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Initials

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, February 8, 1966

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It was a full, dramatic day. Part of my mind was half way across the world, where Lyndon was in Hawaii with General Ky.

But it was a full day here too, that began at 7, because I had a hairdo, after Alice Brown and I had our delicious swim last night. She was up here for the meeting of the Kennedy Cultural Center and was my house guest.

A little after nine thirty, I was down in the theatre where we were serving coffee and doughnuts, and seeing slides, to indoctrinate all of us for the day long tour of Washington. "Us," being the Beautification Speakers Bureau.

There were Cabinet wives - Mrs. John Connor; Trudy Fowler, and Jane Freeman; Margie McNamara - she does so much, like an old hymn - *Who*
"That courage calls her duty, be never wanting there."

And Lee Udall, whose husband really put the 'tiger in the tank' of the whole Beautification project, is a pretty and effective speaker. And our latest recruit, Mrs. Robert Weaver.

And then from the Senate, we had pretty little Mrs. Birch Bayh; smooth, competent Mrs. John Sherman Cooper; ~~St~~ Ethene Church whose already made quite a few speeches; Emily Douglas, and Mrs. Lee Metcalf.

Patsy Derby and Cynthia Wilson might speak to Youth Groups, so they spent the day with us; and Sharon Francis who writes all the wonderful letters.

And, of course, the backbone of the whole thing, Nash Castro; and Walter Washington, whose accent is always on people, people, people. The Public Housing and the Schools is his *forte* sport.

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And Katie Louchheim and Polly Shackleton were with us, and a couple of newspaper women, for whom this would serve as good background.

Then we all got on the bus and for the next five hours, I drove past the things that have been achieved, the things that were planned, with Nash as narrator. One of the most dramatic things, of course, the planting along Pennsylvania Avenue heading toward Anacostia, where 400 magnolia Soulangeana trees ^{and} a thousand azaleas, were going to make a magnificent entrance into the capitol, along a route where about 50,000 people come in every day.

We stopped at the Kentucky Court Public Housing Development and got out to see what the Georgetown Garden Club had done with their very attractive court yard. The plants were good but the community spirit was even better. About two thirds of the residents were elderly citizens, and they all swarmed around us, everybody ready to tell his story of how they enjoyed and participated in the planting.

As we drove along New York Avenue, Mrs. Dana Wallace of the District Government, told us about the beautification plans for it. One part of which certainly shook me up. In order to make it a six lane highway, through a fairly long stretch, they are going to have to sacrifice a great number of full grown trees. This makes me very uneasy / we know what's happening - Are we on top of anything?

My favorite stop of the day, was Walker Jones school. This is one of

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nine schools that we have landscaped. We went into the lobby and Mrs. Wilhemina Thomas, the principal, met us. Walls were full of the posters with which, by now, I am happily familiar. ^{I saw the} terrarium full of plants which they had presented to me in the dedication ceremony last December, which I had given back to them for use by the Science class.

The children here are from the first through sixth grade, and Mrs. Thomas and two faculty members, Mrs. Barbara Mims and Miss Sylvia Shugru, a Science teacher, told us all the ways in which they had involved the children, and the families in the neighborhood.

The English teacher had taught them the names of plants, and flowers, and tools to increase their vocabulary and acquaintance. They had made the posters, they had all written themes about it, and the Science teacher had taught them how plants grow ^y what happens, and they were having experiments with the terrarium and had bus trips planned for the Botanical Gardens and the Arboretum. They loved their work and the enthusiasm was contagious. They had talked about what it had meant in reduction of vandalism.

As we left, the windows were lined with school children. I hope they saw me waving.

Lunch was at Hains Point, but first we had a slide presentation of a National Capitol landscape, done by the National Parks Service, and shown to busloads of school children who come to visit in the spring and summer.

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This tiny teahouse is the visitors center for the millions of tourists who come to Washington. I thought I saw that White House touch in the lunch. The paper place mats were bright with flowers, there was a daisy on top of each box and charming flower centerpieces! Trudy had brought a good cake and somebody had brought wine.

Mary Lasker joined us at lunch. She had arranged to have a very famous British landscape architect, Mr. Donald Page, come along for the trip, and especially to see Hains Point, for which she hoped he would do some sketches, for the 1200 cherry trees that we are going to plant around it. It's actually my almost-favorite of all the projects!

After lunch we had a question and answer session. I told everybody I would send them the book containing everything that happened at the conference on Natural Beauty last May. Sharon asked everybody when they came back from a speaking tour, to bring any choice anecdotes or vignettes, so we could sort of put them in the pot, for each of us to use.

And then we were on our way home, arriving at the White House about three, and we dropped off Mary at the airport.

I was just in time for a cup of coffee with SANTIZED in the dining room. Since he arrived Saturday night, they've had a very quiet time. He's handsome, mature, engaging. Last night when he and Alice got to talking about the relative merits of hotels around the world, especially in Portugal and Spain, Lynda and I sat silent, almost as though we were listening ~~about~~

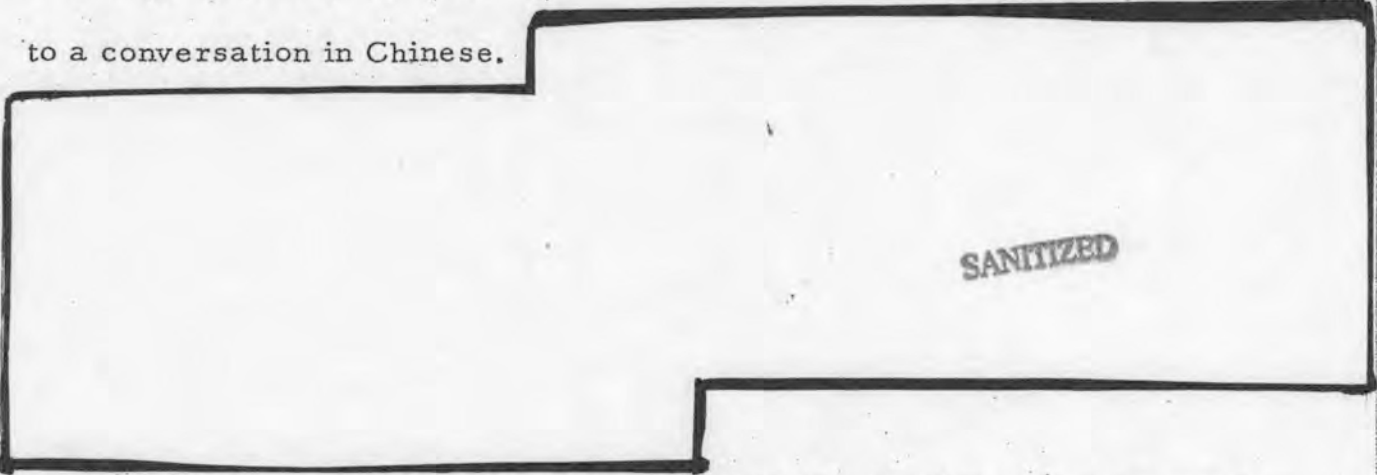
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to a conversation in Chinese.



I spent the rest of the afternoon on little jobs, dictating, signing mail, a picture with Congressman John Jarman in the Diplomatic Reception Room. at A talk with Luci, and then all dressed up and excited, ~~xxx~~ going out, and at the same time already lonely to be saying goodbye to Lynda, because she would go straight from the party to the plane, and I would not want to walk into her room again for days, and days.

I rode with  out to the discotheque. It was quite an experience - up some dark stairs to a room, you practically needed someone to lead you by the hand - they were the dimmest of red-shaded lamps, at tiny round tables, and the red walls were covered with the weird assortment of avante garde pictures and drawings. The whole atmosphere was intimate and cozy, the music loud, the room soon crowded, and there was a small screen, which every now and then gave forth a movie about 12 minutes long, that had a vague French flavor.

Nancy, in the shortest time, had gathered together the most attractive list. The Connors from the Cabinet; the Tejera-Paris', the Venezulean Ambassador; and the very decorative young Al-Ghousseins of the Kuwait

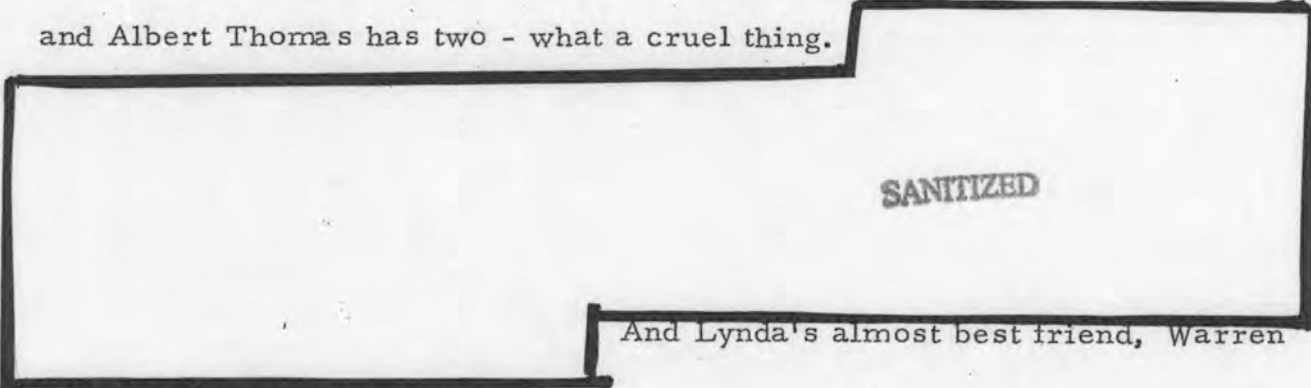
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Embassy; and the bachelor Algerian Ambassador Guellal, who now lives in the Elms. Lyndon's old campaigning friends, the Birch Bayhs were there; and the Fred Harris^l from the Senate. I had a good chat with Jack Brooks - the filing date is just over in Texas, he doesn't have an ^{opponent} ~~appointment~~ and Albert Thomas has two - what a cruel thing.



SANTIZED

And Lynda's almost best friend, Warren Woodward.

Nancy was beautiful and lived up to the speculation stories that I'd been reading in the papers lately - that she's going to be on the best-dressed list very soon. We talked about her new house - ~~Mary~~^{every}wood - that the Auchincloss used to own. Since we first met her not so many years ago, she's achieved so many things - success in her own profession, a delightful husband, and four children (three were his by a first wife), and she's prettier with every passing year.

I hadn't seen the Horace Busby's since he left us, and they bought a house way out in Virginia, almost 200 years old and were so excited telling about it.

The Jim Symingtons were there, Lynda had campaigned with them and I was so glad that Nancy had asked Diana and Don. The Carpenters came

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by briefly, and Marta and Stu were happily telling everybody when and if he got out of law school and passed the bar, he'd be Tom Clark's law clerk up at the Supreme Court.

I stayed a couple of hours - it was so different, it was very interesting, and then kissed Lynda goodby and left with Pat and Luci, to arrive home and eat cornflakes on the kitchen table, all by myself.

Luci came in, she'd dropped off Pat at class, and we had a long talk. She's very fond of psychoanalyzing Lynda, me, and all those close to her. Actually, she has quite an intuitive quality.

And then I was in bed by 11. Muriel called, I turned on the TV, there was Air Force One on the ground, in Los Angeles; the Vice President had gone inside to talk to Lyndon. He was to emerge presently and talk to the press, in an airplane hanger sort of a room. But the conference inside went on and on, and meanwhile, picketers with their placards marched back and forth in front of the camera, denouncing our presence in Viet-Nam and getting far more time on nationwide TV than their few dozen members deserved. I groaned because I knew Lyndon inside the plane, had to have a conference with Hubert, and all the people that were going out to Saigon - John Gardner, Orville Freeman, McGeorge Bundy - and yet it gave these picketers a forum to set the stage for them. Well, I guess it's unavoidable when you're landing at Los Angeles.

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It was about 20 of one when Lyndon came down the ramp of the plane, went into the hanger, it was a brief report on his trip, and then he was to fly on to Washington.

At one o'clock, I turned off the light, realizing that in five hours he would be walking into the room, so swift is this world.

There had been a couple of little pieces in the paper today about Lynda Bird getting all A's - five of them - and Luci getting B's, of course, mentioning that she'd dropped her chemistry course. Considering all the slings and arrows lately, I appreciated the bouquet.

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