

Days to possibly send to paper

MEMORANDUM

Oct. 28 - W. J. Neil

Oct. 5 Bill Mauldin

THE WHITE HOUSE

\* Oct. 6 A. J. Harman WASHINGTON

Oct. 8 - Mary Ratten - John Cornell Page 1  
Sunday, October 3, 1965 WJS

Oct. 12 - A. J. ? Oct. 26 - K. J. ? Oct. 27 - Dean Rush

Lyndon and I had a late breakfast and then got ready to go to also  
the National City Christian Church. Rostow  
Burdick  
John May  
John W. Davis  
W. J. Neil

When we walked in I came face to face with Judge and Mrs. Ferguson from Johnson City -- with a sheer good look I recognized them in this far-away, unexpected place, greeted them warmly and we sat together. And afterward in the coffee hour as we stood in line and shook hands with the huge congregation -- and even long after Labor Day, many of them are tourists from all over the United States, mostly the South it seems -- Lyndon leaned over and whispered to me, "Why don't we ask Dr. and Mrs. Davis and the Fergusons to come down and have lunch with us?" In his impulsive, generous way, he gathered them up and the six of us returned to the White House.

Blanco and Beagle were racing on the lawn, with Blanco's white fur flying with his graceful leaps. The chrysanthemums were a blaze of glory. It was a picture to remember. And always, I got that little thrill of sharing it -- especially <sup>with</sup> ~~from~~ people so far removed as Johnson City. And there couldn't have been anybody more appreciative.

Lyndon insisted that they get their suitcases -- in fact he sent for them -- and move into one of the guest rooms, although as he explained we would not be there that night. And then he said, "Why don't you all come up to New York with us?"

Finished  
& ready to  
go to  
Liberty -  
show K. J.  
one page  
C

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 3, 1965

Page 2

It would be chilly before nightfall -- Mrs. Davis didn't have a coat. I lent her one. And so thrilled and elated, the six of us set out by chopper -- another exciting experience for our four guests -- and then Air Force I for New York. It was a rough flight.

Luci and Pat were along because tomorrow is the day the Pope spends in our country. And the Mike Mansfields. And a plane load of Government officials going up for one of the most dramatic hours of this year's Congressional session -- the signing of the Immigration Bill -- that long fought-for measure, ending the national origins quota system of governing immigration. It took place -- where else -- but in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. And if anybody hollers it's corny, we'll make the most of it!

I learned later that Congressman Frelinghuysen <sup>had</sup> ~~and~~ a long list of what he hoped were humorous suggestions of where to sign bills <sup>and</sup> ~~had~~ listed the Statue of Liberty for this very bill! If his was a cynical subtle sophisticate suggestion and making-fun suggestion it back-fired. The ceremony was a jewel of an hour that I won't forget.

Our chopper landed on the little Island -- there was a crowd of Cabinet officers, Senators, Governor Rockefeller, both Representative John Lindsey and City Comptroller Abraham Beam in the race for the Mayorship. And Mayor Wagner, <sup>and</sup> a coterie of outstanding citizens

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 3, 1965

Page 3

whose fathers or grandfathers had come to these shores as a part of the "huddled masses yearning to breathe free" and who themselves had added muscle and brains to America's greatness. And some just ~~off~~ the street tourist who had caught the ferry and came over.

Lyndon spoke with his back to the New York skyline as he faced the Statue of Liberty. It was a windy day, and the flags were whipping in the breeze. Anna <sup>off</sup>Martha sang "America" and as her great voice rang out <sup>thy</sup> "purple mountain majesties, above the fruited plains" and as eyes turned from Lyndon's face to the flag, to the great Statue itself, I was caught up in the magnificent drama of the moment. It was good history and good theatre -- and many a wet cheek in the crowd.

The participating Congressmen filed by to get their pens that he had used in the signing. ~~And~~ Then came others with a very real reasons for being there -- Arthur Goldberg -- his father a Jewish peddler from Russia. General Sarnoff of RCA who has lived more in the stream of America. And then I saw the picturesque face of Jacob <sup>P</sup>lovsky of the Clothing Union and remembered how I had asked him how old he was when he came to this country. And he said, "It all depends." It turned out he had given his age in three different ways to suit the necessities of the occasion -- once when he had signed up as an apprentice to learn trade and you had to be a certain age to be eligible for that; once somehow concerning his immigration.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 3, 1965

Page 4

papers; and once for a religious ceremony -- and I think this must have been the correct age -- probably a bar mitzvah ceremony.

As Lyndon and I turned to walk out of the crowd -- he shaking hands to right and to left -- suddenly I found myself face to face with Erich Leinsdorf, our own part of the great American story because once long ago in about 1938 Lyndon had rescued him -- a talented young Jewish conductor from the ~~land~~<sup>mass</sup> of Hitler's Germany and brought him out <sup>by way of</sup> to the peaceful little Island of Cuba -- <sup>(!!)</sup> to the golden shore of what the lady with the lamp speaks of. And now he has gone as high in his profession as a musician can.

We stopped, embraced, gathered him up with us, and he got in the car that was bound for the Waldorf Astoria Towers in a long motorcade through thousands and thousands of New Yorkers that thronged the streets. What a weekend for New York. I think the happiest man Tuesday morning is going to be the Chief of Police unless it's the Mayor. I remember what Mayor Wagner said about Khrushchev's visit having caused -- I'm afraid to mention the sum -- but a million or so dollars for all the extra police that were hired to protect him. And here they were -- hundreds of them blue clad on the streets today to protect the President and tomorrow there must be legion to protect the Pope.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 3, 1965

Page 5

Finally we emerged into the quiet of the Waldorf Astoria Towers suite with Erich still in tow. We had some sandwiches and coffee and visiting. And then I took a nap. I had brought along my best dress for the evening -- my red St. <sup>Maur</sup> Moritz.

The Goldbergs were having a dinner party in their suite for us.

Between the hair dresser and that rather queenly looking evening dress I did feel ready for the occasion when Lyndon and I walked up to the suite at 8:00.

It was a day of being awash with emotions. And if there hadn't been already enough I could hear down below me the chant of demonstrators. We looked down to see a rather small crowd marching up and down across from the hotel. I felt sure what they were protesting was something about the United States' policy in Viet-Nam and the Dominican Republic. And I thought I could see people coming up to them to argue with them.

So by now I was ready for this sort of a civilized evening of good intellectual <sup>fare</sup> ~~affair~~ and good food that I could anticipate with the Goldbergs. But I cannot enter this suite without my mind going back to Adlai Stevenson. ~~And~~ <sup>5</sup> Somehow I am sad and a little lonely. But I see nothing of him here where so recently he was the light of the gathering.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 3, 1965

Page 6

It was a blue ribbon gathering -- the Nelson Rockefellers, Speaker and Mrs. McCormack, Dean and Virginia Rusk, Cardinal Spellman -- <sup>rotund (?)</sup> ~~stout~~ and affable but growing uncertain on his legs. The apostolic delegate with whom Jack Valenti is getting quite friendly. And my old friend of the Rose Garden, Fanfani. Now he is president of the General Assembly. And U Thant, the Secretary General. The Mansfields and Javits and Bobby Kennedys. And John Rooneys. A good assemblage of Catholic, running to the Irish, of UN oriented personnel. Mayor Wagner and his new wife. How good it is to see him happy again. Anna and Paul Hoffman. Jimmy Roosevelt. And beautiful Anna Maffa with her husband Mario Ian Franchi. And our good friends the Ed Weisls and the Arthur Krims -- two large rooms full in fact so that Lyndon and I moved with the course. Delicious sole and roast <sup>1</sup> ~~ser~~loin and enormous strawberries for dessert.

On my right was Cardinal Spellman who doesn't hear very well. Among other things he said he had heard about the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library and that he had contributed to many Presidential libraries in his day and he would be glad to make a small donation to this one. I thought it would be presumptuous of me to say that we were <sup>not</sup> asking for any.

Lyndon had suggested to Arthur Goldberg ahead of time that he hoped it would just be a quiet, informal evening -- no toasts. And

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 3, 1965

Page 7

Arthur, who is never at a loss for words, was not quite sure that he meant what he said. He turned to me for advice, and then he quickly followed by saying, "I thought I might just repeat the words of an old Hebrew prayer." I jumped at that excellent solution. No response is needed to a prayer, surely. At least no earthly response. So at the end of the dinner, very eloquently and simply and beautifully he recited a Hebrew prayer for peace and asking for wisdom for the leaders of the country -- not unlike our own Episcopal bit from the prayer book.

Then we went into another room and Anna Maffa entertained us with several of my favorite songs -- "Greensleeves", "Summertime". And one from "Madame Butterfly", the most <sup>plaintive</sup> ~~plaintiff~~ one of all.

She's lovely, and it was an excellent evening.

Dorothy is putting her own stamp on the Embassy. One room contained several of her paintings. ~~And~~ Lyndon renewed his request. Once she had promised him one long ago, and he never lets her forget it. These were a sort of montage or decoupage and quite dreamy and gentle in coloring. I love them. There is a sense of excitement in the air because tomorrow is the day the Pope is coming -- even ~~for~~ the most Protestant of us <sup>feels it</sup>. But this was the end of an emotionally exhausting day too. We had all been awash in it -- at least I had. And so I was ready and happy to go home.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 3, 1965

Page 8

I noticed Lyndon in earnest conversation with Happy Rockefeller. She and the Governor do make an attractive pair. Whatever feelings one may have had are necessarily softened when you meet her. She is appealing, friendly, natural, earnest. And not too beautiful. I mean not so as to excite jealousy of all the women she meets -- a useful asset I would say.

I was glad to go home at the early hour of about 11:00. And so I think was everyone because of the heavy responsibilities for the next day -- the day the Pope comes.