

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday  
August 21, 1966

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I awoke in my State room on the USS North Hampton with that delightful sense of this is something that has never happened to me before.

The night before, Lynda Bird had had a complete tour of the boat, meeting all the enlisted men.

I dressed in a hurry and caught Lyndon as he was midway of a tour of this great gray <sup>Goliath</sup> ~~Gallath~~. There were lines of sailors hanging over every rail above us -- nearly all of them with cameras. And then as we approached on a level with them, they clicked to attention and saluted. And then we saw a big chopper come in and hover over the space on the deck. A big enough space it was, but what a feat to land in a heavy sea or when the ship was moving. With exquisite precision it settled down. We stepped on and were off to the mainland -- Campobello, which was within sight of the ship. <sup>had</sup> It stopped sometime before daylight and <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ lying in anchor awaiting our departure.

We settled down in a field at Campobello and there was Prime Minister Pearson and Mrs. Pearson to meet us -- the sixth meeting he and Lyndon have had since Lyndon became President. He has the most delightful sense of humor of any Chief of State I know -- a thoroughly good guest or companion.

We went straight to St. Anne's Anglican Church. It was in the parish hall of this little church just about a year ago that Mrs. Pearson and I had had a covered dish dinner brought by all the ladies of the parish

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when she and I had both made speeches at the dedication of Campobello. It was a charming little church, congealed in time, left over perfectly, so it seemed to me, from the days 30, 40, 50 years ago when FDR used to come here for the summers and ~~xxxx~~ go to services here. It was quite tiny, quite cozy, quite country. Archbishop O'Neil preached. There was a simple plaque in the back that commemorated the fact that President Roosevelt had worshipped here. In the service they asked God's blessings on both the President of the United States and <sup>their</sup> ~~the~~ gracious Queen. And at the end of the service when the choir sang, "God Save The Queen" I felt a quick rush of emotion.

*Cch  
Tape* Immediately afterwards, Lyndon and the Prime Minister left for <sup>?</sup> Chim Cook where they had two hours of talk and lunch in a relaxed atmosphere. And Mrs. Pearson and I drove to the Roosevelt cottage. It was a bright beautiful day -- to be cherished in this part of the country, I understand, where there is a lot of fog. The roads were lined with goldenrod. It must have the widest habitat of anything that grows all over this continent. And there was a luxurious growth of a sort of lavender purple spike flower -- quite pretty. I kept on getting the answer that it was fireweed which I was sure was wrong because oughtn't that be red? They told me that lupine was abundant here, very similar to our blue bonnets, only ~~xxx~~ some two or so feet tall and the season was June and July.

The thick forest were around us on every side, mostly conifers -- I think possibly fir and balsam -- and glimpses of water <sup>from</sup> ~~on~~ every hilltop.

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So much has happened to the Roosevelt cottage since I had seen it a year ago.<sup>1</sup> There was a brand new coat of red paint on the rambling red-shingled Dutch-Colonial cottage with fresh white trim and a green roof. And the front yard was already crowded with people, almost hiding the flower beds of brilliant huge flowers. It seems that in a cold climate they rush for their short time of life and have a heightened brilliance and beauty knowing frost will soon come.

In the crowd I saw Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. I remembered the wonderful speech he had made when we were here a year ago. He had told me he was born here, while his father was going to the mainland to get the doctor. And I saw such oldtimers as Grace Tully, Jim Rowe, Sumner Pike.

On the lawn that overlooked the sea -- a breath-takingly beautiful view that FDR must have looked at -- many of the official guests were congregated, and I soon found myself being introduced in a very casual sort of receiving line. Everyone had a ~~drak~~ drink, and when I could I slipped away inside to have a leisurely look through the house. A year ago it had been a rushed trip and I particularly wanted Lynda Bird to see it in quiet detail. Our guide was a jewel. She had been here many years with the Roosevelts. Her mother had been their house keeper. The simplicity of the place impresses me. It might be our own Haywood or even the Lewis place. Somehow the legend builds up. We keep on imagining that a family

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as great as the Roosevelts lived in some sort of elegance on an Olympian peak. And here it was quite simple. There were crocheted bedspreads in some of the rooms, and I commented on them. And our guide said her mother had done them for Mrs. Roosevelt, as she had also the hooked rugs. I was brought up short with my dream of simplicity when I asked her how much staff the Roosevelts had when they were there. And she answered, 7 or 8. Well, that is a difference between that day and ours! The pictures were the vivid, living things about the house. FDR yachting with his sons. Mrs. Roosevelt looking very young and gay, clutching a big hat on a boat. And then later FDR with Al Smith and FDR with Chiefs of State. Two very poignant things were a birch bark canoe on the back porch and the improvised sling on which he was carried from the house in September of 1921 after his polio attack, a sort of sit-up stretcher it was, still propped in the corner of one of the rooms.

Mrs. Pearson and I walked through the woods and here was another sign of the difference of our times. There was a building labeled "Ice House". I was told that they used to cut large chunks of ice and store it for summer use. ~~Until we~~ came to a ~~clearing~~ clearing close to where President FDR's mother's house used to be and there was a picnic for all the guests except the tiny group that was invited to lunch inside of the house. Bagpipes were shrilling and the players were dressed in Scottish kilts, and everybody was ~~xxx~~ rushing around greeting each other and reminiscing. It was then that I got a chance to talk a little with Grace and Jim Rowe and Sumner Pike

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and to meet a very attractive gentleman who was introduced as an author of a new book called "Jorty".<sup>?</sup>

Then we went back for lunch in the dining room at Campobello.

Mrs. Pearson was the hostess and the two Ambassadors' wives, Mrs.

Ritchie, the Canadian Ambassador to our country, and Mrs. Butterworth,

ours to Canada. And Mrs. Reed, the wife of the Governor of Maine, and

Senator Smith and Mrs. Muskie, and Mrs. <sup>Chap.</sup> Robbashol whom I believe is

the wife of the Governor of the particular <sup>Province</sup>/we were in. And a most delightful

and amazing lady with an enormous family of children. She sat next to me.

And Lynda and several other ladies. We had a delicious lunch -- clam

chowder and then lobster, cold, and a salad. This is indeed a seafood trip.

And then the men were back and it was time for the ceremonies.

The platform was the front porch of the house. And here the Prime Minister

and Lyndon made their speeches which were largely reminiscence of good

fellowships between our countries. And in Lyndon's case, a short, low-

key resume of our position in Viet-Nam -- either we do nothing and let

aggression succeed, or we take our stand to resist aggression. The flag

of the United States and the Canadian red maple leaf on a white background

were flapping briskly and the <sup>yard</sup> ~~yard~~ was full. In the front row I saw the

Victor Hammers who had bought the place after the President's death and

kept it until it became an international park in 1964.

It was a colorful day, rich with memories. I loved it. Lyndon

and the Prime Minister put a metal box in the cornerstone. I asked someone

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in a whisper what it contained and they said a newspaper of the day it was dedicated and also both my speech and Mrs. Pearson's speech and other things -- I don't know what. I had been especially interested going through the house to hear that the number of visitors ranged from about 300 a day to a maximum of about 800. It is open either six or seven days a week for eight hours. That was an intriguing comparison with our own small efforts.

At 3:00 we said goodbye to the Pearsons and boarded the chopper for Dow Air Force Base and then the big plane to Washington where we arrived about 5:30.

// There is nothing like these trips. You get to know the people you work with -- the Senators, the Congressmen, the Governors. Lyndon never wastes a moment. He is talking or listening and drawing them out while he looks at them with a piercing eye. And then when he is dead tired, he can go to sleep sitting up for 10 minutes or an hour, whatever the time permits. And this indeed is not waste. //

Back at the White House, Lynda Bird and I had just time to get dressed for Patsy's wedding. Lyndon had a desk piled high. I did not encourage him to go. I know how many, many weddings there are in the offing and this would be a precedent setting.

I wore my beige lace and my pretty little pill box hat. And Lynda her lovely green lace. And Warrie Lynn was with us. And the three of us went together to the Georgetown Presbyterian Church, where Pat,

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dressed in white tie and tails escorted me in. And I sat right behind Minnie Wade and <sup>Janie</sup> ~~Joanne~~ Corey and Hill Corey with his wife Elizabeth and daughter. And Mrs. ~~O~~ Max Gardner and Patsy's half-sister, Mrs. Gardner's daughter-in-law.

The most beguiling moment of the wedding to me was when John-John Gonella, Ashton's 3-year old son, ~~xxxxx~~ came down the aisle in a not-too-straight a line carrying a lacey white satin pillow on which the two rings were carefully tacked. Ashton, in the back of the Church, was waiting to head him off in case he turned around, and his Father close to the front put out a strong hand when he halted to urge him on. Behind him came the twin flower girls, Ann and Jane <sup>Chap</sup> Hight, Jack and <sup>Nell's</sup> ~~Merrill's~~ children. And then the bridesmaids. Patsy's roommates from college, Alabama kinfolks, and Helene Lindow and Luci looking absolutely radiant in her aqua-<sup>faile</sup> ~~file~~ dress. I knew Patsy was making her own wedding dress and I was very impressed with it. A white embossed satin with a <sup>Cowl</sup> ~~Carol~~ neckline and <sup>waist</sup> ~~Empire waste~~. And most of all I was impressed by her makeup. She was stunning. I found later that Luci had done it. In fact her Aunt <sup>Janie</sup> ~~Joanne~~ said that she would never have gotten there if Luci hadn't helped her get dressed.

When the ceremony was over, Patsy and Buzzrode off in a topless, polished Model T Ford to the City Tavern. We all followed a bit too soon in spite of the fact we went around the block several times because the door was locked when we got there and we had to stand waiting on the sidewalk for several minutes.

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Once inside, it was gay and chummy -- kinfolks and school friends and Washington friends, all caught up in a mixture. And Minnie Wade looked as young as I had known her when I visited in Alabama more than 30 years ago. <sup>Genie</sup>~~Jeane~~ Corey was busily taking movies. I talked with the Heights and the Lindows and Dr. Young and a lot of the White House staff <sup>who</sup>~~that~~ had been on this wedding circuit all summer now it seems. And then went home rather early, gave up ~~the~~ waiting for Lyndon, had dinner alone. It was 10:30 when he came over for his dinner. Almost 5 hours he had spent at his desk. And then to bed.