

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, June 16, 1964

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This was another one of my Women Do-ers Luncheons, including Mrs. Daniel Brewster, wife of Senator Brewster, from Maryland; and Colonel Mildred Clark, who is the chief of the Army Nurse Corps, who arrived, beautifully ~~crips~~ and white, in her summer uniform. And from Texas, Mrs. Edgar Dean, author of Women of the Bible. I had last seen her at the Texas Women's University, where she is on the Board of Regents.

P And another writer, my old friend, Babs Janeway, came down from New York, and stayed later, and we went over the list of books from the American Book Sellers Association, that they are so kindly going to give to the White House. I asked her to write in any additions that she thought we ought to have.

And then Mrs. Herman Johnson, a veteran social worker from Kansas City, an intelligent, pragmatic, negro woman, whom I liked as much as any of the new ones I met that day.

And Mrs. Clark Kerr, wife of the President of the University of California, at Berkeley, and herself, very interested in the development of parks and open spaces in California cities. I had seen her last at the University campus, UCLA, when Lyndon and President Lopez-Mateos of Mexico both received Honorary Degrees.

Tharon Perkins, my friend from the Roosevelt days. I think it is only fair to call her an economist because she's worked, written, thought and traveled right along with her economist husband, *[for]* more than 30 years, so

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that anything that he produces, is partly hers.

And Mary Robling, Republican, eminent woman banker from New Jersey, somehow or other now interested in Lyndon's cause, and I'm very grateful.

And, it was such a pleasure to see Marie Turner, superintendent of schools of ^{Blairstown [Kentucky]} ~~Blairstown~~ County, happy reminder of one of the best days I spent since I came into this job. And also happy reminder of what one woman can mean in a community. I bet dozens, even hundreds, of the youngsters who amount to something, from that part of the backwoods country of Kentucky, can trace a spark back to help given them by Marie Turner.

And there was Mary Haworth, in private life she's Mrs. Reardon Young, but I always think of her as the very sage, and mostly kindly, sometimes ascorbic, syndicated psychiatrist, so to speak, whose column appears in many newspapers.

And Doris was still here. I was glad to get her to another piece of Washington entertainment, a very different type, that shows a little more of what my life is like.

Then, I had invited Claudia Marsh, and hereby hangs one of Washington's funniest tales, it must have been repeated many times through the years, with many different hostesses, but when I emerged into the hall to greet the first few arrivals, an elderly, smiling lady put out her hand and said

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"I'm Mrs. Charles Marsh." Thank goodness I didn't faint. I hope my face didn't show any flicker of astonishment, because it certainly wasn't ^[my name] ^[Charles] Claudia Marsh. The social office had looked in the green book and had copied down the name of the ^{Charles} wrong Mrs. Marsh. She was a very pleasant lady and one interesting thing, she had remarked to one of the ladies there that she had been to the White House during every administration since Taft, ^{except one!}

Jane

Our speaker was Mrs. ~~James~~ Jacobs, author of the Death and Life of Great American Cities. And then the press was represented by Vera ^SGlaser, of North American Newspaper Line.

It turned out to be rather a good luncheon, I thought, for although I was a bit thrown by the absence of Claudia Marsh, and the presence of this other Mrs. Marsh, I thought this was one of those times that shows whether you've got poise and inner calm or not. So I just did my best to make my little introduction of Jane Jacobs' talk as good as I could, and thought it was rather alright. . . Saying that the sound of the hammer across Lafayette Park, and the usual noon day snarl of traffic at which they'd probably arrived, were reminders to us of one of the growing problems our growing country faces. And then referring to an early occupant of this house, Thomas Jefferson, who warned that when we get piled up in large cities, we shall become corrupt. That was his view of Europe, I think.

And then, more hopefully about Carl Sandburg, who spoke of the strength of cities with their broad shoulders - that's a line from Chicago, I believe.

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And of Walt Whitman, who wrote wistfully of the city invincible, the new city of friends. I wonder really, if he had a city in mind.

And then to get down to brass tacks, as daddy would say, the question now, is how to keep size from smothering the individual into an impersonal and uncomfortable mold, and how to make a city beautiful. This is a question which writer, planner, and citizen must answer. And one of the front runners with the possible answer is Jane Jacobs, who is all three.

Both of us did our little talking sitting down. Mrs. Jacobs was a forceful, articulate, salty, somewhat controversial speaker. One of her big objections to the way cities are run, is that you can get practically any size appropriation for a new park, but you can get practically nothing for the upkeep of an existing park. Another, was the blight that falls upon cities, when a minority group, most usually the negroes, move into a neighborhood, there's a blackout on mortgages, you just can't get houses financed in those areas, presumably because it is expected that they will decline in value.

Which brought on an interesting, but polite exchange with Mrs. Mary Robling and then from ~~her~~ my eternally hopeful believer-in-people, friend, ~~Phalen~~ Sharon Perkins, the observation, when we were talking about parks and the upkeep thereof, that that ought to be a good place to absorb some of the untrained labor, some of the out-of-jobs ~~xxxx~~ youths.

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After lunch, I showed them the Lincoln Room and The Treaty Room, and Oh, Lyndon came in and met us all around, shook hands - thank goodness I remembered everybody's name.

Marie Turner stayed awhile longer, and I gave her a picture of Fern School and a picture for herself.

Then I talked a bit with Vera Glaser^s about what the Women Do-ers Luncheons have meant to me, just, I hoped, in an exchange of ideas and informal small setting, might sow some seeds of interest, spread some information, at least they educated me. — Might serve as a catalyst to produce more interest in these problems.

Then I got in about an hours work on the mail. Told Dorisⁿ, that she perhaps, ought to stand in the Yellow Oval Room and watch the helicopter take off.

And then had just a good little bit of conversation with her about mother, and she told me some anecdotes; about how daddy used to carry mother up the steps; and how she used to get up very early in the morning, have breakfast with him, ride down to the store in the buggy, by his side, and then get out half the way down, and maybe almost all the way down, and walk back, simply because she liked to walk.

And then at 5 o'clock, a ridiculous hour to get dressed in a long formal, I put on my white sheath, with the slit up the side, and pretty new white coat that Alice Brown had given me, and left with Lyndon by chopper from the

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south lawn, ^{Stephen} for Andrews. We were going to New York for the dinner given by the ~~Steven~~ Smiths, the Trustees for the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library, in honor of Mrs. John F. Kennedy. This will be the first time that she's gone to any sort of social occasion since the President's assassination, that I know of.

Chief Justice Warren and Arthur Goldberg were on the plane with us; also Jane and Orville Freeman; Bob and Margie McNamara; the Anthony Celebrezzes; and young Senator Ted Kennedy, who all the way up, was wittily, and capably espousing the cause of Naval bases for Boston, and insisting that more had been closed in Massachusetts than had been in Texas.

We went to a reception on the roof of the St. Regis Hotel, and stood in line with Mrs. Kennedy. There were about 300 guests whom we met in the reception line. Jackie was beautiful in a simple black dress; smiling, composed, she said she was on her way to the Cape, where the children would join her for the summer.

Jim Fosburgh and his wife were there but I didn't have a chance to talk paintings with him.

And Mary Lasker. Is there an art or civic thing, to which she is not a donor?

And I saw Mary Robling again; and Adlai, of course, is usually the first person that one spots in such a gathering.

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The dinner was in a lovely dining room, all pink and gold, and I was seated between Bobby Kennedy and ^{Stephan} Steven Smith. Charlotte Ford, the daughter of Henry Ford, and an exquisite blond with hair piled high on her head, ^{she} She'd been down to Washington recently, to participate in the Youth-for-Lyndon meeting conducted by Senator Birch Bayh, ^{she} was at our table, as was Mrs. Ernest Hemingway. I had a chance to talk about ^{the} the moveable ^{feast} feast with her, which concerns Hemingway's days in Paris in his youth. She said, "If you've spent a part of your youth in Paris, you have it with you always."

Also there was Frederic March, ^{of} of the glorious voice, and his wife, Florence Eldridge.

Lyndon was at a table with Jackie, ^{and} and Jean Smith.

Bobby told me that the guests were donors of \$10,000 or more to the Library. He asked Steve "How much money have you raised?" Steve said, "Seven and a half million." They both thought that they would have the required ten million for the library ready by September. It will be built by funds raised by the Kennedys, and then when everything is in place in it, it will be turned over to the Federal government.

Bobby was easy, relaxed, but he is an enigma to me.

Mrs. Rose Kennedy was there, as slim and pretty as any of her daughters, in a white, sparkling dress.

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After a delicious dinner, there was a program of readings from the favorite poetry of President Kennedy, done by Frederic March. The selections had been made by Jackie, and in the margin she had made notes of why he liked this particular poem. Her charming notes were read by Florence Eldridge, and gave poignancy and counter-point to Frederic March's reading.

One of them was -- "When is this winter of our discontent, made glorious by this son of York --". I want to look it up and see where it comes from. Perhaps it would help to explain to me, the title of John Steinbeck's book, which I like so much.

After dinner, our party left and we piled into a car, Lyndon and I, with the Chief Justice and Bobby, and one of Bobby's aides. The streets were lined with cheering crowds. We waved and smiled. All the way in there had been sizeable crowds, although our route had not been announced, they told me. And even the visit had not been well known until about 5 o'clock that afternoon. Helicopters had gone on ahead of us all the way, and a good many New York policemen were stationed all along the route, and at the overpasses.

Chf page!
Bobby and Lyndon immediately began a very earnest conversation about what the first ^{acts} ~~ax~~ should be, when the Civil Rights Bill was passed. They spoke of the possibility of having a meeting of governors from the states affected by the Public Accommodations measure. There seemed to be 19

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states, not just southern states, that don't have public accomodations law, so this would rather take the ^{onus} ~~owners~~ off of the southern states, if a meeting of governors from all of them were called, to try to work out measures for a peaceful enforcement and transition.

And then they also discussed appointing a man, Lyndon very much wants a southerner, as a mediator when the complaints begin rolling in.

I respect Bobby; in many ways I admire him, but I feel a peculiar unease around him, which I did not feel around his brother. Incidentally, he never once said the word, "Jack" or "President Kennedy", he always said "My brother". I haven't the vaguest idea what is going on in his mind.

We were home and in bed at a reasonable one o'clock.

I thought of the great concentration of New York wealth and society that I had seen at the dinner. John Loeb; ^[the] Bernard Gimbels; Norman K. Winston; Judge Fineburg; many socialites -- the Bill Blairs; Mrs. John R. Fell, and her beautiful daughter; and our friend, David Dubinsky, who moves in so many circles. I have a feeling ^{it} ~~he~~ was International Ladies Garment workers who had made the contribution that caused his presence. I think Steve Smith covered everybody in his search for donations.

The table favors were beautifully bound blue books of President Kennedy's Ours was the Burden and the Glory, a collection of his speeches, some of which Frederic March had read from.

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Chap. I had enjoyed reading about Lynda's activities, swimming in the ocean with small colored diving fins, tackling pig and poi at the luau, receiving a peacock feather lei from the residents of *Mau* Maoi. What an adventure for a young girl! One thing I'd particularly not enjoyed, was the reference, several times made, that she had asked photographers not to take pictures. I think she was wise to ask them not to when she was in a bathing suit, but you can't seem to win that way. I guess the moral has to be that you must take along a press person, who is part buffer and part someone to satisfy their legitimate demands.