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Thursday, March 18th

Began early, with Lyndon on the phone in urgent, tense-paced conversation. The subject was appointments, among them the Treasury post. Doug Dillon is going to leave on the 1st, we have no replacement. With a wry smile Lyndon put in front of me a letter from Kermit Gordon. He could not accept the Treasury post. He does not feel qualified for it. He wants to leave the Budget to take a job in private enterprise not later than June, and it would be better for handling the Budget if his replacement were found in April. That was a body blow.

Under Lyndon's conversations I seemed to sense a deep urgency to leave, to get away to Texas, to be free, to rest, to think. Change is what he needs.

In the course of the day I heard that he was planning to leave at four o'clock. I told him I simply could not because of Lynda's birthday. At 3:30 this afternoon I went down to the State Dining Room to receive the YWCA Delegates to the International Training Institute. They came from some thirty-three countries of the world. Mrs. ^{U A} Lawrence Rockefeller stood in line with me. In fact, it was because of her that I was receiving them. Her husband is doing so much on the beautification program we are committed to do, how can I fail to help her? Well, they were all there in their native costumes. Mrs. Ashkar from Lebanon, several

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ladies from the Philippines, from Jamaica, Brazil, Colombia, Argentina, Sierra Leone -- in fact, quite a contingent of Africans -- Kenya, Nigeria, Liberia, Zambia, Tanzania, and a heavy contingent from Asia -- Malaysia, India, Korea, Thailand, Ceylon, the Philippines, and, delightfully enough, a lady from Mexico, who confided to another guest that she never had worn the native costume from her State before, but she thought it was the thing to do when she was coming to Washington!

MuuMuus, saris, pineapple cloth, they were all there, and all having a good time. This was a several-months-long seminar in the United States and Canada, sponsored jointly by these two countries. Orientation at Buck Falls, assignments to YWCA centers all over the United States for several months of work, and then a final get-together at Banff.

After tea I welcomed them and then asked Mrs. Rockefeller if she would explain some of their aims and achievements. She very gracefully passed it on to the lady from Kenya, Mrs. Jernima Tikaga, a former Member of the Kenyan Parliament, who spoke at considerable length of the rising role of women all over the world. She had written a song, "Women Arise, Work Hand in Hand, for the Glory that Shall Be for the World." The women in her country chant it in their native Swahili

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as they dance or work or walk down the road, she said.

There were many interesting women there, one who had worked for the YWCA for thirty years in Turkey, and who had swum the Bosphorus, a lady Lysander.

After the tea I went over to the West Wing to the Fish Room to try out a lamp, and ventured into Lyndon's office, finding there only Lyndon and Henry Fowler. There was an air of excitement, an electric feeling that something had just happened. Lyndon said, "Honey, I want you to know I have just asked Joe Fowler to be Secretary of the Treasury." His name's Henry, but everybody calls him Joe. He looked a little stunned. He had said yes. So finally it is over! He is a good, solid man, and it is with a sigh of relief, though casting a painful backwards glance at Don Cook, that I shall settle in to welcome a new Member of the Cabinet. And it is so nice that his wife Trudy is such a capable worker, such a likeable person. Lyndon called in the press. They came rolling in the door. He announced it very briefly, giving a summary of Henry's former Government service, which is extensive and solid. And then they nearly fell over each other getting out the door to get their stories on the wire. By this time it was after six, and I went upstairs to get ready for the Diplomatic Reception at Blair House giving given by

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Lloyd and Ann Hand. I thought Lyndon would be leaving momentarily, so there was no question of his accompanying me. I told him I would catch the very early courier down Saturday morning, so when I walked out I thought I was saying goodbye to him.

It was an interesting experience at Blair House. I thought of the line from Kipling, "Remember, oh, today's most indispensables, 500 men can take your place, or mine." For over a year I have thought that Robin and Angie were indispensables. They filled their roles so perfectly. And here were Lloyd and Ann, very different, filling it in a very different and altogether charming fashion. The papers call Ann "cuddly." She was in a pink linen lace dress, looking like a movie star and about eighteen. She, the mother of five! And Lloyd blonde, handsome, all-American boy. Remarkable how many young men we know who do not ever drink anything, praise to them. Lloyd and the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, Ambassador Sevilla-Sacasa, escorted me all around the floor, and Lloyd introduced nearly every member of the corps by their strange names. It was a performance, to have learned most of 117 countries, so many with unpronounceable names, was a sizable feat.

I find one thing about parties. I cannot linger, however nice it would be to settle down for a long chat with this one and that one. There

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is always someone hovering ^{over} me and always the press standing around with pad or cameras, so I feel when I have made the tour of the room and greeted everybody as appropriately as I can conjure up from my small store of common interests with them, that the thing to do is to make for the door. And so I did, feeling that Lloyd and Ann were doing very well indeed.

I went back to the White House. Lyndon was still there. I went in his office. Jack, bouyant and stepping light, was getting ready to go any minute, it seemed. Marvin is going too, and maybe Buzz. I kissed him goodbye once more and slipped out quietly and, feeling light and free, went out to Warren Woodward's for a buffet for the Scott Carpenters and Buster and Rusty Keaton from Houston. It was a gathering of old friends. The Dale Millers, the Hale Boggs, the Gene Worleys, Jack Hights, the Carpenters and Abells, Congressmen Casey and Pickle and Roberts and Purcell. Half the guests were sitting on the floor. Everybody knew everybody, and here I could stay. I had no feeling of making for the door. In fact, I don't believe any of these people think of me as the First Lady.

Scott Carpenter is the most sophisticated and sleek one of the astronauts, and his wife, Rene, quite intelligent and charming, though perhaps a bit brittle. We talked about the Russians in space. There had

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been a most remarkable picture in the paper today of a Russian astronaut hanging out of their space ship by a lifeline, floating in space, free. Scott Carpenter said that they had done each of their steps into space some time ahead of us, and a little bit better. He seemed to think we would be able to do this one fairly soon. He described it in the most ordinary manner -- how one would lift his feet out of braces, touch this, push that, eject one's self, inflate, deflate, and all sorts of things.

After dinner Jimmy Symington got out his guitar. Nothing draws a group together like singing, and in a quiet, mournful voice sang songs from Buford Mountain, Tony Buford's place in the Ozarks.

Seeing Rusty Keaton reminded me of what her little boy had said when she was working so hard as a volunteer in the campaign of 1960. He looked up and said, "Mother, when are we going to have something to eat besides Post Toasties?" Our life is full of people like that, who have taken time and work and attention from their children, from their business, from their personal self-indulgence, for weeks, for months, perhaps for years, to work for our careers.

I left rather early and came back to the White House, and there, to my amazement, was the helicopter, red lights still blinking. Then Lyndon

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began to walk down from his office towards it. I could have run to grab him for one more goodbye, but no need. There on his leash, held by the engineer, was Him, lovely Blanco with no leash.

The helicopter blades whirred, Blanco's white fur whipped back in the stiff wind, Him braced his feet to keep from being blown down. It rose, and away he went, to Texas. I hope to peace and sunshine.

And I upstairs for a delightful hour -- or so it began, with Lynda and Luci. It all began after I had been in bed for some time and was reading. And then Luci came in and said, "Mother, don't you know it's past twelve and it's the 19th of March and you must go in and see Lynda Bird." So in I went, and the three of us sat on the bed in our robes and talked and laughed and had the sort of fun one never forgets, remembering things way back when they were little children. And then, all of a sudden by some fell stroke, the conversation took a wrong turn. Lynda Bird made a little dig at Roman Catholicism, Luci answered with a too-deep slash, and I found my children quarreling and, of all things, about religion, which ought to bring everybody closer together. Lynda feels that Luci is not one of us any more, that she looks down on us because we are not Catholics. Luci insists on running her own life and being let alone. Lynda in a way at 21 is not as independent as Luci

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at 17. And so Lynda's 21st birthday began in a storm of laughter and tears, and all the time I kept thinking, "She doesn't know that tomorrow night this same sister is going to be having a party for her that she has planned so lovingly and worried about so much, and I wish I could tell her. But it's a surprise party."