

Finished
June 10, 1972
MEMORANDUM

Red - possibly distinct
Orange - except for
friends

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, April 9, 1964 *WHD*

Today was a truly big day.

Up early, 7 o'clock, breakfast with Lyndon, whom I had hoped would sleep later.

My last words to him were *WHD* that I could have caught a much later plane, *WHD* if I could only have ridden the shuttle. *WHD* He said, "Well, for God's sake don't, because we're just about to run into a big strike tonight - a railroad strike."

So... I left at 8:30 on the commercial, with Liz and Bess, and I believe, Frances Lewin, for a New York appearance, *WHD* that I had anticipated with both dread and the will to succeed.

It was the first anniversary luncheon of the Eleanor Roosevelt Memorial Foundation, and I was going because Jean Kintner had asked me to. And Adlai Stevenson had followed it up with an even more persuasive letter.

Jean met me at LaGuardia, took me by the hand and had me in tow all day. On the way in, *WHD* we made a brief stop at the Needle *WHD* Work Shop to design one or more needlepoint pillows for the White House, which are to be a gift from some good soul that's willing to put in all those hours of work. I wanted something done in bluebonnets.

Headquarters were the New York Hilton, all glass and steel, where the luncheon took place, before an audience of 2800, who had paid \$12.50 a plate. They expected to raise \$100,000 for the Eleanor Roosevelt Foundation and *[at]* will be spent for internships in the Human Rights field for Cancer research and for the construction of two memorial wings at the Hyde Park Library.

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The first event was a pre-luncheon reception^g for women who had paid a thousand dollars each to participate. Jean Kintner, Anna Rosenberg Hoffman, and I were the receiving line, and in marched a guest list that comprised a large part of the power structure of New York. ~~f~~ From the financial side, the philanthropic side, all those interested in human welfare, and ^[g] expect those just interested in society.

Arts were heavily represented, with Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein, Celeste Holm, Mrs. Allen Jay Lerner (of My Fair Lady), Mrs. Jan Pierce, Mrs. Jason Robards, Jr. (whom I had last seen in After The Fall), Mrs. Billy Rose; Elaine Anderson Steinbeck (Mrs. John Steinbeck).

Among old friends were Helen Gahagan Douglas, India Edwards -- and how amazing in that group of women, Major J.R. Parton^a of Texas! I was glad to see Margaret Truman Daniel there, and we had a good talk about my wonderful trip with her daddy to Greece.

And especially interesting to meet, Mrs. Marshall Field, my new appointee to the Committee for the Preservation of the White House, generous donor to the Democratic Party, ^g and a woman long interested in all good works.

Most surprising, and very pleasant was to see Tommy Wurtzbaugh Glick (Mrs. Irving Glick), Sara's sister.

There was naturally, a brace of Roosevelts, Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt III, Mrs Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. John Roosevelt; tiny, lively Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, and Miss Nina Roosevelt.

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Among negro leaders, ^{there} ~~were~~ Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wilkins, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Young, Jr.; Mrs. Ralph Bunch, though I have to remind myself that she comes in this category because I've gotten to feel that I know her well enough that the differences rub off, and one ceases to categorize people.

David Dubinsky was there, bouncing lively around; and the ubiquitous Perle Mesta, whose appetite for life extends to many fields, From the newspaper world, there was Dorothy Schiff, and I never see her, without remembering that once in an elevator, going up to a luncheon, I was mistaken for Dorothy Schiff, which would probably give her pain, which I remember with considerable satisfaction.

Having greeted all the big brass, we went marching in to the luncheon. Adlai Stevenson arriving from his latest crisis at the UN, just in time to go in with us.

The whole luncheon was Jean Kintner's triumph and very well handled, it was. Marian Anderson spoke some words from Mrs. Roosevelt's book - 'Tomorrow is now' and I found her speaking voice almost as moving as her singing was.

To me, the most touching thing of all, was Anna Rosenberg Hoffman, handsomely dressed, her fingers as bright with jewels as her mind itself is bright, reading the last letters that she received from Mrs. Roosevelt, wherein she said that she didn't want her friends to give her, actually it

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amounted to money to start the foundation with. , , That she intended to work right on up at least until her 80th birthday or as much as she could beyond, but if the time came when she could no longer work, she hoped then that perhaps they would. Anna's hand and her voice shook.

Not even Adlai Stevenson, with his silver tongue, and what a command of language he has, would quite equal her sincerity.

April 9, 1964
Thursday

~~Atlee?~~ ^{Atlee} himself had been introduced as the man with whom every woman in the world would like to have lunch. Well actually a great many of them were having lunch with him today. He is one of the most likeable human beings I know. He introduced me and had a great ^{very} many kind things to say about me. And then came the dreaded moment when I had to stand on my feet and say what I had come to say. For once, when I finished, I had that rare feeling that I had done as well as I was capable of doing. Having lived those years with the Roosevelt regime, I felt like talking about them.

One of the parts of the speech I liked best was when I described a day in 1939 when Mrs. Roosevelt came to a benefit luncheon my 75th Congress Club gave, to buy a wheel chair for a crippled boy. Only one person would benefit but where else do you start except with one person? Mrs. Roosevelt was always ready to start. And one person was important to her. A more important line was the one about sometimes silence is the greatest sin. "All of us are familiar with the people who are the partisans of departed virtue, ³ But are afraid to defend an unpopular truth today. Mrs. Roosevelt never stood with this timid company. She was never afraid to speak up against wrong ~~anyway~~ no matter how many brickbats it brought down on her head. Sometimes I

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think somebody ought to do an accolade to her generous
and understanding husband who took those brickbats
too and recognized her for the good she was. My
sympatico feeling for the subject and the two hours
I spent with Mrs. Provenson learning how to say what
I thought paid off, and when I finished and walked
down ^{the} star-studded table I felt like I had acquitted
myself well. ² Something I seldom feel. # After the
heady hours of seeing New York's assembled great
I spent the next hour or so in relatively minor
household errands, trying to find some fabrics for
the third floor solarium and some things for Lynda's
room. Then goodbye to Jean Kentner whom I thought
ought to go home and take a couple of relaxing pills
and put her feet up for the next week or so and
then caught the 6:30 plane back to Washington. # All
day there had laid in the back of my mind the
dismal gray fog of what Lyndon had said about a
national railroad strike. And when I reached the
White House I found that he was still at his office.
That he had taken the bold stroke of asking the
Railroad Brotherhoods and the leaders of the rail-
roads to gather with him and lay out some plans to
mediate their difficulties which have been festering
for ^{over} four years. How presumptuous in thinking you
could walk in on a sore that has been gathering venom

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for that long that you could do anything to lance and heal it. But he's not a man to let it burst in front of him without having a try. So he didn't come home to let me tell him what a good time I had had in New York. He stayed at his office - or maybe it was the EOB until midnight, working with them. I had a bite on a tray and went to bed, leaving him for a late midnight bite. That's been twice this week. One night the farm bill, tonight the railroad strike threat.