

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, June 9, 1964

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The dreaded day arrived when I was to deliver the baccalaureate address at Radcliffe.

I got in about an hours work in the morning before leaving for the airport with Liz. On the plane there was Kenneth Galbraith, one of the most attractive men I know. He came back and jack-knifed into a seat beside me, folding up his six feet eight or thereabouts and we talked about India and what would happen next, and he gave me a copy of his latest book Scotch.

Once caught up in the stream of a day like this, a day in which there is constant activity, and every half hour you are thrust into confrontation with people that you think are smarter than you are, the dread with which you faced it, has to be relegated to the background. You simply put one foot in front of the other and do the best you can.

At the airport, Governor Endicott Peabody and Mrs. Peabody, Tony, smart, sparkly, capable, met me and also, Mrs. John Collins, the wife of the Mayor, they had just been down to the Irish dinner a little while before. And Mrs. Carl Gilbert, who is the chairman of the Trustees of Radcliffe. Mrs. Gilbert ^{was} ~~is~~ in the car with me going in, and she said, "You certainly ~~came~~ gave a lovely time, to a part of my family, the Adams, in the White House not long ago." And then added something like this, "I suppose the younger lines of the family were not included, such as mine."

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I gulped and said, "Mrs. Gilbert, we could not just find all the members of the Adams family, and so we asked the Massachusetts Historical Association for the family list. As I recall, Thomas Boylston Adams himself, is head of the Massachusetts Historical Association, and we had gone by what he gave us." Anyhow, Mrs. Gilbert, ^W Mrs. Abigail Adams Gilbert, and I expect the same little mistake crops up in a lot of places. But the only way to avoid such, is to do absolutely nothing.

Our first stop was the graduate center where I recorded brief excerpts from the baccalaureate address for radio and television. And then we went to President ~~and~~ Mary Bunting's residence, 76 ^{It} Brattle Street, where a small group of ladies were assembled for a private luncheon for me including Mrs. Pippity; Mrs. Hurley, President of the Alumna Association; ^{Ch Name!} Dean Barbara Solomon, who had talked to us at the White House on the Radcliffe Archives, ^{at} at one of the Women Do-ers Luncheons; Mrs. Gilbert, and some five or six other Deans and officials of Radcliffe.

It was a comfortable old house, ~~but~~ a quietly genteel and aglow with books; it almost has that sort of assured look that its occupants have. On walking through the gardens, we had come to a pretty fountain and one of the ladies had told me, ^{that} at Radcliffe was where Helen Keller had graduated from, and this fountain was a memorial to her. The design ^{was} chosen because, ¹ when she was a very little girl and deaf and dumb and blind, ² her family had engaged a teacher to try to get across to her, ³ the meaning of the words and the teacher had held her hand under the water in a fountain, ⁴ and had somehow

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or another, got across the feeling, the meaning, the word "water." They said that Helen Keller learned to speak, but her words were difficult to understand. A very imaginative memorial to her, I thought.

Then came the moment, ^{the} drive to the Memorial Church of Harvard University, where along the way, I saw the very famous Harvard Yard. In the minister's study, I changed to my beautiful black robe with the white velvet bands, ^{which} the University of Texas had given me, with my Honorary Doctor of Letters degree on May 30th, and joined the processional, into the small, quaint, high ceilinged, rather rococo Memorial Church.

I joined the preacher, the Reverend Charles Price, Dr. Bunting and Mrs. Gilbert on the raised portion right below the pulpit, for the brief and simple service; the Lord's Prayer, several hymns sung beautifully by the Radcliffe Choral Society, and spent most of the time eagerly searching the faces of the 250 odd ^{girls} faces, to see what it was that made them different from and ~~Of the~~ smarter than most of the girls, because this certainly is Olympian ground, intellectually speaking, and I was never so awed in my life by both audience and pulpit.

Presently, with no introduction, I arose, climbed up into the high pulpit and read the speech that I had worked harder on than just about any other.

One of the lines I liked best was - "...Remember, in the most local

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realistic terms, that education is a loan to be repaid by gift of self." The theme of the speech was["]that actually, amid all the worries and uncertainties and the provocative doctrines about the role of the educated woman today, a quite remarkable young woman had been emerging in the United States. She is your sister, your roommate, and if you look closely enough, probably yourself. She might be called the natural woman, the complete woman. She wants to be, while being equally involved, preeminently a woman, a wife, a mother, a thinking citizen. I urge you to enter outlets, not as the super woman, but as the total woman, a natural woman, a happy woman. If you achieve the precious balance between woman's domestic and civil life, you can do more for zest and sanity in our society and for any other achievement."

And then I listed a few specifics, besides repaying the gift of education by pouring back your energy and your intellect into your community schools and your childrens' schools, I called on them to improve the esthetics of our cities where 70% of the people now live and more are going to live in the next two or three decades.

And then, third, and this I think is very important: ~~To~~ make your front line of freedom, your front door, that is to raise happy, well-balanced, level-headed families.

And lastly, a little pitch, where I've spent so much of my life, in the world of politics, because although the biggest percentage of people ~~were~~ eligible to vote are women, the biggest percentage of people who actually

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vote are men, and that's no credit to the women. Of course, a shining example of somebody who's balanced their life is their own Mary Bunting, mother of four children, the President of this wonderful college, ^{who} and only recently has accepted a place Lyndon appointed her, ^{for} as a member of the Atomic Energy Commission. I'm glad she practices what she preaches.

This was a speech which many had given me thoughts and words. Barbara Ward, Maria ^{Mannes} Menace, Dr. David Wrightsman, Eric Goldman, and Mary Bundy. I tried very hard on it. When it was over, the main thing I thought was, "I'm glad it's over."

I stopped out on the front steps of the church and shook hands with as many of the graduates as came by. One lady said she had attended a graduation at Swarthmore for another child yesterday, where Lyndon spoke, and here today, ^{she} was attending the graduation of her daughter. I told her she was exposed to double jeopardy from the Johnsons.

It was pleasant to see Kitty Galbraith and Mary Bundy, and most of all, to meet the beaming parents and grandparents. When I actually get down to talking to the people, I think that the gap between Karnak ^C and Cambridge can be bridged, and I'm not quite so in awe of them.

We left about 3:30 and just had time to drive by the ^{site} ~~sight~~ along the Charles River that has been dedicated for the Kennedy Library, a gift from Harvard. It will be a noble, peaceful setting, I think, quite in company with what it is

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intended to house.

Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Peabody and I got out and walked around. They pointed out to me where President Kennedy used to live when he went to school at Harvard, very close by.

And then to the airport, and a two hour flight to Washington, arriving at 6:30, on almost a Lyndon Johnson schedule, because there was another big event of the day, little more than an hour away - the State Dinner for Prime Minister of Denmark, Jens Otto Krag and his beautiful wife, the Danish movie star, Helle Krag.

On the way back, I studied the guest list and reviewed the biographies of the Krag's, and tried to remember the wonderful things that had happened to me when I was in Denmark.

Then when I got in the car at the airport, I called to make sure that our houseguests were safely ensconced, Wesley and Neva West, in one suite on the third floor, and right across from them, Maryallen and A. W., with Will and Mary, in adjoining rooms. And they are the guests I am hoping very much, will have the best time of all for the next three or four days.

Back at the White House, there was a quick change to what I think is my most impressive dress, a white faille by Irene, with some gold ^{parementarie} ~~parementary~~ around the top. A comb out, and then down stairs to the front door, with Lyndon in a white jacket, to meet the Krag's at five minutes of eight.

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We went up to the Yellow Room with the Knuth-Winterfeldts, their Ambassador; the Bill Blairs, who until recently had been our Ambassador to them, and I wondered how they liked the change; Tom and Mary Clark; Angie and Robin Duke; and of course Virginia and Dean Rusk; and Dr. Paul Fisher, who is their opposite number in Denmark.

In the exchange of gifts, Lynda Bird was so eager to show off the abilities of the talking doll, for their year and a half little daughter, Astrid Helene, and the hobby horse for their son, that Lyndon and I could hardly get a word in edgeways to present ours, among which was a barbeque set, a wagon with grill, it was, intended for their country home which, we hear, they love just as much as we love the ranch. And the name Skeevrin was carved on it.

Also, we had a turquoise and silver necklace from the Hopi Indians of Arizona, for Mrs. Krag. One, I think, that we actually took off the neck of Lee Udall, because the one planned didn't quite turn out right.

Because the Krag's are young and handsome and gay, we had planned it as a dinner dance with Peter Duchin, son of the late Eddie Duchin, doing the music. And for once Lyndon would have to say that his dinner partner and his dancing partner was the prettiest woman in the room.

From the Cabinet, there were the McNamaras and the Freemans; and from the Senate, Abigail and Gene McCarthy, the Muskies; the Proutys, — he's one of the nicest Republicans; and also my good friends the Gerald Fords of Michigan, from the House of Representatives, one of the best members that the Republicans have got.

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I was awfully glad to be able to have George and Helen Mahon of Texas.

Thinking that this would be one of the most fun State Dinners, I had asked the Walter Jenkins and the Tyler Abells, big asset in dancing too.

From Texas, there were the W. S. Bellows; the Lloyd Bens^{on}sons, no couple in the room more clean cut and beautiful, both of them; and their Scandinavian background made them fit so well into this group; the Howard Butts; the Gene Chambers, I thought this would be a good one to have them because of the presence of the Wests; the Leo Corrigan^s, the ^{Laborn}~~Rayburn~~ Thompsons; Jack Vaughns; and of course, the Wests and the Moursunds.

One of those most responsible for getting Danish designs into this country, Mr. Juest Lunning, chairman of the Board for Danish-American Trades Council, was here. And Victor Borge, the comic pianist. And my handsome friends from the Metropolitan Opera Association, the Anthony Blisses. I always think of My Sister Eileen when I see her.

From the press, there was Kay Graham; the Mark Childs; the Walter ^{Ridders}~~Ritters~~; and the James Restons. And from the world of TV, our good friends, the Frank Stantons; and Nancy Henchman Dickerson and her husband.

Among old friends were the Clark Cliffords; and having the best time of all, the young Ed Weisls from New York.

And in a room full of pretty women, it would have been hard to find one as lovely as Luci Baines Johnson herself. This was the dinner to which I

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had invited her. I had promised each of the girls one State dinner during their stay here, and Lynda Bird, of course, was with us before dinner and afterwards for the dancing.

Of course, there was a good supply of people of Danish descent, who had done well in America. The Gunner Halstroms, the Fred Hansons, the Alfred Jacobsons, the Albert Jorgensens, the Semen Knudsens, the Chris Larsons.

By Lyndon's special request, the Arthur Krims from New York, he's President of the United Artists Corporation, and she's one of the ~~most~~ *brightest* women we've met in a long time.

And I was glad to have Diana and Donald to their first State dinner.

The toasts were good and quite substantive, I thought. Lyndon said, "On the world's stage, Denmark and the United States act together as allies in NATO, and we work together in common dedication to the cause of peace." And he added that Americans are appreciative of Denmark's responsible role in supporting the UN and in sending her sons to keep the peace in Cyprus, the Congo, and the Gaza Strip.

Krag responded by noting " ~~... That it is~~ ["] more than ever before, ~~that~~ it is essential that we preserve our solidarity within NATO." (I'm glad of all the shoring up that can get). He said he hoped the years to come would show the world new examples of progress in the field of disarmament; it is the greatest challenge that faces us all.

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It seems to me that all the Scandinavian countries weigh more heavily than the number of people in them would indicate, on the scales for sanity and progress in the world today.

After dinner there was dancing in the East Room. Peter Duchin was delightful, except his numbers were a little too long for Lyndon, who likes to change partners about every three minutes.

The ^{new} tables around the wall. I noticed Maryellen Moursund and the Wests at one of them. But Wesley did dance a lot, and a good dancer he was. I'm so glad he seemed relaxed, happy and about 20 pounds thinner than he sometimes is.

The dancing was so much fun that it was nearly one before we said goodnight and went upstairs.

Lyndon had told me that he would like to have the Gene Chambers spend the night, so I had planned to put them in the Queen's Room, lending them some of the essentials, and Walter found them and escorted them up there, I hope without its being too obvious, to our other Texas friends.

Tonight, once more, I had gotten the autograph of my dinner partner, Prime Minister Krag, on my menu card. It had been a very gay evening, and with the words of Hello Dolly, we went upstairs about one o'clock, had a nightcap and a little final conversation with Gene and Dee Chambers, and the Wests.

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And then, after everybody was gone, occurred one of my funniest little moments in the White House.

In my robe and slippers, ready for bed, I observed that all the lights in the second floor hall were ^{on} gone, and I went from one to the other, turning them off. Then when I got to the staircase that leads down to the State floor, I could hear a few clattering feet disappearing in the distance, ^{and} I could see a great blaze of light going down the steps. If I could only have stepped out into the hall and turned off the main lights, but I was afraid the door would lock behind me. Cautiously I pushed it open, ^{held} ~~felt~~ it with my foot, reached as far as I could - it was quite obvious I couldn't get to the switch, but some devilish instinct led me to ~~the~~ just let the door close gently and walk over and turn out the lights. Then I went back and started to get in - sure enough it was locked tight. I knocked, hoping maybe the Chambers in the Queen's Room would hear me. I called gently, I called a little louder, nobody heard me. There was ^{now} no sound down below, but there were a few lights still on. So I thought about all those funny ~~adds~~ ads about - I went to the Opera in my Maidenform Bra - and I thought how amusing it would be if I walked through the main entrance hall of the White House at about 1:30, ⁱⁿ in my dressing gown, and met a dozen or so of the last departing guests. But there was nothing else to do, so with a very assured look and with a nice smile, I went walking down the stairs, through the hall, met only two or three of the departing musicians and staff members. I smiled as if it was a matter of course, caught the elevator back up to my own floor, and to bed, thinking this was a

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great day, marred only by one thing, which, of course, irritates Lyndon more than it does me. A full page spread in the Evening Star, and also a large two-column story on the front page of the Star - I wonder why the Star is more intent on this than any other paper in the United States - which was entitled The Johnson Money.¹¹ Presidential family's holdings estimated at nine million.¹¹ Unfortunately there were no offers included.

Too bad this had to happen on the very day when A. W. came up here to bring his family because I wanted this to be a pleasant, carefree time for all four of them, a sort of way of expressing my gratitude for all they've done for us... Deer hunters and sightseers, and sudden meals for eight or ten extra folks. I knew that A. W. would be worried and ill at ease.

My last thought was a picture of Luci, that I encountered when I reentered the East Room after going to tell somebody goodby, saw all of the guests stopped cold, in a ring, around a couple dancing the frug, Luci, the delicate butterfly, in my Philippine dress with the big sleeves, and all American boy Ricky Keaton, the Rusty Keaton's son, doing an enormously active dance which is a descendant of the Charleston, by way of the twist. For a moment I froze, but everybody was clapping and laughing, and her daddy went over and kissed her on the forehead.

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