

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, April 22, 1964 WHP

Lyndon whirled off in the helicopter this morning, on his way to open the World's Fair in New York.

I spent the morning doing desk work and then at 3:15 had my picture taken with Martha Hartke, receiving a cook book from her, hoping that will do some good for them in their election.

And then at 4 o'clock, [✓] was what I thought was to be the main event of the day. [✓] _a reception for 200 leaders of the DAR, the state regents and the top officers. This is the first time in eleven years that the First Lady has received the DAR. Mrs. Eisenhower did it in 1953, and had close to 4,000 guests, and about a four hour stand. I knew that was impossible, but I did want to hold out my hand in some gesture of greeting to them, in spite of all the bad publicity that's accrued to them these past few years.

Why? Probably two reasons. I remember a breakfast we had for the Texas DAR group, when Lyndon was majority leader, in the Capitol, and never have I had as many nice thank you's, and never in receiving lines since then, as many kind remarks about our hospitality. Second, and much more important, I think if you keep on calling a group "bigots" year after year after year, they'll get more and more bigots, and begin to defend themselves in it. Whereas, it is possible to applaud them for those schools they've got in the Appalachian Mountains, and those scholarships they give to youngsters, and the preservation of national monuments, and maybe that will be to the good.

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Mrs. Robert Duncan, the National President, was the first one in line, with her broad blue ribbon and white orchid, and bringing a gift for me which, when I opened it, couldn't have been more perfect for my life. Two pairs of white gloves!

And then the 200 filed through, most of them, with broad blue sashes, many medals, pretty hats, and I do not remember a more appreciative group of ladies since I've been here, ^a A group more friendly or more pleased being asked.

There was Mrs. Gertrude Caraway - I remember when Lyndon had made the chief address at Constitution Hall, and she had been the President, and stood beside us during the proceedings.

Then there was Mrs. Walter Dick, the regent from Texas, the mother of Louise Dick; and Mrs. Joe Moran.

The Marine band played merrily, Lynda and Warrie Lynn were in the dining room to pass among the guests and chat with them. I followed them on into the dining room for refreshments, and chatted with as many as I could. . . About Mrs. Johnson's great interest in Genealogy, and how helpful they all (DAR) had been in rounding up records.

Actually one of Lyndon's ancestors is one of the joint founders of the DAR, but it gets too involved to go back five generations and explain it. She was married to ^{a Mr} Shay of Kentucky, and there's a bust of her somewhere around the DAR building.

They thanked me very much for the engraving of the White House, that

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I had sent them for the DAR museum. It's one of those many thoughtful things that Bess accomplishes for me, chooses, decides on, and gets done.

I passed around from group to group, through the dining room and melted away a little bit before 5; and commandeered²₁ Luci and took her on up to the solarium, to lay out the samples that Miss Lemair had sent, and to get her consideration - approval or disapproval. If we ever get it done,

I want it to be Luci's room - she likes the yellow shades, she likes the print, fairly well, almost very well, and she would like the melon accent in it.

Most of all, was the fact that I took some time to get her opinion, and that I wanted it.

And then next on the agenda, was a meeting then with Boisfeuillet Jones - how I love that name -, Dick Nelson, Liz and Wendy, to plan my trip to Atlanta on May 11th. While we were talking, Lyndon burst out of the elevator, with as many men as it would hold, headed for the Yellow Room, called back over his shoulder, to send in some coffee, the elevator quickly made some more round trips, and about 20 men gathered in the Yellow Room, with door shut. I thought I had recognized Dr. Taylor, one of the negotiators in the Railroad Brotherhood meeting... Not sure, but I had that sense of excitement that something was happening.

We continued with our outline of the trip to Atlanta, the ground breaking for the communicable disease center, the trip to Emory University, perhaps for the honors day convocation, lunch with the President, maybe going to the capital to meet the governor and the House and the Senate... Maybe having a

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reception at the mansion, hosted by Mrs. Sanders, the Governor's wife.
A possible trip to the art museum.

Suddenly, like Olympian runners, out came Lyndon and the first spate of men; he stopped by the elevator, he looked at me, he held up his thumb and forefinger, in a gesture that I thought meant success, and as the elevator descended, my prayers ascended - "Dear Lord, let this be the end of the strike!"

In a few minutes Bo Jones and the others left. I got a call from Lyndon's office, saying "Turn on TV, ⁹and watch the David Brinkley show." I did and in the middle of it, ⁹Lyndon came on, announced the settlement of the Railwork Rules dispute, with an accolade for the Brotherhood, and an accolade for the railroad management - and not forgetting, so like him, a personal word for Dr. Taylor, who had left a sick wife just operated on the day he was called, to come in and help mediate the strike. This will surely go down as one of the good days.

I worked a little longer with Liz, and then presently, ⁹Lyndon came in, exhilarated, on that Olympian peak, I wonder if he was thinking - ¹⁰perhaps this is the best it will ever be.

We had a fairly early dinner ¹¹that is for him ¹²on days like this, about 9:45 it was, and so to bed.