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Thursday, August 19th

The quiet days of summer continue. But it seems I am in the clutches of the dentist forever. This is about the sixth appointment of an hour and a half or more, and I emerged after 12 with an anesthetised jaw and mouth that felt like it was made of cotton -- it didn't belong to me.

Scooter and Marta were going to come and have lunch with Lynda and me. Lyndon was going over to the State Department for a luncheon with Rusk and all the Assistant Secretaries of State. So we were lunching in the upstairs dining room.

Scooter has lost about 20 pounds and looks lovely. I've missed her. I wanted her to see the pictures of Lynda and Marta on their Western trip, so we looked through Lynda's wonderful album -- most of the pictures she had made herself -- of Grasshopper, Arizona, the pre-Columbian dwellings that cling like a swallow's nest under the projecting brow of the cliff. They found small corn-cobs in them, as well as weapons and tools! There were some wonderful pictures of Lynda perched on the very edge of Grand Canyon or Yellowstone. There must have been some bad moments for the Secret Service!

While everybody had sherry, I really indulged in a milk punch, and then had to have milk toast and soft scrambled eggs for lunch, while they had lamb chops and quite a delicious-looking lunch.

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Lynda and Marta regaled us with quite lively sketches of the folks they'd met along the way and their adventures. From all I hear, I practically nominate Jane Freeman as the heroine of the trip. Carried her own end of the canoe, did everything and enjoyed doing it.

We had a good visit. Scooter has spent the summer thinking about herself. Usually she's thinking about some civic project, being head of the Texas State Society or the Cherry Blossom Festival, or some charity ball, or Johnson politics or inauguration. But this summer she's been reducing and going on trips and doing what she wanted to.

When they left I had a nap, that being my great summer indulgence. And then at 5 o'clock I went down to the East Room to meet a group of students, the Tunas, the unlikely name for the group of students from the University of Barcelona who are touring the United States dressed in Sixteenth Century Spanish costumes -- stockings and buckled shoes, with gay, romantic capes, bright with ribbons given them by their girl friends. They had just come from the Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair, and I suppose a group of troubadors is the best description, as much actors as musicians. They stamped and clapped and twirled their capes and the East Room resounded to Valencia and Granada. It was really quite gay. I had

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agreed to have them for tea because of a letter from dear Robin Duke.

But, alas, I could only promise me, not my gay Luci. Lynda Bird, bless her, did come, sat on the front row, and was a good hostess to the Ambassador and Marchioness Merry del Val from the Spanish Embassy and the rather small group of guests we had.

Mary Love's daughter Barbara, and Hub Baker, working in Jake Pickle's office, son of our longtime friend Hub Baker of Chapel Hill. Christie and Scott Carpenter, and Len Hargess, whose mother, Lucille Glover Hargess, was one of my roommates when I was in the University of Texas back in 1934. And Prudence Mahaffey, the daughter of Editor J. Q. Mahaffey of Texarkana. You can always depend upon the Wright Patmans to have a number of their choice constituents right on the tip of the tongue if you ask him whether we have any special friends in town this summer that we ought to *invite to* something. He takes care of his own!

Senator Mike Mansfield's daughter Ann was there with ribbons in her hair and excellent Spanish -- she'd spent a year in Madrid, I believe -- which she put to great use, and was very helpful. Of course I was tongue-tied and the young troubadors had very little English.

Dale Miller, Jr., blonde and quite attractive in an odd, old-fashioned sort of way. And handsome young Lee Watson, Marvin's son.

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— And Ashton Thornhill, only 16 and about six feet tall, and very shy. And I not a bit good about putting him at his ease, though I wanted to so much. I took one look at the crowd and made a resolution, "Next time whenever I have a tea for any group I shall have a minimum of a hundred people." These rooms are big, and when there's only about 50 it's not as gay and exciting as a crowd somehow makes it.

I was quite put out at Luci and her contingent of house guests -- Beth, Betty Beale, and her other little friends. Patsy had brought Aunt Ellen down, and I made sure she met the Ambassador. At the last moment I had invited Diana. After the music we went into the Blue Room for receiving line and refreshments and talk, and I really worked at it, but the moral for next time is, "If you're doing it, go all the way."

I slipped off upstairs about 6:30 and worked at my desk until nearly 8, when I asked Aunt Ellen and Diana to join me on the Truman Balcony for a drink. And presently Bill Deason came and joined us. It was a convivial hour and a half of visiting, while the sky faded into night, and Aunt Ellen told me things about my family that I never knew, about how, when my grandfather became quite sick, my grandmother was a young woman of about 26, already widowed twice and now married

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the third time, mother of four small children and two or three months pregnant with another. Doctors diagnosed him as having a kidney trouble and needing an operation. They couldn't do it -- the closest place was Mobile. The family sold 80 acres of land and travelled 15 miles in a buggy to the closest railroad, and there they went to Selma and caught the steamboat, went down the river to Mobile, where the operation was performed, and after grandfather was well enough to leave the hospital they began the long journey home. They got as far as grandmother's mother's and father's home, the Bates home where the four small children had been left, and there grandfather fell seriously ill, lived a week, and died. Some five months or so later, my father was born. No wonder there was so little time for writing down family records and reminisc<sup>e</sup>ing in the life of my grandmother! Five children and a sandy-land Alabama farm were enough to occupy a woman some 16 hours a day. And then, after a while she married a suitor who had first paid court to her when she was only 16, and then in between each and every marriage, had at last come successfully calling and won her hand. Mr. Bishop. And they in the course of time had 8 more children.

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Aunt Ellen told me how her husband, Uncle Will, my Daddy's brother, used to speak so affectionately of my Mother, whom he called Sister Minnie. He had been out to visit her at Karnack. She had packed a picnic lunch and taken him down on the Lake, taken him riding in a boat, and shown him all the beauties of the cypress trees and the picturesque scenery, and they had had lunch on a little island from the picnic basket.

I daresay the neighbors thought she was slightly wacky.

Aunt Ellen and Bill quickly established that warm relationship that Southerners attain by finding that they came from the same part of the country. Some of Bill's family had been born and raised near Tuscaloosa.

It was about 10 o'clock when Lyndon joined us. And Bill, Diana, Aunt Ellen, and he and I had dinner together. He was in an ebullient mood -- sweet, full of stories. I'd given Aunt Ellen a few things for souvenirs, but if there was anything left in the closet that she didn't have, by the time Lyndon finished I believe she had one each of all our little mementos. The President's Country, the Bill White book, Air Force One bridge cards, several of Lyndon's speeches, autographed. These as a teacher she is particularly delighted to have, and she kept on saying how much her children -- all those she

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teaches -- would enjoy seeing these things. And one of my little Lady Birds. And of course every time he gave her something, I beamed.

And then he talked to Diana about the possibility of her husband becoming Deputy Science Advisor, I believe the title is. Dr. Pitzer of Rice University is being sought as the head man. I feel that Donald is qualified, and I am glad that Lyndon would want him to do it, but any time you have kinfolks in the Administration in a place close to you, you give a hostage to fortune, a mark for people to shoot at. I remember as much as 25 years ago when I said, without really knowing how much I meant it, that a politician ought to be born a foundling and remain a bachelor.

But it was a sweet evening, and I was so glad that Aunt Ellen could see us sitting down at the table like a family, even if it was after 10.

Luci came in and recounted all of her adventures and gave her Daddy some sweet and saucy answers to all of his teasing questions.