

checked CSY
MEMORANDUM
Feb. 15, 1977

Checked & ready to go to Library
after HM has checked turned down
THE WHITE HOUSE page - CSY 1-12-81

WASHINGTON

Thursday, June 2, 1966

Page 1

I spent the morning in a big push on "Operation Trousseau".

Mollie Parnis came with some Fall things which I tried on and found one quite lovely ensemble which might be turned into a dress for August 6th if we could find just the right fabric.

Luci flew up in the morning in a great flurry of excitement, bringing with her Charlotte, Helene and Sharon. She set up shop in the other apartment at the Carlyle but came in like a delightful little whirlwind and was enthralled with two of Mollie's dresses -- a pink print chiffon and a white lace that would be elegant for the Clark party.

~~XXXX~~ Then I went over and watched Charlotte and Helene and Sharon try on bridesmaids dresses. They settled on the rose ~~more~~ ^{moire}. It will be so colorful and beautiful and we'll pray for a cool day.

Robin came about 12:00. How great to see her -- thinner than ever, fresh, energetic, sparkling. I look forward to every hour I spend with her. We had lunch at the picture window looking down into Central Park and quietly discussed Lynda Bird's possible trip to Spain, while Luci and the bridesmaids and Bess had hamburgers in a state of pandemonium in the other suite.

Robin thinks Lynda can actually have a good time -- a free time -- in Spain without being devoured by the press. Though she is quite firm that Lynda must meet them once. Robin is returning around the 15th. I shall yearn and hope that Lynda gets to go then or shortly afterward. And I'll believe it when her plane is airborne.

I got from Robin some inkling of how we were up there in the Tower of

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Thursday, June 2, 1966

WASHINGTON

Page 2

the Carlyle a sort of embattled fortress with the press stationed downstairs at every entrance in force, with plenty of cameras and recording such world-shaking news as that the well-known gown firm of Priscilla's of Boston slipped some ^{entrées?} ~~entrées~~ into the suite on two hangers covered with muslin. And Mollie Parnis and her rival Adelle Simpson -- local talent vying to the White House trade -- spirited their wearers in through the service entrance. //

"Also joining the fashion parade was Mrs. C. Treyz -- representative of Dallas Neiman Marcus Department store -- who carried in a yellow silk dress concealed in a white garment ^{bag}. One story began with, "If official comment offers any key, the President's daughter will wear ankle-length secrecy under a short veil of "no comment".

After lunch Robin left and Adelle Simpson came. I tried on things and found that I was suddenly, desperately tired and nothing would do. She was a great good sport, and I felt terribly sorry. [The yellow dresses she had made up -- especially for August 6th -- weren't really right.]

When she left I laid down for about an hour's rest.

And then a very important break in the day. Mrs. Diaz Ordaz, wife of the President of Mexico, came to have tea with me, bringing her secretary and her son. We had begun trying to find her early that morning. Yes, she was registered at the Waldorf. No, she had gone out to shop but no one knew where, or when ~~she~~ she would return. Amazingly enough, it was her son who after giving us this information set out to try to find her. And in the fur district recognized her car, went in, gathered up his mother, phoned us, and brought her to tea.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Thursday, June 2, 1966

WASHINGTON

Page 3

We had a delightful time reminiscing about my wonderful days in Mexico. I told her that Lyndon has shown the movie to every guest that we've had since then -- telling them about the wonderful people of Mexico. She said they too had taken a movie and intended to send us a print of it. They had received a print of ours just before she left. I chanted away in Spanish probably making gruesome mistakes. But we enjoyed each other tremendously. I thanked her for the offer of the Government House -- of the Aleman House -- for my possible vacation, but that I couldn't be using it this time. And she said it would be ready for us anytime.

Then after several cups of tea and affectionate greetings, ~~de~~^{the} el Presidente and their married daughter and Carrillo Flores and all the wonderful people I had met, we said goodbye.

Then it was time to get ready for Mary's party -- the big event -- one of the two reasons for my trip. A hair dresser from Elizabeth Arden's came and I had an elaborate up-hair-do and wore my new print chiffon ^{and} all the shades of red, and pink and maroon and black. It sounds wild, but it looks lovely. And feeling very elegant I set out past the cordon of the press to Mary's a little before 8:00.

Lynda Bird was going on to dinner at Mrs. Ann^{Mac}Donald Fords and joining us for the dance.

Les and Tyler had come up for the evening to escort Liz and Bess to this party that we had looked forward to so much. Mary had thoughtfully sent me a guest list, and under the dryer I had spent time looking at it. There would be several that I had now come to think of as old friends who would be there.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Thursday, June 2, 1966

WASHINGTON

Page 4

Lawrence Rockefeller without Mary -- she is somewhere for the YW. And Brooke Astor. And Angie and Robin. And Anna and Paul Hoffman. And Mrs. Andre Meyer. Dick Adler would be Mary's host, and her good friends Mr. John Gunther^r whom I had met at her house last summer, and Dr. Michael DeBakey, who would make interesting company.

It was a private party -- not reported -- but the press was there in full measure as guests. The Gardner ^WColes, Mrs. Dorothy Shift, The ^{Turner}~~Ferry~~ ^{Cottages} Catlitches later for the dancing, as well as the Arthur ^{Ochs Sulzberger}~~Sulzbergers~~, and the Leonard Goldens^{ons} from the other media.

Mary met me at the door. At Liz' suggestion, I paused long enough for the press to get several pictures of the two of us. Then we went in closing the door, we hoped on the outside world. And the inside world was very enchanting indeed. Mary's house glowing with its beautiful portraits and exquisite flower arrangements against the background of white walls and white furniture. What a perfect foil. It's a dramatic house. The dinner was delightful. I was between Dick Adler and Paul Hoffman. And Dick Adler and I soon discovered that we had a bit of a common background ^{we} and a love of Chapel Hill. He had known Paul Green well, and I only from having enjoyed his dramas. And Sam ^{Selden}~~Sullivan~~ had been his teacher. I always find Paul Hoffman intensely interesting. We talked about the developing nations of Africa. He used a phrase that I found comfort in -- "the rising tide of common sense in the world today." Actually, he credited Walt Rostow with it. He thinks that even in ^{the} a decade or two they've been coming into existence -- African

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Thursday, June 2, 1966

WASHINGTON

Page 5

nations have made sizeable strides away from chaos and toward, as he puts it, common sense.

There were several of the beautiful ~~and brittle~~ ladies that I had met since coming into this job -- Jane Wrightsman, Mrs. Beverly ^{Wacker} ~~Wacker~~ who had helped put on the benefit/ at ^{Rebekah Harkness'} ~~Rebecca Harkness'~~ house for beautification, and Mrs. Bill Blair who had been hostess -- the wife of our Ambassador -- when we visited Denmark the month before President Kennedy died.

I had an interesting little bit of conversation with Philip Johnson, who ^{GRACIOUSLY} ~~generously~~ assured me that I had put the Library in good hands with SOM. <sup>(skidmal-
owing to
merdike)</sup>
And I thanked him for coming to Austin for the Environmental Conference.

After dinner the guests for the dance began to arrive and I felt like practically falling into the arms of sweet Arthur Krim who had come without Mathilde because she is getting some work out of the way so that they can go to Texas with us tomorrow for the weekend. And how good to see Ed and Alice Weisl. The theatre too was very well represented a little later on by Barbara Harris who had played in "A Thousand Clowns" and I believe "On a Clear Day". And Kitty Carlisle, Moss Hart's wife, and Angela Lansbury very sweet, whom I had seen in "Auntie Mame" just the night before. And ^{Dina Merrill} ~~Dena Merro~~, the beautiful daughter of Mrs. ^{Merrin Weather} ~~Mary Weather~~ Post. I told her I had just seen a lovely portrait of her as a girl in Mrs. Post's dining room.

The world of clothes is quite an important one I am finding out. Mollie Parnis was there with her husband Robert Livingston. And also Eleanor Lambert and Diana Reed ^{Yreland} ~~Yreland~~. And also from the theatre the Rip Torns -- she's

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Thursday, June 2, 1966

WASHINGTON

Page 6

Geraldine Page. I had seen her in "Sweet Bird of Youth".

Lynda Bird came in with Mrs. Ford. She had had a fascinating time at the dinner, Lynda said, and of course I purred. Then about 3 or 4 of Mrs. Ford's dinner guests came up and told me -- ^{with} a sort of an air of discovery -- that Lynda Bird was beautiful or so intelligent or sparkling. This may have been ^{spurious} ~~mysterious~~ coin, but I took it for gold.

Jim Fosburgh and I had a few quiet minutes to talk about the ^{Eakins} Akins.

He has definite reservations about it. And I saw the Grant Fordyces. We had had such a wonderful time in Mary's rose garden with them last June. I am so glad that Mary had invited the Bob Kintners. I have a little understanding of the sort of blow that he's had, and I salute those friends who stand by.

But almost the most ^{fun} of the evening for me was to sit on the sofa with John Loeb whose rather saturnine good looks fascinate me and talk quietly. I keep on forgetting that he's Republican.

Dorothy Goldberg was there without Arthur. She said Lyndon had called him off on a mission.

Actually there wasn't a great deal of dancing for me -- much more drifting through the lovely rooms having a moment of talk with a series of quite delightful guests. But then almost over my shoulder I saw Mary with a very harrassed look, gathering up Dr. DeBakey and heading for the telephone. They were in a relatively quiet corner using the phone for some time. I tried not to notice because I felt I knew what it was. Nancy must have taken a turn for the worst. ² And Mary had to put on a ~~weak~~ smile over her concern and fear and play the hostess to about one hundred people.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Thursday, June 2, 1966

WASHINGTON

Page 7

After just a few dances, a little before 1:00, I told Mary I thought I had better go home. She escorted me to the door and I hugged and thanked her without even mentioning what I thought I knew -- leaving Lynda^u at the party.