

Originally Processed With FOIA(s):

S

FOIA Number:

S

FOIA MARKER

**This is not a textual record. This is used as an
administrative marker by the George Bush Presidential
Library Staff.**

Record Group/Collection: Donated Historical Materials
Collection/Office of Origin: Bush, George H.W., Collection
Series: Personal Papers
Subseries: Dorothy Walker Bush Materials

OA/ID Number: 25894
Folder ID Number: 25894-004

Folder Title:
Washington Life, 1/1962 - 10/1962

Stack:	Row:	Section:	Shelf:	Position:
G	6	22	4	5

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies - Wednesday
January 17, 1962
Morning Dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
January 18, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

A Happy New Year to all you loyal readers who, for the ninth year, care to share the life of a Senator's wife in Washington.

After a busy autumn in the State, the Senator and I went to Houston, Texas, to spend Christmas with five of our children and five grandchildren. It was a gigantic undertaking for George and Barbara whom we visited, but no visit has ever gone more smoothly from start to finish, and there is no doubt about it--little children's faces looking up, holding wonder like a cup, do make Christmas a holy day.

From Texas we headed southward for a much-needed two weeks vacation for the Senator. You know, it always amuses him so when we are home in the Fall, to meet people who say -- "Oh are you enjoying your vacation?", for being home is no vacation at all.

The Senator is driving all over the State to appointments; stacks of mail arrive daily from Washington. The Senator dictates before he leaves the house. Helen Danehy typewrites furiously all day. He signs the letters when he gets home at night.

People call from all over the State and many come down for appointments. So, a real vacation away from telephone calls and problems is a real necessity and this year, because of the late opening of Congress, we were able to have a full two weeks of heavenly rest, and sun, and exercise before returning to this busy city.

Wednesday, January 10, Congress opened. Of course, there was much more ado in the House where Mr. McCormack, the new speaker, was installed, than in the Senate where one new Senator, Maurice Murphy of New Hampshire was sworn in.

That night the Women's Press Club gave its annual salute to Congress dinner. Isabel and Bulkley Griffin of the Griffin Bureau, which supplies political news to many New England papers, including the Waterbury-American, invited us to be their guests. This year the affair was held at the Mayflower Hotel instead of the Statler. I had the pleasure of sitting between our host, and Jack Bell of the Associated Press, whom you undoubtedly have seen

many times on "Meet the Press."

Helen Hill Miller and Nancy Hanschman of CBS had great fun introducing all the Senators, Congressmen, Cabinet⁸ Members, with many a smart quip. Then we enjoyed a truly delicious filet mignon dinner. Walter Lippmann gave the only speech of the evening. A most thought-provoking one in which he stressed that, in this age, what often looks like confusion and appeasement is the only alternative to an all-out nuclear war.

Thursday morning I was able to attend my first of this winter's (they started in November) art lectures by Dr. Stites of the National Gallery held every other Thursday morning at the Gallery. Mrs. Rusk sent out the invitations in October and I was so happy to receive one as I thought the lectures were fascinating last winter. From the lecture Phyllis Dillon and I rushed to Capitol Hill whither people were scurrying to hear the President deliver his State of the Union message.

Betty Fulbright had been with us at the Gallery and when I said "Aren't you coming", she said "No, my daughter is in town on a visit and I do want her to hear it and, of course, it is impossible to get more than one ticket."

The House Chamber was jammed with people seated in all the aisles of the Gallery. The ceremony was just the same, but it was sad not to see the familiar face of "Mr. Sam" presiding.

"Jackie" Kennedy very quietly came in and took her seat while the Senate was marching in, so people hardly noticed her until members on the Floor began looking up; then in answer to much applause, she stood and took a bow. She has a shy, yet dignified manner which is most appealing.

The President spoke for fifty minutes in clear, well-accented tones. Much that he said is unanimously agreed upon, other controversial issues will be hotly argued, in the months to come, in that famous Chamber, as well as on the Floor of the Senate.

////

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies - Wednesday
January 24, 1962
Morning Dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
January 25, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

Returning to Georgetown is comparable to one's homecoming in a small town. The telephone ringing busily -- "Oh, I knew you would be back when Congress reopened."

So many people had welcomed us back that when I stopped in at the store to buy bird feed and Larry said, "glad to see you again, Mrs. Bush, did you know the Grosbeaks are back?" Without stopping to think, I said, "the Grosbeaks, I don't think I know them, where do they live?", only to find he was talking about the birds!

That very day when I came in from reestablishing our feeding station, with a special foil for squirrels, I found a note from Mrs. Ivan L. Adams of Waterbury, a reader of the Waterbury American. The note was on a card with this poem on the front:

"Dear Father hear and bless
Thy beasts and singing birds
And guard with tenderness
Small things that have no words."

It was so appropriate that I felt Mrs. Adams must have known what I had been doing at just that time.

Tuesday, (January 16), our Senate Ladies opening work day was packed and jammed -- you know the old adage about the new broom -- but along with the gaiety and reunion came the sorrow of learning that Mrs. LaFollette, one of our faithful members, had died suddenly; and that Senator Schoeppel of Kansas was desperately ill. The following Sunday, as we drove guests to the airport, we saw the flag at half mast. "Andy Schoeppel", said I to Pres and sure enough, the radio later confirmed the sad news.

I always feel particularly sad for married people, separated by death, who have no children. They have only their memories, while those with children can actually see certain traits or mannerisms of their beloved living on in the children, as well as find comfort in the love returned for which their love for one another was originally responsible.

On Wednesday I was invited to a special tour of the Phillips Gallery. It is such a darling, intimate place with comfortable chairs in each room on which to sit and view some exquisite works of art. In some rooms in the new wing, I would not care to sit. The Braques, the de Staals and others can, in my opinion, be hustled by; but the Corots, the Tony Boudins, the Renoirs, the Monets, the Bonnard's, the Daumiers and The Rescue by Winslow Homer are, in my opinion, paintings one could gaze at for hours.

Mrs. Lyndon Johnson is giving a series of luncheons for Senate wives in her beautiful new home out in Spring Valley. You know the Johnsons bought Perle Mesta's home, and it really is a show place; French in design. The nicest part was that she included ex-Senate wives, as well as present members.

Dear little Mrs. Flanders of Vermont called to ask me to drive out with her and we arrived to find a party of 28 ladies. Mrs. Johnson had called just the day before to say she thought it would be fun to have some short talks about our own country, and she wanted me to speak about Connecticut and New England, Mrs. Olin Johnston from South Carolina about the South, and Mrs. Church of Idaho to talk on the vast regions of the West.

Week-end guests arrived for the Alfalfa dinner Saturday night. This year Barry Goldwater was the "Alfalfa Party" convention nominee for President of the United States, and Pres and his guests returned laughing heartily as they recalled the many humorous quips in his platform. Delivering the whole speech with a completely dead-pan expression, he had the entire room of six hundred men in stitches of laughter for twenty minutes.

/ / / / /

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies - Wednesday
January 31, 1962
Morning Dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
February 1, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

Everyone's thoughts and prayers this weekend were with Colonel Glenn, our young astronaut. Imagine being awakened at 2:30 a.m., readied for the flight into outer space, only to have the whole project, seven hours later, postponed for another forty-eight hours, or even longer. For both Mrs. Glenn and the Colonel to have to gear themselves more than once for such an ordeal must be a very great strain. It will be a relief to the entire nation, as well as to the 75,000 on-the-spot viewers at Cape Canaveral, when the flight is successfully concluded.

This week we had the pleasure of dining with the Ambassador of Peru and his charming wife, a Californian by birth. He told us that he now is second in seniority in the whole diplomatic corps. There have been so many changes.

The dinner was given for the new British Ambassador and his wife, Lady Ormsby Gore. She is very beautiful, and so young-looking that I would scarcely believe it when she told us the eldest of her five children is 21, and the youngest 7.

In talking with our host of the recent disaster in his country, he said the final toll was 4,500 dead. Whole villages were completely buried by the avalanche so that hospital aid was not even useable. All the towns involved were completely wiped out--gone. What a tragedy!

At the National Cathedral meeting, Admiral Neill Phillips, President of the Cathedral Association told us of the very thrilling new plan underway, which is to have a school of church music at the Cathedral. It is expected that applications will pour in from all over the country.

Our American Field Service Benefit is again on. This usually takes place in March, but Mrs. ^{Philip} Strong suddenly found she could get the premiere showing of "The Nuremberg Trials" for the night of February 14th, and people who have seen it recommended it highly. This meant a mad scramble to get the invitations printed and in the mail before last Wednesday so people could have at least three weeks notice. We addressed, sealed and stamped furiously, and got all 3,500 invitations safely on their way.

"Bobby" Cushing, our President, asked if I would call Senator Dodd, as he had officiated at the Trials, and ask him if he could come to her home on Sunday afternoon and have his picture taken, for advance publicity, with some of our area students, but unfortunately he had to be out of town.

Thursday, the day of our National Gallery lecture made us feel that spring was just around the corner, but our hopes were short-lived as now it is below freezing again. I enjoy the lectures tremendously. There are enough old friends to feel at home in the group, and then I enjoy meeting the "New Frontier" wives. Mrs. Rusk and Mrs. McNamara are delightful, and Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Gilpatrick, Mrs. Ball, and many others just as friendly as they can be. A morning spent with Dr. Stites is always a morning well spent as he is very much of a philosopher as well as an art critic.

The nicest surprise was to find Florence Wigglesworth back in Washington, and once more a member of the group. For years her husband was in Congress from the Milton, Massachusetts area. In 1958 he decided not to seek reelection and President Eisenhower sent him to Canada as our Ambassador, but sad to relate he died in Canada. Last winter Florence stayed in Massachusetts, but now she is back. I don't know anyone in our whole acquaintance who has more good friends than Florence Wigglesworth.

She now lives just around the corner from us, so we drove down to the Gallery together and she said, "Dotty, I have something for you, this little prayer which I think you may need, and I know you will like." This is it--

Slow me down Lawd
I'se going too fast.
I can't see my brother
When he is walking past.
I miss a lot of good things
Day by day
I don't know a blessin
When it comes my way.

/ / / / /

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies - Wednesday
February 7, 1962
Morning Dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
February 8, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

Photo Copy Preservation

"Have you seen but a bright lily glow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall O' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?"

The latter was the picture to which we awoke early one morning but soon, alas, not only the soil, but automobile tires and passing feet had smutched it so that our pristine white world was muddy in most directions.

Fourteen inches fell on Virginia earlier in the week, but Washington was lucky, as the storm blew out to sea before striking us.

Connecticut cities know how to handle snow, but not D.C., so we breathe a sigh of relief whenever a predicted snowfall does not materialize.

On Monday, January 29th, Mrs. Mohamed, a member of our International Friendship Group gave a farewell party before returning to her native land of Malaya. The group, 10 members of Congress and 10 of the Diplomatic Corps, is a fairly well travelled one, but not one of them had ever been to Malaya. We welcomed the very beautiful film the Mohameds showed us of fields of tea, rubber plantations, beautiful beaches.

Mr. Mohamed says May is their driest and best month, so if you are planning a trip to the Far East, remember 2 Ms - Malaya in May!

On Tuesday, January 30, Eve Symington (Mrs. Stuart) took us on their trip, last Fall, to the Middle East - Egypt, Lebanon, Iran, Jordan, Israel. I was particularly interested as that is a part of the world the Senator and I have never visited

She said, to her, the most distressing occasion was their visit to Jerusalem, for she was so appalled by the divisive Christian forces in control there. Is it any wonder that the communists cannot understand Christianity when Christians, all revering and serving one Master, fight among themselves.

Mrs. Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota brought me a pamphlet written by the Roman Catholic Church on the Ecumenical Movement, and I do think that Pope John is doing more than has ever been done by any Pope in the past to help bring about understanding between the Catholic and Protestant churches.

This is the season for stag dinners for the Senators. The story is told that the Speaker of the House, Mr. McCormack, has never failed to

dine with Mrs. McCormack. He just goes in and makes an appearance and then departs for home to have a quiet dinner with her. I doubt if that story is true, although it was told to me by a member of the Press, as there are so many affairs that are just dinners.

Our weekly badminton games at the home of Janet Auchincloss are a life saver in this bad weather. Their beautiful place in McLean, Va. is to be sold if the zoning laws can be changed to permit multiple dwellings in that area, so I fear me, this will be the last winter of such needed exercise in such delightful company.

Janet (Jackie Kennedy's mother) is one of the most remarkable people I have ever known. She has her beautiful big home in Newport, R.I. and Virginia open all year round to children and grandchildren.

Last week, after tea, she took us in to peek at the two little Radziwills having their supper. The little boy had just returned from playing with Caroline, and his grandmother asked him if Caroline had been a good girl.

It must be so amazing to have your daughter the first lady of the land, but all I can say is that if first ladies or queens could be voted on, Janet Auchincloss would get my vote.

/ / / / / / / / / /

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies - Wednesday
February 14, 1962
Morning Dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
February 15, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by A Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

On the first Wednesday of every month, the Corcoran Gallery of Art presents a lecture. This week the speaker was Mrs. Lorraine Pearce, White House Curator.

In introducing Mrs. Pearce, Mrs. W. Dabney Jarman, President of the Women's Committee, said Mrs. Pearce was the first Curator in the history of the White House, and the first mother ever to have addressed this group.

Mrs. Pearce gave an interesting talk with colored slides. She began way back when the seat of the government was in New York and later in Philadelphia, showing us pictures of the Georgian houses to be built for Washington, neither of which was ever occupied by him.

The first President to occupy the White House was John Adams. Mrs. Pearce read a letter of Abigail Adams to her sister describing the house as being so large that it would take 30 servants to keep it properly cleaned. She complained of the lack of service quarters, saying she was forced to use the big East Room to dry their clothes. She also commented on the number of fireplaces that needed constant attendance to keep them warm.

Following the Adams family came Thomas Jefferson who introduced the French touch in furniture and objets d'art to the White House, assisted by Dolly Madison, who later became her brother's official hostess.

"Miss Dolly" had excellent taste, as well as knowledge of what should be saved for posterity.

When, in 1814, the British were attacking Washington, Dolly refused to leave until the Washington portrait in the East Room was taken down and put in the wagon which she was using to cart off valuable. The frame was screwed into the wall and could not be quickly removed, so she ordered the man to break the frame and remove and roll the canvas. That same portrait of Washington can be seen by all who visit the White House today.

The happiest White House hostess was Mrs. Grant who later spoke of her years in the White House as the happiest of her life. She felt like she was living in a bower of orchids, and would have liked to stay on forever except for the fact that she would be depriving others of the

opportunity of living there.

Mrs. Buchanan's portrait is perhaps the loveliest of any President's wife.

Mrs. Lincoln introduced heavy Victorian pieces to the White House - - stylish in her day.

The most hideous ornament ever appended to the interior was a screen of multi-colored glass which extended almost the length of the front hall. This was ordered by President Arthur from the President of Tiffany & Company.

All past Presidents' wives have been curtailed in what they might like to do by being dependent on government funds, so Mrs. Kennedy decided to appoint a Fine Arts Committee to guide her in her search for originals that had once been in the White House, and to rely entirely on private funds to finance the venture.

Some objects are accepted on loan, but outright gifts are what she is really seeking.

Mrs. Pearce's lecture will certainly make a tour of the White House far more interesting, and I do hope they will have copies of it to hand out to visitors.

//////////

NOTE TO EDITORS:

Mrs. Bush's column will not be sent to you next week as she will be spending this week in Connecticut.

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies - Wednesday
February 28, 1962
Morning Dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
March 1, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by A Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

One Tuesday, at our "Senate Ladies" work group, I sat next to Frances Bennett of Utah who told me that she writes a column, but discusses only one event each week.

"Maybe a better idea" thought I, so last time I tried it with the result that several people I saw in Connecticut asked me if I had a ghost writer for that article, and several others accused me of having no real interest in the subject.

Both charges were unfounded. I did write it and I was interested in Mrs. Pearce's lecture, but far more interested in "Jackie's" tour of the White House on television the following week. She made history come alive in the President's house and I am sure stimulated interest in the White House throughout the world. I thought she did an outstanding job.

Two very good friends of mine went through the White House this week. One of them said to the guide: "I understand that Mrs. Kennedy is the third youngest White House hostess -- who were the two younger?" "Mrs. Tyler" said he and then looked panic-stricken -- "I just can't think of the other."

Finally, as he was describing something in the Red Room, he suddenly turned and pointing at her said: "The second Mrs. Grover Cleveland -- you were the one who asked me weren't you?"

I knew just how he felt; one knows and can't think, and suddenly out of the blue (this time the red) it pops.

Last week for the first time ever, one hundred senators voted on an issue. Senator Chavez came from his sickbed, and Senator Muskie, from the Bethesda Naval Hospital where he was confined as the result of an automobile accident. The latter arrived in a wheel chair.

We in Connecticut were very proud of the fact that Bradford S. Tilney of New Haven and William F. Pedersen of New York had been the winners over 800 competitors on the design for the F.D.R. Memorial in Washington. Their design certainly had a feeling of awareness and imagination exceeding all others. Last Wednesday the Fine Arts Commission finally rejected it as unsuitable to the location in which it would have been placed.

Photo Copy Preservation

There must be spots where such a design would fit perfectly. I hope Mr. Tilney will not be discouraged from trying to carry us in our thoughts on wings through space.

This week the whole world's thoughts have been on outer space. Have you ever been as proud of anyone as of Colonel Glenn and his entire family? I loved everything about them.

His modest conduct throughout the entire venture, with all its frustrating delays, was just glorious, and in spite of all the avowals of faith in the success of Friendship VII by Colonel Glenn, his wife and his mother, one could tell from their joy in their reunion that the very real possibility of possible disaster had been lurking in the background.

His mother's faith in his success, stating "he always finished what he began", perhaps gives us the best insight into his sterling character.

Monday morning I could have cried when we awoke to find pouring rain. Each half hour I turned on the news hoping to hear that the parade had been postponed, but but "no".

As I drove down Massachusetts Avenue in an absolute downpour, I saw hundreds of children, umbrellaless, racing toward Constitution Avenue. How many colds will there be in the Washington schools tomorrow?

The parade left the White House promptly at 12:30 and at 12:55 drew up in front of the House.. I said to the man seated next to me in the Gallery "we would undoubtedly be seeing much more on television". "Oh yes," he said, "but nothing equals the live feeling of being present." Shortly thereafter I knew just what he meant.

Actually seeing the Glenn family file into the front row of the Executive Gallery, actually seeing his fellow astronauts, all sunburned and so physically fit, and actually seeing Colonel Glenn with his piercing blue eyes and flashing teeth, was an experience that could not be equalled.

His constant use of the ^{pronouns} ~~adjectives~~ "we" and "us" made everyone present conscious of what a team job it all was. And his promise that "exploration and the pursuit of knowledge always pay dividends little dreamed at the outset," helps to attune Congress to the enormous financial outlays involved.

Colonel Glenn has indeed well served his nation and the world!

//////

FOR RELEASE

Afternoon Dailies - Wednesday

March 7, 1962

Morning Dailies & Weeklies, Thursday

March 8, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by A Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

When my sister visited us she was horrified at the number of murders, holdups and assaults reported in the Washington Sunday papers.

The danger of such was brought close to home earlier this month when a neighbor who lives around the corner on 34th Street was attacked walking home from work at 7:15 at night. As he neared the entrance to the playground on Q Street, two youths stepped out and, without a word hit him, opening a gash on his face, and knocked him unconscious. He had only \$8.00 in his wallet and probably at the disappointment over this small amount, they then kicked him black and blue all along one side of his body. He regained consciousness in the police ambulance enroute to Georgetown Hospital. Who called the ambulance, he does not know.

Now, this Sunday morning, we read of a 65-year-old Hungarian music teacher who was hit over the head as he stepped out of his car in front of his apartment, with a bag of groceries in his arms. He died from the brutal assault.

"Home rule for the District is the only answer," flatly asserted one of my Washington friends. "When we have home rule we will see to it that the police force is sufficient to stop this lawlessness."

Whatever the answer, something has to be done.

The Canine Corps has been increased, but not sufficiently to cope with the problem. For the Nation's Capital to be a spot in which citizens cannot live or visit with safety, is indeed disgraceful.

It was hard for the Nation's Capital to return to earth during the past week. Colonel Glenn testified at hearings in the House and Senate on both Tuesday and Wednesday, and continued the fine impression previously established on television.

To me it is so wonderful that the youth of America now has a hero worthy of their adulation. Instead of an oft-divorced playboy, movie actor, they can now look up to a young man, well disciplined by one of our finest services, an exemplary husband, father, churchman who, when his country called, responded with his very life.

Photo Copy Preservation

The fact that he warned us that there will inevitably be failures ahead makes us realize that he knew the possibility existed that something might go wrong on the flight of the Friendship VII.

His simple avowal that he did not pray during the flight because he had made his peace with God many years ago, gives us the insight into his calm and courage.

Tears poured down my cheeks in the House Gallery as he introduced "My wife Annie who has been the rock through all this" and again when I looked at the picture of little Lynn hiding her eyes with her hands as her father, with those burning rockets surrounding his little capsule, shot into space.

Both were so indicative of that deep and wonderful family love, which is the "Rock" on which our country depends to remain great and strong.

The Hexagon Club of Washington is a group of young people who annually produce a musical skit, with original words and music, for a three night run.

Each year the proceeds go to a different charity. This year the Children's Hospital was the recipient.

We took our two Connecticut overnight guests on Friday night and found the show "Stand by Please" most amusing and far superior to any amateur show seen heretofore.

Our annual benefit for the American Field Service International Scholarship fund eked out a bare \$6,000 when all the bills were paid; so we are hoping that some year the Hexagon may smile on us.

//////////

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies - Wednesday
March 14, 1962
Morning Dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
March 15, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by A Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

On Tuesday of last week Gary Powers appeared before the Armed Services Committee and after hearing the Senator's evaluation of him as a man, I know that I, for one, owe him an apology for the very definite reservations I held against him all those months.

Apparently his instructions from the C.I.A. were very different from what many people had been led to believe. Not that I thought he was meant to take the poison pill rather than be captured, but I did think he was meant to destroy the plane and keep his mouth shut, using the pill only if torture was too severe.

On the best authority from John McCone, head of the C.I.A. we are informed that his orders were to cooperate with his captors.

Thus what seemed like abject apology on his part was only carrying out orders, and he flatly refused to divulge the names of any of his companions in the U-2 service.

The Senator said that Powers impressed him as a very fine type of American boy who in no possible way let his country down.

"Confession is good for the soul," said Shakespeare and I confess that I woefully misjudged the man.

Having heard so much about the new decor at the White House, I was eager to see it, but knowing the enormous demand, I deferred my request until I had a very special reason. My daughter-in-law, Barbara, arrived for her first visit here with us in four years and on Friday morning we saw, with our own eyes, all the things described on television, and we were simply thrilled with them.

The brown marble mantles in the East Room always worried me. Now they have been painted white with tiny lines to simulate marble and it is an enormous improvement.

The glorious portrait of Lincoln, seated with his face resting in his hand, painted by Healy, hangs over the mantelpiece and lends an impressive dignity to the whole room.

The mirror donated by Queen Elizabeth (when she was Princess) formerly on

the north wall, has been removed and the guide said that at present it is not being displayed.

I am effusively enthusiastic over the colorful scenic paper in the Diplomatic Oval Reception Room on the ground floor. It was interesting to see that in places where it had been torn in removal from its former house, the pattern had to be fitted together quite like pieces in a jigsaw puzzle.

My only criticism is the use of the same paper in the ^{small} same entrance-way to the big room. I would have preferred to have the entrance-way just an inconspicuous solid color, so that the full impact of those exciting colors would have been experienced when entering the room.

Friday afternoon Francesca Lodge graciously consented to be our speaker at the Congressional Club.

It is always embarrassing to invite a speaker as the Club pays no fee, not even travel expenses.

Francesca, I knew, would be a great hit, as she was very active in the Club when in Washington. In fact the years she served as Secretary, members flocked to the board meetings just to hear Francesca read her minutes, they were so amusing. She chose as her main topic, "Spain", which gave her great leeway and for an hour and twenty minutes, she delighted her audience.

Many ladies came up to me after the meeting and said they thought she was the best speaker of the year -- "ole!" as they say in Spanish.

//////

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies -- Wednesday
March 21, 1962
Morning Dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
March 22, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by A Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

This year's flower show was one of the loveliest I have ever attended. Perhaps the fact that we saw it as it opened, when everything was so lusciously fresh, had something to do with that opinion, but it did seem to me that the rose display, the orchid display, the model gardens, were all more beautiful than they had ever been before. Perhaps, too, the fact that one of my very favorite people in all Washington, Phyllis Dillon, cut the ribbon, gave me a prejudiced feeling about it all.

Senator and Mrs. John J. Williams of Delaware built a very lovely summer home at Rehoboth Beach. Two summers ago Elsie invited our whole International Group down for the day but, unfortunately, I was not able to attend. When she arrived at our Red Cross work group on Tuesday, she was besieged with questions about the disaster. She said it seemed too lucky to be true, but their house was undamaged. It is set fairly far back from the beach and they had put a high board fence around the property as a protection against normal winter storms. The entire fence was washed gaily out to sea, but Elsie feels that without a doubt the fence, breaking the impact of the waves, is what saved the house.

The hardest part was that many people lost not only their houses, but their property as well, as in many spots such as Bethany Beach, the whole shore line receded 30 to 50 feet.

Weren't we lucky this time to have no disaster areas in Connecticut?

On Wednesday night we dined with Senator and Mrs. Saltonstall. They are such lovely, gentle people I understand fully why the people of Massachusetts hold them in such affection.

I had known Mrs. McNamara in our National Gallery art classes, but had heretofore only met the Secretary, but Wednesday night I had the pleasure of sitting next to him, and couldn't have enjoyed an evening more.

Pres had told me that he considers him one of the most brilliant men of his acquaintance, but he also has the knack of being so easy to talk with. He and Mrs. McNamara are a great pair.

Friday night the Senator flew to Connecticut to attend the annual ball of the New Haven Society of Hibernians held at the West Haven Armory. He had a wonderful time and enjoyed so much the warmth of the greeting from his many Irish friends.

Margie and Stuart Clement, from New Haven, arrived on Saturday to spend a few days with us enroute back to New Haven from a trip to Florida and the Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

The Senator flew back to Washington on Saturday but could not be with us Saturday night as he had long before accepted an invitation to attend the Gridiron Dinner -- a stag affair.

This, as you all probably know, is an annual affair of the Press men. They put on a show in which they really go to town lampooning all the top people in government. It is all done in a spirit of good fun, and all these workworn government officials are better off after a good laugh.

//////

FOR RELEASE
AFTERNOON DAILIES -- Wednesday
March 28, 1962
MORNING DAILIES & WEEKLIES, THURSDAY
March 29, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

Anything which stimulates interest in government seems to me a good thing, as too many people are apt to sit back and criticize, yet not be willing to take the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" involved in running for public office.

I had hoped that the movie "Advise and Consent" would prove so interesting to our young people that many might be encouraged to choose government service as a career.

Tuesday night Mr. Otto Preminger invited all the senators and their wives to a preview of the picture, followed by a buffet supper at the Sheraton Park Hotel (which we skipped as the hour was getting late).

There is no doubt that the movie is an interesting one and provides a gripping evening's entertainment, but to me it performs, as did the book, a grave injustice to the Senate.

We find one senator blackmailing another, one of the most prominent senators having an affair with a Washington society hostess, another senator involved with his secretary.

Maybe such things do go on, but I know too many fine senators, not one of whom is represented in this film, to believe that they are the kind of men who represent the Senate of the United States.

So if you see the picture, and you will enjoy it, please don't believe that it is a true picture of our senators. I assure you it is not.

The lovely noon Lenten Services are again being held at the little Church of the Epiphany in the heart of downtown Washington.

Eminent clergymen of all Protestant denominations from all parts of the country take part in these services.

Last week Dr. Sockman from the Methodist Church in New York, and Dr. Butler from the Cathedral of St. John the Devine occupied the pulpit. This week Dr. Gill from California, a Presbyterian, will be in charge and various other denominations of the Christian faith will be represented.

How I wish Father Keller could come some year and have that great bulwark of Christ's family represented also.

Thursday night Senator and Mrs. John Sherman Cooper came for dinner before the concert in the State Department Auditorium sponsored by Mrs. John Kennedy.

Bobby Kennedy introduced the artist, Marian Anderson. He told how Ethel, his wife, had met Miss Anderson at the plane and driven her to the White House. And even sang to her enroute, but that Miss Anderson survived it all. He has a good sense of humor.

Miss Anderson gave a well-diversified program ranging from Schubert through some very modern numbers and back to American negro spirituals for her closing numbers.

Miss Anderson's range of voice is so exciting and she sings with such marvelous expression. You can guess the most popular numbers.

Crocuses are up; one little yellow pansy is blooming and I am yearning to clean up the beds, but the Farmer's almanac still predicts snow. It must be wrong.

/ / / /

FOR RELEASE
AFTERNOON DAILIES -- Wednesday
April 4, 1962
Morning dailies & weeklies, Thursday
April 5, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

A week ago last Sunday evening when our beloved Stuart Clements (Margie you know is Pres's sister) were with us, we had a few New Haven friends in for Sunday night supper.

At that time Homer Babbidge told us the exciting news of his appointment as President of the University of Connecticut. We then were pledged to secrecy, but now that it has been officially announced, I would like to congratulate the University as well as the Babbidges.

The Senator will really miss him. He was one of his close advisers on educational legislation and Pres always found his judgment sound and reliable.

Marcia, Homer's wife, a sculptress in her own right and mother of two adorable little girls, is a lovely person and equally lovely to look upon. I told her she would have to constantly push a baby carriage around the campus or all the boys would be after her for dates. She looks so young that she would readily be mistaken for a student.

Homer says there are 12,800 students in all enrolled at Storrs, 8,000 on campus and the remainder in their four off-campus schools in Hartford, Waterbury, Torrington, and Stamford.

Last week it was again my duty to provide the speaker for the Congressional Club's Friday afternoon lecture.

This time Mary Harrison (Mrs. Randolph C.) of Greenwich was our guest artist. Mary, after finishing her term as President of the Garden Clubs of America, thought she might enjoy a period of rest, but no, she was quickly pounced upon to be President of the National Stratford Association Board.

This board, like the board of Mount Vernon, is made up of one delegate from each state in the union to administer Stratford, the birthplace of Robert E. Lee.

Stratford, like Mount Vernon, is run as a national shrine and thousands upon thousands of people visit it every year.

Admiral Duke (retired) is the superintendent. He and Mrs. Duke live on the property, run the farm, including a very fine herd of black angus cattle, and

have charge of the entire administration.

Mrs. Florence Shippen who for 30 years has conducted children's dancing classes here in Washington is now the District Director and she came over to the Club to run the picture slides for us.

Mary gave a delightful talk, beginning with the history of the Lee family and showing many early portraits. My! What good looking men and women they were.

Mary's talk with the beautiful colored slides made many members eager to visit Stratford and before leaving the Club we heard much talk of proposed bus trips for Club members.

According to Mrs. Harrison, the best plan is to go directly from Washington to Stratford (just about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours by car or bus) spend the morning touring the estate and mansion, lunch there in the cafeteria and return by way of Fredericksburg, with a visit to Kenmore at tea time, where their famous gingerbread and tea are served in the kitchen.

Anyone coming to Washington this spring might like to plan just such a day's journey, and it is so simple to find. Take the Shirley Highway to Fredericksburg, turn left on route 3 and proceed until you see signs to Stratford.

/ / / / /

Mrs. Bush

FOR RELEASE
AFTERNOON DAILIES -- Wednesday
April 11, 1962
Morning dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
April 12, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

"Would they be out on time?" was an oft asked question in Washington at the beginning of last week. The "they" referred to the Japanese cherry blossoms on the trees outlining the Tidal Basin in front of the Jefferson Memorial.

The reason for the intense interest was that this was the Cherry Blossom week and the contest to pick the National Princess was to be held on Friday.

On Wednesday the parade of the princesses took place in the Sheraton Park Ballroom, one princess from each of the fifty states.

The Senator escorted our entrant, Karen Scalise of Glastonbury (Miss Connecticut of 1961). The Vice President said afterward that he thought our entry received the biggest applause of any pair in the parade.

Fortunately, or unfortunately however one looks at it, there is no judging, so no beauty or popularity contest is involved. The princess is chosen by a spin of the wheel, and luck was not with Karen. The princess' prize is a round trip to Japan. Mr. and Mrs. Scalise lived in Japan when Karen was a youngster. Because of the prize and the fun it would be for Karen to revisit the scenes of her childhood, her parents decided to allow her to enter.

She is an adorable girl with a heartwarming smile and truly gracious manner. It's too bad she didn't win.

We went to the Connecticut State Society reception on Wednesday evening. Mr. Michael Sweeney, formerly of Waterbury, is this year's President. Members include all former Connecticut Yankees now living in Washington.

Mrs. Scalise was at the reception with Karen, and I must say if they had a contest of queens instead of princesses, she would be my choice. They are both beautiful.

On Wednesday the final art lecture of the 1962 series was held at the Corcoran Gallery.

Photo Copy Preservation

Mr. Barbrand Hayes, curator of the Addison Gallery at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. was the guest speaker.

So many friends felt as I did, that his was by far the best talk of the year. He made us understand how the thinking of today could not help but influence the art and architecture. His examples of the real and the abstract on slides of paintings, intermingled with camera studies on the findings of a microscope, might well make one ask "which is the real?"

I knew Mr. Hayes twenty-two or so years ago when our two older boys were at Andover, and the amazing thing is that he looks just as young today as I remembered him then.

Another visit of State this week from the President of Brazil. While being very friendly with our President, he made it unmistakably clear that Brazil, though sympathizing with the west and our democratic ideals, was nevertheless going to pursue her own course of friendly negotiations with the Communists.

This will weaken the solidarity of the OAS (Organization of American States) and understandably bring joy to Fidel Castro's heart. It is to be regretted that he will not definitely align his country with the freedom loving nations of the world.

/ / / /

FOR RELEASE
AFTERNOON DAILIES -- Wednesday
April 25, 1962
Morning dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
April 26, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

Busy, busy Washington! This time of year it seems as though the entire U.S.A. was pouring into the Capital.

Our Connecticut Republican women arrived for the annual National Convention to find the same awful dilemma awaiting them. With receipts in their hands for rooms, already paid for, the Statler told them, "Sorry no rooms as yet available", and they were shifted to the Lee House and elsewhere. So annoying! Especially when one is tired from a long bus trip.

Another disappointment was the weather. Although flowers were out, flowering trees in blossom, the temperature was just too cold (until Wednesday) to stand around and enjoy scenic beauty.

"Jackie" Kennedy's television program of the White House has stirred up such national interest in the President's House that everyone who comes to Washington wants to see it, and the line extends completely around the circle from the East Wing opposite the Treasury where one enters, to the West Wing. Fourteen thousand people were clocked going through in one day.

Our House and Embassy Tour for the Home for The Incurables took place in the same chill weather. Eve Symington and I were again in charge of the home to be staffed by Senate wives and this year we were given Mrs. C. Douglas Dillon's beautiful home on Belmont Place.

A long line was again unavoidable and when our guests reached the front door some were really chattering with the cold, with the result that they wished to linger just as long as possible indoors.

Who could blame them in such a house? With two paintings by Boudin, a Renoir, a Monnet, and Pissarro on the walls, as well as two paintings of the Dillon daughters when they were young, by Charles Dana Gibson.

In addition to this, lovely Aubusson rugs on the floor, a bronze horse by Hazeltine on a table, a bronze figure of Benjamin Franklin that had been in the Embassy in Paris, and exquisite furniture, old French and old English throughout.

Phyllis was in Florida for a much-needed rest and it was good of her to

trust her home to us, so Eve and I felt especially responsible. I must add the crowd presented no problems except as to how we could close the door at 6:15 with many still waiting to come through.

The mail in the office has reached a new high. The Senator and Margaret Hampton have prided themselves on keeping up daily with correspondence but this week it seemed truly impossible. Louise Dagney brought her high school daughter who was on vacation in to help for one whole day and Nandy Ellis, our visiting granddaughter, went in two mornings just to open and sort letters. The Senator's normal average of over two hundred letters a day, suddenly jumped to over a thousand daily.

The House has voted itself a ten-day recess but not the Senate. Having been assured by Mike Mansfield that there will be no votes until Tuesday, the Senator and I packed up for a long week-end in the South with our dear friends from Chicago, the Henry Ishams, at Sea Island, Georgia. When I told Betty Talmadge that we were going to her State she said, "Oh, we have so many friends down there, do let me tell them you are coming".

"Betty, that is dear of you, but that is the last thing we want", said I. "We are seeking rest and quiet to store up energy for the strenuous weeks ahead."

Easter, with its wonderful message of Resurrection and Georgia sunshine are the best strength builders possible.

/ / / / /

FOR RELEASE
AFTERNOON DAILIES — Wednesday
May 2, 1962
Morning dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
May 3, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

Are there any signs at Mount Vernon saying "No picnicking?"
That is what I must determine on my next trip there.

Kelsey Bush, our eldest granddaughter, brought a darling friend, Jane Leary, of Greenwich, down with her for a few days of their spring vacation.

The weather had been disappointingly cold when, lo and behold, we awoke to find the sun shining brightly and spring in the air.

"Just the day for a picnic" said I, and as Jane had not seen Mount Vernon, that was chosen as our destination.

Armed with a steamer robe to sit on, and lunch basket in hand, we passed merrily through the gate and chose a spot in the vegetable garden in full sun and protected by a huge wall from any breeze, as the most delectable of all locations.

"Go now and see everything" said I, sitting down with a book "and just come back when you get hungry."

Four gardeners were carefully cultivating the beds, putting out tiny lettuce plants and with the one nearest me I discussed at length the fantastically espaliered fruit trees, both cherry and apple, forming borders between the beds and growing so low that one would have to lean down instead of up to pick.

We considered the day a terrific success.

Last weekend the friend we visited in Georgia was the Illinois Regent for Mount Vernon, so I told her the story of our delightful outing. "Picnic" she recounted in horrified tones, "You didn't take a picnic to Mount Vernon? Didn't anybody see you? It is absolutely against the rules!"

It is amazing what can be done and thoroughly enjoyed in innocence. Now never again a picnic at Mount Vernon.

My daughter had sent us a book "Daughter in the House" by Evelyn Ames, a fascinating story of a Hartford family (the Perkins family) in the not too long ago.

Photo Copy Preservation

It was such fun talking to Mrs. Herbert Fisher, Sr. of Hartford about it when she was here last week with the Republican women as she had pleasantly known "Professor Perkins" as she said they all called him.

The Perkins' home and all others in their Forest Avenue neighborhood had to be destroyed to make way for an enormous new high school, but Evelyn Perkins Ames has succeeded in keeping alive the community known as Nook Farm where such notables as the Beecher family, Mark Twain, the Charles Dudley Warners and William Gillett, the actor, as well as the Perkins all had homes.

Longfellow, after a visit to Nook Farm, was reported to have said that Cambridge seemed very dull after the scintillating thought and conversation in that Hartford area.

On my next visit to Hartford I must go there and try to visualize the atmosphere Mrs. Ames created.

The Senator flew up Tuesday evening to Hartford for a big dinner at the Statler in recognition of the City of Hartford receiving the "All America City" award offered by Look Magazine and presented by George Gallup, the pollster.

We are very proud of our State Capitol.

//////////

Mrs. Bush

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies -- Wednesday
May 9, 1962
Morning dailies & Weeklies, Thursday
May 10, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

It isn't often that Senators' wives have two chances in one week to visit with the First Lady of the land, but such was my privilege this past week.

On Tuesday, May 1st, we, "The Senate Ladies", had our annual luncheon for the President's wife. This was held in the Old Supreme Court Chamber in the Capitol. The committees had worked like mad to have everything just perfect.

Mrs. Moss of Utah and Mrs. Fong of Hawaii were in charge of the decorations. Apricot colored maypoles decorated each table with an apricot and yellow carnation forming a corsage for each guest at the end of each streamer.

Mrs. Fong supplied all the tables with those delicious macademia nuts, as well as obtaining the most exquisite ~~sprays~~ of tiny, tiny orchids for the centerpiece at the head table, all from Hawaii.

Lorraine Cooper (Kentucky), a "gourmet extraordinaire", was in charge of the menu and it was a feast for the gods. The first course consisted of slices of cantaloupe (just matching the apricot of the maypoles) and thinly sliced ham. Next came whole boiled lobsters (gifts of the Maine, Massachusetts and Rhode Island Senate wives) with delectable fresh asparagus vinaigrette salad and then for dessert great big strawberries with heavy cream right from Lily Polk Guests' Farm in Virginia. Is your mouth watering?

The decoration committee had suggested to the White House that Mrs. Kennedy might wear her apricot shantung dress, but the weather betrayed us and it was such a cold day that she had to wear a tweed suit.

Louella Dirksen, as Chairman of the whole affair presided. Lady Bird Johnson, President of the Senate Ladies, gave a most informative talk on the Old Supreme Court Room in which we were assembled; it had originally been the Senate Chamber. She made such personages as Clay and Webster come right alive in the Chamber.

Photo Copy Preservation

She then presented Mrs. Kennedy with a book on the art of Bromidi, the Italian artist, whose genius was responsible for most of the original beauty of our Capitol.

The book was especially appropriate as it had been written by a former Senator's wife, Mrs. Murdock, and "Jackie" seemed very pleased with the choice.

That night bad weather kept the Senator circling Washington for ages on his return flight from Hartford so that we were quite late for the Connecticut Chamber of Commerce dinner at the Mayflower, but we finally made it. Joe Burns from Hartford presided and after introducing the members of the press, he said "Now have I forgotten anyone?" Whereupon some jokester (I never found out who) said "Mrs. Bush," and up I startledly arose.

About a year ago when Miss Porter's school at Farmington, Conn. was struggling to reach the \$3,000,000 goal in its fund drive, Mrs. Kennedy was asked if she would give a Farmington tea at the White House to spur the drive along.

Not only she and her sister and half sister attended the school, but her youngest sister Janet is there now, and daughter Caroline has just been entered.

She graciously consented to have the tea this spring, and in the meantime Farmington went over the top in its drive, so instead of the tea being an impetus, it was decided to have it as a reward for the regional chairman from all over the country who had worked so hard to achieve the goal.

All dues paying members of the Washington Alumnae Association and council members were also included, totalling about 200 in all.

Tish Baldrige, Mrs. Kennedy's wonderfully efficient secretary, also an M.P.S. alumna, received us in the East Room, where a table of delicious refreshments were laid out.

Members ranged in age from ladies in their eighties (one in a wheelchair) to Janet Auchincloss, Jr. still in school.

After all were assembled, one White House aide announced that Mrs. Kennedy would receive in the Green Room, after which the guests were to be taken, in small groups, through the White House by the very knowledgeable aides.

Just before the guests broke up into groups, the President joined us in the East Room and had his picture taken with Mr. and Mrs. Ward Johnson, the former heads, and Mr. and Mrs. Hollis French, the present heads of the school.

Both the President and Mrs. Kennedy went far beyond the call of hospitality and I feel sure that for all Farmington graduates present, it was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

////////

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies -- Wednesday
May 16, 1962
Morning dailies & weeklies, Thursday
May 17, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

Connecticut in Dogwood Time
In Dogwood time, in Dogwood time
Connecticut in Dogwood time
Must look a lot like heaven.

It must, it really truly must. We arrived home late Friday night and when we pulled up the shades Saturday morning, we gasped with delight over the sight that met our eyes -- dogwood, white and pink, and lavender lilacs all in full bloom.

When I talked with one of my best friends Sunday morning, she said "If you are going to New London, I beg of you to go by the Merritt Parkway. It may be a few minutes longer, but you will be more than repaid by the beauty." She was right. We drove from Greenwich to Milford on the Merritt and it was just like driving through fairyland. The woods on either side of the road were thickly interspersed with exquisite dogwood. We "oohed" and "ahed" all the way up.

In New London we attended the Mother's Day Program and silver tea sponsored by the Ladies Auxiliary of Shiloh Baptist Church. The festivities were held in the cafeteria of the New London High School.

The Mother of Honor was Mrs. Rose Shankel, the oldest Negro resident of New London -- a darling lady of 89 years who is still most active in her church work.

When I asked her the secret of her good health, she said "I walk a lot and get a lot of fresh air." Her hearing and eyesight are both good and no one would ever imagine that in one more year she will be a nonagenarian.

The musical numbers by the mens', ladies' and children's combined choruses were truly thrilling. I could have listened to them all afternoon.

My eyes have truly feasted this week on dogwood in Connecticut and Azaleas in Delaware.

On Thursday last, Tina Harrower of New Haven, Nancy, our daughter, and I all went on a trip to Winterthur.

Photo Copy Preservation

Winterthur, as you know, is the former residence of Mr. Harry duPont, now turned into a museum.

Whole rooms have been moved from early American homes and homes of the Federal period in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, and we saw only 30 out of the 100 or more rooms on display.

Esther Frear, wife of the former Senator from Delaware, arranged the trip for our International Group and as there were left-over seats, we were allowed to invite friends to fill up the bus.

We left Washington at eight in the morning, arriving at Winterthur about 11:30. We then had about an hour's time to explore the ehchanting azalea gardens before reassembling to enjoy our box lunches.

We saw azaleas of various hue, all grouped so esthetically that there was never a clash of color. The brilliant reds were off by themselves or backed only by solid whites.

There was a beautiful grouping of the pinky peach; pale, paler, palest, so to speak, with a ground cover of dainty lavender scilla.

After lunch we visited the museum. Well instructed Junior League girls act as hostesses in all the rooms.

The whole day was gloriously sunny, in direct contrast to the Tuesday before. On that cold gray day we flew to New London in one of the Navy planes for the christening of the U. S. Lafayette. That whole affair was thrilling, timed to perfection, as are all occasions handled by the Navy.

Our First Lady looked so attractive in a yellow topcoat and hat, and handled herself with great dignity.

Her whispering of the French words "Je te baptise Lafayette" after pronouncing the English words, made a great hit with Mr. Alphand, the French Ambassador.

/////

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies -- Wednesday
May 23, 1962
Morning dailies & weeklies, Thursday
May 24, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

Not always does nature give warnings and not always do men have the sense to heed them, so I am doubly grateful for my husband's decision to retire when his present term in the Senate expires next January.

Dizzy spells, at the end of days spent on the road, followed by sleep-destroying nervous pains in the stomach from worry over whether or not he would have the physical strength necessary to get through the six months and six years ahead, was the warning.

We both knew that once the convention had taken place, the Senator would have to keep going, even if he died in his tracks; but with the convention still three weeks away, and many fine men eagerly seeking office, what was really the right thing to do?

The decision was a tough one, for Pres has loved the years in the Senate, serving the people of our fine state. If only the Washington angle was under consideration, I am sure he could handle it just as long as you wanted him here (even to Senator Hayden's age) but the extra-curricular travel back and forth, back and forth, after long, busy days, demands great strength and vigor which, unfortunately, after sixty-four seems to diminish perceptibly with each year.

Could he still do justice to the job if re-elected (and may I immodestly say everyone in the office and I were confident he would be re-elected)? That was the question.

After these warnings, suppose he collapsed in the middle of the campaign? What a weapon to hand an opponent!

No, in fairness to the Party, the chance must be given to nominate a younger, more vigorous candidate whose strength is not in question.

I admire Pres more than ever, if that is possible, for his conduct at this time; for once he made the decision, he never looked back, although I know how agonizingly hard it was for him.

Photo Copy Preservation

To me the most touching thing of all was the wholehearted support he received on this step from Dave Clarke and Margaret Hampton, his Administrative and Executive Assistants. These two wonderful people have been his bulwark and strength in the last ten years, and both were planning to continue on with him.

Each one had been seriously worried about the Senator's health and what the strain of the next six months might do to him, and had discussed it together about five weeks ago.

So when he talked with them of his pending decision, neither one of them thought for a minute of his or her future, but both backed him up completely in his plan not to seek re-election. It is such unselfish loyalty that is moving beyond words.

Since the Senator's decision became public knowledge, he has been deeply touched by the many letters he has received expressing regret, and by the generous editorial comments on his public service. It is wonderful to have made so many understanding friends.

//////

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies -- Wednesday
May 30, 1962
Morning dailies & weeklies, Thursday
May 31, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

Every year tradition demands that the Senate Ladies entertain the First Lady and then, in return, that she entertain us. Last Wednesday, May 23rd, was the date set.

Our cards read Southwest gate and as we drove up to that entrance, attendants were waiting to park the cars for us in the driveway.

We entered through the beautiful diplomatic reception room, the one you remember with the exquisite old scenic wallpaper, and up the stairs to the main hallway where the red coated Marine band was rendering Viennese waltzes and appealing tunes from operettas and musical comedies.

Standing by a small table upon which stood two brass bowls was Tish Baldrige that extraordinarily able "chargee¹ of everything."

From the large bowl we drew the number of the table at which we were to be seated. From the small bowl each Cabinet wife drew the number of the table at which she was to preside.

We then proceeded to the East Room where pre-luncheon refreshments were served. One-third of the East Room was occupied by the big dark red stage on which the American Ballet had danced "Billy the Kid" the previous night in honor of President Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast.

A friend who had attended the night before had described the flowers on the tables, and I expected to see the same put to use again; but no. Bowls of fresh spring flowers decorated each yellow clothed table, and they were just beautiful.

I gaze at Tish in amazement. Imagine having to run a dinner of 120 one night and a luncheon of 99 the next day, with everything just perfect.

"Jackie" and "Lady Bird" received in the Blue Room, "Jackie" looking lovely and young in a very simple two-piece light pink checked dress.

The menu (are you interested?) was delectable and read as follows:
Nova Scotian salmon, breast of chicken Gay Street, mimosa salad, Brie cheese, strawberry soufflé with Almaden Grenache Rose, the wine served.

The gold table service was used throughout and the attractive West Virginia glass goblets and wine glasses.

So many guests did not wear hats, and this, in "Hatted Washington", was a new departure. Many wore veils, but an equal number were just bareheaded.

A delightful informal atmosphere prevailed throughout the luncheon.

New Haven residents who happened to know Doris Wolfers when Arnold was Master of Pierson College at Yale would, I feel sure, be interested in the showing of her "Collage" and "Montage" at the Veerhoff Gallery this past week. Doris, a graduate of the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Geneva and the Institute of Art in Munich, became fascinated with 18th Century crewel embroidery and collages as used by modern painters. She set about acquiring a collection of antique frames. Using the frame as the nucleus she then creates her design to fit the frame. For background materials she used burlap, silk or linen, and for design, antique bits of textiles, old buttons, beads and embroidery silk. The final result is utterly enchanting and praise of her artistic talent is being sung all over Washington.

////

FOR RELEASE
AFTERNOON DAILIES -- Wednesday
June 27, 1962
Morning dailies & weeklies, Thursday
June 28, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

Two weeks isn't really a long time to be away, but when it is two weeks and a day, and that day is a Monday, which means missing three column deadlines, it does seem like a long vacation.

This whole letter could be about Connecticut as so much happened of interest up there. Yale graduation, with both the President and Connecticut's Senior Senator receiving Doctor of Laws degrees; the gala opening of Henry IV at Stratford, which we did not attend because of a mix-up, and which had such marvelous reviews that our disappointment was only augmented; and the most exciting political convention that any Party ever held in Connecticut; each of these could be the subject of an entire letter, but as this correspondence should be about Washington, I shall mention only two things because of their tie-in with Washington.

The first was the dedication of Quarry Knolls, the first project for homes for the elderly in Greenwich. Pres had been in on this from its beginning as Federal Housing funds were needed for the project, so it gave him a real thrill to have a part in the dedication ceremony.

Fifty attractive little homes set in a park with lovely modern living rooms, kitchens and bathrooms all on one floor. Rent \$40, \$50 and \$60 a month, depending upon the number of rooms. Rent that our dear elder citizens living on pensions or Social Security can well afford to pay.

I do hope that projects like this can be developed all over the country.

The other was the art project held in Greenwich for the benefit of the National Cathedral in Washington.

Artists from all the environs were invited to display their work on Greenwich Avenue and the Post Road. An interested person then signed up for an appointment the following Saturday with the artist of his choice, at the Country Day School. A certain percentage of the cost of each portrait was then donated by the artist to the National Cathedral fund. Fifty-seven portraits in all were painted that day.

The Washington Star had a lead article the other night about the prospects of completion of the Cathedral being accelerated, and I am sure the work of the Greenwich N.C.A. will give them another little boost.

The College of Church Musicians at the Cathedral is going to open this September and six of the seven Fellows have been chosen. Of these two are Baptists, two Episcopalians, one Lutheran and one Presbyterian.

A distinguished faculty will serve under the Pulitzer Prize-winning composer, Dr. Leo Sowerby, who will direct the college, and the advanced training in church music will, in years to come, be reflected in churches throughout the country.

Last Wednesday Nona Quarles who, since her husband worked himself to death in the Defense Department, has had a job with the Federal Aviation Administration, arranged a trip for members of all the International Friendship groups, to visit the Dulles Airport. We drove in buses to Chantilly, Va., (don't give it a French pronunciation) 27 miles from the City to visit this remarkable jet airport.

10,000 acres of land were condemned and purchased. This land included 217 farms. With all these forced sales, the F.A.A. had only two lawsuits.

The main terminal was designed by the late Eero Saarinen whose work is especially well known in New Haven. It is made of 32 huge concrete pylons 65 feet on the north side, 43 feet on the south side, with a graceful curving roof overhead -- all else is glass.

The jets themselves do not come near the terminal, but each remains at its bay a half mile away.

One enters the terminal on the north side, checks in, proceeds directly across to the south side and enters a great big lounge holding 90 people, comfortable chairs, good reading light, bright red foam rubber carpet.

Then when flight time arrives, the entire lounge moves out to the plane, where it hooks on at seat level and in you go.

I suppose that no other airport in the world requires so little foot-work.

Questions were solicited. "What happens if a passenger misses the lounge -- does it come back?" asked I, thinking of some constantly tardy people I know.

Answer -- If he misses the lounge, he misses the flight.

Wait until you see it! The Dulles International Airport is a thrilling sight.

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies -- Wednesday
July 4, 1962
Morning dailies & weeklies, Thursday
July 5, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

No event since we have been in Washington has saddened me, or made me as fearful for our country, and where it is heading, as did the Supreme Court decision last Monday.

The six justices who concurred in that decision seem to completely ignore the fact that we are a nation founded under God.

The first thing the Pilgrim Fathers did when they landed on the bleak Massachusetts coast was to kneel and give thanks to God.

This country was founded so that its citizens could be free to practice religion -- freedom of, not from religion.

Are we going to weaken our country by denying our children their rightful heritage?

The last of our bi-weekly art classes with Dr. Stites at the National Gallery took place last Thursday morning.

The general feeling was one of deep regret that these fascinating lectures must end just as we all seem to have more time on our hands.

Last Thursday he took us to see the Anelre' Meyer (pronounced May-yair) collection which is now on loan to the Gallery.

The idea of making famous private collections available publicly to art lovers was conceived by John Walker, the Director of the Gallery. Last year the Averill Harriman collection was the first to be shown, and now this year the Meyer collection, consisting of 31 oil paintings and 7 water colors and drawings.

This is actually the second collection made by Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, as the Nazis confiscated most of their first collection in Paris during the war.

How glorious to live in an apartment surrounded by such works of art as a Rembrandt, a Boucher, a Daumier, 3 Cezannes, 3 Van Goghs, a Monet, 2 Bonnards, a Vlaminck, just to mention the ones I liked the best, and then to me, the

loveliest of all "Un Village aux Environs de Paris" by Corot.

And how generous for Mr. and Mrs. Meyer to live with great blank spaces facing them for weeks so that others can enjoy all this beauty.

The Senate was in late session several nights this week but, fortunately, not on Saturday.

Saturday night we saw our first baseball game in the new stadium, way down in the Eastern end of town, right near the Armory.

Pete Quesada, the President of the Washington Senators gave us seats in his box, and the club played the most superb ball, beating the Minneapolis Twins (who used to be the old Senators) in a 1-0 game.

A cool summer's night, and well played ball in a beautifully lighted, clean new stadium -- what could be more fun?

////

FOR RELEASE
Afternoon Dailies— Wednesday
July 25, 1962
Morning dailies & weeklies, Thursday
July 26, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

Washington in the summer is an entirely different city than in the winter months.

The mad rush of benefit meetings, charity board meetings, art lectures, concerts, political dinners, etc., is over and Washington becomes a lazy southern town. This, of course, does not apply to Capitol Hill, the Pentagon and other government agencies where the temperature is kept really cool to keep people hustling.

Even the President has a chance to dine at the home of friends, entertain informally on his yacht and lead a more normal existence. It must be a great relief for him.

Of course life on the Hill is just as busy as ever. The other morning Pres said: "I have three committee meetings all at 10:30; which to attend is the problem."

And Senator McClellan pounds away, day after day, on the Billy Sol Estes case.

Last Monday when Pres came home he said the Senate had agreed, by unanimous consent, to vote on the Medicare bill at three o'clock Tuesday afternoon. I invited Charlotte Bellinger of New Haven and Nan Bayne-Jones, formerly of New Haven, to go down with me. Charlotte is in town for ten days as Alfred, her husband, one of Yale's most distinguished professors is here at Dunbarton Oaks for several months to catalogue the Dunbarton Oaks collection of coins.

You know Ambassador and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss gave Dunbarton Oaks (once their own enormous and beautiful residence) to Harvard University many years ago. Mrs. Bliss has always maintained her interest in the spacious gardens and now two additions are in progress, one to house the Dunbarton Oaks collection of coins and the other Mrs. Bliss' library on gardens.

Mr. Bliss, the finest, dearest man one could ever hope to meet, died this past winter. It was he who always presided at all the "everyone-chip-in and contribute to the farewell present" -- farewells to each departing ambassador who

had captured the hearts of Washingtonians; and Mr. and Mrs. Bliss always gave the biggest contribution of all. There is just no one to take his place in Washington.

But to return to Tuesday, down we went to the Senate for a bite of lunch, and when we went up to the Gallery at 2:15 there were just about ten seats left in the Senate Family Gallery, and every other inch of the place was jammed.

Then, as three o'clock approached, House Members and Senators' legislative assistants poured onto the Floor so that the line of standees must have been three deep all around the Chamber.

For the first time in many a moon, all 100 Senators were on hand to vote. When Senator Carl Hayden's (of Arizona) name was called, he was not present to vote.

The Senate custom is that, after the roll call is completed, any Senator not having voted may stand behind his desk and when recognized by the Chair, give his "yea" or "nay".

The talk was that Senator Hayden purposely refrained from voting the first time as he did not wish to be the one to cause defeat to the administration.

A roll call vote on a key issue is certainly as existing and tense a moment as the Senate can produce.

As the vacation mood settles upon Washington and there is little of interest to you occurring, I too will take a vacation from writing to you until after Labor Day when the closing weeks of Congress should produce some material of interest.

//////

Photo Copy Preservation

FOR RELEASE

Afternoon Dailies -- Wednesday

October 3, 1962

Morning dailies & weeklies, Thursday

October 4, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

The time is fast drawing to a close and next week's will probably be my last letter to you.

I would have liked to write of issues and votes and arguments pro and con, but Dave Clarke, the Senator's most extraordinarily able Administrative Assistant is also my exacting censor.

"Remember, Mrs. Bush, your agreement with the papers, 'non-political, non-partisan, non-contraversial'. I will have to delete the paragraph beginning...." So through the years Dave has kept me rigidly in harness.

Dave, with the Senator, will be leaving politics and he will become President of the Naugatuck Valley Industrial Council. He and Nancy will be living in Connecticut. They have already sold their house in Washington and found a new home in Cheshire.

And our little house has been sold! Years ago when we were looking for a home, Anne Carter Greene, a lovely person in the real estate business, showed me at least thirty houses and then out of the blue another agent called me about the house, right across the street from where we were living, with which I had already fallen in love, and which was to be for sale. So we quickly bought it from her, but I told Anne Carter that when time to sell came around she would have first chance. So before the house was officially on the market Anne Carter called me about two people she had in mind and that was that. My one question to her was, "Are they happy", because somehow I couldn't bear the thought of turning over this darling little dream house, which has given us so much pleasure, to harsh words or stony silences; and my second was, "Does she like to garden?"

For neither could I bear the thought of my hand-tended roses, chrysanthemums, New England asters, purple petunias, yellow daisies, ageratum, all blooming now in such profusion, untended and unappreciated, as well as all the things to come in the Spring.

Upon remarking to a friend that I hated to give up the garden, she said, "Don't I know, every time I call you, Annie says you are out there working."

But more than to any material things connected with our home, we hate to say good-bye to Annie Ford and Narvest Thomas, who ^{have} made life so pleasurable.

Annie arrives every morning at seven-thirty and sings and whistles through the hours until three-thirty. I defy anyone to be unhappy with Annie around. She anticipates our every need and offers before we have to ask, and never forgets a thing. We really love her.

And dear little Narvest who comes to get dinner for us, carries such a load on her shoulders. Deserted by her husband, she is determined that her children will be fine upstanding citizens. Just last night she asked the Senator if he could help her get a night job at the Post Office 10 p.m. to 6 a.m., so she can be home to get the children off to school and home when they return. The oldest boy, first violinist in his school orchestra, is fifteen, so she has no sitter problem at night. Well-educated, intelligent, responsible girls, they are a credit to their race and have been joys to us.

A gay evening last week for us was a party given by the Douglas Dillons to welcome the new Mrs. John McCone, (C.I.A.)

Any party at the Dillons' is an esthetic experience as Phyllis is an expert in creating beauty. Her choice of flowers, china, table linen, is always exquisite.

When we sat down to dinner the chair on her left was vacant. "Who is missing", asked I of John McCone, (as we were at two big tables in two different rooms). "The Attorney General", said he, and sure enough before the meat course was over "Bobby" arrived, and we all knew what problem had kept him late at the office that Thursday night. It was, of course, "Ole Miss".

/ / / / /

FOR RELEASE

Afternoon Dailies -- Wednesday

October 9, 1962

Morning dailies & weeklies, Thursday

October 10, 1962

WASHINGTON LIFE

As Seen by a Senator's Wife

by Mrs. Prescott Bush

"All good things must come to an end", runs the old adage and under the heading of "good things" do I put our experience of the past ten years.

In the first place, Pres has so enjoyed your trust in him, your support of him and he has at all times tried to think only of what is best for the nation and best for Connecticut. Seldom have these two objectives been in conflict.

Perhaps one of the few times was on the recent trade bill. Before he had supported wholeheartedly renewing the Trade Agreements Act, but this year he fought so hard for the "Peril Point" and other amendments to safeguard our workers in Connecticut that he then did not feel he could reverse himself and vote for the bill.

By your trust in us, you have given us the opportunity to meet the most wonderful people from all over the world. Now if we travel, I shall have the additional pleasure of seeing friends in our International Group already returned to their homelands in Greece, Japan, Norway, Pakistan, France, Ceylon, England, etc., for from almost any country you can name, did we have at one time, in the last ten years, a representative from that country.

All this in addition to the wonderful Washington friends, who have opened both their homes and their hearts to us.

You know it is said of departees from Washington, "Never forgotten, never missed--" well, maybe that is true of Washingtonians as there are always so many new people arriving on the scene but I know one thing: I shall fervently miss my wonderful friends: Senate wives, golfing, tennis, bridge companions, gallery viewers, National Cathedral and American Field Service Board members, to workers for other charities. Senate visitors and Committee hearing fellow-attendants, all shall be greatly missed by me.

In Washington it is never a question of finding someone with whom to do something, but only a question of finding time to do things with such a host of congenial people.

Photo Copy Preservation

What means more to Pres, than the kind words from his hosts of friends in the Senate, are the genuine regrets expressed by the Senate employees--the colored men in the garage, the man who runs the little underground railroad train, boys and girls employed in the Capitol and Senate Office Buildings--all have come up individually to tell Pres how he or she will miss him; and that really tears at the heartstrings.

He has had such unique experiences through the years. For instance, one morning he was walking down the hall to go to the floor, unconsciously whistling to himself, when out of one of the offices popped a young secretary, "Senator, where did you get that arrangement? It is the best I ever heard". She, as well as he, was a close harmony fan.

Our big Senate office news is that our wonderful Margaret Hampton, whom so many of you know through correspondence, if not personally, is to be married on October 19th.

We shall come back down for the wedding so that the Senator can "give her away".

Fortunately, we do not have to say good-bye to all our wonderful office staff until January 3rd, but to all of you who have been patient enough to read my letters, I now say farewell!

Thank you for giving Pres the opportunity to serve as your United States Senator and for giving me all the privileges that accompany such an arduous job.

We shall ever cherish the memory that you chose us, and I like to think, as this session closes that the livelihood of many people in Connecticut is better because of the hard work the Senator did to provide new jobs, protect old jobs, and in general safeguard and advance the interest of the people of our beloved state.

May God bless you each and everyone.

//////