

1964

Wednesday, July 29th

Today's schedule and tomorrow's makes me know my lovely July lull is at an end. This morning early Lyndon and I, propped up in bed, watched Luci on the TODAY show narrate Peter and the Wolf at Interlochen. Van Cliburn conducted. It was just a practice session, the first, and Luci had wailed that "Oh, Mama, I got so much better later," but we both beamed and thought she was good.

Then I worked on the mail and at noon was the big event of the day -- the last of my Women Doers luncheons till after the campaign. Dr. Mary Bunting, the new Member of the Atomic Energy Commission, was the star guest, and Mrs. Hodding Carter, co-author of Doomed Road of Empire and wife of one of our outstanding Southerners, was a guest I especially wanted to know better. And handsome Jane Hanna, the Deputy Director of Civil Defense. And Marya Mannes, sophisticated, intellectual, rather bitter-looking writer on woman's role today. And my Claudia Marsh, chairman of Welfare Incorporated. Lorraine McGee, Perle Mesta, woman-doer on many fronts, lecturing and former Minister to Luxembourg, choreographer Agnes DeMille, who produced the dancing for Oklahoma and Bloomer Girl, and Dr. Pauline Stitt from the Children's Bureau, and Judge Juanita Stout. Mrs. Matthew Welch, wife of the Governor of Indiana.

(Nothing on tape to say what date this is but presume it is the balance of Wednesday, July 29, 1964 since that date is the first listed on the box)

one of my friends from my travels, Mrs. Rudd^{ph}, Mackinac Island trapper of minks in her spare time, ^{Two} oldtime friends completed the list, Janie Briscoe, ranchwoman, ^{from} Uvalde, in town just for the day, ^{and} Isabel Wofford Weller a friend from my University days who spent her life raising four children, most of it as a widow, and working as a psychological adviser to public school students, sort of a grass-roots psychiatrist I guess.

Our guest who talked ^{was} Helen Brown, with the Frontier Nursing Service down in Kentucky, and I introduced her in part by saying "some of us may be surprised to learn that the circuit rider for bearing medicine, mail or the gospel is not a figure of the past, but of the present and the future. Today the frontier nurse still makes her rounds by horseback as well as jeep and she is in demand to train foreign visitors for trails of mercy in their own country." She told us she had had visitors from Thailand, Ethiopia, India, dozens of Latin American, Asian and African countries where doctors are few and need is great to take their training in the practice of ~~medicine~~ // mid-wifery, inoculations, water purification technics, and nutritional education, ^{Unless} we produce more doctors, the frontier nurses will be in

urban centers as well as the hills of Kentucky.

An interesting counterpart (?) was another woman-doer, Ruth Carter Johnson, daughter of Amon Carter, who is the moving spirit for the Amon Carter Museum of Modern Art.

One of the interesting moments of the day was when Claudia Marsh told me that she had listened carefully to what ~~Max Marsh~~ Helen Brown had to say because perhaps she might be able to help the Welfare, Inc. How I would like to be responsible *[for that happening!]*

Another interesting moment was from the balcony when I was showing a few of the guests the trees planted by Andrew Jackson, FDR, John Quincy Adams. Agnes DeMille, the choreographer, told me that it was her grandfather, I believe, anyhow ^a close relative, who was responsible for the cherry trees that were brought from Japan to be planted around the Tidal Basin. He was our Envoy there. Oh, long ^thread of circumstance! Every day here I learn something new.

I asked Isabel to be my houseguest for the night, ^{and} put a car at her disposal, thinking this would mean a wonderful memory for her.

And then later I had a session with Robin Duke and her dressmaker, a little Japanese named ^{Kandi Ohno} delightfully ~~Candy Oh No~~ (?) who is making up a sari into an evening dress for me, and trying to figure out a costume for me to wear to the convention, and then I snatched a moment with Ruth Johnson to go to the West Wing with Jim Ketchum also, and re-arranged the hanging of a couple of Peter Hurds, talk about what we might do with the strong and interesting Grant Wood that Mary Lasker is going to give to the White House if we can find just the right place for it.

Then finishing up the days work on the mail and once more out to the Truman Balcony for a leisurely drink with Isabel, 30 minutes while the swallows flew. She has done a lot with her life, and the best thing is to remain cheerful.

I worked on the U Thant list with Lyndon, Angie, by telephone with Adali, and with Bess, trying to bring together people who ~~may~~ mean the most to the UN, and ~~there are a couple of the other important institutions.~~ Then over to Lyndon's office to sit with him and Walter and a group for long listening.