

MEMORANDUM

Sent pages to, maybe

Scot Jackson - Mar. 10

Bertie Moss Mar. 14

Thursday, March 2, 1967

Catherine Buford - Mar. 15

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

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Texas Independence Day began early with talking with Liz and Bess about arrangements for the house guests -- Margaret and Clifton Daniel in the Pineapple room, sharing the sitting room with Charles Taft, who would be in the Red Toile. And Barbara Eisenhower across the hall in 303.

And then off to Spanish, even early, because I miss so much of it lately and it is my very own two hours in the week. There was just Grace and I. And then I went on to lunch at the "City Tavern". It is gay and abandoned for me to go to lunch these days out of the White House. Beryl Pickle was having a few friends for Mrs. Livingston, whose husband Dr. Livingston, is addressing the Texas ex's tonight., Mab Wright and Jean Ikard., And it was such fun to sit around and hear about Austin and The University, casual feminine chatter. In the Senate and the Vice Presidency, I went out to lunch 3, 4, or 5 times a week. Now it is an event.

The "City Tavern" is dignified and quiet. It was a pleasant change of pace.

Back at the White House in the mid-afternoon I had a picture with the chairman of the National Capital Flower show which I was supposed to open tomorrow. Muriel had cheerfully accepted to substitute for me, leaving me free to go to Texas tonight. And this was just a small recognition, three columns of publicity, to remind people to go.

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Beryl had mentioned that she was taking Dr. and Mrs. Livingston into the White House early in the morning on the 9:00 tour, and I said, "No. Come this afternoon when you can have a private tour, and maybe I'll get to stop in and have a cup of tea." I found them in the Red Room, and talked to Dr. Livingston a bit. He had not seen the Andrew Glass article on the Library. I got it for him and suggested that he look up the Fairly articles. He was attractive. I was proud of the caliber of our University's representative.

And then it was time to go up to the West Hall to meet the house guests -- Charles Taft whose father William Howard Taft became President in 1909, and Mrs. Van Seagraves, the granddaughter of FDR who had lived for a year or more here with her mother Anna Roosevelt and visited often during the 13 years. And Barbara Eisenhower, so fresh and wholesome and pretty. And Margaret Truman, arriving late because she had taken the train. She doesn't like airplanes. Her quietly sophisticated husband, Clifton Daniel, had arrived before.

So we all sat around in the West Hall with a cup of tea and talked about their life and times here. It gave me a chance for the private visit I had expected to have over a night-cap or the second cup of coffee in the morning. I had asked Liz to call them and to apologize for the fact that Lyndon and I might be leaving right on the heels of our guests at 9:30 for a weekend in Texas, with Lynda Bird staying on as their hostess. They all seemed delightfully excited, but not as much as me. And Mr. Charles

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Taft handed me an envelope with pictures of the house where his father grew up -- his grandfather's house -- the old Taft home, which is now owned by somebody else. The family is attempting to get it made a part of the National Park Service, -- a lesson to me in how long it takes for these things to happen -- since his father has been out of the presidency now for 54 years.

We began to get word that it might be one of those nights -- a late vote. The House members might not get here until 6:30 or maybe even 7:00.

I went to dress and Liz gathered up the guests for picture-taking under their ancestors' portrait or their favorite spot in the White House -- a memory of the day. This was the last big night -- the eighth Reception. So I wore my pink dress and felt quite a gala.

By 6:00 there were already 20 or so guests present. So I went down to the Green Room to receive them without Lyndon who was tackling his desk while they gathered.

They drifted in in rather alphabetical order as they voted -- some leaving without voting.

Lyndon joined us a little before 7:00 when there were still a dozen or more to arrive. And a little past 7:00 he took them ~~in~~ off to the East Room and I asked the ladies to follow me to the Queens' Room.

Each time I have awaited these programs with trepidation and uncertainty. Tonight I felt more sure than any -- that it was going to be good.

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And it was smashing! Lynda Bird was the moderator. The memories spanned 62 years, beginning with Charles Taft who was the first speaker actually went back to five years before his father came in because he was a member of the "White House gang" so called, as a very young school friend of Quintin Roosevelt in 1904. And ending with Lynda Bird who told of her own times here... the costume party where there had been three Teddy Roosevelts, playing in the snow on the South Lawn with Warrie Lyn... With each person I thought they couldn't be better. Charles Taft, the first, recalled how his family had brought ^a white ^{Pierce Arrow} ~~Prisarra~~ -- the first motor car into White House life, and how he and Quintin Roosevelt had ridden up and down in the elevator -- one in the cab and one underneath where the luggage was supposed to go -- one pushing the "up" and the other pushing the "down" button, probably shortening the life of the elevator, or certainly its efficiency.

And then ^{Sis} ~~Sisty~~ ^{Dahl} ~~Don~~ -- or so I remembered her, and was astonished when she corrected her name to Holsted. And I found suddenly and quite surprisingly that I felt sorry for her, that she was really probably quite shy and her times here had not been truly happy times. But then I felt just like Barbara Eisenhower who said that living in the White House gave her a "pinch me" feeling. She was so natural and wholesome and pretty that one immediately responded with warmth to her. And I loved her story about the three children putting on a Christmas pageant in the East Hall

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for their grandparents -- the three of them playing nine parts and rushing into the Queens' room and the Lincoln Room to change costumes and then out to be Wise men or Angels or the Virgin Mary, whatever the script called for.

Margaret Truman Daniel is as matter-of-fact as her father, very assured, quite good looking, telling about playing ping pong on the third floor with her mother who was a whiz, and her father's well known attempt to frighten her and two of her girl friends who were spending the night in the Lincoln bed. He had planned ~~to~~ to send in a servant wearing his (the President's) own tall Inaugural hat and I suppose a beard. *dressed in a sheet*

The first three seemed to remember the White House with a certain awe and reverence and happy nostalgia. Margaret with more detachment -- she could take it or leave it.

One fascinating fact Mr. Charles Taft told was that the entire content of his father's papers for his four years in office ~~was~~ ^{was} some 500,000 pieces. And for the first year of President Kennedy's, it was a million, five hundred thousand. We are devoured by communications in today's world.

The program was so fascinating and the exchange of conversation afterward so enthusiastic that it was nearly 9:00 when we went downstairs to join the men. Everybody was ravenous. I tried to have Lynda, Bess, me, somebody, to see that each of our guests on the program felt at home. met Lyndon, were introduced to the men.

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There was for me the extra gay feeling in the air because it was the last of the Receptions. It had been an exciting success. And we were getting off right afterward for Texas -- a sort of vacation feeling.

There were 81st ers -- the Sydney Herlongs and Tom Steeds; Texans -- Bob Poage and Frances, and the Graham Purcells, The new Republicans from ~~the~~ the panhandle -- the Bob Prices, And the attractive Latinos, the de la Garzas.

Joe Evins was talking about my approaching trip to Tennessee, and I to the Dick Bollings about the pleasant time we had had at their house. I doubt that anyone knows how gal/a I feel it is to go out to dinner.

There were old-timers, Chet Holifields and Abe Multer and Barratt⁷ O'Hara. And the attractive young Paul Rogers. The Congressmen, the staff, were telling me that Lyndon had been at his best, and that the briefings were really fabulous.

A little before 10:00 Lyndon and I quietly slipped out. I asked Lynda to make everything as warm as possible for our house guests. Margaret had told me she was going to Florence's.

So we joined Jesse and the Arthur Krims in the Diplomatic Reception Room and boarded the helicopter, and were off for Texas. I went to bed and slept, soundly and happily. ^Something I almost never do on planes.

We changed at Randolph to the Jetstar, sleepily, and were at the Ranch by 12:30. A little too wide awake now, so I read with that self-

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indulgent feeling -- a most hilarious, delightful book, William Faulkner in a funny vein -- "The Reavers" which Margy McNamara had given me for Christmas. —

Relishing that sense of having done my job well -- though the credit is Bess' and Liz'. We entertained the entire Congress in groups of 70 couples or so in a series of eight receptions. And it was over! And dispassionately I could say it was good.