

FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1967 - page 1

Friday, January 6th. The Hurd affair is still going full blast -- his picture and story in the Evening Star, and I do not know what all else. This one gave our reasons for turning it down -- too large for the official portrait, the Capitol was so brilliantly lighted as to be inappropriate. One story said he was sorry he flunked the test. ~~If~~ the number of inches is any criterion, he gets an A.

In the morning I had an interview with Bernard Garfinckel who is doing a book "When I was Sixteen" -- interviewing various people, Marian Anderson, Helen Hayes, Margaret Meade and ~~me~~ among them, and I reminisced in a rambling about that year of bloom a long, long way from the Brick House and St. Mary's to the cool sitting room at the White House.

Then I had lunch in my bedroom with Lynda. She is back at work at McCall's and will be spending ~~more~~ much of next week in New York, and then to California on a story.

At four I had tea with Dillon Ripley and Jim Ketchum in the Library. He had brought with him the long expected ^{Eckin} ~~Aiken~~ from Joseph Hirschhorn, the little girl with the pink bow in her hair and the pouting look. ~~and~~ He and Jim had tried at various places and fallen in love with it over the mantle in the Library and there it hung very much at home/a bright spot of color between the rows of books, the unflinching realism of her face reminiscent ~~show~~ somehow of the Flemish paintings. I liked

Jan. 6, 1967 -- page 2

it very much. You couldn't call it pretty, but it was great quality.

I was so proud. We talked about the ^{Note} ~~Tape (?)~~ painting.

Dillon thinks he is a great painter, and it is a good picture.

He likes it, he says. It is big and hard to place, and the house is already real stocked with the Hudson River school of which this is reminiscent.

It was a pleasant half hour over the tea cups and watching the fire ~~exam~~ with a very charming gentleman but slightly marred for me by thinking of one of his assistants who was interviewed on TV and in the newspapers these last couple about what a superior artist Hurd is. It looks a bit like he is going out of his way.

Back upstairs I worked at my desk, called Joe Hirshhorn to thank him for the painting. I have the easiest, most spontaneous feeling of friendship for ~~himself~~ him. He is an ebullient, charming utterly natural person, although I am quite sure he can be tough.

I hope that next Spring will give me one day to go with Abe to his place in Connecticut.

Then I went to the bowling alley, shot a poor game, just for the exercise, and then back upstairs to get ready to go out to dinner. It is a big and most remarkable week for us. We never go out at all, and here this week we have gone to the Bill Whites, on Wednesday, Muriel's and Hubert's on Thursday, and tonight to

Jan. 6, 1967 - page 3

Ambassador and Mrs. Harriman's -- a dinner in honor of Secretary of State and Mrs. Rusk. Black tie; fortunately Lyndon accepted before he found that out.

Jean Louis did my hair up in a rather elegant Greek fashion and I wore my most understated dress - yellow silk with long sleeves. Molly Parnis I believe. It really puts an obligation on me. // There was a story in the paper right after the New Year that I had been chosen among the 12 top best dressed women. All I can say is either Molly Parnis or Adele Simpson or both must have worked hard on it, and maybe Eleanor Lambert collaborated. And I shall strive a bit to live up to it.

Delightfully, charmingly, Luci Baines had been listed as a runner-up among the most popular or most loved (I am not sure just what the title is) women. And here she is only 19.

I have no illusions about me. I don't belong there. I think she has a rare quality that entitles her to it. //

So I felt very elegant when I walked out with Lyndon about 8:15 and we went to the Harriman's house in Georgetown, a beautiful house, full of their treasures of many years, an art gallery. Averell came walking swiftly to the front to meet us, and as Lyndon leaned over to pick up his seating chart Averell explained that he was the Dean and I was Mrs. Savilla Sacasa! Not a soul

Jan. 6, 1967 -- page 4

at the party knew we were coming except Averell and Marie.
if
Averell said "You see, this just shows that two people want
to keep something secret they can. They just don't tell any-
body else." So in we walked and it was really hilarious. The
first person I saw was Herb Block and the expression on his
face was a study. Unfortunately I couldn't quite enjoy it
thoroughly because I had not seen his cartoon this morning
about Lyndon and the Hurd portrait. Everybody else it seemed
had and they were in stitches.

Two of my favorite Senate couples, Mike and Mary Ellen
Monroney and Senator and Mrs. John Sherman Cooper were
there and I had a chance to talk with them about the format we
for
should use ~~for~~ the parties ~~we should use~~ at the House and Senate
this year.

Mary Ellen rather surprised me by saying she thought
they would rather just visit.

Senator Joe Clark was there without his wife. No one
mentioned whether there was divorce, separation, whatever.
The Lincoln Gordons, the Ciscos, he is in the State Department,
the Walt Rostows, I thank the Lord for him very often and for
her too, Jean and Bob Kintner, she full of the news that her
daughter and son-in-law were coming back from Africa and
the Peace Corps next week, Bill and Judith Moyers, she looking
very lovely in a dress just right for a harem I thought, the

Jan. 6, 1967 -- page 5

Johnny Walkers , such a dear man, and Clark and Marnie Clifford, she looked so elegant in black velvet that I went up to her and whispered "You ought to have your portrait painted in that," and we both burst into giggles, Stu Alsop alone, his wife is having a baby, and that most "in" woman in town so the papers say and I can't think of anyone I would rather have the title, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, full of nice talk about Lynda Bird at the Capote party.

It was a very interesting, delightful group. It couldn't have been planned more for my enjoyment, but it was all for the Rusks. They looked remarkably ~~serene~~ serene in the face of all the burdens they carry, ~~benign~~ benign and strong, and they are certainly people I thank the Lord for every day.

Dinner was at round tables, and I sat on Averell's right and next to me Mike Monroney. "Georgetown parties are a special phrase in this town, and I think this must have been the very essence , the best of the best of these, though I am no judge; I have small claim to having been to many .

The food was delicious, with the high point as it should be the toasts. Averell said to me during dinner "You don't think the President will mind , do you, if I talk about how we have planned all this to bring together the people who had worked on the portrait?" What could I say? "I think he has heard all he wants to about that portrait," I had to say, but actually it

Jan. 6, 1967 -- page 6

was hilarious how many there were, and Averell in the beginning of his toast mentioned them all: Alice Longworth - I had been to see her portrait by Hurd before I decided -- Johnny Walker who, Averell said had advised me to have it done by Hurd -- he hadn't; I had cast that die; he simply said he was a good artist; the Clark Cliffords of the historial society who had paid for it and then returned it; Herb Block who had drawn the really funny but painful cartoon about it. How could you possibly pass up the subject in a toast?

He did it amusingly, and then he went on ~~to~~ to some warm and very appropriate remarks about the guest of honor the Secretary of State, and then asked us to drink to the President.

And then Dean stood up, and anything after that would have been anti-climax. He was superb. I promised myself I would do my best in the years to come to get him to the Lyndon Johnson School of Public Service in whatever capacity I could, as an occasional visiting lecturer or hopefully as more. He outlined the United States role in the world today and the President's role in a way so graphic, so ~~clear~~ clear, so compelling that I didn't know whether I wanted to cry or to ~~shout~~ shout, and so I clapped, and then, and I was uncertain that this was going to happen, Lyndon got up to respond to our host.

Jan. 6, 1967 - page 7

I was never more proud of him. These last few days -- few weeks -- he has had every reason in the world to make him acerbic or bitter or silent. He was quiet and articulate and sweet. He talked about the Harrimans and the things they had done for our government and for the people in it, the many jobs, the ^{and small} great titles that he had held with equal credit; how it was to their house that Mrs. Kennedy had come after the tragedy in November '63; how in a happier time they had welcomed the whole diplomatic corps to meet Luci for her wedding festivities last August, and this dinner for his chief, the Secretary of State, -- how much more he could have added, the monument to FDR, the Whistler in the White House, so many wonderful things they have done.

It was a totally delightful evening. After the ladies had coffee in one parlor, and I had a chance to hear Marie tell how a large part of their art collection which they had left to the State of New York in the Governor's Mansion had been destroyed by fire, while their successors, the Nelson Rockefellers had lived there.

We said goodnight early and were home a little past eleven and in bed with the night reading by eleven-thirty.

###