

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, February 9, 1965

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The scowling clouds are darker, if anything, for Lyndon. In Moscow there was an attack on the U. S. Embassy - rocks, and ink bottles and broken windows and the police standing by.

But on the second floor, things went on. Luci's history class<sup>and</sup> Mrs. Acheson, (Dean Acheson's daughter-in-law, her teacher,) came to tour the White House and Luci took over on the second floor<sup>and</sup> and did her own conducting, including her bedroom and the kitchen. It makes her so angry when I let anybody even peep in her bedroom!

I met all 62 of them and said a few words of welcome. It always startles me when I see how much such things mean to Luci. Later she told me that Mrs. Acheson had been a friend of Margaret Truman's. She said Margaret Truman had just counted these seven years out of her life. She knew it couldn't be helped but she just waited through them, doing whatever she could to assist her mother and daddy, but sort of putting her own life in cold storage.

Mr. John Walker of the National Gallery came to see me, excitedly confirmed <sup>that</sup> the transparency I have<sup>from</sup> from Mr. Dietrick<sup>shows</sup> shows a really true, John Singleton Copley of the best early American period, before he went to live in Rome - "little boy with the squirrel." So I'll write right away <sup>would</sup> and say we/love to borrow it, here in the White House. I hope there's no slip-up on it. And he was equally enthusiastic, as Mr. Fosburgh and I am, on buying the beautiful Thomas Sully portrait of Fanny Kimbel. He wasn't even startled by the \$25,000 price. So things are moving in that field.

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Liz came over and we read the interview with Mr. Sutherland. It's rather good in some parts, and so startling and dumb in others, that I flinch, but we did some editing on it. It always takes longer than you think on these things, so that I just had time to dress for the Congressional reception at 6:30.

We planned 10 of them<sup>eight</sup> for the House, with about 50 Congressmen and their wives at each; and some of our staff.

We met them in the Red Room, my light blue dress was just right for color pictures, and each and every one of them paused for a picture with us, some to be treasured, I'm sure, some to be laughed at by a few ~~afreet~~ people, who consider this <sup>a</sup> "country sort of thing" to do.

It was good to see the Jim Wrights, Charles Weltners, and the Herbert Bonners; the Patmans couldn't come at the last minute, <sup>they're</sup> ~~their~~ both sick. And the attractive young Ogden Reids, one of the most outstanding Republican couples; and my old friends, the Tom Steeds, of the 81st Club.

As soon as we'd all had a drink, <sup>by</sup> Lyndon took the men off to the East Room to be briefed, ~~while~~ <sup>by</sup> McNamara, still rather wan and thin; and Ball, <sup>standing</sup> in for Rusk, who's getting some sunshine in Florida, thank heavens.

And I took the ladies down to the movie theatre, to see The White House Story, a film about the 32 families that have lived in this house, the thread of history liberally sprinkled with anecdotes.

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When the men finished their briefing, we joined them in the State Dining Room for cocktails and hors d'oeuvres.

I had a chance to visit with many of them a bit. The new Republican leader Gerald Ford, and Betty Ford from my 81st Club; Tiger Teague, there without Freddie, he'd forgotten to tell her when the date was changed. Henry Gonzales enjoying the chili con Queso, and telling everybody what it was made of.

I followed Lyndon to the second floor, a little past nine. He had asked the Humphreys and the Larry O'Briens to join us for dinner. <sup>Hubert</sup> He was bouncing like a rubber ball. He had a new reason why he wasn't sent to the Churchill funeral. He said it's because, so they're saying, "Hubert just can't look sad". They are good foils for each other, Hubert and Lyndon, and Lyndon was never more amusing, reducing the days problems, <sup>to</sup> the salty, amusing, picturesque summaries, <sup>but</sup> and the problems are mounting.

In Moscow, there was an attack on the United States Embassy.

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