

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, April 29, 1964

The day began with saying goodbye to Luci, as she goes down to be Queen Shenandoah the 37th, of ^[the] Apple Blossom Festival at Winchester. She is going to be the houseguest of the Harry Byrd, Jr's.

And then at noon there was the cutting of the ribbon in the lobby of the Department of Labor, at the opening of the Arts and Crafts exhibit by handicapped persons. Jane Wirtz had asked me to do this. It's one of the many things that the Department of Labor is doing to bring people with special needs, in this case, [/]handicapped people, back into the mainstream of economic life.

The ubiquitous Esther Peterson, Assistant Secretary of Labor, was on hand to meet me, as well as both Secretary and Mrs. Wirtz, and several members of the President's Committee on Employment for the Handicapped, including Dorothy Goldberg, who works on the Arts and Crafts portion of it.

Jane introduced me and then I had a few words to say, which embodied my old hope that one day we will have a National Arts and Crafts center where tourists to the USA, like they can in nearly every country, [/]else ^[where] in the world, see the best of our own handicrafts on display and for sale.

The little talk ended with an accolade to those who actually produced this show themselves - the handicapped. We owe a debt to those that have conquered a new loss and created talent.

I wish now I had made the people themselves, [/]more the center of what I said.

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Then I was shown cases of exhibits, clothes made by blind people, reproductions of art work by retarded children, ceramics; some engraved glass work, as handsome as Steuben.

The most memorable thing about the hour, ^{was} meeting a man who had a factory employing only handicapped people. — ^{One} One legged, one armed, one eyed, no eyed, ^{He} He produced airplane parts. I asked him how he got started in this, and this was his answer: "Mrs. Johnson, I'm so proud of my wife and my four fine children, and my success in the country, and I want to help others." Later, I found that he himself is 36 inches tall, having no legs at all, that I had not noticed because he walked along perfectly alright. And so he had used his brains and his business savvy to help some 400 people in ^{some} such situation as he. What a story and what a country!

I returned for an hour or so to work on the mail and then at 2:30, ^{to} to receive the women from Brandeis University, ⁱⁿ in the Blue Room.

This small but very select University, ^{had} had told Lyndon they would like to have a collection of books, on the subject of his choice, in their library. He had requested Latin-American relations, and the ladies came down to officially present me with a book plate which will be used in the several thousand volumes to be accumulated.

Books and trees are among my favorite memorial, ^{that} that is in material things. I guess scholarships would be really my favorite one.

As they came down the line, I thought they were a considerably

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intellectual, certainly wealthy, notably Jewish, group of ladies, and I appreciated the fact that they seemed to be more than most impressed and grateful, at being received in the White House.

Nancy Hechinger's grandmother was among them.

After visiting with the m, I went to the movie theatre and saw films taken at the ranch, when the children were young, Lyndon during World War II, all of which I soon recognized with dismay, were just the leavings, the scraps, the edited-out bits, and that my real treasure trove had not yet reached the hands of Mr. Southwick, the man who is doing the documentary on Lyndon, for the convention, or some such purpose - and using my films as part of the background. So I phoned right away to Jesse, to retrieve it from the ranch, or wherever it was, and get it up here to us.

There was also an art film by Westinghouse, on the collection within the White House itself, to give me an idea of the quality, Amy Jensen LaFollette is doing, in case I want to collaborate in some further extension of it.

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name

And then I saw a bit of me, speaking for the cancer crusade, in order to evaluate it. I found it rather stiff and about a B minus, ^{BUT} ~~and~~ that's past and I can work on the future.

Then I returned to my desk to sign and dictate mail, and next, did something necessary and painful, immersed ~~Emersed~~ myself in a folder of some 50 or so letters, all hostile, about speeding, beer and dogs. Some of them were

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silly, cruel, quack - right ready for the waste basket file. Others were sincere and thoughtful, and represented the feelings of a lot of worthy Americans, and if I don't profit from them, it'll be my loss.

I called Mrs. Mellon to tell her how beautiful the garden ~~and~~ had been and that I hoped she was going to be with us on May 7th.

And then Lyndon and I did that very self-indulgent thing [—] it is these days [—] we went out for dinner, a black tie dinner, at the David Brinkley's [—] smallish, about 30 people, and given for their sister-in-law, ^{mary} ~~d~~ Margaret's friend from Texas.

It was an articulate, pleasant, easy group and I had the happy feeling that Lyndon was enjoying them, and himself.