

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, June 11, 1964

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I got Doris, Mary^{la}ellen, and the children off on a sightseeing trip and then settled down for work on the speech for the Golden Slipper Club and on mail, part of it in the Rose Garden, on some comfortable chaise lounges, Andrew Jackson's magnolia trees in full bloom behind me, and the sweet scent and the sunshine making it a wonderful place to work.

Lyndon joined us for a late lunch. Mary^{la}ellen, the children, Lynda Bird and I, and we asked Mary to give the blessing, and a very grown up little Mary, did it with great composure and speed.

In the middle of the afternoon, I caught a plane for Philadelphia, for the Golden Slipper Square Club, that was to honor me with an award. Our good friend, Albert Greenfield, the financier, had requested me very earnestly to do this, although he himself is not a member of the club. It's a Masonic Club, composed, about 65% of it, of the wealthiest Jews in Philadelphia, and their main activities are supporting a summer camp where some 600 children come during the course of 2 or 3 months; one group staying three weeks and then moving on, and then another group coming. Very poor children, who couldn't possibly go to camp without this. No regard given to race, creed or color. They maintain over a hundred college scholarships, and many small personal charities immediately done, like an operation to correct the hairlip of a girl who was ashamed to go to school as she was; or purchasing a wheel chair for a member of a family too poor to buy one. Or when the mother of 12 children, comes to Judge Hoffman's court, with one of them who had gotten into trouble, Judge Hoffman

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finds there's no food in the house. The Golden Slipper Club, without waiting for the long processes of case workers and governmental charity, gets some out before suppertime.

It turned out to be a very interesting and exciting evening. Mayor Tate had met me at the airport, along with Mrs. Mann, representing the city, and then at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. The first event after I changed, was ~~to~~ welcome the officials of the Golden Slipper Square Club, in my Presidential suite, where we all had our pictures taken. Beautiful Mrs. Greenfield, hair piled high, and Mr. Greenfield; Judge Sidney Hoffman, the present President of the club; and Edward H. Rosen, young, handsome, dynamic incoming President; a chief award winner of this year, Morris Jenkins. And then we went in to a small reception given by the Greenfields in the Poor Richard Room, which turned out to be not so small.

It was fun to run into Jean Robitscher there, who long ago, was co-author of a newspaper column with Liz Carpenter, when I first knew her. A native of Austin, and now married to a doctor, obviously a well-to-do one, young and nice, here in Philadelphia.

There were about 500 guests seated at their tables when we went in to dinner. I sat between Frederik Mann, who is a sort of Angier Biddle Duke of the City of Philadelphia, and Judge Hoffman, President of the Club. Everybody had a good time, and everybody enjoyed talking about all the good things the club had done, and nobody more than me enjoyed hearing about them.

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Judge Hoffman was a great friend and admirer of Arthur Goldberg and we both agreed that we hadn't thought anybody could possibly be as good a Secretary of Labor and then gradually, I, who had rather resented Goldbergs' being imprisoned in the ivory tower of the court, grew to like Willard Wirtz just as much, and think he was just as capable, but I couldn't say all of this before Judge Hoffman himself had said it.

He gave me delightful thumbnail sketches of everybody in the audience, or rather the outstanding people. For instance, a Judge Adrian Bonnelli, who had come over from Italy as a very small boy, with absolutely no money, and had risen to be one of the top jurists of Pennsylvania. About five feet tall, red faced, white thatched, ^{he} ~~who~~ bounced around like a tennis ball and seemed to know every person in the room very well, including me.

The room was full of success stories of America, immigrants or the children of immigrants, who had come over and made money, or done well in professions or government in this country.

Judge Hoffman said, "There's many faults about the Jews, but one of them isn't lack of generosity. They're the most generous people in the world. Why, I could just stand up here right now and raise \$10,000 for the Hottentots in 15 minutes." I don't doubt that he could, but it wouldn't be entirely the natural generosity of the Jews responsible, because when he got up to speak, it was obvious he was one of those natural-born orators from whom ideas just come bubbling out, clothed in excellent language. Also his speech had the virtue of being short. He was billed on the program

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as having a national reputation for his innovations and attempts to solve the problems of juvenile delinquency, and he was just as enthralled in the subject as Lyndon was once in building dams.

He has a program going now to get volunteer workers from among the young people, their peers in age and social background, to try to help them (tutor them) ¹¹ those who are potential dropouts, or who were in danger of getting in trouble with the courts. He was real doleful about the chances to bring back those that finally reached detention homes or reform schools. He said, "One year out of a reform school and 65% are back in the Court room."

Well, it was an education, and I love to be close to someone who loves his work.

On my other side was bluff, outgoing Frederik Mann, who had, apparently, made a fortune, and then some 15 years or so ago, gone into public service and found himself unable to get out of it, so he said, because each succeeding Mayor, said "you can't leave me. Now is the worst time of all. You've got to help me over this crisis." And then another crisis followed, quick on its heels.

He told me he had five daughters. He pointed out one in the audience, who had, when she graduated from high school, been accepted at seven colleges, the top seven in the country - she had chosen Radcliffe.

The actual presentation of the award, was done by Mrs. Greenfield, gracefully, with great poise. She had been introduced as one of the first

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ladies of Philadelphia, on the Board of Public Education of Philadelphia, and the State Board of Education - quite a Woman Do-er herself.

The award was a sterling silver replica of an ink stand used at the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the inscription on it was very dear, indeed - too generous - just makes me want to get out and do some of the things I've already gotten credit for doing. ~~Myxx~~

My response was very brief, just thanked this organization that had translated high sounding words into meaningful deeds for the children and the needy families of this area. We live in exciting and compassionate age. We witness governments around the world, growing more responsive to human suffering, and we know that it is not the developing nations alone but our own who have unfinished tasks in the department of human want, But no government, no matter how sensitive or responsible, can do all the tasks alone. It is organizations like yours who tend to human wants in a personalized human way. The city of Philadelphia is a city of brotherly love and it is due in no small measure to your own golden footsteps.

By the time I had spent two hours with them, I could really be enthusiastic about it, and I think they liked it too.

Then the band struck up, and I got three dances, with Mr. Greenfield, Judge Hoffman, and young Mr. Rosen, before getting off about 10:30 to drive back to Washington. There's no such thing as a plane that late, so it had to be a three hour drive, which actually I didn't mind at all.

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Simone ^{Poulain} Pulaine, Frances Lew ⁱⁿ and I had some pillows and blankets in the back seat and they were good company.

My thoughts went back to Lyndon's dilemma, in fact, they seldom leave it. How he could get out, or does he have to go on.?

Yesterday, the Senate had cleared the way for a vote on the Civil Rights Bill, by invoking cloture, by about four votes extra. In about 10 days maybe it will pass the Senate, and then back to the House. Maybe in about two or three weeks he can sign it into Law, that would be a high point on which to get out, but then what. ? I fear the repercussions so much, not only in Lyndon's personal life, but in the fact that he has sort of become a father image in the country, and there's nobody in the Democratic Party, quite ready to step into his shoes, without a few months build-up, and his unwillingness to carry on, might bring with it, a wave of disillusion, resentment, even bitterness from Democrats, and from people everywhere, that would be too painful to ^{bear} ~~bare~~. He wants me to help him get out and I think I can only say - "Stay on."

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