

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 24, 1964

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It was as busy as Tuesday was light.

It began with arrival ceremonies at 10 for Prime Minister Papandreu of Greece, and his party. Thank goodness the rain stopped just in time and the south grounds were beautiful and green, if misty.

Prime Minister Papandreu's wife is dead, but his daughter-in-law, an American citizen, who married the younger Papandreu when he was a Professor of Economics at the University of California, was in the party. I had met her and also Mrs. Kostopoulos, the wife of the Foreign Minister, when I was in Greece for the funeral of King Paul, and they had taken me on sightseeing tour.

I was intrigued by the strange drama of this American citizen, caught up so intimately in the politics of Greece, at a time when the Cyprus situation may mean serious damage to NATO, even the dissolution or even war.

When the echo of the last cannon shot had died away, the arrival speeches had been delivered, and the last hand of the Diplomatic Corps shaken, the men departed for Lyndon's office to talk serious business, and I took Mrs. Papandreu, Mrs. Kostopoulos, and Mrs. Matsas, the wife of the Ambassador, and Virginia Rusk, upstairs for coffee and sweet rolls, and they weren't a bit good - they were not Zephyr's.

It was interesting to speculate how the fate of both of these countries, Turkey and Greece, hung to some extent upon a very elderly leader, Inonu of Turkey and Papandreu of Greece.

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The talk was about the Queen, whom they say, is once more lively, beautiful and active, and very vigorously planning the wedding of young King Constantine in September.

I wish I had some better levers, some tools to open up a conversation, on little informal encounters such as this. Perhaps in our last year in office, I'll just start off by saying, "Now, what do you think about the Cyprus situation?"

The next event of the day was to go to the National Geographic Building, an organization which I regard as only slightly less respectable than the Bible, to inaugurate picture phone service, to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Bell Telephone Laboratories. This service now exists between Washington and New York, and Chicago. It costs \$16 to talk for three minutes from Washington to New York, and see the face of the person you're talking to.

In my case, I talked to Dr. Elizabeth Wood, a woman scientist, in the Bell Laboratories, who had helped develop this great new scientific advance. I congratulated her on her work and the work of all the people in the Laboratory who had produced it; talked about what it would mean to parents whose children were off in college.

Last year, one of the happiest events of the week, was our call to Lynda, and all the family tried to get in on it, and if we could have seen her face at the same time, it would have been wonderful.

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And I told her I thought grandmothers would probably be her next best customers.

Then we discussed how soon picture phone service would be available throughout the United States, and the general impression was that it would be within the next decade.

Back at the White House I had a hot dog in the room with Lynda, while Lyndon was down stairs at a stag luncheon for Prime Minister Menzies of Australia, who is sandwiched in between Turkey and Greece.

I was glad to see on the guest list that we had such old friends as Marvin Watson, and Edgar Linkenhoger there. <sup>10</sup> But I think the chef went a little all-out in giving the menu international names this time. He had cold cream of seneca leaves, and rice ala Grek.

In the middle of the afternoon, I left by commercial jet for Detroit. At the airport I was met by Mrs. Lenore Romney, the wife of the Governor; Mayor and Mrs. Cavanaugh; and Mrs. Low, President of the American Association of Home Economists; and with these three ladies I drove into town, to the Statler Hilton, where I had time for a hairdo, and a change to evening clothes, before I spoke to the 50th annual meeting of the Home Economists, some 3000 in all, in the Ford Auditorium.

Because it was a group that I felt pretty well affiliated with, they teach Home Economics in High Schools and Colleges, they're County Home Demonstration agents, attached to land grant colleges throughout the country, or they do public service work, demonstration of equipment and so forth, for utilities like Jack Brooks' mother, Grace, does.

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The speech rather wrote itself; it was an easy speech and an easy group. The theme was Get Involved. American women hold a tremendous potential of strength for good. I do not refer to the sense of power that comes from flicking a switch, or turning an ignition key, but to the force we exert when we mark a ballot, teach our children, or work for a better community.

How can we best mobilize this potential? And the answer was, "Broaden our experiences and become involved."

At one point, I undertook to answer what probably a number of people are thinking, when I go on trips like to Kentucky, or to Wilkes Barre - "What am I doing here?" And I do sometimes wonder it. The answer is ... perhaps when I visit, it helps draw the curtain open a little more. Perhaps it gives national attention to local problems. Perhaps it exposes us to ourselves. This is the other face of America - look and act.

To me, the interesting thing about getting involved in writing a speech like this and going to see a group of women like this, is to find out what they really do, and that's what I enjoy about it.

I found that Home Economists in some 16 or 17 states, have been put on the staff right along with social case workers, in the State and City Departments of Welfare, to work on the problems of needy people. I found that there are some eight million homemakers who are permanently or temporarily disabled - blind, one armed, in a wheelchair, polio, something that causes

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them to need technical or professional help, and that in many states, these Home Economists are equipped to help them handle their problems.

And then I suggested to them, that perhaps they might better re-examine the college curriculum for Home Economics; perhaps more emphasis should be placed on the low income families, and less on the middle income and upper income, in order to deal more effectively with the people that would come to them.

The President and Mrs. Low, who is from Texas A&M, and I'm sure that's they why they asked me, gave me a belly lamp on a little charm, and a small replica of the lamp, which is alledged to be a very economical way to light a house - and a little present to take back to Lyndon. Very seldom do I get a laugh out of an audience, so I was pleased, when one of the beginning lines about Lyndon being perfectly willing and quite agreeable for me to come out and make the speech, when he said, having found out that there would be so many home economists gathered there, "Go, and bring back any tips you can get, on stretching food and budgets. We can use them at the White House."

Really?  
Ch  
tape!!

When the speech was over, Mrs. Low escorted me to the room where they were having the reception, where it had been planned that I would stand in the line and greet the first - oh - few guests that came by. But it's very hard to break away from a group, especially with Mrs. Romney, the wife of the Governor on my right, who has made such a splendid record for campaigning all over Michigan. How could I holler quits before she

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did. Besides, there's always the feeling that you might disappoint somebody who came from Rosebud or Dimebooks, and had been rather looking forward to meeting you. So I stood there for an hour and a half and met, I think, the entire body of the three thousand delegates.

It turned out that two of them, delightfully enough, were school mates of Lyndon in Southwest Texas State Teachers College, and <sup>two</sup> ~~two~~ of them rejoiced at my mention of the NYA in the speech, and said "We're products of the NYA."

Finally, about 10:30, I went back up to my suite, having said goodbye to the last one, Sampled the delicious chili con Queso that the chef had so thoughtfully made for us, had a drink and went to bed with that good feeling that I've earned tonight's rest.

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