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June 25th, Thursday, was a unique jewel of a day —  
The next 24 hours were <sup>—</sup> because I saw a new part of the  
United States, Mackinac Island. I breakfasted in a hotel  
and then from the airport went to Pellston Michigan.  
There I was met by Nancy Williams, (Mrs. G. Mennen Williams),  
and Mrs. Philip Hart -- thank goodness not in her little one  
engine plane. There was quite a crowd along the fence and  
I went up and down shaking hands, and then there was a car  
waiting for me to take me to Mackinac City through a rather  
lonely countryside, mostly woody with conifers, what I took  
to be fur or balsam or spruce, and there were ferns knee high  
through the woods, and in an occasional clearing there would  
be a cherry orchard. I understand that is one of the big products  
of this part of the State. And also crab apples. ~~At the dock~~  
~~in~~

At the dock in Mackinac City there was another small  
crowd and a great magnificence <sup>to</sup> of ~~xxx~~ expanse of cold lake. I  
shook hands with a lot of youngsters, and then climbed into a  
speed boat <sup>to</sup> across the straits to Mackinaw Island.

As well as I can understand the geography, on my  
left was Lake Michigan, and on my right Lake Huron, and we  
were going across a fairly narrow point where they met, where  
there was about a 20 minute ride by speed boat to Mackinac Island,

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a spot that congealed in time about 1895, though its history goes back much farther indeed. It became the great fur trading center of the Northern Great Lakes when Fort Mackinac was built in 1780, thereby making it secure from the Indians. Traders would come from all over the surrounding Great Lake area bringing their beaver pelts, because all gentlemen wore beaver hats in those days. There was some mink and otter and other furs but beaver was the fur.

One of the great charms of the island is that there is not an automobile on it except the fire truck and the ambulance. <sup>2!</sup> Everybody walks or goes on bicycles, or ~~a~~ rides in the most delightful carriages with handsome wicker type bodies. <sup>1</sup> I wonder what museums they raid to get them? <sup>2</sup> Pulled by horses that have a red tassel ~~fox~~ <sup>of</sup> plume above their heads.

I was met by Stewart Woodfil (?) my host, the manager of the Grand Hotel who had put his own personal home at our disposal. <sup>in mass</sup> The towns vacationers had turned out in mass to greet me at the dockside, also the Mayor, and then Mr. Woodfil escorted me to this elegant carriage -- I never felt so much like Cinderella -- the driver had on a welltailored red coat and a high silk hat. It was a <sup>"</sup>vis -a-vis <sup>"</sup> -- four of us could sit in it, two on each side facing each other -- and Jerry Kivett sat beside the

driver up front. Oh, the varied life of a Secret Service Agent!

Mr. Woodfil's home was a comfortable, spreading white house built I would think about 1900 with bright yellow awnings, right by the side of the lake. The yard was full of lilac trees, enormous trunks as big as your thigh. The first ones had <sup>been</sup> brought over by the French settlers, the fur traders who had come in the 1780s and reached their height with William M. Astor (<sup>B</sup>B. for Backhouse), the chief fur trader of them all, in about 1820.

The island is covered with balsam and cedar and maples. It must make it a blaze of glory in September! And it is dominated by the Grand Hotel, the very arch-type of summer hotel, an enormous frame structure, white, with the longest front porch in the world, 885 feet they tell me. It faces the lake. Red ~~car~~ carpeting comes down the front steps to right where the carriages stop, bright red geraniums in pots line the steps and the gallery, and flags flutter all along in front of the long porch.

Since 1887 it has been a fashionable resort for people from Chicago, /Detroit, the Mid-west, a sort of family vacation. Mr. Woodfill was a most interesting host. He introduced us to the couple who took care of him, and then Liz and I had lunch alone and I spent the afternoon lying in bed watching the hhips go

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past my window on the Straits of Mackinac. It is absolutely wonderful not to hear any automobiles. Instead I heard the rhythmic beat of waves on the shore and smelled the scent of lilac through the open window. How nice too not to have air-conditioning!

About five-thirty I dressed up in my best and down stairs was greeted by the President of the Michigan Bankers Association and ~~him~~ his wife who escorted me and Liz in a buggy to the Grand Hotel. There we attended the reception, stood in line, met every banker in Michigan, practically. I doubt if there were many votes for Johnson there, but there certainly weren't any less when I left, I believe. Maybe a few more.

I kept on meeting displaced Texans. Next we drove up to Nancy Williams residence by buggy for dinner. Her house is typical Victorian, as are practically all of the fine old homes on Mackinac, turrets, gables, a widows walk, ginger bread, a flag out front which they were just about to take down as I arrived because it was sunset. Inside huge fireplaces, and it was going and we needed it. Panelling of an elaborate ~~cb/~~ rocco is type which no longer done, and a ~~mx~~ lamp shade as big as a parasol, bright vari-colored glass, practically a museum piece of Victorian household decor.

Besides Nancy and her daughter Wandy, who goes to NCS, and struggles with it just as hard as Luci does, there was Mrs. Neal Stabler, wife of the Congressman-at-Large Vice Chairman who is running for Governor, Adelaide Hart, wife of the Democratic State Central Committee, Mrs. Sam Brown, wife of the State Treasurer, and then one of the most interesting guests, Mrs. Hugh Rudolph, who is herself a State Park Commissioner and she is the daughter of former Senator Prentiss Brown. I will get back to her in a minute. And Mrs. Walter Murray, wife of the Chairman of Mackinac Island Park Commission, and Mrs. Carl Norburg, wife of the State Park Superintendent, and Ann Lund whom I had known in Washington who also has a home here on the island -- so many people do.

We went to <sup>sit in little</sup> see a circular glassed-in room where you had a superb view of the water, and they told us a lot about Mackinaw. "Quaint" is the word that you can't get away from. But to me its most ~~in~~ interesting quality is that it seems to have stopped, congealed, in an epoch of history, probably the one in which it reached its peak about 1900, the essence of Victorianism.

Nancy's own house is delightful and she has used color liberally in the way that I like to use it, apparently having picked up old furniture and painted it giving each room a bright,

individual color scheme. We went all over the house and up to the widow's walk where the view of Lake Huron , Lake Michigan , the ships , the light house, the cedar, balsam, tamarac covered hills, the marvelous outcroppings of rocks, the fort, and most particularly the water, water, water, ~~were~~<sup>was</sup> superb.

As always when you have more than one witness the stories varied a great deal, but it appears that ~~xxx~~ about 1000 or more people live on the island in the summer, which lasts from Memorial Day to October the first, although it is pretty cold all of June . But then October the first the hotel closes, all the summer people leave, and just a few who like to be out of the world -- 250 or 300 people - remain on the Island.

<sup>strait</sup>  
The Straights & soon become clogged with large pieces of ice and sometimes it freezes over entirely, and it is possible, but dangerous, to go out in an automobile or on foot,

<sup>There is a</sup>  
~~The~~ little plane that comes in twice a week to bring mail -- everybody is supposed to have stocked up pretty well on groceries I suppose during September -- it is just a four seater. There is a doctor and a nurse who live on the island . Tourism is their <sup>the</sup> main trade. Charming basket carriages that you see were made about 75 years ago, they told me. Nancy said that ~~though~~ although the State of Michigan has no Governor's Mansion that quite sometime ago they bought a summer mansion for the

Governor here on Mackinaw, and she had spent many happy years in it, and when Soapy decided not to run again, he said "you are going to miss the island, aren't you?" She said "yes, more than anything," and he said well you better just look around and find another house. This was one of the houses ~~that~~ that had been built for a member of the <sup>Cudahy</sup> ~~Cuttahay~~ (?) family

We had a delicious dinner with wine and Mrs.

Rudolph, the daughter of Senator Prentiss Brown, told us how she goes trapping! She decided when she came to live there that she might as well get all there was out of living there so she would do what the early settlers did. She went trapping for mink! She set the trap right by the water and the next day when ~~she~~ you come back you hope the mink has rolled into the water and drowned because he is a viscious little animal, if he hasn't and you approach him through the shallow water of the little stream because he has an almost unknown capability of using his musk glands just like a skunk and he can spray you so you wish you had stayed home. Also you better have a club handy because if he is still alive he is a viscious little creature.

She had caught enough mink to make herself a coat and enough beaver for a coat for one of her friends, <sup>very</sup> most unusual and delightful ~~a~~ person.

Ch. H.,  
Nancy?

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All around the~~e~~ were things that Nancy had brought back from her visits to Africa. I enjoyed her very much. She is a very vital woman. Our politics have largely been at cross purposes, but that just could be because we didn't know each other.

Liz and I went home <sup>rather</sup> ~~very~~ early after a unique and wonderful day to go to sleep by that most sop~~h~~orific sound, the ~~xylophonic~~ rhythmic beat of water on the shore. I wondered in a completely relaxed sort of way whether Lyndon was making any headway with P <sup>for</sup> ~~any~~ PANL ~~reau~~ of Greece/whom he ~~was~~ ~~xxx~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~having~~ had had ~~the~~ luncheon. Too bad he couldn't be enjoying just what I was now. I had been glad to see that on the guest list were my old friends that I traveled to Greece with, his Eminence Archbishop Yarticus <sup>Savakas</sup> (?), Judge John Popus <sup>Pappas</sup> (?) and Mrs. John Plumadees <sup>Plumidas</sup> (?). Also, to know that the Greek I have known longest of all, George Vernus <sup>Vournos</sup> (?) was there, besides such old friends as Sol Taishoff of Broadcasting Magazine, Frank Russell of NBC, and Raymond Buck of Fort Worth -- he must just have happened to be in town.

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