

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, April 16, 1964 WHP

This morning began with breakfast with Lyndon, and then several hours of work with Liz for the speech for the YWCA in Cleveland. It's just not possible for me to get somebody else to write completely a speech for me, unless we are so in the groove together - or think the same things about the subject - so I had to remember what points of contact I had with the YWCA about opening their International Food Fair, about Luci taking life saving lessons in the Y's swimming pool, then call the matron of the local Y residence and get some stories from her on the typical of a young girl, fresh out of high school, from a small town, who comes to Washington and lives in the Y and gets a job in the government. . . . What it means to her - in other words, I have to live it before I can translate it a little bit into a speech.

And then at one o'clock, there came one of those things that must be peculiarly American, a small gesture of our national feeling for the individual. Senator Margaret Chase Smith had written me a most tender letter asking me if I would receive a crippled girl, Nancy Martin, a young high school student who has cancer of the spine, who is in a wheelchair and who is destined to have a short life. We arranged for her to have a very special tour of the White House and then I went down and met her at the south entrance, gave her one of the etchings of the White House and we chatted a bit in the warm spring sunshine on the south lawn, while Him and Her barreled across the lawn, chasing each other's tails, and Blanco, that beautiful white collie, added a special grace to the scene.

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Nancy had made the whole trip in an ambulance, accompanied by her mother and her half-brother. She was cheerful, bright, determined to see the town, and, I am told, completely aware of her short life expectancy.

In the afternoon, I worked on the mail and then was overcome with one of those great needs to take a nap, which I did at the most inappropriate time, while Lyndon was having a press conference in the State Department auditorium, at 4:30, which turned out to be the best one up to now, everybody agrees. Dr. Hurst is arriving this afternoon and I have given directions to have him upstairs as our house guest and then down for dinner.

At five o'clock, Diana, ^{Larry}~~Gary~~, and Jack Hopkins and their two children, and Dr. Blake Smith, of Austin, came and also ^{Dorothy}~~Gary's~~ friend from school days, a very attractive young woman. They had just finished a good tour of the first floor and so I showed them the second, with all the details, and then settled down for tea. ^aAfter dispatching young Tony and young Jack, ^gwith Diana's housekeeper, ^gfor a tour of the grounds, a glimpse of the swimming pool, and then to ride home. ^{Larry}~~Gary~~ was aglow, with her adventure ^gthis trip ^gand high time it is, because you can't avoid thinking that somehow she has risen less to the tide of opportunity, ^gthan Diana, and has not had such an exciting life.

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Dr. Blake Smith brought the unwelcome news which I already knew and which I actually had to try to pry out of him - that we are having trouble in Austin, - my so successful, so beloved home town, on the integration problem. It seems the more radical negro leaders have simply moved in on the city council - a sort of sit-in within the Chamber itself. And the Mayor - poor soul - has actually gone to the hospital, from complete exhaustion. We had done so well, I am afraid they will use up their store of goodwill among the citizenry and we'll be in for a bad time, in that blessed town. While we were sitting there peaceful, I got word from Lyndon that he was bringing over some of the Texas editors and their wives. At first it was going to be 15, presently it was going to be 40, so I sent a quick SOS to the kitchen to get some drinks ready, we'd do it in the Oval Room, and some hors d'oeuvres - and I said goodbye to Diana and her party - just in time to start meeting the Texas editors - old timers all... The Charlie Green's, the Charlie Guy's, Bill Hobby alone, Diana was at home, Bill Hoxton, the Ray Howard's, she is always the ultimate of refinement, and very pretty in blue; Walter Humphrey, the Wes Izgard's, the Bob Jackson's - and I'm happy to say that Bob looks five years younger and much stronger than he did five years ago. His heart attack is in the background now... The Frank Mabin's, the J. Q. Mahaffey's, grinning as usual. I always like to see somebody from real close to home! I'm sorry I never did run into Mr. Woody... The Harry

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Provinces - and there was much talk about his book. Walter Jenkins, Cliff Carter and Jack Valenti came over to help out. Lyndon himself, was completely in charge of everything. He took every body out on the balcony - the Truman balcony - to show the gardens below and the monument. We went filing thru all the rooms. Mrs. Johnson - Mrs. J. Lee Johnson, was there and we have plans to meet tomorrow morning.

After they left, we had the sort of dinner I had been planning and wanting ever since Lady Jackson arrived. Just Lady Jackson, Dr. Hurst, and us. Lady Jackson talked and Lyndon listened, something he doesn't often do, especially to women. But he is fascinated by her - and so am I. She spoke of the possibility that a lot of the money saved and the people put out of work by the closing of the bases under McNamara's program, might be used in some sort of pilot program, for urban renewal, to make a model city and the surroundings thereof, to make traffic something that we could live with. The nice thing about her is that she considers that everything is possible - [rightly it's possible.] She herself has had an interesting life and tho she is away from her husband a great deal, lecturing, teaching, and wrapped up in her own career, writing books, the best known of which I guess is The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations - she is, nevertheless, very close to her husband. They have a ten year old son - I judge he was born fairly late in her life - and, he poor dear, is off at boarding school - that's something about the British

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I just don't get. I'd have to send mine flayling and screaming at 16, whereas over there, a little boy, when he gets about 8, just naturally goes, and if he doesn't get sent, he says, "What do you think I am, a baby?"

She envisions the next few decades as possibly the greatest vast in the history of mankind. Automation can be turned into a blessing instead of a curse. Our natural resources are so great, the inventiveness of man's mind so boundless, that at last we have it in our grasp to build a really new society, offering more for everybody - or at least that's my synthesis, after listening to her. Earlier in the day, I had commanded about 30 minutes of her time, along with Liz, to give me some pointers about my YWCA speech, and she did produce several pages which found their way into the finished product - and I had asked her much more important to please think about and work on a little, (if she could sandwich it in between her work for the man himself) the speech I am going to have to do at Radcliff in June. She seemed not only willing, but quite eager, to help on that, and said, "The Radcliffe girls are my girls". And most precious of all, I did have a little time with Dr. Hurst, who is really ecstatic with Lyndon's state of health, state of mind, and the way he has acted as President - but who very much wants him to lose 20 pounds - and who wants, most of all, not have to be the doctor who gets questioned by

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the columnist^s, and by the reporters.