

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, April 28, 1964 WHP

And what a busy month is April! For many years now its been the crescendo month in my life.

This was the day for my women do-ers luncheon. Unlike many of them, I for I lean heavily on Liz and Bess, I for their imagination and inventiveness, I in producing speakers and guest list, I had planned a great deal of this one myself. It was on a subject close to my heart, and it had begun when I read a Joe Alsop column about an elementary school teacher, I in Harlem, Mrs. Kate Tutman, whose students were from a mighty underprivileged segment of American life, and about her tough, and rather gay really, attack on the massive problem before her.

We had arranged to meet her in New York, we liked her; I'd asked her to come down and be our speaker for this luncheon.

From the Cabinet, I had Margie McNamara, because I know that she's interested in education, at the very first level. She actually teaches three or four little negro boys, I remedial reading, about the same sort of students that Mrs. Tutman has.

And also from the field of education, I had Dr. Regina Hirschfield, from the Department of Anthropology at Catholic University; and Mrs. John Jones of Houston, chairman of the Board of Regents of Texas Womens University, who had recently given me an honorary degree, and who, herself, I from a vastly different background, and too, a vastly different constituency, I is contributing in the world of education.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, April 28, 1964

Page 2

And if its necessary to classify, I guess I'd put my old friend, ^{Wicky}Wicky, Elizabeth Wickendon Goldsmith, ^{Cherry}under education. She's a social welfare consultant now and has been in social welfare, ^{since}since the days of Roosevelt when we first knew her.

There was Ellen Proxmire from the Senate, and Mrs. William McCullough from the House, a Republican.

And what brilliant lights from the world of Art! I was very proud to have in this house, ^{Marian}Marian Anderson, Mrs. Orpheus H. Fisher, and how her husband's first name does delight me! ^{she}she moves with the most regal dignity in all surroundings. I wonder what's going on in her mind.

And there was Maria Tallchief, the famous ballerina, whose private name is Mrs. Henry ^{Pasc}Pascia, Jr. If I were an artist, I would like to paint her face. The "Tallchief" isn't happenstance, she's an Indian, and testimony that this nation of so many mixed bloodstreams can succeed.

And there was Mrs. Katherine Ann Porter, who wrote Noon Wine, and Maria Concepcion, and then later Ship of Fools.

Lynda and Warrie Lynn lit on her "like a duck on a June bug," and they began to question her about some of their lessons in school, seeking some first hand information. Who could mind talking about their own work? They loved her and I think ^II hope ^{she}she enjoyed them.

From the world of clubs, so important in this facet of American life, there was Mrs. E. Lee ^{Osborn}Osborn, past president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and long-time Johnson supporter; and Katherine ^{Paden}Paden, past

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, April 28, 1964

Page 3

president of the National Business and Professional Womens Clubs.

I always liked to have one Governor's wife to these luncheons, and this time it was Mrs. Donald Russell, from South Carolina, young, pretty in that peculiarly southern way. I was delighted to get to know her.

And also from the world of politics, Carmen Warshaw, of California, key figure in the political hierarchy of that strangely mixed-up state, and, I believe, a real friend and admirer of Lyndon's.

Frances Lewin of the AP, was the pool for the press; and from the world of medicine, there was Dr. Ethel Calhoun, from the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Center, in Pontiac, Michigan.

I am really flattered that people of calibre would come all that long way for a meeting such as this.

And where else but in medicine, but Florence Mahoney, my old friend. She's on Lyndon's committee on heart, cancer and stroke, and has been all the years I've known her, an unpaid lobbyist for all sorts of government aid and medical research... Friend and associate of Mary Lasker's and a sort of catalyst who brings people together from various walks of life.

So, it was a mixed up group, a real mosaic of American life, and I thought, a delightful two hours of luncheon, and conversation.

Lyndon burst in with Dean Rusk and Bob McNamara, and introduced them to the ladies.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, April 28, 1964

Page 4

And then Mrs. Tutman spoke, and very well she did, though too long really. But it's high time all of us understood more about what goes on behind the bleak front facade of Public School 184, and all of the others like it, because it's going to make our country in the future, or rather be one of the streams that flows into the river that makes it.

After the guests left, I had a quick appointment with Norman Rockwell, to have my picture made. It's going on the cover of something, down the road, somewhere.

And then at 4:30, Robin Duke came over, at my request... So beautiful and elegant, and efficient, and really kind. She looked at several pieces of fabric that I had brought back from the east and we decided what I might to with them. A theatre suit out of this, a White House gala evening dress out of that. And incidentally, we beat dear Luci out of something lovely because we decided that even 17 would be too young for brocades!

Tonight was our black tie dinner for the leaders of business, producing a not unexpected growl from Lyndon, but it should be black tie ^{because} ~~although~~ I know it makes a lot more special for the ladies, and for everybody really.

We received in the Blue Room - the Dillons from Treasury, the McNamaras from Defense, the Hodges from Commerce, the Wirtz's from Labor, and poor, overworked Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, were with us in the company totalling about 134.

There were the William Battons of the J. C. Penny Company, which has brought the chain department store to all the little towns I knew in my childhood,

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, April 28, 1964

Page 5

even Jefferson. Roger Blough, chairman of U. S. Steel, and what fun to see George and Alice Brown, fresh from the wilds of Argentina, where they've been fishing, George with a moustache! How constructively and how wisely they have grown into the latter years of life.

And there was bluff, ^{brave}hardy, Gussie Busch, of Anheuser-Busch, and his beautiful, slim blond wife, Trudy, mother of six children. I'm very glad they could come because they hadn't been able to come for the Erhard dinner at the ranch shortly after Christmas.

And the Donald Davids, he's vice chairman of the Ford Foundation, and I would adore to get him off for about a two hour talk about what that has done all around the world. I love to learn from him.

Also from Ford, there was Henry Ford, II - and in silly feminine fashion, my mind kept turning to Ann, the wife from whom he's recently divorced, whom I will meet on May 7th, when she comes to the meetings of Mrs. Kennedy's committee on Art.

And then the Crawford Greenwalts from the E. I. duPont de Nemours and Company; our old friends the Frederick Kappels, of American Tel-and-Tel, with our affinity for the telephone, his name especially always rings a bell with me, no pun intended!

And the Tom McCabes of Scott Paper Company. We chatted ^{about} our mutual friend Jay Taylor, who sends us every Christmas an innocuous and highly acceptable gift of paper products.

There were two Rockefellers, David Rockefeller of Chase Manhattan

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, April 28, 1964

Page 6

Bank, and the James S. Rockefellers of the First National City Bank of New York City.

On sp And then the Bob Stevens, formerly in ^[Eisen] Eisenhower government; and the Walter Toueys of the C&O Railway Company, who are, besides, associated with their old place of gaiety, the Greenbrier.

I looked at our Cabinet members, and wondered if they thought they were the most over-worked cabinet that ever operated in this town! And I've grown quite fond of Walter Heller, and hear with great dismay that he is going to have to leave us after^a while, simply because he can't afford to raise his family on government wages.

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It was ~~the~~ really/business power structure of the United States and a highly interesting company.

I hope Lyndon knows how very proud I am of him because he can meet them on equal footing, and talk to them in tough, respectful, persuasive language. I think they like him.

As soon as the shaking of hands had been completed, the men went to the East Room for a briefing, with most of the Cabinet people participating, but I believe Lyndon being the chief speaker.

And I took the ladies upstairs for the usual tour through the second floor and the explanation of all its history, traditions, present furnishings.

Then we had dinner at round tables, the singing violins coming in with dessert, and then me receiving a quick little note passed to my outstretched hand under the table by Jack, suggesting I make a toast. So I arose and said

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, April 28, 1964

Page 7

"May I propose a toast, on behalf of a grateful nation, to the leaders of business in this generous country, who have done so much for so many, and in the doing have made us great."

Then we went into the East Room for dancing, with a battalion of handsome White House aides, ^{swarming} to the rescue, gracefully taking lady after lady from Lyndon's arm, so that I hope he got to dance with nearly everybody present. I know he wanted to.

How funny that we should do more dancing after 50 than nearly any time in our lives! And I love it.

The evening was light and gay for the women, and I hope ^{an} explanatory and probing and impressive for the men. At any rate, that guy, my husband, tries one Hell of a lot!