

THURSDAY - JULY 30, 1964 - page 1

Thursday, July 30th, began with the news that Senator Clare Engle had died. I called Lou who has lived an endurance contest this last year, and this can only mean relief for Clare and for her.

In the middle of the morning I met with a task force for proposed women's job corps -- a part of the war against poverty. These women, about 100 of them, have come from all over the Nation for work shops on how to get the job done for the proposed women's job corps which would take care of 10 or 15 thousand girls, school drop outs, girls who have had bad home lives, girls from city slums, who would live in residential centers and spend about a year receiving instruction in some sort of vocational job training and also in cooking and grooming and good citizenship. Jean Noble is ^{the} a spearhead of it, able, attractive Negro professor from New York University, excellent choice.

Among the hundred were such women as Martha Allen of the Camp Fire girls, Mrs. Willaim Cooper from the National Council of Jewish Women, Dr. Jean Bricker whom I had met at the American Home Economics Association, Mrs. William Hastebrook ~~whom I had met at the~~ of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Miss Dorothy Hight, National

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 Council of Negro Women, Dorothy Ford of the NB&PW,
 Ellen Harris, United Neighborhood Houses, Margaret
Media (?) of the National Council of Catholic Women,
 Mary Jane Willett of the YWCA, and my old friend Dr.
 Berniece Moore of the Hogg Foundation for Mental Health,
 University of Texas, and *other* from many Universities. *Of*
 course all of the interested branches of Government. —
 Jane Wirtz from Labor, Ann Cellebreeze from HEW,
 Mary Keyserling, India Edwards, Katie Louchheim,
 the ubiquitous Esther Peterson. Jean Noble described
 them as the women's power structure of the United States.
 And in a way they really represent many thousands of
 women and their thinking.

The setting was lovely underneath a large tree
 on one of the mounds designed by Thomas Jefferson.
 Garden furniture here and there *and a table* ~~was~~ ~~was~~ covered with
 hot and iced coffee and pastries, ~~and~~ the meeting was
 exciting to me because it was a good explanation of their
 purpose by Jean Noble and a ~~given~~ and take of questions, and
 then the clincher by Rep. Edith Green who said you won't
 have any job corps ~~work~~ ~~work~~ ^{to} work on unless you go back
 and phone your Congressman and tell them you want to get
 this poverty bill passed.

It was a plus and I liked it.

Next I had a session with Walter, half a dozen letters too tough for me to handle, and then lunch in my room while I worked on my mail, and then a little rest before tea in the Yellow Oval Room with the wives of the Latin American Ambassadors and the OAS Ambassadors, a group of about 60, x with Virginia Rusk, Nancy Mann and Robin Duke arriving early to brief me on the best way to let us get acquainted in an hour's time.

The Singing Strings played in the hall, the ladies came by and said hello, and then I took my seat at the end of the Oval Room while Robin skillfully brought over groups of four or five at a time, and we had about 10 or 15 minutes conversation, while Nancy and Virginia took the others on trips through the Lincoln Room, Treaty Room and Queen's Bedroom, while a succession of new ones came to me. brought by Robin.

Lyndon came in for just a moment, making his way quickly around the floor, shaking hands, and greeting most of them. All the ladies were interested in the White House latest art acquisitions, the John Singer Sargent given in honor of President Kennedy, and also I am delighted to say our own, Lyndon's, letter from George Washington to Thomas

7/30/64 - page 4

Law written in 1799 inviting him to come to the wedding of Nellie Custis.

The tea went off with almost military precision, ~~but~~ without the intimacy and real break-through "in getting to know you" that I would like. I think ~~but~~ the presence of my Spanish class, ^{Bethine} ~~Stephine~~ (?), Grace, June White, Abigail, helped some.

By five fifteen they were all gone, leaving me with a somewhat frustrated feeling, unlike this morning's feeling, that it was a real exchange, ~~But~~ the day was a long time from over.

Back at my desk in my room I got an SOS from downstairs. Lyndon had been having a reception for 300 educators, superintendents of schools, in large cities. They had had a workshop, were going to have questions and answers period later, were at present having refreshments in the State Dining Room. He greeted them all, made a speech, but had to leave after about 20 minutes. Could I stop down and lend a little hospitality and warmth? I could and with an aide made my way from one end to the other, with some interesting encounters, among them the son of the head of the Houston school system, Dr. Oberholtzer (?) with whom

Lyndon had worked and who had given him a leave of absence which Lyndon had carried in his purse for the first two or three years of our married life until the paper practically wore out, saying "Someday I am going back to teaching," And another encounter, one of the heads of the New York City school system which included all the Harlem schools.

From there I went to the Woodrow Wilson House on S Street to open their American Landmark Celebration, and to give to Gordon Gray of the National Historical Association a placque designating this house as a national historic landmark in front of about 200 people gathered on the lawn and terrace.

I thought about how many times I had driven past that house these last 25 years pointing it out to tourists, but this is the first time I had been through it. There was a flag created for the League of Nations with high hopes but never adopted, pictures of Marshal Foch, John Pershing, and the King and Queen of England, saw the magnificent Gobelin (?) tapestry which was a gift from the French Government to Wilson -- he was a God in that day, almost -- the day of his triumphant tour in Europe after the ~~Ex~~ Armistice, before the cheering stopped.

The Diplomatic Corps was there in good quantity, including remarkably a goodly number from the Iron Curtain Countries.

Back at the White House again I went for a walk around the South Grounds and hopefully but ineffectually to Lyndon's office trying to prize him loose. It was after ten before he came home for dinner, ~~with~~ Mary Margaret and Jack and Lynda and Dave sat down with us because I want deliberately to get to know him better.

And after dinner while Lyndon had his massage Dave and Lynda and I went off to the pool and jumped in. It is deliciously warm again. I had 20 laps. So relaxing -- the best exercise. And then upstairs to bed in my own room because I was too bone weary to last out Lyndon's reading until two o'clock, asking him to please come join me when he could. It strains me to know how early he gets up and how late he goes to bed. There is a limit to how far I can follow him usefully.

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