

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, May 11, 1967

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I awoke in the Carlyle with that pampered luxurious feeling I always have there. My first appointment was to go to see Mr. C. R. Smith who had offered the White House the Worthington Whitridge -- a scene on the Platte River. I never know quite what to make of C. R. I believe he is generous, sincere, our friend. He never wastes a single word. And I was in and out of there in less than 10 minutes after having agreed that he would send the painting down to the White House for us to hang to see if we wanted it -- keep it if we liked it.

Then appointments with Mollie Parnis and the people from Bonwit Teller, trying to fill up a last gap in my wardrobe. I never have the nerve enough to buy enough clothes at once. It always sounds like so much money. Helen looks at me in a <sup>very</sup> ~~eye~~ way with a touch of almost <sup>disdain</sup> ~~disdain~~. And patient Bess encourages me and reminds me that there will be the so-and-so party and that reception and the other State Dinner.

And then an appointment with Eddie Senz.

When I had talked to Lyndon this morning, he had said, "There is one thing I want you to do. I want you to call Eddie Senz and get him to give you another lesson in makeup." It matters to him how I look and he is proud that he thinks I do not look old, and that I have improved in grooming and looks and dress in the last ten years. I must have had a puritan ancestor because I always have a sort of a guilty silly feeling when I make a big production out of making up.

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We left a little past 3:00 to catch the shuttle to Washington because the Spring <sup>Ch. Taper?</sup> march is on and the second of the three big receptions is this evening at 6:00 --- the Judicial Reception. I had about 20 minutes to change for it -- into my pink silk dress with the jacket. And then an appointment with Harper's Bazaar in the Yellow Room to get a picture of Lyndon and me together. So hard, so often we try, and we simply don't have any good ones together -- only casual ones -- the sort for your own bedroom walls and for your special friends. Not the constituents kind. This is for an article entitled "100 Women of Achievement". Since my main achievement if any is working with Lyndon it was quite appropriate that he should be in it.

We met the honored guests -- the Chief Justice and the Court. There were only 6 of them here. Three of my favorites absent -- the Blacks and Douglasses and Fortas!

And the members of the Cabinet -- 7 of the 12 were here.

The Spring with its rocketing pace is taking a toll off of everyone's guest list -- so many speaking engagements, out-of-town trips, furious work and a crescendo pace of parties. I feel very much family with the Court and the Cabinet -- close to them, I think when we leave. There are many friendships here that I shall keep up.

We armed ourselves with a drink for the exertions of the receiving line downstairs -- dubious honor we were paying the Chief Justice and lovely

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Mrs. Warren asking them to stand in line with us to receive some 700 guests who were made up of members of Congress on the Judiciary Committee, Heads of Agencies, Deans of Law Schools, outstanding lawyers from all over the country, former Attorney Generals such as Brownell and Bill Rogers, former Attorney General Kennedy who did not answer or come.

About 6:30 we took the Chief Justice and Mrs. Warren down to the Blue Room, lined up for pictures, and the parade began. Old friends like Judge and Mrs. Lindsey Warren and peppery Thurmon Arnold who had just finished writing an article supporting us and excoriating opponents of Lyndon's policy in Viet-Nam. Marvin Jones, <sup>general</sup> ~~general~~ and relatively untouched by time. And Paul Kilday who used to be in the Texas delegation. They told us that Gene Worley had gone to the hospital for an operation today, -- a younger man than Lyndon is, and going from one illness to another these last three or four years. You feel the quaking ground under your feet when you hear about your friends and their illnesses.

There was nobody I was happier to see than pretty Ann Celebrezze whose husband was a former member of the Cabinet -- as much at home with her as if she had left yesterday -- one of the most serene and happy and feminine women I know.

Judge Sarah Hughes was immediately interesting to all the newspaper women who lit upon her with questions about the Manchester book and the Bible -- brisk, outspoken. I am always proud of her.

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There were old-timers -- Francis Biddle and Justice Reed. And old friends -- Jim Rowe and Tom Corcoran with his daughter. And young friends -- Barefoot Sanders and Ed Weisls (the Jr. 's) and Tyler Abell in his new role as lawyer, and the David Ginsbergs.

We always include the White House Fellows -- the appropriate ones -- at Receptions of this kind. And young staff folks like the Bill Blackburns and the Harry McPhersons.

I ran into Peter Campbell Brown with memories of the campaign of 1960 -- my very first personal encounter with New York politics. And because of him a nice one.

There were lots of Agency people -- General Lewis Hershey, that long suffering good public servant, now the object of so much controversy. And Rosel Hyde of the FCC. Handsome John Macy -- a great favorite of mine. Lawson Knott of GSA. And Bozer McKee of FAA. This is a good time to salute them.

A moment of warmth when Byron Skelton -- our old friend from Texas -- came down the line. And a moment of excitement when Edward Bennett Williams -- the star of trial lawyers -- greeted us. But nobody at the party had as much fun as Jessie Hunter, Jewel Malachek and Betty Weinheimer!

Midway through the receiving line, we stopped and went into the Green Room -- the four of us -- and sat down and had a drink -- a very

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dubious honor this we are paying the Chief Justice. But he and Mrs. Warren are so beautiful and dignified, so thoroughly nice, that they gave every impression of enjoying it -- of being honored. They greeted everybody with a glowing interest.

Somewhere along the way I became worried because I had not seen any Senators -- Mrs. Bayh -- perhaps a House member here and there. But not a Senator. I found out later that there was a very late session in the Senate. They did not quit until 9:00.

At long last it ended and we went into the State Dining Room for a drink and a pick-up bite and mingling with the guests. I ran into a lady who is a granddaughter of Charles Evans Hughes, and told me all about her early years to Washington and her visits to the White House and his campaign for President when he thought he had been elected.

A crowd this size is overwhelming. And when I thought I had done my duties sufficiently -- circulating to each of the rooms -- I stepped upstairs where the Leon Jaworskis and the David Searls and Don Thomas joined us. We had sent word during the reception to them. And Lyndon brought Jack and Charlotte Brooks. And we all sat down for a rest and a tray full of food.

Meetings like this are really the cream of the evening. We talked of Texas politics and the Judiciary and with Don Thomas of Luci and Pat and their house. He is so much responsible for having gotten it for them.

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He loves them both. Luci is the luckiest little girl in the world. She knows how to give and how to receive love.

We talked about upcoming vacancies in the Judiciary in Texas. And I of course interjected Philip Baldwin and found to my great pleasure that Don Thomas was an earnest advocate of his and Leon Jaworski liked him well enough.

Our guests left about 10:30, and Lyndon settled down to night reading and news. And I to my Thomas Wolff book "Of Time and the River", which is a magnificent spade of words, great flowing language, but undisciplined it seems to me.