

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, May 10, 1967

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It was a tremendous day. An early breakfast with Lyndon, a second cup of coffee sitting on the bed with Jewel and Betty and Jessie and outlining their possible sightseeing. I suggested Fredericksburg -- Monroe's law office and Mrs. Washington's home and Betty Washington Lewis' home, and possibly a stop back by Gunston Hall. And Jessie Hunter said that she would like to go to Washington's birthplace too.

And then with Liz and <sup>Simone</sup> Poulain on the Eastern Airlines shuttle to New York at 10:00, arriving in the Carlyle suite at 11:20. There was time for calls to plan the next day's work and lunch and dress.

And then about 1:30 we left for Carnegie Hall for the first of the two big events of the day. Only in the life of a politician could a day like today happen -- two big events aimed around opposite poles of America's life. The first, at the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union -- their retired members -- average age probably 70. And the second, the HeadStart program which involves youngsters four and five, mostly from culturally deprived families.

I had waked up this morning to <sup>see</sup> the most marvelous full-page ad in the New York Times which read: "From sweat shops to ~~ST~~ <sup>ST</sup>kowski", and it was a triumphant telling of the progress of labor from lofts and long hours to leisure and ~~ST~~ <sup>ST</sup>kowski and even a First Lady. I was mentioned. Under the <sup>age</sup> ~~age~~ of David Dubinsky, the retired President, they have got a program for spending those leisure hours which involves

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educational and cultural projects, visits to a vacation spot. This concert is one of a series.

As I stepped out of the car at Carnegie Hall I thought I heard a slight hissing noise behind me but I did not turn around. If they were bearded faces and placards, I certainly would turn around to add to the attention that they were getting. If they were in front of me I think I would walk through with a smile saying "Hello". And there on the sidewalk was David Dubinsky -- the retired President, the reason I had come. To me he is a fascinating man -- passionate advocate of his people, great actor, great friend. And Mr. Stuberg, the present President of the Union who has a difficult role following in his shoes.

We found our seats in a box with Mr. Stuberg's wife and David Dubinsky's daughter and Arthur and Dorothy Goldberg who are enormously popular with these people. And then began two wonderful hours for many reasons. Carnegie Hall was packed -- 3,000. The balconies rising row on row, full, even to the top peanut gallery. And down below, a few determined old ladies were marching down the isles searching for their seats, berating the ushers and grumbling, and all but getting into a fight with the persons that they thought had their seats. It was like a Molly Goldberg show. And then Stokowski came on in a swallow tail coat and a great big striped <sup>cravat</sup> kervat, his white hair flowing -- every inch the showman himself. But for me he met his match in David Dubinsky.

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Stokowski waited, his delicate hands poised in the air like a fluttering bird. Almost five minutes past. Finally Stokowski said, "A painter paints his pictures on canvas, but musicians paint their pictures on silence. We provide the music and you provide the silence." It was delicious drama.

The program was made up of favorites -- ~~B~~<sup>W</sup>agner, and then Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake". And then the wild romantic music of Gypsies -- "The Romanian Rhapsody" by <sup>Ch. Ligeti</sup> Anesco. But I was caught up, born along on the stream of the music, understanding it really not very much, but held in its sway and watching the people. There was one Negro woman who had four drums in front of her. She was absolutely motionless for five or more minutes. And then she would suddenly attack all four drums in a frenzy. And an old man with a white beard who played the Cello and had almost as much presence and dignity as Stokowski himself.

Then came the intermission. David Dubinsky was the first speaker, and it was his audience and his moment. And as the New York Times said, "The golden white splendor of Carnegie Hall sounded more like a Union hall." He reminded the audience of the 50 year or so struggle of the labor unions. "Little did you think in those days of the sweat shops and the picket lines," And he quoted the times when they worked 12, 15, 18 hours a day, "That one day you would be sitting in Carnegie Hall with the First Lady." It's a long way from those days to Carnegie Hall. He talked about a strike

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of 1912 or 1913, and I could see old heads bobbing through the audience in memory. It was a great show and I was glad I was there to watch it, though I had the feeling that these battles are won, this day is over, this is the last hurrah. "You are not forgotten people", he went on, "We won't forget you -- neither the Union nor the Government." And Mr. Stuber<sup>g</sup> spoke with dignity and briefly. I do believe David Dubinsky would have pulled him by the coattails if it had been long. And Stokowski himself very briefly. And then David introduced me fullsomely. I gave a plug to the Great Society, to Lyndon's work, the Medicare law and the Older Americans Act. "Our goal is not to merely prolong our citizens' lives but to enrich them." And I praised the Union for starting this program -- cultural and educational projects -- and a salute to old folks, what the world would have missed if Konrad Adenauer had not worked in his 70's, and Winston Churchill from '65 on. And Eleanor Roosevelt in her senior years. And Grandma Moses through her 80's. And if <sup>Maestro</sup> ~~Mistress~~ Stokowski had laid down his baton at 65 or so, and expressed my admiration for David and Mr. Stuber<sup>g</sup> and all those that had let me share this exciting, hopeful look into the new world.

The last number on the program was Dvorak's symphony called "The New World". And indeed a new world is opening up for old folks.

When I finished one of the retirees of the ILGWU dressed in her best and savoring this moment came up to me with a big bouquet of yellow roses which she gave to me with a wonderful little speech that she and

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all of them loved my husband, were his strong supporters and were going to work hard for him in '68. Then Stokowski took over for the last number -- the great rolling music of Dvorak's Ninth that keeps on repeating two themes, one of them I believe a spiritual that goes "coming home, coming home". It was familiar -- I loved it -- I was <sup>exhilarated</sup> ~~accelerated~~. And David ~~Dubinsky~~ Dubinsky kept on whispering in my ~~ear~~ things about the program. The first line at the top was in Hebrew, translated below as a verse from Psalms, "Cast me not off in the time of old age, desert me not when my strength faileth." <sup>on</sup> He went/to say that half the people in the audience could read it in Hebrew, that the Union had begun as ~~absolutely~~ almost solid Jewish with the later invasion by the Italians and now the Negroes. He pointed out proudly the Negro faces in the audience. The program also had a very good picture of Lyndon and quotes from his speeches about the older American.

Just before it was over, I could hear a brief exchange between David and Mr. <sup>Stuber</sup> Stuber behind me. I found out with amusement later that it was a question as to whether the orchestra was going to finish within the allotted time or whether they were going to have to start playing <sup>a</sup> time and a <sup>half</sup> by <sup>Law</sup> Union Lowe. They finished with three minutes to spare! We cheered Stokowsky back onto the stage again and again. I had met him during the intermission. And the audience cheered me too and waved at me and blew kisses, and I waved back. And then we left, and with enthusiastic ~~goodbyes~~ goodbyes to David and Mr. Stuber I was off to the Carlyle with



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time to rest just a little. It always surprises me that I got actually physically tired from my attempt to project, to give out, to express warmth to a crowd of people.

And then a hair-do from Jack, my old friend from Eddie ~~Sanz~~ and into my red lace dress for the second big event of the day. Liz had taken out a little insurance for papers. She does this so skillfully by having about noon time a little group of officials and mothers of the HeadStart program and three of the little children in a HeadStart class -- one a Negro, one a Latin American, and one white child -- come up to the suite for a few minutes talk and pictures. They had brought me some of their work from their HeadStart class -- mostly finger paintings. They were pretty tongue-tied, and I tried valiantly to talk to them. Actually I thought I did pretty well, to the tune of clicking cameras and listening ladies with pads. This was so the papers with deadlines could have a picture if they wanted to use it. And they did.

And then with Liz I left for the Hotel Pierre for the reception and dinner given by the Citizens' Committee for Children. Mrs. Milton Gordon, a quietly handsome slender woman, the head of the Organization, met me and took me to the Sapphire Room for pictures, -- the format with which I am now quite familiar. News photographers and reporters lined up ahead of time to get the picture for their deadline. But this time the citation was not a piece of paper or a bronze plaque. It was instead

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many, many, many little glass terrariums with enchanting little gardens inside made of ferns and plants, some that bloomed. ~~They~~ were even going to have some little live things in them -- salamanders. Too bad they couldn't be frogs. And one would be given to each HeadStart classroom in the city so that the children could watch things grow, and perhaps become familiar with some of the names. It was an imaginative award in which I took much delight, -- 350 ~~xxx~~ of these little terrariums in all. Then we went into the reception where I met some of my old friends like Henry Diamond and Bob Stein and we talked of Lynda and the Ed Weisls. Both Mollie Parnis and Adele Simpson and those who would sit on the dais with me. The Arthur Goldbergs again. I wonder if they ever eat at home. And Mary Lasker, beautiful in a pink brocade. A whole spectrum of people interested in children and their welfare. Social workers, philanthropists, opinion makers, judges and politicians and educators. The Frank O'Connors, and Mrs. Marshall Fields -- she said she had sent me word about not being able to come to the Committee for the Preservation of the White House. Dr. Leona Bumgardner. Dave Dubinsky, grinning like a little elf, still radiant with the success of the afternoon. Jean Kintner. And the Arthur Krims with their British friend. Bob Wagner and his wife, looking younger and happier than he did five years ago. And the Ed Warber<sup>g</sup>s -- she's the mother of Stephen Currier -- in black, looking sadly distant from it all. He told me it was very hard for the scar tissue to heal because over and

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over they would hear reports of another body being washed up on the beach and it was required that someone go and to try to identify it.

As I looked out onto the audience of 700, I knew that I was seeing a large part of the power structure of New York as oriented toward <sup>the</sup> ~~that~~ legal and educational and social rights of children. What a society we are! I wonder if in all the world there is anybody quite like us. I wish I were a sponge and could have picked up more of what there was in that room --- the brains, the hopes, the works and experiences in the past of so many of these people.

Our delicious dinner was interspersed every few minutes by a very amusing master of ceremonies, Mr. Orson McCormack whose dry wit it took me a little while to get used to.

We got off to a good start because he was a friend of Edwina Mitchell's. He had known her in <sup>personal</sup> ~~the~~ work and thought her a great woman.

The tall affable young Mayor, John Lindsey and his wife, had come to pay their respects to the Committee and to welcome me. But he was also on his way to the "Salutes for the Seasons". So after one course he rose, greeted me, in a warm and cordial way, and then went off for his second course. What a life it must be! My last choice for a job in politics would be as Mayor of New York.

And then Nelson Rockefeller who is fast getting to be my favorite Governor, next to John <sup>(Connally)</sup> had come over to greet me the moment he had spotted me to express in his warm, highly personal way, his interest in



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Lyndon, his approval of the course he was taking, some words about Laurence and our last meeting, and his regret that he had to leave early but he is going to a Brotherhood Dinner where his own brother -- the Governor of Arkansas -- was receiving an honor. They are so thoroughly charming -- he and Happy both.

Mrs. Milton Gordon made the introduction without a single note, with great presence and grace -- a very impressive woman. I was drawn to her. For 24 years she has worked with this Committee and everything affecting the interest of the children in legislation -- sometimes for it, sometimes against it. Jack Valenti had told me about her and had urged me to accept this award had mentioned her husband's friendship for Lyndon in the last campaign.

And then with bright lights and TV and cameras I was on. I tried to make my few words personal, recalling the scene in the Red Room in the White House only 2 years ago when HeadStart actually came to birth. There was Sarg Shriver and about 30 of us sitting around and Tony Celebrezze told a great story of how his life had been channeled toward success in his teenage years by the same sort of guidance we hope we can furnish now in some of the poverty programs. And that was the beginning of the HeadStart and the Job Corps and Community Action programs. And then I listed the well known results -- the medical examinations -- in the little over two years that HeadStart has been going on and show it has touched the lives of one million, four hundred thousand children. And I told about "Poncho"

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and his visit to the White House. I wished they could all see the movie. And then a salute to their work which has gone on so much longer than the Government's and upon which the Governments can build. I tried my very best to draw from it all that I could in delivery. And when I sat down I felt that I had done fairly good really. They were most generous in their applause. And then Trudy Lash, who had been Mrs. Roosevelt's last secretary, rose and introduced the real speaker of the evening -- Thurgood Marshall. I had not heard him before. He began in a quiet manner but pretty soon I realized I was in the presence of an orator. I was proud that he was in the Administration. And Mr. McCormack lent the evening just the right amount of humor and a sort of <sup>2</sup>lay touch.

All during the evening, especially at the reception, several people had come up to me sort of shaking their heads and saying, "I don't see how you stand it, it's too bad." Sort of apologetic remarks that made me know that there were picketers outside but I did not see a one. And it was only in the morning papers that I found that they had been chanting outside with such slogans as "End the war in Viet-Nam", "Bring the boys home", "Hey, hey LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?" This group called themselves "The Women Strike for Peace". They were at one entrance. We went in another. But their purpose was ~~accomplished~~ accomplished because the press was there to duly accord them. Sometime during the dinner Liz brought me a folding note which said, "The Secret Service is afraid that there is one woman in the audience who may arise and say 'Stop the War

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in Viet-Nam' ". You had better be thinking about what you will ~~be~~ answer. It did not happen. Actually one can become inured to this sort of thing. We are so close to it I cannot see it in perspective -- this era of turmoil and frustration and ~~anger~~ <sup>the</sup> anger that we live in -- the shadow of danger. And also in the midst of <sup>the</sup> utmost affluence, opportunity, hope that the world perhaps has ever known.

We were out early, thanks to Mr. McCormack. We left a little past 10:00, and I left with the amused thought that I wondered how many more dinners poor Nelson Rockefeller and Jake Javits and Mayor Lindsey had attended. One of the chief qualifications for such jobs must be a good digestion.

Back at the Carlyle I read and worked on paper until midnight. *H*