

1964

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22

The morning began with calls to Mrs. John Reynolds, the wife of the Governor of Wisconsin, and Ida May Cain to finish wrapping up Luci Baines' planned trip to Wisconsin this afternoon and I with fear and trembling await whatever may come of it! Then there was office work and a chance to go over the list for the luncheon today for Mrs. Pearson.

Today is a double feature, the first time it has been tried in the White House and by the end of the day I was about to think it would be the last time because we had a working luncheon for the men downstairs for the Prime Minister and then a ladies luncheon for Mrs. Pearson up here--second floor. There were thirty-two guests and what with the two things going on I was a little fearful that we might wind up having our fish for dessert and vice versa.

Mrs. Pearson is a very pleasant, smooth, attractive, knowledgeable person who laughs off her interest in politics and says that she accompanies her husband everywhere, but you can readily see-- or it seems to me--that she can handle any situation and be of a big help to him. She likes to tell that she was a student of his when he taught at some University and that that was the only way she could pass the course was to marry the Professor.

Besides the contingent of Canadian visitors, there was Mrs. Dean Rusk and Mrs. William Tyler, wife of the Assistant

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Mrs. Ribicoff, and then I had Mrs. Hughes, the wife of the Governor of New Jersey, down because I want to mix some Governors in with these luncheons and also she was so nice to offer Luci the hospitality of her home when Luci had that trip to Princeton. From the House my good old friend who opens all of those letters and dictates the good replies and helps us out in every way, Carrie Davis, and two Representatives who come close on the border of Canada, Representative Catherine May and Julia Butler Hansen, and then that gentle-faced Ellen Winston, Commissioner of Welfare. I would really like to sit down with her for an hour sometime and find out what part HEW plays in the lives of people.

It was good to see Libby Rowe, who is having a lot to do with lifting the face of Southwest (or Southeast<sup>?</sup>) Washington. And from the other side of the political fence, there was Bertha Adkins, who used to be the head of the Republican women and is now the Head Mistress out at lovely Foxcroft. From the communications field there was Doris Fleeson and Pauline Frederick of NBC, whose face and voice were so very familiar to me, and then Mrs. Max Freedman, ~~who has~~ <sup>who's</sup> been so helpful to us in many ways.

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I had Mrs. Leon Keyserling sitting next to Mrs. Pearson and it turned out to be a pretty good arrangement I think because the talk

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was constant and interesting as well as I could judge. Not forgetting politics, I had Emma Guffey Miller, the Democratic National Committeewoman from Pennsylvania, and Val Phillips, (Mrs. Dale Phillips) the Wisconsin National Committeewoman and Mrs. Hickman Price, and from my own field--the newspaper field--here in town Marie Smith.

It wasn't one of our best luncheons for the simple reason that you can't be two places at once and Bess was trying to manage downstairs as well as upstairs and I miss my little <sup>coterie</sup> ~~coterie~~ of intelligent and the decorative young ladies I used to have out at The Elms like Marjorie Jenkins or Mary V or Barbara Burris, who would land on a newcomer "like a duck on a June bug" and take them around and see that they got introduced and made to feel at home and found a drink... Those who make the party mingle. We were a little short on that this time, but that is just a warning to do better next time.

Hardly had we finished the luncheon than I went into the Treaty Room to watch the signing of the Campbello Treaty between Canada and the United States, making President Roosevelt's old summer home a joint park. Lyndon and the Prime Minister were seated at the table flanked by the Canadian Delegation and a good many of our State Department people and behind them what a pleasure it was to see old timers like Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen and Grace Tully and Abe

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Fortas and James Roosevelt and his wife and Miss May Craig just beaming, and I don't know who all I might have found in the crowd among those who were here in our first days if I had looked long enough. It was a graceful salute to the past and it is about one of the places I hope someday I may see, Camp<sup>#</sup>abello. One of my ambitions is to trap somebody like James Roosevelt and perhaps Alice Roosevelt Longworth, separately of course, and get them to sit down with me for a quiet hour--just the two of us--maybe with Lynda Bird and ask them for some memories as to what it was like when they each lived here.

After the Treaty signing I went to the beauty parlor to pick up Luci Baines and rode with her to the airport where she is just setting off to Madison, Wisconsin, and then on to Rochester, Minnesota, to see Jack and to be with Ida May and Jim Cain, her first trip alone really, a big grown up girl now, a college campus, her beau, a new part of the United States, managing her own press relations. That little girl--she's growing up fast and do you know, I think she is liking parts of it. When she gets back, I don't know whether her Mother and Father will like parts of it or not. I just hope we all survive it in a good humor with one another.

After an early dinner I got all dressed up in a white evening dress and set out with Lyndon to the dedication of that museum of History and Technology of the Smithsonian--that big handsome edifice

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that rises on Constitution Avenue. Dr. Carmichael presided and Chief Justice Warren spoke and Clinton Anderson at rather a good deal of length. The audience was aglitter-- Washington's Ambassadorial Corps, the Senate, the Press, at least everybody all dressed up except Lyndon who had obstinately gone along in his business suit, and then Lyndon spoke and it was a rather good speech with some concrete talk about what was there and the things that made the building living--Whitney's cotton gin, Alexander Graham Bell's telephone, (sometimes I wonder who's glad,) the sewing machine--I guess it must be Singer's, and your mind went back to that man James Smithson, of England, and what a dream he had made come true and what a lot it had meant.

The building is magnificent, but it looks a little clinical and marbly and cool and tall, and I looked around for my old dinosaurs and didn't see them, but I guess I will have to come back on another day and go through it at length. All that I could see stretched broadly across the front in magnificent display was the Star Spangled Banner, tattered and torn, but the same.