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Friday, June 26th, to my annoyance I woke up very early, but was well repaid by seeing the opalescent tinted water and a ship passing, and then I must have drifted back to sleep because the next thing I knew Liz was waking me up. It was after ten. She can never wait for the next event. I had fresh-caught white fish in bed for breakfast, and at eleven o'clock left with Liz and Mr. Woodfill, our host, for a good daylight view of the Mackinaw Island. we went in the elegant horse drawn vis-a-vis.

Mr. Woodfill was a marvelous guide. We drove past the hotel, his life and his delight. He told me that in June he tried to get as many conventions as possible, and then in July and August were family months. hiking, golf, horse-back riding and bicycles were the main entertainment of the ~~isakx~~ island. There were 2000 ~~bicycles on the island~~ bicycles on the island he said, and we saw at least 1500 of them that day, most of them with children on them. It is evidently a children's paradise.

The very air itself is one of the most delightful features, so fresh and pure and makes you ~~x~~ feel like walking 10 miles, and <sup>scented</sup> ~~tinted~~ with balsam and lilac. It is a hilly, wooded island, cedar, spruce, balsam, tamarac, and the forests are full

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of little flowers -- yellow and orange -- which they insisted on calling Indian paint brush, but aren't at all, at least aren't Texas Indian paint brush<sup>1</sup>. And whole carpets of bluish lavender forget-me-nots. And in everybody's yard, <sup>at</sup> ~~bridle~~ wreath, peonies, the most exquisite tuberous begonias I ever saw, and lilac, lilac, lilac. We <sup>passed</sup> ~~past~~ by homes owned by several of the <sup>Cuttyhayes</sup> ~~Cuttyhayes~~ (?). He showed me the Governor's mansion where Nancy had lived so long, and which the Romneys do not make a ~~great~~ great deal of use of, he said, the home of the first Astor, of one of the Biddles, the Ferry family who owned the famous seed house, all of them big rambling houses suited for large families and casual living.

We asked him how much one of them would cost if they came up for sale now, and he said <sup>//</sup> ~~about~~ <sup>?</sup> \$15,000 or \$18,000, but you<sup>//</sup> realize they would take a good deal of working on the inside if you wanted a modern interior. It would be an <sup>idyllic</sup> ~~ideal~~ thing to do, and the price ~~rather~~ surprised me it was so low.

<sup>Moral</sup>  
Also we passed a large MRA -- ~~Morrow~~ Rearmament Complex. They own a lot of property on the island and have, I gather, ~~that~~ rather annoyed him by taking it over.

Mackinac Island, he says, was the hub of civilization of the lake because of the fort and the military garrison and the citadel -- it was the cross roads of the lake, it was also where all the fur trade took place. The flags of France, England and the United States have flown over it. Many of the street names still bear evidence of its French history.

We stopped at the natural bridge. I took a walk in the woods. Not my sort of a walk -- not a 5 mile walk but probably a half a mile. We explored the fort thoroughly, the block houses, dungeons, stockades. It is all beautifully kept with a great sense of history, and the full knowledge that tourism is their major industry.

Mr. Woodfill bought the hotel way back before the depression and then just a year before the depression he sold. The next owners naturally went practically broke and he bought it back, and has remained its manager ever since, although he has once more somewhere along the way sold it, I think. He lives alone, the why of it is a sad story, but he doesn't seem in the least sad. In fact I would say he has a thoroughly satisfactory life.

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We returned for a seafood lunch, too good and following too fast upon that breakfast, and then at one-thirty left for the boat dock, waved goodbye to that enchanting postcard vacation spot, and got in the speed boat to go to Mackinac City. As we left the harbor the boats gave a salute, three long blasts and three short blasts. On the other side we decided that we just had time to make a detour to go up on the gorgeous bridge, the one I had seen last night. It does not cross to Mackinac Island but what is called the Upper Peninsula, thereby bringing the scarcely populated Upper Peninsula and the millions of vacation-hungry people in Detroit and so forth closer together. Last night we had seen it stretched like a diamond necklace across the water, just a fairy gossamer thread of a bridge. I understand it was built by Soapy Williams at a great cost. Republicans have been beating him over the head with it ever since. But I bet the years will prove Soapy is right.

At the Pellston Airport there were more hands to shake along the fence and then the plane to Detroit where I got in quietly without any ceremony and drove to the Sheraton Cadillac Hotel. Lyndon arrived at almost the same time. It was good connections. I changed clothes and had a hair-do and was ready for another one of those fund-raising nights. . . Spelled Fund, not Fun.

m First we went to the President's Club reception where there were about 200 people, a goodly number in Michigan they tell me for putting up <sup>3</sup>1000 each for the Democratic Party. I tried to meet everybody and make our one little minute with each of them count.

And then later we went t o the Cobo (?) Hall -- Lyndon and I -- for the fund-raising dinner itself. The most remarkable thing about the evening was that Henry Ford showed up and sat at the head table. I should think it must have been rather hard for him.

And then down in the audience at first unnoticed but found by Liz, <sup>1</sup> trust Liz to bird-dog him out - there was a high official, perhaps a Vice President I think, of General Motors. It was only later we found there was somebody from the Chrysler heirarchy.

Lyndon added an impromptu line in his speech that he was glad there was a Ford in his future and that it looked like there might be a Chevrolet too. Soapy, Neal Stabler, Governor Swainson <sup>all spoke.</sup> ~~also~~ I was glad to see Mike Jeffrey again, and that pretty blond Alice Swainson (?). The most impressive thing about the evening was the possibility for unity, cessation of strife between busines s and labor, between the red hot liberals and ~~the~~ what we hopefully believe to be the bulk

of the Democratic Party, that is, the moderates.

Lyndon's speech was measured, hopeful, one that would appeal to the business community, would be I hope acceptable to all Democrats, and sure didn't run off the Republicans .

I had to get up and say my "Twinkle-twinkle little star" It was just a bouquet for the scenic delight of their vacation land, their lovely ~~Mxxx~~ Mackinac Island, and thanked everybody. It was the biggest turnout they had ever had for a fund-raising dinner in Detroit so they told me. To me an interesting part of it was to see Soapy Williams in operation. He has certainly been a durable character in elective office, and I find him and Nancy very likeable although I guess we have each been raised to expect the other to be a sort of bugaboo,

Alas, a few days later, and evening composed of 2000 people becomes rather faceless. It doesn't stand out in the memory like the unique day in Mackinac.

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