

## THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, April 17, 1964

This morning I spent with Mrs. J. Lee Johnson - Ruth Carter Johnson, daughter of Amon Carter - a "can-do" woman, very much her father's child. Pretty, young and blond, but terrifically in earnest about being a regent on the Board of the University of Texas, <sup>And</sup> about turning her father's Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, into an expanding, vital museum. We talked about the possibility of her lending to the White House, for Lyndon's office and the Fish Room, a Remington or a Russell - and then we went down and looked at the wonderful bronze - Coming thru the Rye - by Remington, which their Museum had presented to the White House two years ago. It's on the ground floor, lit up - thank heavens - by a good spot light - and one of the best contributions from my part of the United States, to this house. We went <sup>tape: gingerly</sup> gingerly through the Fish Room and the Lobby, which I consider dull, musty and devoid of personality. And talked about how to bring some color and vividness, and comfort into them [but except for <sup>tape - correct</sup> pictures, that will have to come later, if I have anything to do with it.]

And then, I got a message from Beas, that we could go to the Corcoran Art Gallery and see the John Singer Sargeant Exhibit, "The private world of John Singer Sargeant," which opens to the public tomorrow. And since she had already talked about how much she would adore getting to see it, and would not be <sup>here</sup> here tomorrow - we just simply jumped in the car and went off on an adventure! We were met at the door of the Corcoran by the Curator and then went on a quick tour of the Exhibits. Sargeant had

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*the painter of*  
always been to me, a beautiful woman in a white satin gown - sort of  
an American counterpart of the Gainsborough, ~~Romney~~, ~~Reynolds~~, ~~Rayburn~~  
school; the painter of the sleek and well-to-do -- but he was a  
man of many moods and many arts. And I found that I liked best of all,  
the water colors.

After about a pleasant two hours in all, we said goodbye and  
I hoped that I had made a friend for art for the White House, down the  
road somewhere.

The rest of the afternoon went into office work and into planning  
for the reception for the American Society of Newspaper Editors - 1200  
all told, who were converging on us at 5:30 in the Rose Garden. In my  
white suit, I joined Lyndon at his office, with Lynda Bird in tow, and an  
SOS for Luci to come as quickly as possible. It was a beautiful day,  
thank heavens; the editors filed into the Rose Garden and spread out into  
the ~~south~~ lawn. There was a podium; I said a word of welcome and Lynda  
Bird did rather well in her few little words. And then Lyndon made a  
speech which got off on a light note, with a few jokes, and then plunged  
into a story of what faces him, <sup>a</sup> President's duties, the Civil Rights  
issue, his war on poverty, amplified by many good statistics, and a line  
I like very much about turning tax eaters into tax payers. And that  
dreadful figure about 49% of the young men who are called up by the draft

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being found physically or mentally unable to be taken by the Army. Then he went into Medicare, and the Pay bill, and then the railroad talks. There hasn't been a night that we've come in, in the last few nights, that my eyes haven't turned to room 208 in the EOB, wondering, praying, <sup>[G. L. S.]</sup> hoping, <sup>^</sup> what they were doing. And then he ended with what a lot of them listening, <sup>^</sup> probably regarded as an <sup>^</sup> evangelical appeal - for unity, for compassion. There was a line --- <sup>||</sup> And from our science, and our technology, from our compassion and from our tolerance, from our unity and from our heritage, we stand uniquely on the threshold of a high adventure of leadership by example and by precept. [If there is judgment in history, it rests on us, according to our generosity or our disdain. These mistakes can make a world in which all of God's children can live or to go into the dark.] <sup>7</sup> For today, under the shadows of atomic power, it is not rhetoric but it is truth to say that we must <sup>||</sup> either love each other or we must die. I expect the cynics were giggling good but we may well look back on this decade as a time <sup>in</sup> at which the United States could rise to that kind of leadership or in failing, fail all.

At the last moment, Luci came in and got to say her small word and then we filed into the White House for food and drink in the State Dining Room and dancing in the East Room. Mr. Miles Wolf, the incoming president of A. S. ~~AND~~ E., was going to take me around and introduce me to just as many people as we could meet, since it's pretty

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near impossible to stand in line and meet 1100 or 1200. And Mr. Herbert Brucker, the present president of A. S. N. E. was going to accompany Lyndon around. Besides all the Texans we had seen yesterday, there were the Barry Bingham's of Kentucky, the young Harry <sup>Hooding</sup> Bird, Jr's of Winchester, Virginia, the <sup>who</sup> ~~Harding~~ Carter's, Jr. were taking his father's place <sup>his father is ill.</sup> She's Marcia McGhee, George McGhee's daughter, and so attractive... The Otis Chandler's from California, the Turner Catledge's of New York, Willie Snow and Mark Etheridge, - and how delightful to run into David Hall, whom I introduced around as my first editor! He was editor of the Daily Texan when I got a Bachelor of Journalism degree in 1934 - And he's improved with the years - very attractive. George Healy, with whom I had a good talk about the GEA. Healy's in the White House, in which I told him I thought there were six and he told me "No, fifteen." Ninety-two year old Mr. Haskell, of Arkansas, the oldest of all the lot. The <sup>Sp. Houta</sup> ~~Ed~~ <sup>Berry</sup> ~~Port~~'s, whom we've known for 25 years, <sup>he</sup> used to be with the Portland Oregonian and is now from, I believe it's Denver. And I had asked <sup>though</sup> ~~Gary~~ and Jack Hopkins to come, <sup>I</sup> I thought two kinfolks could very well be lost in a crowd of 1200 editors.

It was also fun <sup>to</sup> see Dewitt <sup>Rittick</sup> ~~Rittick~~, head of the Journalism Department at the University of Texas - and impressive to meet, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr. - and two families of Scripps' from the Scripps-Howard Chain. Mr. Wolf, bless him, took me through all the rooms and we shook hands here and there with as many as we could find and

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then for a moment, strolled out on the balcony, with Dave Hall, to take in the serenity of the Washington Monument. and to try to capture a personal moment. And then we danced, danced, danced! I was broken in on about every third step - and I hear that later, <sup>or?</sup> [one time] Lyndon said, between clenched teeth, to Bess over his shoulder - "Get those aides to dancing!" I doubt if the editors and their wives ever saw so much or did so much at the White House within two hours time! Actually, I can only hope they liked this party as well as the women liked the one at the Elms - this same month last year, because at least 40 women came up to me and said, "We still remember that wonderful time out on your terrace last April - the wisteria<sup>a</sup>, the South American music, and such a nice family atmosphere."

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Finally, about eight, they began to melt away. We took the Turner Catledge's upstairs for a final bit of conversation and drink, and then, an early but weary dinner, the large envelope of bedtime reading, and eventually goodnight to the world.