

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Mothers' Day, Sunday, May 10, 1964

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Actually, it ^{the day} began right after we got home from Atlantic City, about a little ^{past} ~~passed~~ one o'clock at night, with Lynda, Luci and Warrie, ^{leading} us, with our mother's day gifts, ^a a lovely letter from Warrie; a picture of Lynda Bird, standing in front of the main building at the University, ^{the} tall tower I love; and several pictures of Luci, hard at work at her desk. . . Good ones, full of the variety of that little rebel, Luci.

We got to bed about two and thank goodness, we slept very late, having breakfast in bed at 11:30, Lyndon and I together.

And then a long reading of the paper and at 3:30 Mrs. Provenson^a came and we practiced my speech for Emory, in Atlanta, tomorrow, with Liz present, ^{to} help, criticize, and evaluate. It's always useful to have Mrs. Provenson, and I'm never satisfied, and at 5:30, ^{quit} in time for Lyndon and I ^[me!] to go to a quick church service at St. John's across Lafayette Square. . .

A sort of last resort for church, last service of the day, and it Mother's Day - how could we miss it?

Then we went to a small party at Phil Potter's, one of Lyndon's favorite reporters of the Baltimore Sun and several of his editors in the publishing department of the paper. Phil is an oddly philosophic man, to be a reporter. Ideally suited for his assignment, ⁱⁿ India, I thought. Somebody quite in the groove with Nehru. Here at home, he has a very woodland back yard where he is an ardent gardner, and he lovingly showed me his azaleas, tree peonies which are very rare, and a little plant I don't even know the name of, pointing

Phil?

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out birds nests, that the mother bird had flown away whenever he came around to put out new plants or put in fertilizer, or cultivate. But it always, faithfully, returned the moment he had left the job.

It is one of the few times that I have been acutely aware of his job, because of his daughter coming up to me, in fourteen year old fashion, saying to me, "What is it like to be first lady?" I wish they could understand, it's just something that happens to you and not something that makes you any different.

Their home was full of all the world-around assignments that Phil has had. The Baltimore Sun is ^[an] unusual paper, probably a little more reliable and old fashioned than most papers.

We left the Phil Potter's rather early, with Mary Margaret and Jack Valenti, stopped by the Womens National Democratic Club, where Diana and Donald were having a party, a very important party for them, to which they had invited her two bosses in the Peace Corp, both negroes, and all of the Ambassadors from the African nations, with which she, in her job in the Peace Corp, on the African Desk, had associations.

The "piece de resistance" of the party, was the Claremont String Quartet, very highbrow chamber music, doing Revell and Dvorak, that had toured Africa under the State Department's cultural exchange, and had filled halls in the capitols of the remote provinces. But they were a little too highbrow

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for me. I'm afraid I like something more rousing, or more foot-tapping than chamber music.

Of course, ^{the} the nicest part of the evening for me, ^{was} was to see Tony there, who's visiting Diana, ^{this year,} for the Equal Employment Opportunity Committee. And you could see him just beaming with pride, ^{at} at Diana and her achievements. And there were lots of our good friends there - Justice Goldberg and Dorothy; Tom and Mary Clark; Mrs. Luther Hodges; Katie Louchheim and Walter; Angie Biddle Duke, close to being my favorite man; the Carl Row^ans; and several of our own staff, the Carpenters; ^{the} the Reedys; ^{the} the Leonard Marks.

It could have all been so much fun, if there hadn't been quite so much picture taking. I wish people could just be glad we were there because they liked us, rather than wanting to get a picture of us with them. But it was a very attractive party and Diana looked lovely, only I wish she were a little more low key, quiet heart.

One of the most delightful things was to see her two children, Lisa and Sasha, sitting on the floor, ^{utterly} absorbed in the music. ^{Blond,} Blond, patient, wide eyed.

I made a date with Tony to see him when I got back from Georgia, and we left in time to be in bed at 11:30, in preparation for a big day tomorrow.

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