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Wound up a busy week. It was my day for Women Do-ers Luncheon, the one that is the kick-off of the Beautification Program, with Mary Lasker as the speaker.

But a little before Mary came, I got the word that Lyndon was down in the Diplomatic Reception Room with the young people of the Senate Youth Program, sponsored by the William Randolph Hearst foundation, and consisting of students from every State in the Union. I think two or three, were given a trip to Washington, and a thorough review of their government, because of the leadership qualities they've shown, and their interest in government work.

There Lyndon was, with some 100 or so young people, eyes fixed on him, he in the middle of the circle, delivering a lengthy speech on why he wanted all of them to get into government, and adding, that when he got out of government, he was going to spend his retirement promoting young people an interest in government. I'm glad to hear it and I applaud.

A most informal receiving line ensued and both of us shook hands with all of them, including the George Hursts from California, who are friends from of F. D. Brown, friends of mine ext the University of Texas days 1932 and 33

Then back upstairs to the luncheon, first with Mary, to have our pictures made, gazing at her lovely displays of the tulip and daffodil planting on Fifth Avenue.

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Maureen Neuberger, long an advocate of beautification, with special emphasis on controlling billboards. Mrs. Newbold Noyes of the Star; Lee Udall, whose husband is spear-head of the whole Beattification Program; Mrs. Erastus Corning, President of the Garden Club of America, were among the guests. And the Dean of a Minnesota College, that Hubert had asked us to include at some time. And a woman member of the Virginia House of delegates.

The guests come from among my own friends and people well known for their interest and achievements in whatever we are going to discuss, or sometimes they are recommended by a Congressman.

It was a lively luncheon conversation,—One of Maureen's stories had no bearing at all on beautification, but was an interesting vignette. Some years back she had played bridge regularly - once a week - with three old ladies, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and two others of her vintage. They spent a part of their bridge time reminiscing about the Washington 1919, and Maureen listening, absorbed. Mrs. Wilson was startled and not pleasantly, to receive an invitation from one of today's hostesses, whom she didn't know. She said that in her day, one didn't invite people one didn't know, and, of course, she was not going.

And another of Maureen's stories, did have a very real bearing on beautification. She said that in Portland, her home, where anything that you stick in the ground grows, the City Parks are so beautifully full of roses, and more lately camelias, are well kept and have an annual pruning at which time

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all the pruned off branches are stacked up in the street, and there are stories in the paper and announcements over the radio, that homeowners are welcome to come and get all the cuttings they want before the rest is hauled off as trash. As a result, everybody's yard in Portland nearly everybodys, is abloom with roses and camelias.

We thought that in a much lesser way, that custom might be borrowed in the District of Columbia. And Libbbe Rowe who is on the Planning Commission, said she was going to get the National Park Service to give all its last year bulbs, which are not replanted because of the heavy labor cost, in fact they don't produce as well the second year. She wanted to get them given to public housing here in Washington, so the **REFERENCE** tenants in Public Housing could plant them.

Mary gave a speech - lively competent, attractive, and showed her splendid pictures. In a nutshell, her program is, masses of flowers where the masses pass. Water, lights and color, masses of flowers. Those three things spell beautification to Mary.

I was surprised to see, when it was over, that Mary, that most sophisticated, most intelligent of women, was a little nervous and unsure. So I don't mind so much it happening to me.

In the late afternoon, I went down with Lynda to the theatre, to see the home movies, and add some audio to them, to explain who, when, what and where, and maybe a word or two of philosophy and background.

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It was another late night, it was 10:20 when Lyndon came home for dinner. I'll have to do something about Zephyr - her days are too long, But how can I speak of that when what I really ought to do is something about Lyndon. Only it's so much harder to do anything about him.

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