

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, May 9, 1964

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Early in the morning, Lynda Bird had her picture made with Ed Weisl, Jr. and two young men, for the Young Democrats for Lyndon movement. And then, she departed, wearily but with relief, for Washington, with Bess and I went on with Liz, to the World's Fair Heliport.

We went to the top of the Heliport to watch Lyndon land. He came in about 11:10 with that aura of excitement, that energy surrounding him, and we went to Singer Bowl. That, delightfully enough, is the Singer Sewing Machine company at the World's Fair, where Lyndon was addressing the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, at the request of Jacob Patowsky. The celebration of their 50th anniversary.

He urged the Union members to join the anti-poverty crusade, and announced the government's plans to provide a million as a starter, to help the people of Harlem to fight juvenile delinquency. And then he called on them, like a preacher in a brush arbor - "Are you with me?" "Will you join me?" and got a big response, not exactly as a surprise to me.

I had to get up and say a few words too, which I managed well enough because I feel very much at home with Mr. Patowsky and his constituents.

From there we went to the Venezuela exhibit, and to our amazement, I saw a gentleman with large, dark glasses on, President Betancourt. Lyndon was supposed to cut the ribbon at the exhibit, President Betancourt's presence was a great surprise. Thank goodness Angier Biddle Duke was handy, made his way quickly to us, so that together, we could pay the proper respects to President Betancourt's presence. Lyndon asked him to come

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down to Washington on Monday, when he was going to have the members of the OAS for a conference. We had a swift, <sup>on</sup>roller-skates tour of the Venezuela exhibit and then went on to the Federal pavillion where Lyndon held a press conference... Impromptu, unexpected, I wonder how our staff and our security put it together.

Then I said goodbye to Lyndon, and went with Angie Biddle Duke, Norman K. Winston, and the Spanish Ambassador <sup>to</sup> ~~at~~ the Spanish pavillion where we had lunch... Or at least the first course, <sup>of</sup> what would probably have been a wonderful lunch... Some hors d'oeuvres, and then a delicious but very exotic soup, wine poured to everybody, but since the whole World's Fair was looking at me through big glass windows, <sup>I</sup> turned my wine glass down, and avidly drank my water.

And then just as I finished my soup, they said we had to leave, there was no more time. I said goodbye to Angie's two charming children, the children of LuLu whom I had known. We made a quick trip to the Goya exhibit, portraits of some spanish royalty, a nude (thank goodness I didn't have my picture made in front of that), there was also Velasquez, <sup>Guerrero</sup> El Greco, and the most impressive picture of all, and the one which I, if I were a PR representative, would have had my picture made in front of. It was a loaf of bread, and some other simple article of food, sitting on a table, and it was called The Marshall Plan, by a Spanish impressionist whose name we all know but I can't remember right now.

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Then we went quickly out to Mitchell Field on Long Island, for the dedication of a John F. Kennedy Educational Civic and Cultural Center. The scene was oddly rural so close to New York City. It was a football field, with bleachers around it. There were some 8 or 10 high school bands lined up, playing. Mimi Benzell, who had sung for us when we had had an official dinner, for some visiting African Chief of State, sang the Star Spangled Banner.

Lyndon made a speech and unveiled a plaque in dedication of the John F. Kennedy Educational Civic and Cultural Center. They have already turned over some of the buildings inherited from Mitchell Field Military Installation, into a small college, and they plan to build, in addition, a center for plays, symphony and ballet.

Naturally, in the course of it, Lyndon called on me, and it was a fairly easy occasion because this did look like the sort of thing that President Kennedy would have liked the most. <sup>by</sup> Bringing the art of this Nation to the people. It was one of his goals, and one to which Lyndon and I can give vigorous support. There were children up in trees, high school girls in pseudo-western costumes, a sort of bucolic look of suburbia, and only a few minutes from New York city.

From there, we went to Atlantic City, where we were met by Governor and Mrs. Hughes, and I rode in the car with Mrs. Hughes to the Claridge

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Hotel, to dress for the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner. It was going to be in convention hall.

This is my first real view of Atlantic City and a rather depressing one it was. A down-at-heels resort town, probably luxurious 30 or so years ago. I shiver to think who has charge of assigning the rooms for the Democratic Convention this summer. And as for us, if we are there, where we'll be is still a difficult problem.

Before the dinner, we went to the usual reception, <sup>for</sup> the head table guests and a few special people, and then on in to the great reception hall, where there was the largest assemblage of ticket <sup>paying</sup> ~~paid~~ democrats <sup>[have]</sup> that ever been gathered together in New Jersey, so they said.

For the dinner, <sup>for</sup> Senator Harrison Williams (Pete Williams) was the handsome toastmaster, and Charles Engelhard, chairman of the convention, <sup>and</sup> of the host committee, made remarks. I sat next to Mrs. Hughes and she, mother of some nine or ten children, and a very positive-minded lady, was a good seat companion in her own right.

We saw Jane Engelhard down in front of us, at a table at which were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, <sup>and</sup> next to her, <sup>and</sup> Perl <sup>and</sup> Mesta, who will probably have a house here in Atlantic City during the summer, and a table full of her guests; and a few people that I rather suspected were Republicans, which is cause for cheers.

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In listening to Governor Hughes during the evening, I got the feeling that he was a pretty solid, tough, practical politician. I liked him; he knew when to say No when No was the real answer. No's not easy to say to Lyndon.

I was proud enough of Lyndon's speech, but it was not one of the ones that I love to the hilt as I do some. He had sort of offered me up, for a one minute "thanks for being there," and it's harder to say no to him than it is to do something that I don't really believe is a good idea to do. So I told them that "Of course, I understand this is not the ideal time of the year to visit Atlantic City, but I do hope you will invite me to come back this summer. Maybe I'll even bring my husband with me."

When the dinner was over, we filed out, shaking hands with as many people as we could possibly reach, on the way out. And then went by, what was supposed to be, very briefly, the Shelborne Hotel, for a reception hosted by the Engelhardts.

A penthouse, with a lovely view of the city, that is probably the most plush spot in the town now. Which only points up the fact that this is going to be a difficult city in which to have the Democratic National Convention and have everybody be in a good humor about their room, because, although it's comfortable and attractive, it is old fashioned, and not sleek and bright.

Among the guests were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. I'd had a few minutes delightful conversation with either one of them, the most ridiculous

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part of which, <sup>was</sup> when I was trying to find somebody to show me the way to the ladies room, and the Duchess of Windsor suddenly emerged and said, "Can't I take you? It's right down here. I have a suite right down here at the end of the hall, just follow me." I never expected to be shown the way to the ladies room by the Duchess of Windsor!

They are an attractive but rather sad pair. I feel they are making a life out of what one ought to make two hours of the day, that is, one's rest and recreation. Life ought to consist of a terrific commitment and an awful lot of hard work in some job that you like, and then, a little off-time just to celebrate and have fun!

During the evening, I found myself sitting by someone named E. Young McPherson, a very attractive Scotchman, living in the Union of South Africa. It rather pleases me that I can describe somebody as an attractive man. He attempted to explain to me, the difficulties of that riven country; of how many more college graduates they have turned out among the negro race, than have some of the other countries recently released from colonialization.

Sitting out on a deck, looking at the lights of Atlantic City, while Lyndon talked to a very attractive lady, of the rather velvety society set, minutes passed, so that it was close to midnight when we left, by helicopter, and then by plane for Washington, getting to the White House at a little after one o'clock, and late to bed, for a very full day.