

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 20, 1964

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Today found me with a desperate sense of being over-committed and under-prepared...Kentucky breathing hot on my neck, going tomorrow morning, not having my speeches prepared to my liking, or having really <sup>been</sup> assimilated all the information that's/put before me about Kentucky, about what the day will hold.

I spent almost all day with Liz, working on the main speech of the evening before the Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs, and the smaller ones at the Wood Utilization Center, and the dedication of the new high school gymnasium.

The morning part, I just looked forward to as a pleasure.

And then at 8, there was Bill White's birthday party, black tie. Another one of my Washington evenings that I love so much. The Dean Achesons were there; I've always had so much respect for him. And the Milo Perkins, our old friends. Milo was looking forward to going out to the University of Arizona, for an honorary degree, one day in late May. And then, the last of June, they'd be going for a solid three or four months stay, to Arizona. [Something that they'd never really done in all the years on the House.] They spoke of their "grandchildren" that is the beautiful azalea plants, that so many of their friends have received from them, that came from their lovely garden, which is now <sup>Landon</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>land</sup> ~~land~~ <sup>ing</sup> school. From the ashes of tragedy they've rebuilt a very exciting life for themselves, divided between growing beautiful things, azaleas, specialized grass seed, and studying the

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economy of far away countries in depth, by living there several years at a time, such as Japan, Brazil, Venezuela. They are two of the most interesting, spiritual, and true-hearted friends I know.

I sat myself down by Dean Acheson because I admire him so much, and a couple of times during the evening, I wished I could just have taken out my shorthand notebook and copied down what he was saying.

Once, it went something like this ... he had become an assistant to George Marshall, when Marshall was Secretary of State. General Marshall said, "I want you to give me a real opinion, don't be afraid of hurting my feelings. I have no feelings except those that I save for Mrs. Marshall." And another time, there was a delightful bit in which he was quoting Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes. If I remember rightly, he is one of that long line of law clerks, who served Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. What Mrs. Holmes said, was approximately this "...good judgement consists in determining those things, that you can treat with intelligence, neglect (that's an art that I need very much right now)."

There were just about 10 or 12 of us at the dinner, a very good talking group. June was all aglow - and Bill was so pleased that Lyndon had appointed him as one of those to make the trip, to France, as a memorial of the 20th (is it 20th?) anniversary of D Day.

There was good talk, good toasts, good food, and an early bedtime - a very desirable recipe for a party, in my opinion.

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