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Wednesday, May 5th

Was another one of those jam-filled days. It began with going to the Rose Garden to greet the Junior League Garden Club for pictures and thanks for all they were doing.

And then, one of the main events of the day, a trip to the Trinity Zion Church, in a very poor Cardozo area, to see a pilot project for OPERATION HEADSTART. Here three ~~and~~<sup>to</sup> five-year-olds are given a medical examination and one hot meal a day and busied in such things as taking care of chickens, painting, dancing to the guitar music of returned Peace Corps volunteers, or going on field trips to such places as the museum and the zoo and the postoffice and the supermarket to learn about the world around them. You forget what they are being taught when you look at the people. Most memorable was Mrs. Audrey Gibson, bright, determined, who knew how to cope with whatever came along, and the lively, giving-out Peace Corps girl, Claire Horan.

And the children themselves, most of them Negroes, one, I think, Chinese, a scattering of whites, all scrubbed and clean and dressed in their best, and nearly all of them good raw material for such experiences as were put before them. The main thing they try to teach them is how to communicate, because when they first get there there is little response to the instructors or to each other.

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They come from an area where juvenile delinquency is high, about twice as high as that throughout the city, and the dropout area at the high school, Cardozo, is between fifty and sixty per cent.

The whole reason for going is because next Sunday, Mother's Day, OPERATION HEADSTART is going to announce that they will reach 600,000 children in about 2,000 communities throughout the country. By attracting any attention to it, perhaps we can get more volunteers. The more you see of these young ones and what happens to the likes of them as they grow up and reach teen-age and maturity, the more you believe that the fruitful, hopeful time to start work is in OPERATION HEADSTART.

Next I was home for a great change of pace -- lunch with Jane Engelhard, just the two of us, in the dining room, to talk about plans for the White House -- what might possibly be done in the State Dining Room, what has been done in the West Hall and in my little office-dressing room, and about each other's children and summer plans.

She comes from a world I know very little, of wealth and elegance and of ladies working at charities and art, and I listen eagerly, [~~as I would to a resident of another planet.~~]

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And then in the middle of the afternoon there was a long work session with ABC. Makeup, cameras, reading of script, an attempt

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to break me in, I suppose, to the formidable business of doing the beautification show, my part in it vaguely dissatisfying because I really want to lift and soar with my own poetic words, which don't flow out.

The most important event of the day was the Diplomatic Reception -- black tie, 7:30, the entire Corps, 114 countries, a battalion from the State Department, the press, and the White House itself.

Nine Members of the Cabinet -- everybody except the McNamaras, and such personal guests as Patsy Derby and Diana and her husband and the Burl Stugards (Christine heads my social correspondence office), the Dale Millers, the Warren Woodwards, Perle Mesta's niece, the Lewis Ellises, Texans Harry Aiken, Fred Erismanns of Longview, Stanley Marcus, who knows probably more Ambassadors than I do, and Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Redford of Austin, who had more fun than anybody at the party. And many people who do nice things for the White House -- the Baracinis, who donate candy for the orphans' parties, the man who decorates the Christmas tree so beautifully, Dr. Cole, who sends us orchids that appear in our lovely bouquets from time to time. The man from the American Greeting Card Company who produced our beautiful Christmas card. This house receives so many lovely gifts of talent and possessions! And others who have invited us to many

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nice things, most of which we can't go to: Mrs. Cafritz, Peggy LeBaron, the Eugene Ritzkes.

This party was being given against the backdrop of tenseness and at least two trouble spots, Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. At 9 o'clock the OAS was to meet to decide whether or not they would join the U. S. in sending troops into the Dominican Republic, and gallant Sevilla-Sacasa, bending low over my hand, was of course the first in line -- the Dean of the Corps -- with, surprisingly, the representative from Great Britain being close to the last -- Ambassador and Lady Dean -- because they have only recently come. And one couldn't help but wonder if it were on purpose or by mischance the French Ambassador and Madam Alphonse were not present. They were in Europe.

The Africans all make a point of being in their native dress, which I think adds greatly to the color and interest of the occasion, *the* *Boo-Boos* of Madam Diop from Senegal and the North African French-oriented countries being very gay.

At the last moment Bess had informed us that we were supposed to take pictures of each diplomatic couple coming down the line. That was one complete, unalloyed mistake. Nobody understood, and it was one horrendous traffic jam. Finally Lyndon and I gave up. He elbowed all those he could into standing quietly while the picture was made, and

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most of them wandered on off uncertainly.

Nine o'clock brought the departure of all the members of the OAS, and very shortly thereafter Lyndon's departure. The last ten days have been draining ones.

So I decided to pour in all the gayety and energy I could to seeing that the rest of the Ambassadors and their wives felt as much at home, had as good a time as I could make them. From the State Dining Room, where the elaborate buffet was laid out, to the East Room, where the dancing was taking place, I walked purposely, looking for those I knew or didn't know but who seemed lonesome. The handsome Ambassador of Greece and Mrs. Matsos, the lively wife of the Ambassador from Ireland, Mrs. Fay, the easy-to-talk-to Harmans of Israel, and Ambassador and Mrs. Fenoaltea of Italy. I danced with him, and he talked about our project bringing plants for beautification from Italy, but he said it would be like bringing coals to Newcastle. We will sure have to find something that passes Orville Freeman and leaves the stamp of Italy!

The handsome Al-Ghousseins of Kuwait, that incredible oil-rich country, were with the Dale Millers in the hall, making an amusing exchange about the Ambassador being Scooter's cousin and the lucious-

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looking Madam Al-Ghousseins being Dale's cousin. They have certainly made an imprint on Washington society.

Meanwhile, Dobrynin of Russia sat on the sofa in the Red Room with Dean Rusk for over an hour talking quietly, while people passed, casting glances over their shoulder, wishing, I suppose, that they could eavesdrop.

And the very chic Mrs. Bengelloun of Morocco and her husband easily gathered around them a group of those who go to parties. They are one of the most attractive couples in town.

Walking through the East Room, I saw the Ambassador from India alone, Mr. Nehru. He is one of the most handsome men in any room. I quickly went over, took his hand and asked him if he didn't want to see the really lovely view from the South Portico. So we went out to survey the Washington Monument and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial -- I had asked that the doors be opened from the Green Room, the Blue Room, and the Red Room, and alerted lots of my friends to suggest people stroll out and see the lighted fountain, surrounded by tulips, and the smell of wisteria. The Ambassador and I talked of Mrs. Nehru's speeches, the way they have put so much of India into their Embassy, its furnishings, its art work. But we didn't have a word to say about Kashmir.

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Two of the most attractive women in the room were the wife of the Ambassador of VietNam -- you could feel the air get a little electric when they came down the line -- and the wife of the Ambassador from Thailand, very feminine and delicious.

Meanwhile, Mr. Secretary Rusk and Mr. Ambassador Dobrynin sat imperturbable on the dolphin-footed couch in the Red Room as champagne passed down the hall and to the rooms and diplomats and hostesses and friends from Texas wandered through the room.

It was a good evening. But I made plans for next time and for a corps of special friends -- French speakers, Spanish speakers, who would single out their quarry and make them feel at home and special, and that their one two-hours<sup>a</sup>-a-year that they spend in the White House would be something to remember, not just a formal exchange of courtesies.