

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, April 23, 1964

This day began with those necessities of life, a trip to the beauty parlor, and then one to the dentist, in the basement of the White House, for Xrays.

And then a long hour in the Queen's Sitting Room, ^{with} Mr. West, Jim Ketchum and Bess, to discuss the agenda of the committee for the Preservation of the White House, ^{on} May 7th.

And later on in the afternoon, for the whole, blanket, over-all tea, to which I had invited the members of Mrs. Kennedy's Fine Arts Committee, Painting Committee, Advisory Committee, Library Committee, plus the present White House Preservation Committee. Mr. West, whose title of Chief Usher is simply a mask, is a chief repository of information and experience and also, for me, of advice, of anybody around the place. I think, ^{tell} in a court, ~~he~~ would be called the Head Chamberlain. And I often/Lyndon, "If he leaves, I leave."

I almost have to laugh at myself, when I think of all the groups we have had here, the only one that I have really regarded with awe and nervous uncertainty, is this Art group. I intend to work very hard on educating myself between now and May 7th, about them and what has been done.

After this meeting, I signed a lot of mail, and dressed just in time to jump on the chopper, with Lyndon, heading for Andrews, on our way to Chicago for a fund raising dinner, at which Lyndon had ^{blithely} promised my presence to Mayor Daley, one of his favorite people.

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At the airport, we were met by Mayor and Mrs. Daley. In a way, he's a very arch type of political boss, ruddy faced, emanating efficiency and friendliness, a most engaging man, with a beautiful wife and a healthy, Catholic sized family.

And at the airport, was the star of the day, Kathy Baker, seven years old, who had written Lyndon earlier that she wished he would settle that railroad strike because she wanted her grandmother to come and see her have her first communion - and if the trains didn't run, her grandmother couldn't come. Lyndon had read her letter over national TV last night, so that much of America had come to know who Kathy Baker was. She was right out of a bandbox, all dressed up, with her mother and daddy, at the airport to meet us. And Lyndon knew just exactly what to do about it - pick her up in his arms, hug her, ask her questions, while the cameramen fell over each other in delight, going flash, flash, flash. Just the sort of a story this strange country of ours loves!

I rode into town with Mrs. Daley and Mrs. Kerner, the wife of the young and handsome governor. She is the daughter of the former mayor of Chicago, who was with President Roosevelt in Florida on the stand (I cannot remember the mayor's name right now when the would-be assassin fired a bullet at Roosevelt, ^{but} hit instead, the mayor - Cermack, that was his name - and killed him.

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Our suite at the Conrad Hilton was a very lovely one, and if I'm not mistaken, it's the same one that Neva and Wesley had, at the convention in 1956, to which we frequently repaired ~~with~~ as our hide-away, with a beautiful view of the lake. This affluent society has produced no more lovely apartment, that I know of.

There was the usual reception for the head table guests. I wore my red silk evening dress with the little bit of a fantail train, which proved to be a bad idea, in that vast crowd. I was always trying to rescue it from the gentlemen walking just behind me.

To me (and it must have been to many) the air was full of the sort of ^uphoria of success, the end of the railroad strike. If you could make a graph of this Administration, perhaps this would be a sort of a peak. How long it will be maintained, we shall see.

Anything run by Mayor Daley, is well run - and this was. The hall was very full, things moved by clock-work.

Senator Paul Douglas introduced Lyndon and somehow, that always touches me, because they couldn't be farther apart, poles apart, in way of operation, and yet there's a certain respect between them, and I always like Senator Douglas's introductions of Lyndon. It's happened now two or three times.

Filling his promise to Mayor Daley to the last iota, Lyndon had asked me to get up and make a little tiny speech, which I did - one page - rather uncomfortably, because humor is never my forte, nor is a hall with 4000

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people in it, ^{easier} my audience. But sometimes it's ~~easy~~ to do what Lyndon asks, rather than explain to him why you think it is inappropriate.

Lyndon took little time out in his speech to berate the Republicans, called for unity, gave praise to everybody for the settlement of the railroad strike, and spoke glowing of the great society we could build in the next decade or so.

The whole evening, going in and out of the hotel, in to the dinner and out, there were lines, lines, lines, acres of people, outstretched hands, with Lyndon shaking as many of them as he could reach.

On our way back to the hotel, in a park, a sort of a square, and right in downtown Chicago, we saw a most dazzling fireworks display. There was Lyndon's silhouette outlined, there was a Texas hat and there was a flag!

Back at the hotel, Cliff Carter, Liz and I sat around the little breakfast room, for a nightcap, and a little, rather disquieting discussion of the condition of the National Democratic Committee.