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MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, March 22, 1966

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I slept late. What a ~~bomb~~ <sup>balm</sup> <sup>balm</sup>. And then I spent most of the morning going over the list for luncheon, the Women Doers. Why do I do it? Partly to expand my own sphere of learning about what is going on in the world among women. Partly to give a little salute to women who are pouring talent and brains and heart into the bloodstream of today's society. Partly to say thank you to old Johnson stalwarts.

I took time out in the morning to watch a TV show on my trip to Alabama. Fairly well done -- I gave myself about a B-. And a much more important 15 minutes out to watch Dr. Hallenbeck examine the place along Lyndon's scar~~x~~ that is puffing out like a hen egg. It may be a sort of hernia. It may require surgery. It is another small knife that hangs over us. Not serious, but a weight to carry.

The luncheon list was really delightful. Helen Corbitt, Director of two restaurants, Neiman Marcus' ~~Zodiac grounds~~ and their ~~Green~~ house. She knows a lot about that most feminine necessity: how to cook, as author of several wonderful cook books.

Very young and bright and freckled-faced, Mrs. James Hogue, who has just written the best seller about her great Aunt, <sup>C</sup>issy Patterson, that legendary character of Washington, <sup>for</sup> about three or more decades, who observed no rules but her own and was as explosive and exciting as a package of fire crackers.

Patrician, eloquent, Mrs. Henry <sup>LaBrosse</sup> ~~Lovell~~, author: her biography about her mother, Marie <sup>the</sup> Curie, ~~a~~ scientist, ~~and mother~~ Ambassador to Greece, <sup>she was the wife of the</sup> whom I had known on my wonderful trip there.

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Mrs. Charles Lindbergh of that many talented family, author of "Gifts From the Sea", a sort of a poem of serenity.

And Lorraine McGee has had the best of two worlds -- academic life and the political life, as the wife of our Senator from Wyoming.

And Mrs. Henry Purnell who is the President of that very special womens' college, Sweet Briar, much favored by southern girls who come out a sort of a combination of <sup>Melanie</sup>~~Melony~~ and Scarlet O'Hara.

And Mrs. Jude Pinkley interpreter and archfologist for 26 years at <sup>Mesa Verde</sup>~~Mesa Verde~~ National Park where Lynda Bird went last summer. She had lots of nice things to say about Lynda Bird.

And a woman who has gone to the top in business is Geraldine Stutts of <sup>Henri Bendel</sup>~~Henry Bendall~~. I immediately got self-conscious when I read that she had been Editor of Glamour magazine.

And Mrs. Jack Williamson, just one of us working citizens, who is President of the Foundation for the Partially Seeing because she had a child that could only see very large type, and by her own efforts got the World Book Encyclopedia to publish an edition in large type that would enable quite a few thousand young students to learn from it without being ~~labeled~~ labeled blind.

And dear Jane Wirtz who has worked for the handicapped at the selling of the handicrafts on the market on more than a sympathy basis.

And Judge Sarah Hughes -- one of the few women federal judges. I can remember <sup>her</sup> at first when she was a member of the Texas legislature back in about 1931. But the tableau I will never forget was on Air Force I, November 22<sup>nd</sup> 1963, when she stood in front of a graven faced Lyndon, Jacqueline Kennedy,

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me, Albert Thomas, Jack Brooks. Jack Valenti, a few others, and swore Lyndon in as President.

And then there was beautiful Mathilda ~~Crimm~~<sup>Crimm</sup>. If she were on "What's My Line," she would surely stump the panel. She's so pretty and feminine. She doesn't look a bit like a research scientist in cancer, works regular hours at Sloane-Kettering Research Laboratory trying to follow the grim trail of what virus, what germ produces cancer.

And <sup>from</sup> Congress, there was Leonor Sullivan of Missouri, who has been a member since 1952. A good Johnson friend who works particularly on protecting the consumer.

We had one foreign guest this time. ~~Former~~<sup>Former</sup> Mayor of Limerick Island, Mrs. Francis Condel. I had met her in the airport on one of our trips and said if you ever come to the United States, let me know.

Our press representative was ~~Bonnie~~<sup>Wahillilaha</sup> Laha of Scripps-Howard.

And then a good friend from home, Liz Odom. Lawyer, campaign worker -- a good companion on any trip.

And Ida May Cain. I remember a remark of hers about all of her children leaving home, "What a good time we are having." She and Jim, just the two of them, something like this: You have to have a husband to be a mother and you have to have a husband to be an ex-mother. She is one of the most quiet, serene woman that I know -- <sup>?</sup> ~~Kathy~~ and her family and her place in the world.

In the Yellow Room, when all of the ladies had assembled, I tried to

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introduce them to each other by bringing in a line of each one's achievements, interests, work and getting them to talk a bit. And then we went on in to ~~dinner~~<sup>lunch</sup>. I need to be a master of ceremony -- the real conductor of the <sup>a</sup>salon and I am not. But I did feel a little surge of excitement <sup>of</sup> of keen interest <sup>among</sup> among some of them.

Judge Marjorie<sup>e</sup> Lawson was the guest who made the talk to us as we had our coffee. She had been a juvenile Court Judge and was now, at Lyndon's appointment -- a years representative on the Social Commission of the United Nations. She's <sup>a</sup>Negro and she spoke quite frankly of the problems of her own race and the crime picture. But emphasis mostly on the importance of the Negro man~~ga~~ getting an education or training, being self-supporting in the home and in the community. There is nothing so good for a boy as to have a father at his side who pays the rent, buys the groceries and takes care of his family. She was very quiet and dignified and reasoned with her analysis of the whole picture and was clinical, I thought. She traced the main cause of juvenile delinquency to poverty and the broken home. She said that recent racial riots had been triggered, most of them, by encounters between police and Negro citizens. But the first step in beginning to deal with this problems is to examine critically the relations which exist between the Negro community and the police. Against the startling figures of where crime originates, 45% of D.C. crime in homes where the income is less than \$4,000 a year. Only 1% in homes where the income is more than \$8,000 a year.

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And then she gave applause ~~where~~ where it is long due -- the grandmothers, those matriarchs in Negro families who take care of and raise and instill some sense of discipline and law and manners into their family. We are still working on the D. C. Crime Commission, and I was very much impressed by her -- respectful and admiring.

~~When~~ The last question was asked. I suggested that perhaps some of them might like to ~~the~~ see the Lincoln Room and the Queens' Room. It never fails. They were enchanted. And it was after 3:30 when the last guest had left.

To me, one of the most interesting was Mrs. Lindbergh. She talked about a trip to Africa with her "European children", as she called them -- one of her daughters had married a Frenchman, another was studying in Europe. And some three or four members of her family went with her to see the big game in Africa. They carried no guns. She was the cook and she ~~betted~~ <sup>doubted</sup> that any of them would want to go back with her again. She's writing another book. What can a woman do when all of her children have left home? One of her sons is a deep sea diver, helping locate and pull up the bomb off of the coast of Spain. And her husband is getting deeply involved in conservation and beautification, she told me.

*Omit*  
**SANTIZED**

Mrs. Maguire came. We had a two-hour spanish lesson.

I was frustrated about how ignorant I was and with what tedious slowness I learned.

I asked Dr. Hallenbeck to come down and join ~~the~~ <sup>add</sup> me finally. Earl Rutter

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had gone out to see "Doctor Zhivago".

It was after 10:00 when Lyndon came over to have dinner with us. And we watched the <sup>protrusion</sup> ~~pertursion~~ next to his scar. Perhaps it might require surgery but not now. Not unless it grows or troubles him. And if so, they do not think it is serious.