairman of the Board of Governors of the University of North Carolina press. Dean Holman arose and in front of the TV flood lights and the phalanx of photographers, told the 150 odd guests a bit of a story of Sir Walter Raleigh's colonizing expedition to Roanoke Island and how John White had accompanied them, and made official sketches of Indians, fish, reptiles, birds and plants.

Later he had returned to be Governor of the lost colony and he was the grandfather of Virginia Dare, the first child born of English parents in the new world.

So here's a part of the legend of American history and one of the ties that binds us both through history and art to the culture of Great Britain. His drawings now repose in the British Museum, but this magnificent reproduction of them, has been prepared, one set to be presented here to the White House, and one to be given to Queen Elizabeth.

Then, I got up and made a small ¹¹thank you¹¹ for receiving these most treasured pages for the White House Library, and ~~may be~~ made the

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inevitable comment, that ... isn't it remarkable that even at that early date, 379 years ago, an official photographer was dispatched with the expedition? Very forethoughted of Queen Elizabeth, and those who dared to explore these unknown lands!

And then I introduced Sir Frank Francis of the British Museum, who told of the part the museum had played in preparing the books. They were spread out in front of the rostrum, open at an early map of Sir Walter Raleighs' colony, and I had looked earlier at the marvelous drawings of loggerhead turtles, Indian conjurer, Indian spearing fish from a boat, and pelicans; and hoped that the guests would stop to enjoy the exquisite workmanship before they followed me into the Blue Room, where I greeted all the guests.

And really it was a wonderful assemblage of North Carolinians, most of the delegation was there. Senator Congressman and Mrs. Bonner, the Broyhills, I was flattered to have both Mr. and Mrs. Erwin, Congressman Fountain, the Jonases, I think the Lennons, and my old friend Basil Whitener; Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Udall were there, because Roanoke Island falls under his supervision as one of the National Parks. And also present was George Hartzog, the new director of the National Parks Service.

I was real proud that Martha Hodges, wife of the Secretary of Commerce was there. And Dr. Ellen Winston of HEW; and beautiful Margaret Rose Sanford, wife of the Governor Terry Sanford of North Carolina.

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Gladys Tillet of the UN who had plans for us for next September, in North Carolina. And Jim Webb and Mrs. Webb, with whom I had just shared a great adventure in Alabama, when I went to Huntsville, not long ago at all.

Perhaps most flattered of all I was, to see Mrs. O. Max Gardner, that grande dame, who had come up from North Carolina especially for this, and Mrs. Frank Graham, wife of the former President of the University of North Carolina; and beautiful Mrs. Friday, the wife of the present President of the University of North Carolina.

To me, it was a very successful meeting, partly because I liked North Carolina folks, partly because I had really worked at my homework which makes all the difference.

Lynda and Warrie Lynn came down and made their happy little contributions all around.

And the single, most delightful person of note, for me, was having Emily Crowe Seldon and her husband, Dr. Sam Seldon of UCLA drama department, and formerly of the University of North Carolina. They had come all the way for this, but also partly because they were going to go on to visit Emily's mother in Baltimore. I left word for them to come upstairs, and slipped away at a fairly early hour.

They came up and we had an hour of discussion about drama, with a capital D, after the fall, the morals of youth, Tennessee Williams, and all of the family and friends we have shared since I first knew Emily at St. Mary's

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in Dallas, when I was 15.

All in all, I'd say, I'd settle for my performance today, both for my intake and my give-out, but there is in the background of the day, ^{the} the rankling unpleasantness of Time, Newsweek, the Herald Tribune, and others discussing Lyndon's fast driving at the ranch, ^{over} over the Easter weekend. "The President charged on, his paper cup of ^{other} pearl beer within easy sipping distance, the/motorists veered off the paved surface, to safety on the road shoulder." ^{he} Groaned the passenger in the President's car, when the ride was over, "That's the closest John McCormick has come to the White House yet." And also, apparently, to other newspaper people, ^{the} the rankling presence of ^{first,} pretty blond ^{Marianne} Mary Ann Means, and two other newswomen.

Unhappily, I suppose the moral is, we cannot invite any newspaper people to be our guests, informally, in a relaxed fashion, at the ranch. I just hope we can keep our equilibrium about the importance of this, as compared to the Tax Bill, the Civil Rights Bill, some possible progress on the poverty front, and just staying well and happy!

It's so easy to think of things too late, but wouldn't it have been a nice occasion to invite North Carolina girls, ^{who} who are in school up here?