

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, June 12, 1964

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This was a red letter day. The State Dinner for Chancellor Erhard of Germany.

But it began with work at the desk with Liz. Then around noon, a trip to the State Department Building, <sup>where</sup> ~~for~~ the conference of the governor's Commission on the Status of Women, <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ going on. President Kennedy's Committee on the Status of Women, amply bolstered by Lyndon, has hatched throughout the United States, a considerable little flock of State Commissions on the Status of Women, and representatives from these were in town for the meeting with Secretary of Labor Wirtz, and other officials.

Jane Wirtz, Jane Freeman, Mrs. Macy of the Civil Service Commission, and Bill Wirtz himself met me in the front hall of the State Department building.

Upstairs, I stood in line where Esther Peterson introduced me to women who had come from some 33 states. There were about 82 women in all. It was a brief appearance, just to cheer you on, salute you, gesture.

Back at the White House at 4 o'clock, I had a group of friends in for tea - the Philip Baldwins from Marshall; and Harold Solomon's son; Doris, of course; Althea Clark Spann and her husband, John, back now living in Ft. Worth, after several years so-journ in Chicago; Corinne Barnes and her husband Curtis, of the State Department, soon to head for Belgium. Corinne and I share the distinction of being two folks who got out of Karnack to see the wide, wide world. And Judge Marvin Jones, bless his heart, for whom there had been an appreciation dinner last night, and in whose honor a good many Texans had come to town. He brought with him, his kinfolk

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and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Nealy and several others. He still looks wonderfully hale and hearty, though <sup>a</sup>contemporary of the ~~Speaker~~ <sup>Speaker</sup>.

And Rose <sup>Groves</sup> ~~Groves~~ and her pretty daughter, and a friend, and her sister-in-law. Rose is responsible for my recipe for pickled okra and I had told her it had gone out all over the United States, without due credit to her, I must say. Rose was with us in a campaign of 1941. We all had a tour through the second floor, a good tea, and a happy visit. Although a very mixed up group, I found this is the best way when you have a lot of friends in town, just to gather them together.

Then a little work with Ashton and making sure that one of the White House aides took Mrs. Powell in to the dinner, and introduced her around so she wouldn't feel lonely.

And then, dressed in my orange and yellow taffeta (I think it will be nice outside), <sup>on</sup> ~~and~~ the north portico to greet Chancellor Erhard, a little bit before eight.

All afternoon, we had been looking skyward, at the rolling clouds, because this will be the first dinner to be held outdoors. Bess, that efficient girl, had duplicate arrangements made inside, all seating arranged, even the State Dining Room all fixed up, I understand. How it could have been, I don't know, because we don't have duplicates of some things, but the stage, I did notice, was incomplete readiness in the East Room, when we were in there later. But, the weather, praise the Lord, held.

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And the Chancellor, almost a prototype of Germans, stocky, rotund, jovial, looking like a good salesman, was at the north portico a little bit before eight, accompanied by the Knappsteins and the irreplaceable Angie Biddle Dukes.

We went up the Yellow Room, where George and Cecilia McGhee, our own Ambassador to Germany, already awaited us. And Virginia and Dean Rusk had beat us up there. And we were joined by Dr. Vestrick, he whose daughter we found lodging for, with some of the <sup>Burge</sup>~~Burke~~ in Stonewall, at Christmas time.

It was good to see George and Cel, and talk of Farmer's Delight, past which I had walked when I was staying at Huntlands. And their new grandchild, her daughter is married to ~~Hotting~~ Carter's son, Philip. And she said, that Marcia, her daughter, discovered that she was practically next door neighbors with Isabelle Brown, now Mrs. Jim Mathis, in Georgetown. Their parents both had homes in Middleburg, Virginia about a mile apart and they both had babies within about a week of each other.

The Chancellor speaks English but not very well, and likes to rely on an interpreter. He's an extrovert, easy to be around. I found myself very much aware of his limp. He has a foot injury from the war, wears orthopedic shoes.

Then the moment came when we filed down the staircase to the tune of Hail to the Chief, and my thoughts were mostly that I hoped it was as big a thrill for Doris and the Baldwins as it has been <sup>for</sup> me so many times in the past.

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We lined up between the flags, in the East Room, and received the 140 odd guests. With the German party was my old friend, Franz <sup>Krapp</sup> ~~Kropp~~, Helga's husband, now assistant secretary in the Foreign Office, tall, slim, handsome. I asked him about Helga and he said she had broken or injured her ankle. How I hope some of his trips bring her back; and the interpreter, Mr. Weber, I recognize almost better than any of them. He must be <sup>an</sup> extremely competent man. ~~On~~ Many of them were repeats from the ranch visit at Christmas. Dr. Gerhard Schrader was there; and Dr. <sup>K</sup> ~~Carl~~ <sup>K</sup> Carstens; and I believe, Dr. Osterheld; as well as, of course, Korotvin Vestrick; and Knapstein.

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From the court, there was Justice and Mrs. Harlan; and the Secretary of Commerce and Martha Hodges from the Cabinet, as well as the Rusks. And among those who represented the Senate, Grace and Tom Dodd; the handsome <sup>Clairborne</sup> ~~Clayborn~~ Pells; my old friends John and Ivo Sparkman of Alabama; and organ voiced Everett McKinley Dirksen and Luella.

I have come to use and value Dr. Erik <sup>S</sup> ~~Goldman~~ a great deal in my own business, so I was particularly glad that he and his wife were here for what I think is the prettiest party, the party with the most style and grace that we've had all year. And for the same reason, the Joe Alsops.

Dr. and Mrs. <sup>Werner</sup> ~~Venner~~ Von Braun had come up from Huntsville. I always wonder what a confrontation between this number one scientist, now working for us, and the head man of his own country, <sup>does</sup> feel like deep down inside.

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From the entertainment world, there was Mitzi Gaynor, for Lyndon's special edification, and her husband John Bean; and also Janet Leigh and her husband, Robert Grant.

And from the business community, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson, chairman of IBM Corporation; Mr. and Mrs. Frederik Donner, chairman of the Board of General Motors; and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard McCullom, President of Continental Oil.

Walter Reuther greeted the Chancellor in German, as did many of the guests.

Later, Doris Powell told me that she sat by him <sup>(Walter Reuther)</sup> and found him absolutely charming. Which goes to show that the world does change!

It must have been interesting to the Germans, to meet Mrs. George Marshall, whose husband General Marshall, was author of the plan that brought Germany and most of Europe from rubble to rejuvenation.

And I was delighted that Mrs. Herbert May was there, still regal and elegant, though her age I wouldn't dare guess. She's the fairy godmother to the National Symphony Orchestra and I thought this would be a particularly nice time to have her, but she had to leave early because she was hostess at a <sup>of</sup> Deb party.

Among old friends were the George Browns, and once more I'm glad they came to the best. And the Philip Baldwins, of course, from Marshall.

And from the press, the Arthur <sup>k</sup> Crocks; Inez Robb and her husband, Addison Robb; quite a few representatives of German press, Television and

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radio. Craggy, handsome Erik<sup>ce</sup> Severeid and his wife; William Shirer, the author; Marie Smith.

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And for the music loving Germans, / Mrs. William Steinberg, Conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, and very popular in Germany.

When the last guest passed by, there followed a lot of firsts. I took the Chancellor's arm and we walked into the Blue Room and through the doors and down the circular steps, the first time I ever remember doing so, in any sort of official entertainment, <sup>A</sup> and this was the first dinner outside.

"The setting was star spangled, even though the weather was not, as Maxine Cheshire said, <sup>"</sup> with the patriotic panorama of Washington's historic landmarks providing the background. <sup>"</sup>

Dinner was in the Rose Garden, one long main table, the rest round tables for ten. The Marine Band playing from the little paved terrace, in the shadow of Andrew Jackson's magnolias, <sup>the perfume of</sup> whose blossoms drifted to us in the breeze.

I faced the south lawn, with a view of the Washington Monument and the Jefferson Memorial in the distance. Chancellor Erhard on my right; Gerhard Schröder, minister of Foreign Affairs on my left. How delighted I was with all of Bess' arrangements; <sup>R</sup> nice paper lanterns were hanging ~~at~~ in clusters of three and four, <sup>from</sup> graceful bamboo poles that were taped together to form trees, <sup>that</sup> bent gently in the breeze.

Rusty Young had outdone himself with the flowers - <sup>gailardias</sup> ~~daisies~~, daisies,

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lilies, a bronze chrysanthemum, arranged in Monroe's vermeil - nothing informal about the setting even if it was outside.

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And Rene and Ferdinand get A plus on the delicious menu of vichyssoise, lobster thermidor, with berny potatoes and creamed spinach, green salad with a mousse of roquefort, and strawberries Romanoff.

Chancellor Erhard told me that Van Cliburn who had played for us at the ranch, <sup>2</sup> had had a triumphal tour of Germany, had made a great trip.

After dinner, we strolled inside, to the ground floor, once more a first, for coffee and liquers, in the Diplomatic Reception room. Guests strolled into the Library, into the China Room, the Vermeil room and big hall.

I had a chance to talk when I went with Dr. and Mrs. Luther Foster, <sup>1</sup> He's the President of Tuskegee Institute, about her trip to Russia with our friend Helen Gahagan Douglas; and also Virginia Durr, and further what Tuskegee has to offer in the way of vocational education. I gathered though, from the brief talk, that they really concentrate on four year college work, rather than on simple one or two years of vocational education which would enable one to hold down a job.

Then we went out to take our seats in front of the shell, where three comfortable ones had been lined up in the front row, for Lyndon, the Chancellor and me. The National Symphony Orchestra conducted by Howard Mitchell, did Beethoven's Overture to <sup>d'</sup>Egmont. He chose this one, he said, because Beethoven was a champion of human rights and had written the overture

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because of Prince d'Egmont, the <sup>D</sup>dutch patriot who gave his life for freedom.

And then Maria Tallchief, an Osage Indian from Muskogee, Oklahoma, danced the pas de deux with youthful, handsome, Jaques Dumbois, who is probably better known in Germany than he is here, because he's danced three summers at Munich, in fact, he just got back Monday in time to dance for Erhard.

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Miss Tallchief, very distinctive, high-cheek boned, had been at one of my luncheons for Women Do-ers. This is the first time she'd ever performed for a U. S. President, although she's danced for many of the world's rulers including Premier Krushchev, who took her home afterwards for just a simple family dinner, and told her that he'd always wanted somebody in his family to take up ballet, but the only one they'd had any hopes for, one of his granddaughters, had proved to be too fat to be accepted for training.

The entertainment ended with the finale from the New World Symphony by Dvorak, and then champagne began being passed among the guests, but the Chancellor's car drove up in just a moment, and we bid him goodbye and the guests quickly dispersed from the fairyland scene.

I think, perhaps, some of the behind-the-scenes happenings that Bess would know about, would be more interesting than what actually went on visibly.

For instance, New York ballet experts had telephoned down vocal instructions to our White House carpenters, about what sort of a floor to prepare for the ballet to take place on. When they arrived here for the



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rehearsals Thursday, they found everything in perfect order, except they had, in addition, put on a heavy coat of wax, <sup>so</sup> that would have sent Miss Tallchief flying off into the air, <sup>so</sup> after her first great jump. So the crew worked overnight to refinish the floor.

Well, the weather held and everything turned out to dream-like perfection, the high note to end the summer on. Only it doesn't quite.

I went to bed thinking about Lynda, who had risen very early that morning, to get off to Hawaii for her first official solo speech-making appearance and a Hawaiian vacation combined. She is going to address the second Little White House Conference on children and youth at the University of Hawaii.

There had been a picture taking session at 8:30 this morning, in the Oval Reception Room, with Danny Inouye and their two Congressmen, Tom Gill and Spark Matsunaga, who got her off with kisses and laden with leis.

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