

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1966

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Tuesday, November 29, was marked for me as the day when something turned out just right, when I tasted the ^{ready} ~~happy~~ wine of success, ~~the~~ project completed and just as I hoped it would be. [#] I spent the early morning with Liz on my few words to say at the Jewish luncheon and going over reports and facts and figures for my interview with Merle Secrest.

And then at 12:00 Mr. C. F. Palmer came with Madame Shoumatoff, bringing the finished FDR portrait. I had asked Clark Clifford to be with us to represent the White House Historical Association and because I always value his presence. When I came out the portrait was on an easel, covered, standing between the archway in the West Hall and the Dining Room entrance. The air was electric with excitement. Mr. Palmer and Clark and I stood around and Madame Shoumatoff pulled back the cloth. It was marvelous! Leaning on the rail of a ship with his navy cape around him, a young and vigorous Roosevelt looked at us almost as though he would speak. I was delighted. For once I did not lack the words to express my full and unreserved admiration and gratitude. We practically fell into each others arms with congratulations on the project's being completed. We talked about where it might hang. I'd planned it for either Lyndon's Office or for the Cabinet Room. Mr. Palmer thinks it should be above the fireplace in the President's Office. He and Clark discussed the ways in which to handle it for tax matters, and that was indeed a good aspect of Clark's being there. [#] We hoped to have the unveiling about the

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time of President Roosevelt's birthday, January 30th. Mr. Palmer gave me a book he had written, "My Years as a Slum Fighter". He's almost as passionate about that as he is about his memory of Roosevelt. I asked him how he got ^{immersed} ~~emerged~~ in it and he said, "because I'm a real estate man. I have some big buildings in Atlanta and about 35 years ago I could see their value being eaten into by encroaching slums". He gave me some of the FDR Warm Springs matches and promised to send a list of the people that he would particularly like to have invited to the unveiling and we said goodbye. ~~By~~ Clark lingered a few minutes, at my request. He told me that Peter Hurd had returned the check, rather his lawyer had, to the White House Historical Association and asked to have the portrait of Lyndon returned to him. He would not have made a price of \$6,000 unless he thought it would be accepted as the official portrait. He, Clark, felt that the only thing to do was to return the portrait. I feel sad about the whole thing. I live with and love one of Peter Hurd's landscapes here at the White House and another ~~in~~ ^{at} the Ranch called the Anvil Cloud, ^{and} in one of his early WPA days, outside of Lyndon's Office here. His portrait of Lyndon simply didn't come off and now there is disappointment and hurt feelings and there was too much publicity from his end of it and I feel sad all around. ^{JP} I talked to Clark about the new Attorney General. He told me quite simply and straightforwardly that he would not accept it if it were offered. He had no interest in it. He felt that his preparation and his interests lay in the field of foreign

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affairs. I was keenly disappointed but obviously it was final.

I had a brief visit with Dr. Burkley and Dr. Brown and Dr. Voss and Dr. Hurst about this ridiculous minor ailment arthritis, rheumatism or "tigger finger" or whatever it is and promised to try their parafin bath.

And then I went out to the Shoreham to a luncheon of the United Orthodox Jewish Ladies to accept a scholarship which they are giving to me. [^] A scholarship in Sociology at Yeshiva University's Stern College for Women in New York City. The recipient will be able to devote time to special study of the problems of poverty. Mrs. Nathan Wadler, the President, [^] Mrs. Carl Marcus escorted me in. It was a brief little ceremony--an introduction with some mighty fine words that always make me squirm, feel grateful and wish I could live up to them, a plaque and then my response. I'd written it this morning. "If anyone should ask my husband what he regards as his most lasting accomplishment during his term in office, I feel sure he would say the 16 education bills passed in the last three years. It was in and out in less than half hour and yet they were appreciative and I was glad to be the tigger for one more scholarship."

Ch. Tape
(I obviously meant "reason")

The papers are full of Truman Capote's party. I felt pleased that Lynda had been there ^{that} but she's launched in an interesting life with excitement, stimulating people, a most extraordinary chance to learn and grow. ^{she's} And a girl who's taking advantage of it.

I spent the afternoon working on my speech for New York. It

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was hard. The first draft was nothing but fine words. I was trying to turn it into something personal. I met with Mrs. Provensen, worked an hour and a half and realized that it just wouldn't do. Liz was with us and I gave her enough of my own words and thoughts to make ^{a speech} ~~one~~ I feel at home with. And she, bless her heart, stayed until 10:00 o'clock at night molding it into a speech more like me. But between 5:30 to 7:00 we both met with Merle Secrest and Henry Diamond in the Yellow Oval Room for an interview that was sort of summary of the work in beautification. I had called Diana's office and gotten some excellent little vignettes of what the Youth Service Groups were doing.

// At 7:00 o'clock I went bowling with Dr. Hurst. He's in town for a medical committee and just called up to say that he'd like to swim or bowl or just visit with me. I shot 145 the first game, much to his discomfiture and 90 the second, which he won handily. And then we came home and the two of us ate a steak in the lovely family dining room--the second day of my self-imposed diet. But ^{what} a good friend!

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What a high-class, earnest, rare individual he is, and being with him is always sunny. We talked for ^{an} ~~one~~ hour after dinner -- about the days when Lyndon had a heart attack, and all the times since that we have met. He asked me quite simply, "Are you happy?" It is rare to have a friend that would be that direct. I thought for half a minute, and then said quite simply "Yes, I hope that every day, every minute, I realize all the things there are that ought to make me happy because every state of affairs is temporary."

When Dr. Hurst left I signed mail and checks, talked to Liz about the speech at ten before she left, and then for my nightly desert of reading. //

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