

1967

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26

Thursday, January 26 began early in the suite of the Carlyle. I caught the nine o'clock shuttle back to Washington just in time to go to my Spanish class. It is quite reduced these days. June and I are the most faithful members. It is my personal self-indulgence, not disciplined enough to learn much and practically no study in between the two hours per week. Then to Mr. Per's for a quick hair comb and back to the White House to dress for our luncheon for the President-Elect of Brazil and Mrs. Costa e Silva. Just a few minutes before they were coming when I was all dressed, Bess came in to show me a beautiful aquamarine pin, their gift to me. Quickly I scurried through the closet looking for something that would be just the right background for the pin and came up with my blue ~~maskine~~ dress by Marquis that I think was Spring of '65, tucked the pin back in its box and emerged to meet the President-Elect and Mrs. Costa e Silva, the de ^{Cumbras?} Cumhas, the Humphreys, the Arthur Goldbergs and Nick Katzenbach ^{with} and Rusk absent. — Rusk is in Texas, — in the Yellow Room for drinks and exchange of gifts. For them we had an Accutron desk clock, engraved, a set of Carl Sandburg books on Abraham Lincoln, and always a most imaginative gift, a picture of their country made by a satellite way out in space.

And for Mrs. Costa e Silva, an antique mahogany Chippendale tea caddy that dated from the beginning of our country, about 1780. Then

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I was appropriately surprised when they brought forth a beautiful aquamarine for me and began pinning it on just as the Color Guard arrived to remove the flags. Never do it again! Lyndon and the President moved off ~~inextricably~~ ^{inevitably} while I fumbled and stabbed and finally wound up with it ~~properly~~ ^{back} upside down!

We had about 136 guests. There were the Whites, Korths, the Fowlers and the Weavers from the Cabinet, Senator Wayne Morse acting affable ^{for} to one who cuts our throat every day, George Aiken in his red tie, — Somehow for me he just fits the delightful State of Vermont that he represents, [!] brand new Governor of Maryland and Mrs. Agnew. I believe their Inaugural is this weekend, Sol Linowitz, our Ambassador to OAS, several staff members -- McPhersons and Rostows and Watsons, the hardest man on our staff to get to come to a party and two bright new ones, Larry Levinson and Irving Duggan and two Astronauts who have been to Brazil, the Neil Armstrongs, and the Richard Gordons and from the University of Texas there was Professor John W. Foster Dulles, son of the Former Secretary of State who is quite an authority on the history of South America, recently returned from Brazil, and Dr. and Mrs. Fred Ellison. He is Head of the Portuguese language center at the University and also from Texas, our friend of many years, Walter Hall, that contradiction -- a banker and an articulate liberal. From the Arts there was Jim ~~M~~ilou Mason and Dr. and Mrs. Howard Mitchell.

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The President-Elect was a heavyset affable but authoritative looking man, mustached, sure of himself, quite masculine. I liked him. He talked about Brazilia and its progress in the few years of its life. He told me, to my surprise, that the site had been chosen in 1889 when the Republic began, and that it was a deliberate effort to try to move inward to the center of population, a focus of power and interest. He likened it to the waves of Westward pioneers in our country.

Trudye Fowler on his side, a dependable conversationalist, and little Mrs. Linowitz beside Ambassador da Cunha helped to keep the table moving, but I cannot say it was the liveliest luncheon we have ever had. Mike Mansfield was completely silent and withdrawn. Lyndon's toast was quite good. He quoted Thomas Jefferson to welcome his guest of honor. "In a few weeks he will be inaugurated-- in March, to the splendid misery of being a national leader," and the guests relaxed in laughter. The assurance that our people seek, he said, is not that we make no mistakes, but that we shall never really tire of seeking education and better health and better housing, etc. President Costa e Silva told me he had been making a tour of some eight or nine countries between the time he was elected and the time he will be sworn in. Very tiring and very necessary, he said. He seemed a tough and stable man for the leader of a country so big it was a rather under-played hospitality, but I suppose that is the difference in being President-Elect and President in office.

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I started to escort them to the Front Portico a little before three and then I got a jolt. Mrs. da Cunha^m came up to me. She is a fine drawn thin elegant lady and with her she had another guest who looks exactly like her that my face must have been a study of surprise. She burst into laughter and said "my twin sister. She does look just like me, doesn't she?" and I was very much relieved that I wasn't seeing double.

We said goodbye on the front portico and then I hurried back in because I wanted to ask the Dulles' and the Ellisons and the Halls, if I could find them and the two Astronauts if they would like to have a quiet tour of the Lincoln Room and the Queen's Room. I gathered up six of them and found a guide and got them dispatched and then I had a little rest, time enough to go over the business of the next engagement, which was an important one to me. Forty-six mayors, the Executive Committee of the U. S. Conference of Mayors, were meeting in Washington and I had asked them to come for tea at 4:30 to tell me what was going on back home in the field of beautification and conservation. I was at the door of the Diplomatic Reception Room to meet them at 4:30 and here they were marching up the driveway, shoulder to shoulder, John Collins in his wheelchair, the Mayor of Boston in the vanguard. I hurried out to greet him. Hubert Humphrey, who had been their luncheon host and had been conducting an afternoon meeting with them, escorted them to the White House. Secretary

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Weaver of HUD accompanied them. There were many I had met in their home towns, Mayor Ivan Allen of Atlanta, [?]Sir Thomas Currigan, of Denver, where we had had such a delightful visit last Fall, and bouncy Herman Goldner, ⁹St. Petersburg, and Richard Lee of New Haven, who had given me an unforgettable tour of his city and his accomplishments of the twelve years he had been mayor, and Roy Martin of Norfolk, Virginia, who spoke glowingly of the two azalea queens in our family, and Mayor James Tate, of Philadelphia, often my host there. Surprisingly, there were three mayors from Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Gadsden, and Mobile. We reminisced about the delightful fire station I dedicated, but most of the mayors were from large towns.

There were pictures outside, but once inside it was informal and cozy-- no press, with tea and coffee in the Blue Room which did not prove as popular as the drinks which were passed by a few minutes later, and then we drifted into the Red Room, crowded, but it is a good room for getting a talk going. I said a word of welcome and then Jerry Kavanagh took over as a sort of moderator in a most informal manner and just called on about five of the mayors to speak of what was happening in their home towns. First there was slim, attractive John Lindsay, with whom I had been dancing just the night before. His is the stormiest problem city in all of the United States I am sure and also his was just about the ablest presentation. Fountains were one of his objectives now that the water

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crisis was over and then Mayor Cervantes of St. Louis told us about the great arch -- a monument to their city's century and a half of life and I believe it was he who said that the city had for the first time undertaken to sweep its alleys. Much of the conversation was on increased budgets, of course, and lots of it for cleaning up. What could be more basic? One of the mayors said that their budget for trash collection and cleaning had tripled in the last two years. In all, there were five mayors who talked. One of them said quite forthrightly that if you had said five years ago that any mayor knew or cared anything about beautification you would have been crazy, but now a good many of them were finding out that it was good business and good politics. I believe that it was Mayor Fred Fugazzi, of Lexington, Kentucky, Mayor Allen, of Atlanta, gave the impression of being very able, ^{#1} but I suppose that it was Richard Lee, of New Haven, who seemed most professional of them all. He said the word "design" had become part of city administration. Actually, the word "design" threaded through the whole evening concerning street furniture, overall planning, freeways, greenbelts for the future, the vocabulary, the horizons seem to be changing on the anvil of necessity. There is a sense of boldness. It is an interesting time to watch what's happening and then just as the third or fourth mayor had finished, there was a slight ripple of noise and there was Lyndon at the door. He came walking in and took a seat and

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listened until the last one finished and then he began to talk and that was the show of the day. He was blunt and tough. He said if the cities had problems, if they needed massive help, it was up to them to help get the votes in Congress to get it. "I do not have enough horsepower. I can get three votes in the Texas Delegation. If your constituencies want model cities, they must express themselves." He told about how the bill passed last year, with all of the steam behind it that he and the whole Administration could muster just by an eyelash. "Nobody needs to be told about the different climate of this year's Congress, but ~~it~~ it is their problem-- the mayors-- if they think the cities need work on air-pollution and water-pollution and open spaces and helping the ghettos, they had better get busy with the only folks that can make it happen-- the Congress.

I wish we had had a tape recorder. It was wonderful and I felt very proud because in a way he was doing it for me. What had started out to be tea and thank you mildly put by a timid First Lady had turned out to be a fairly substantive meeting.

A little after six we shook hands and everybody rose, the guests quickly melted away. There was that feeling of excitement in the air. I sensed that it had been a good meeting. I went upstairs and worked on the mail and had a plate of hors d'oeuvres and some gin and tonic which I hadn't had during the meeting and then I felt very weary. I had tried my best to put out all day long and so I had a massage, a long one-- while I

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watched a good show on TV ^{at the} ~~Acme~~ ^{of} ~~Luxury~~ and phoned Lyndon
I was going to bed and I hoped that he would bring somebody home to
keep him company at dinner. He did-- Tom Johnson and Jim Jones and
Mary Margaret, but by that time I was curled up in bed and ready ^{for}
sleep.