

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, May 28, 1964

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What a busy day. It began a little after 11, by going to Arlington Cemetery to lay a wreath on the grave of President Kennedy, because tomorrow would have been his 47th birthday.

The endless crowds wound up the hill to the grave, surrounded by the little picket fence. I stood outside while Lyndon went into the enclosure, put down the wreath, and bowed a moment in prayer. Then quickly we walked out past the silent people, back to the White House for a quick lunch.

And then to the Irish reception at the Mayflower, with Lyndon and Lynda, wearing my brightest green outfit, in honor of the Emerald Isle.

We met President deValera and his party in the little Pan American Room and then we went into the East Room, where the Chiefs of Missions filed past, and then into the main foray. Never have I seen such an enormous crowd in that familiar Mayflower room! We simply could not make our way among them.

Finally, President deValera went to a microphone and addressed them, sentimentally, sweetly, and there were cries here and there, "Hey, Dev! We love you, Dev!" And he mentioned, as he had before, at least twice, the expression "Forty-five years ago."

It was too crowded for the grace that would have been desired, but the feeling for the old man was there - and he responded.

And then back we came to the White House, where I had an interview with L. B. Stevens, Elaine's friend from Montgomery, who's seeking one

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of the jobs on the Board of Pardons and Paroles. Very southern, very nice, and I made an appointment for him with Walter.

And then, at 3 o'clock, Doug Cater came over to do some editing and some discussing, on my little speech for Beth Jenkins' graduation class at Georgetown Visitation. . . Most attractive man, I'm so glad he's joined us.

Every time I went past Lynda and Warrie Lynn's room, I turned my head the other way, because I felt very sad about Warrie Lynn leaving and I didn't want to go in and see the room with stacked suitcases and that sweet little face - a little forlorn looking - putting away the last things that were hers. I'm not about to say goodbye to somebody as dear as Warrie Lynn, just "so long for now."

A little after 4 we choppered out to Andrews, and went to New York for the New York Gala, staying in the enormous, elegant suite at the New York Hilton. Because there wasn't supposed to be enough time in between to change clothes, I had gotten into my evening dress on the airplane. You have to be careful to choose which evening dress, the simplest one, when you're changing on a lurching airplane, and transferring to a helicopter. Staying is hardly the right word, because we were just at the Hilton long enough for telephone calls. ^R Then to the Americana Hotel where I shook hands at each table for the thousand dollar dinner which preceeded the Gala. The same format as in Washington except this time I did not know so many

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of the people.

And briefly in to meet the group Eddie Weisl had so triumphantly gotten together, about 1200 young Democrats who had paid \$100 for the dinner, and quite an achievement that was, among the 30 year olds or so.

Eddie in his glory, and such a lot of enthusiasm he has poured into it.

Lyndon made a brief speech and then we went upstairs for dinner, with the Arthur Krimms, the Ed Weisl, Srs, and a little staff, the first relaxed moment of the day.

In shaking hands at the President's Club Dinner, which Arthur Krimm is the chairman, I had run across a few friends; Jim Farley; Jean Kintner who is the co-chairman; Anna Rosenberg Hoffman; Mrs. Louis Gimbel; Victor Anfuso, always on hand and full of enthusiasm; ~~old~~ Roy Chalk; Tom Degan; Abraham Feinberg; Ed Weisl; and Mary Lasker, of course; and May Gurvich. But not like the gathering of the clan in Washington.

Mayor Wagner is once more in evidence. For awhile after Susan Wagner's death, he disappeared from view.

Amazingly enough, the salute was just as much fun the second time around. A few things were changed; they had lost a few and substituted a few. Mahalia Jackson, had a bad cold and so they had some Gospel Singers. It was, if anything, a little shorter, and that's on the good side.

It was over at 11:30, and we went to the Arthur Krimms for a reception for the cast and a sizeable number of the big contributors, which was so much fun that we stayed a long time.

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Handsome Gregory Peck was there, much to the delight of Lynda; and Lyndon practically fell in love with Mitzi Gaynor, although it would be hard to find anybody more attractive than Mrs. Arthur Krimm.

I enjoyed a little chance to talk with Richard Adler and thank him. With Joan Baez; and with the hilarious Allan Sherman.

And then - what a long night - about 1:15, left by chopper, and then plane, and then on to Texas, sleeping a good part of the time, and arriving at what would have been, for us, six o'clock stomach time A. M. on Friday - but 4 o'clock Texas time at the LBJ ranch, to be met by a grinning James Davis, in the little white golf cart ----- and the promise of a restful tomorrow.