

1964

Wednesday, August 5th

This morning I went with Lyndon to Syracuse, New York, for the dedication of an enormous communications center, which was given by the Neuhaus Newspapers to the University of Syracuse, one of the oldest universities in the country.

We were met by Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller, affable and smiling, and I think it is greatly to his credit that he shows no outward scars of the San Francisco traumatic experience. This was the first time I had met Happy. Being a member of the Married Women's Union, I had been disposed not to like her, but it is very difficult not to like her. She is wholesome and natural and warm-looking, without being actually pretty, but with that sort of charm that Barrie[?], the English dramatist, was talking about, which draws people to you.

We went through the Communications Center, a vast building of glass and steel, the brainchild of a noted architect, which will soon house the department of all the communications media -- radio, TV, newspaper. Odd and interesting, because I had always thought of the Neuhaus newspapers as a purely business enterprise, setting more store by the balance sheet than the editorial department. And here is this great manifestation of public service. Maybe if you dug deep you might find taxes had something to do with it. But why pick

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a quarrel with an achievement for the good?

We met ever so many Neuhauses, all about five feet high. I remember very well that Mr. Neuhaus, Sr. had been down at the White House with our dear friend Ed Weisl, practically kidnapped on one of Lyndon's trips to survey Appalachia and returning with him for dinner.

We had our pictures made with every member of the family and all the University people, and then went up to a platform on a sort of an outdoor plaza looking out upon a sea of faces -- faculty and graduates in chairs, other students and townspeople, sitting on the hillsides, under the trees, practically as far as eye could see.

It had been a cloudy day, and suddenly the sun broke out. Always in the back of my mind were the events of the day before -- Tonkin Gulf, our reply to their attack on our destroyers by sending planes with bombs against their bases. And then sitting tensely, today, tomorrow, and how many days, waiting to see what their reaction will be, what happens next.

The sun coming out was somehow a wonderful augury. I sat next to Happy Rockefeller. It was a good speech -- Lyndon's was -- and it makes you feel so good to do something that pleases people, and it obviously pleased the Neuhauses very much that the

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President of the United States came to dedicate their communications center.

As we filed out, Happy said to me, "I wish you the best of luck -- I really do." Now how to interpret that -- from the wife of the Republican Governor? Probably as a courteous and understanding statement.

We left as quickly as we could and were back at the White House by 1:40. I went up on the roof to get some sun -- I can't get enough these days -- and there I signed mail and autographed pictures, and at 3 o'clock Robin Duke and her dressmaker, Mr. Kandi Ohno, the dapper little Japanese, came. I think he is going to turn out something nice for me for the Convention.

Then a nap, and then at 6 o'clock I saw Mr. Myrph Foote, the CPA who is making an audit of our books to determine our net worth for release to the public. It was a long two-hour tedious session. It was quite late when we came to dinner. Lyndon and Mayor Daley of Chicago, his son, his staff member, Ray Simon, and Congressman Rostenkowski. The more I see of Mayor Daley, the more I admire him. Rotund and healthy, happy and a lovely wife and a houseful of children. He never takes a drink. He is utterly immersed in his work, one of those men who was born to

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be a Mayor.

At ten o'clock Secretary Rusk came over, and he and Lyndon retreated for a long talk. The tension lessens a little bit. At least the day is past and there is no response from Tonkin Bay. There seems to be a feeling in this country we have stood upon our hind legs and done the right thing.