

January 19, 1965
Tuesday

Tuesday, January 19, was in many ways, the most glamorous of the three great days of the Inauguration. In the morning I had a little visit with several of the house guests and with Nellie and John and their friends. I expected to go to the Governor's reception alone, but Lyndon decided to go. It was more his staff's urging than mine. So we went together a little after four o'clock.

The Sheraton Park was a teeming mass of humanity - just like being in the middle of a campaign rally instead of up on the stage at one. We walked from booth to booth, meeting and talking with all the Governors. There were, I believe, about forty there. Probably unexpected, but not^{by} the least embarrassing to us were two Southern Governors, Wallace of Alabama and Johnson of Mississippi. Wallace told me he hoped I'd come to Alabama soon and I thanked Governor Johnson again for greeting me at my Biloxi Whistlestop. One of the happiest meetings was with Governor Jack Burns of Hawaii, and his sweet wife, a polio victim, in her wheel chair. We were so glad to see Governor Hoff of Vermont and his cute wife and the Dan Moore^s of North Carolina. She was one of the star orators on the whistlestop trip. Governor Rockefeller and Happy couldn't have been more

affiable and charming. We talked about how much we appreciated Laurence Rockefeller's interest in beautification. Governor Romney and his wife were very friendly also. But it was when we saw the Donald Russells of South Carolina that we had a hugging reunion. John and Nellie were holding court - with a crowd of Texans so thick that it was the heaviest traffic in the room. Actually it was almost frightening to make our way through the crowd. It surged around us so. Governor Hughes, I believe it's of Iowa, was one of the handsomest ones there. And jovial Governor Carvel of Delaware, quite uncrushed in defeat. It was a good hour and every step of the way I saw people I knew. That has been the amazing thing about these enormous crowds. How many I know and am really glad to see.

When we had circled the hall and emerged in the quiet of the foyer, ^{with} Phyllis Dillon and Henry Fowler Co-Chairmen, it was nearly six and the biggest traffic jam you ever saw. Because of the confluence of the Governor's Reception crowd, the reception for Hubert Humphrey and Heaven knows what else parties, we just decided it was a bit too early to go to Hubert's party and lucky we did, because he was about forty-five minutes late to his own party. Back at the White House Jean Louis piled my hair piled my hair up high on my head with

a postiche
a / ~~on my mirror~~ and I put on the most regal
dress I own, or so I think. The American Beauty Red
St. Maur, with a bit of a train. If it's any night
I dare wear a train it's to the concert. The most de-
lightful bit of the day was when I went in Luci's room
trying to rescue Jean Louis. Luci's guests are like
rabbits. They seem to multiply. There was Betty
Beale and Susan Ray, Patty McGuirk her old Camp Mystic
friend. But there were at least three or four other
little girls running around whose names I could not
recall. All of them squealing, looking for various
articles of clothing, telling Jean Louis to do this and
that to their hair. Luci in a red brocade dress with
puffed sleeves and an empire waist, - it was just a
little forty dollar dress - a sort of seventeen year
old Scarlet O'Hara - a delightful mixture of demure
Southern belle and sexy flirt, was running around the
room madly searching for a red ribbon just the right
color to put in her hair with the dress. She was hold-
ing in her hand a red ribbon that was about twice too
wide. Suddenly I heard her say - in an almost
conversational tone "don't come close to me or I'll
kill you". It had been a tense and straining several
days but I thought this was going a little far. I
said "Lucy, what on earth"? And then I saw that she

was holding in her hand a naked razor blade ^{and} was attempting to cut the ribbon in two. All of the little girls jostled past her, heading for the closet or the bathroom.

We had a light dinner on trays in Lyndon's room. And then we went to the State Department for a reception for the Medal of Freedom Winners. This has been one of the best ideas for the whole Inaugural and it added great luster. I think it probably germinated in the ^{of} brain ~~by~~ Eric Goldman and it was augmented by a suggestion of Doug Cater's to ask an additional fifty who are prominent in Arts and Humanities. Writers, painters, composers. ~~When we entered the John Quincy Adams Room at the State Department we were all seated at round tables. But Leonard Marks, that particular host, rose and escorted us around from table to table to meet them. There were twenty-five of the Medal of Freedom winners out of the possible fifty-six and I think that's very good considering that many of them are over eighty years old, come from all parts of the United States and several from overseas. What a room full of brains and talent it was! And their presence added a lot of lustre to the Inaugural festivities.~~ There was Marian Anderson and Dr. Von ^{Braun?} ~~Bronck?~~ scientist, and President of Rockefeller Institution; Ralph Bunche, Nobel Prize Winner, Diplomat, and ^{Aaron} ~~Marion~~ Copland, composer

of several symphonies, lecturer, Pulitzer Prize Winner, Dr. Lena Edwards, an obst^xtrician who gave up a private practice at sixty, to set up a clinic for migrant farm workers in the Texas Panhandle. She ~~lived~~^{left} just hoping that nobody would go into labor because there is nobody to take her place when she is gone. Ellsworth Bunker, Ambassador, Diplomat; John W. Gardner, Educator and Author, and President of the Carnegie Foundation. Wilhelm ~~Deconney~~^{De Koonig}, Painter; Edwin Land who invented the Polaroid camera; our friend Ralph McGill, maverick fighter for civil rights from Atlanta; George Meaney; A. Philip Randolph, Labor Leader; Edward ~~Stiking~~^{Steichen}, Photographer and Artist who did the Family of Man and who raises some of the world's finest delphiniums - new strains. I reminded him that he had promised some to me. George Taylor, Arbitrator and Educator who was practically the Architect of the railway strike settlement. Handsome Tom Watson, President of IBM. I told him I wanted him to give me a couple hours of his time sometime soon to explain IBM's philosophy of having everywhere buildings that are so well landscaped and often on the outskirts of town. And colorful Ellie Dodge Walecka, a health worker among the Navajo^s in her full tribal regalia. And age defying Dr. Paul Dudley White. We talked about his protege, Willis

Hurst, and we asked him to raise a lot more like him. Andrew Wyeth, one of my favorite artists. I was also glad to see a couple whose names I had added, Tom Lee^a, Artist of El Paso, and to say to him that I was looking forward to the picture that ^{he} I was going to lend to the White House. And Eric ^{Leinadov} Lindsterf, Director of the Boston Symphony, and many more that I did not know. The room was beautiful with pink roses. I later found they were those named Speaker Sam, developed by a nursery in Tyler. It was a brief, but worthwhile stop.

And then we went on to the Inaugural Concert. Arriving in time - but well ahead of the large part of the audience. ~~Then~~ we went into an ante-room to wait being taken around under the wing of Abe Fortas who introduced us to the performers. His good friend, Isaac Stern, I'm much indebted to Isaac Stern, for taking Abe out of this world of turmoil into the world of music. It will make him live longer and we need him. The tall, straight boyish faced Van ^{Cliburn} ~~Clyburn~~ was delighted to see Luci and chatted with her about the music festival. He mentioned something to me about next summer and the possibility of Luci appearing in something in Washington with him. And then it was time to go in, with considerable pomp and circumstance to our Box #13. How

that number pursues us through life. Old Constitution Hall was beautiful. Tiered boxes and balcony railings were festooned with bunting that was star spangled and striped in red, white and blue color scheme. Our box and Hubert's were bedecked with red carnations and every woman who entered had one. Luci and I were just right in our red dresses. The decorations, I hear, were the work of Mary Lasker, Co-Chairman of the Ball, along with Abe. Lyndon and I and the two girls and Dave sat in our box and next we had asked Mrs.

Howard Mitchell, wife of the Conductor of the National

Symphony to join us. She was there with the Bobbitts and the Eric ^{Lainsberry} ~~Lindsterfs~~. We thought this especially fitting for them. In the next box were the Tony Taylors and the Alexanders. It was a great program, beginning of course, with the National Anthem and then Beethoven's Overture to Leonore. Then Isaac Stern, the violinist, - and I could just see Abe being transported. Lyndon managed to keep an appropriately interested expression most of the evening. But there was one time when he turned around to talk very interestedly to Lynda Bird. Nothing was going on at the stage just then, and the audience looked up at us and began applauding us. Lyndon joined loudly in the applause and then everybody began to laugh and he

saw what he was doing so he laughed too - and kept right on applauding. And then Van ~~Cly~~^{Cl}burn strode on to the stage and made us all very proud with the Liszt Concerto in which he showed he was both great artist and considerable actor. During the intermission I stayed in our box and scanned the audience and saw ever so many people I know. ^{Emily}~~Willie~~ Crow Selden and Dr. Selden came up and stayed right below me and we gestured messages back and forth. I saw Aunt Josefa and Aunt Dwila and Evelyn ^{Forc}~~Forc~~ Spruce out in the crowd and I thought of the sweet thing Aunt Josefa had said about "Lyndon's always been mighty good to his old aunties." Warrie Lynn was across the way in Mary Lasker's box, having a date with Mary Lasker's nephew, Jim Fordice. I also saw Albortine, Sam Houston's first wife. After the intermission, Isaac Stern played again and then there was a medley of songs from Porgy and Bess, one of my favorite light operas, ^WWith Todd Duncan who has been singing it for thirty years and over twelve hundred performances. And a beautiful and distinguished young negro woman named Theresa Coleman.

And then when it was over came one of the nicest parts. All the audience joined in singing "America the Beautiful". And we all felt it. It was the mood everyone

was in. It's been the mood of the whole two days.

Then we went on to the most beautiful party of the whole Inaugural. The only private party we went to - given by Mary Lasker and Abe Fortas at the State Department - in honor of the performers at the Concert. Isaac Stern and Van Cliburn and Todd Duncan and Theresa Coleman, ^{and} And having as special guests all of the Arts and Letters people, ^{and} And the Medal of Freedom winners. It took place in a series of rooms. One for just meeting and talking. One for dancing to Devron and one where there were round tables with a pink tablecloths and the most exquisite pink flowers, ^{and} A long buffet loaded with delectable and elegant dishes. And if anybody could possibly tire of the brilliant array of guests, ^{the} the best dressed people I saw at the whole Inaugural, ^{then} then you could walk to the window and look out at the equally brilliant view of Washington, ^{that} that spread out below us. One of the loveliest views in the city. Abe took me around and I got to talk to everybody. And found out, ^{oh} oh, long arm of circumstance, ^{when} when I talked to Theresa Coleman, that her musical education had been financed by Charles Marsh, that the dress she had on was a gift of Claudia - that she was a good friend of Helen Gahagan Douglas! I sat next to Isaac Stern. We talked about Abe's great love of music and what it did for him.

And I saw Wendy Marcus looking quite distinguished. She grows better looking with the years. The most attractive people in town were there and I could have danced all night. In fact we did stay about an hour and a half.

It took the press that long to find out we were there. About the time the flashbulbs began to explode all around us we said our goodnights to the comfortable feeling of second day accomplished with grace and no snow.