

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, February 4, 1965

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Began at grey dawn, about 6:30, with coffee in bed before we dressed to go to the Congressional Prayer Breakfast.

As usual, it was divided, with Senators and Congressmen and the Cabinet, ^{the} and President in one room - and their wives in another. The southerners very much in evidence - Mrs. B. Everett Jordan of North Carolina, introducing our speaker, who was Dale Evans Rogers, wife of the cowboy actor, ^{and} author of Angel Unaware, about her own mentally retarded little daughter.

The room was full of wives of Ambassadors - Christian, Jewish, Moslem, Hindu - I wondered what they thought. And for that matter, what I thought - because I'm not quite sure. In a way, it's rather saccharine and sophomoric, but on the other hand I'd rather have any kind of prayer than no prayer - and so I always go. This must be the seventh or eighth one.

The morning was geared to conclude with the President, Vice President, and men speakers marching in, and the President saying a few words to us. I too, had to say a few words - and so I talked about children. It was a good place for the opening word, ^{of} my interest in programming Head Start as a part of the war on poverty.

Many oldtimers were there including Vera ^{Korthe} ~~Gore~~, now very quietly divorced from Fred, ^{it} appears. And Jean and Price Daniel, we were so glad to see them and we rode home together. They seem happy and content, ^{no} ~~though~~ looking over the shoulder.

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Back at the White House, I worked at my desk, and then watched Lyndon on a live TV news conference, which was, I think, a surprise to him, as well as the 100 or so, because he really just meant to make some tapes on TV down in the Movie theatre, but had told George if any ~~xxxxxx~~ news men want to come in, they could listen and ask him some questions. So it mushroomed into a genuine news conference with about 130 people crowded into that small room.

But the things to remember out of the day, were the brief encounters with brilliant people. — Adlai Stevenson, Barbara Jackson, I got a call from the office that Ambassador Stevenson was waiting to see Lyndon, but Lyndon was delayed and perhaps it would be a good idea if I would come over, and talk with him - and bring a birthday cake! It was his birthday - that wasn't too easy to do on the spur of the moment, but someone in the mess produced one with one ^{cardie} cake on it, in jig time, and I went over to Lyndon's office, where I was delighted that he was held up on the telephone for several minutes, so I had a chance to talk to - or rather listen to Adlai, Always one of the most interesting people I know.

He talked about the failure of Russia and several other countries to pay dues to the United Nations. And for the first time, I really understood the situation. Apparently they do pay all of their regular dues, but they don't pay peace-keeping dues, or their proportionate cost of armies to the Congo and some place else, perhaps it's the Ghaza Strip. You'd think by the papers, that they never paid anything, but they were announced that they were against

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sending the army to the Congo, would not be held responsible for paying any portion of it, and they have stuck to that. Which gets us all into a situation, that it's hard to work out of without losing face.

Then we talked about China. I gather from what Adlai says, we have rather painted ourselves into a corner. We have said over and over, loudly, we will never allow ~~our~~ Red China in the United Nations; have gone along for these years with some 600 million of the world's population having no voice, ~~and~~ in how the world's business is run and now, when some people are taking second thought on that matter, and expressing it to our embarrassment, it may be that China has worked herself into a position where being out of the United Nations, is an advantage, is a plus. There they sit, monolithic and inscrutable, a great big portion of the world, a mystery, and a menace to all Asia, and being looked up to, more and more, by Asians.

At least, that's what I felt like after listening to Adlai.

I went back to the second floor and asked Barbara if she'd have lunch with me. She is a most fascinating woman! We talked about urban renewal and she discussed the concept of the garden city and the work of Edmund Bacon, city planner in Philadelphia, and the renovation that's taken place there.

And she told me the romantic story of a Greek named ^{iodis} Doo~~otis~~, a master city planner, and of the proposed ^{ed} in Louisville, a marina and a medical center, right on the river.

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I asked her in what countries in the world did she find the most hope. She travels a lot in her work as economist, and so does her husband. Much to my pleasure, some of the hopeful ^{Countries} ~~cities~~ of the world, according to Barbara, were in Latin America. "Venezuela," she said, "and Chile, and perhaps with luck, Brazil." And then she said "Outstandingly, Pakistan." "Your old friend ^{Ayub} ~~Lyb~~ Khan, and the vigorous nature of the Pakistanis themselves, are really building that country. You can notice the difference in just the three years we've been there."

Lyndon and Marvin came over before we finished, and we lingered over lunch with them, then bid Barbara goodbye, and Lyndon and I took a nap.

In the late afternoon, Lyndon had a guest - Senator Dirksen. I left them in earnest conversation in the West hall, two brother artisans in government, heads close together, and went downstairs to intercept some guests I'd asked for a swim and drinks.

Lloyd and Ann Hand, Barbara and Howard Burris, Scooter and Dale Miller. We went straight to the pool, I had my 20 laps for exercise and the fun of listening to their stories of the convention. Howard had the thankless job of being Chairman of the parade.

When an old Texas friend gave a party for the Millers, Scooter had a big button hanging by a ribbon round her neck, which said, "Dale has all the tickets," and Dale had a similar button with said, "Scooter has all the tickets".

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Actually, we seem to have survived this inauguration with more happy people and fewer hurt feelings, than seemed possible.

It was nearly two hours later when I returned alone to the second floor. And there, to my surprise, found Lyndon and Senator Dirksen in practically the same posture. They asked me to join them and I was struck, sadly, by how thin and ill Senator Dirksen looks, but the minute he gets to talking, I forget all about it, because that great organ voice rolls, and I am mesmerized. He said, "You don't mind if we'd ^{de} announce you once in a while, do you Lyndon? You can explain that better than someone on your side of the aisle ^{de} announcing you." And Lyndon went on to give him his advice about how he, Lyndon, had operated as minority leader under Eisenhower. He said, "I took him for six years, and I kissed him to death. I announced in the beginning that I do not believe in the past policies that the business of the opposition was to oppose, that I was going to be with him every time I could, and I thought that he was doing, [/] was for the best interest of the country. And I was going to oppose him, with dignity, when I felt his policies were not going to produce the best for the country. But I wasn't going to say ugly things about him, nor about his wife, nor about his ~~daughter~~ dog, nor his grandchildren." There's something terrifically right about watching ~~him~~ them talk. Both of them have spent their lives in the Congress, they understand each other, though they may necessarily be disappointed in each other, [/] from time to time.

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We had dinner on a tray and long night reading. It's the sort of full day I like.

[~~One of the funniest things about it was the press's complete misunderstanding of Lyndon's statement, made in heavy irony, that perhaps he made a mistake in not sending Hubert Humphrey to the Churchill funeral. I think the press just took it as a long over-due admission of an error, sort of apology.~~]

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