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(Hinchliffe/Grossman)
November 23, 1990 1 p.m.
KENNEDY

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: KENNEDY CENTER HONORS
East Room
December 2, 1990

Good evening, and welcome to the White House -- where for generations presidents have celebrated America's art -- here in America's home. \\\

It's a privilege to be hosting the distinguished recipients of this year's Kennedy Center Honors. And a privilege to be carrying out a dream of President Kennedy's. He yearned to see an America which would reward achievement in the arts as well as in business, or science, or politics. With true insight, he once said: "Roosevelt and Lincoln understood that the life of the arts...is very close to the center of a nation's purpose -- and is a test of the quality of a nation's civilization." Tonight we pay tribute to his vision, \ to these men and women, \ and to **the crucial role art must play** in the enrichment of our society. \\

American art is absolutely unique. It's not a melting pot -- it's a vibrant mosaic that gives birth to never-before-dared explosions of imagination. American artists draw on the richness of our roots from around this world -- then reinterpret them in a vigorously new way. All of us -- as leaders and teachers and parents and citizens -- **must cherish and encourage this great diversity of vision that is American art**. \\

Tonight we do that by honoring five artists who have enriched our nation's cultural heritage. Their passion, skill and sheer exuberance have challenged and amazed us and -- most of all --

have helped us to understand what it is to be an American. \\\

Dizzy Gillespie -- a dazzlingly inventive rebel who merged varied musical traditions into a unique American sound. **Katharine Hepburn** -- a classic actress whose carved jaw and fiesty independence stand for the great American belief in self. **Rise Stevens** -- a soprano of old-world training and new-world fervor who redefined American opera. **Jule Style** -- a London-born composer who gave birth to the optimistic exuberance of the American musical. **Billy Wilder** -- a filmmaker whose Austrian beginnings helped him capture the quirkily American character.\\\

Who can think of the irresistibly expressive wail of jazz without picturing Dizzy Gillespie's ballooning cheeks. For **he is** the King of Bop. The founder of jazz, whose astonishing creativity and improvisational daring changed the course of musicmaking. Many people say jazz is the only purely American art form -- our country's major contribution to the music world. And that's due to Dizzy. **His** will be the classical music of the future.

And it is the basic identity of American culture. With all of its wondrous, contagious bursts of energy it sounds like the vibrant streets of New York -- or languid steamy nights in New Orleans. You can recognize the lush rhythms of the Caribbean or Africa or Latin America. Yet Dizzy is the magician of the musical loom -- weaving these influences together into an incredible tapestry that becomes totally new, totally itself. For by breaking all the rules he lets something passionate and exciting burst free, to envelope the whole country in its contagious spell

of expression and energy and emotion. **Dizzy Gillespie**. \\\

From the new breed of men called cowboys to the modern-day explorers called astronauts, the essence of American character has been a self-reliance, a courageous and curious daring. One woman captured this spirit on film. Katharine Hepburn embodied all of us, from the optimistic naivete of "The Philadelphia Story," to the tough and tested resilience of "On Golden Pond." Her flashing eyes and inimitible voice became the symbol of America's outspoken independence and vigorous determination.

Something this extraordinary woman once said moved me deeply, because it spoke of the rare and wonderful vitality that is America. She said: "I think there is a magic in man. His spirit, his attitudes toward his fellow man, his capacity for love and for inifinite service is, for me, a thrilling thing." As has been her lifetime of work for us. **Katharine Hepburn**. \\\

At age 15, a young girl made her professional debut singing "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls." For Rise Stevens, that song became more than just a dream. For decades her pure voice soared through the most famous marble halls of the world, enchanting opera audiences. She mixed classical European training with unrestrained American passion and created such wondrous treats as a white-hot Carmen -- a truly **American** Carmen.

And after she had finished performing -- finished with her unforgettable creations in "Orfeo," "Der Rosenkavalier," and "Going My Way" -- she did something that echoes the generosity of the people of this country: she devoted herself to passing on her

skills to future generations. As the first artist to be Managing Director of the Met, she traveled the country searching for new artists to continue in her tradition. **Rise Stevens**. \\\

"Let Me Entertain You," he wrote, and for nearly 70 years, that's just what Jule Styne has done. Entertained us with songs that captured the pulse of America -- the dreamlike vision of Peter Pan's "Never Never Land"; the yearning search for brotherhood in "People"; the spunky vitality of "Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend"; the romantic optimism of "Three Coins in a Fountain"; and the unbridled exuberance of "Gypsy."

For 25 years almost every Broadway season opened with a new Jule Styne show. In more than 1500 songs, this British-born composer captured what he loved about the American character. He gave us songs that were mirrors -- in them we saw ourselves. We loved it. And the American musical -- an art form he helped develop -- loved it too. And so did American musical legends whose careers were made on Styne songs: Carol Channing, Barbra Streisand, Ethel Merman, and so many others. **Jule Styne**. \\\

If you looked next to the name Billy Wilder in a dictionary, you'd see lots of different definitions. Writer. Director. Producer. Award-winner. But Billy Wilder's real achievement is something even more important. He plunged a drill deep down into the American heart, and then captured on film the laughter, the love, and the tears that poured forth.

Billy crafted some of the most familiar, lasting images of the past decades. Images of a singularly **American** humor and

warmth. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon in high heels in "Some Like it Hot." Gloria Swanson descending the staircase in "Sunset Boulevard." Marilyn Monroe's billowing white skirt in "The Seven Year Itch." Greta Garbo's unforgettable laugh in "Ninotchka." \\ Billy once said "the best directing is the one you don't see." Well the invisible strings he's so creatively controlled have for years given us the best of the American spirit. **Billy Wilder**.\\\

Even as we celebrate tonight, we also remember two former award recipients, who died this year. Mary Martin, whose enrapturing magic carried us along with her and made us soar in a glow of delight. **Sammy Davis Jr.**, who from the age of three captivated us with his energy, his joy, and his sheer love of life. \\\

The Kennedy Center Honors is an event of real significance: because the cultural life of a nation gives us more than just beauty and pleasure. It defines us. It expresses our struggles and dreams as individuals and as a nation. **And it captures that exhilarating feeling of being an American -- daring everything, dreaming everything, reaching for everything**. \\ Our own arts inspire us as does an old saying I will never forget: "Whatever you can do -- or dream you can do -- begin it. Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it." \\\

Dizzy Gillespie, Katharine Hepburn, Rise Stevens, Jule Styne and **Billy Wilder** -- a proud nation fondly salutes you. Let this evening serve as a reminder of the vision of the President in whose honor these awards were created. John Kennedy said: "If art is to nourish the roots of our culture, then society must set

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LESLIE HALLIWELL

HALLIWELL'S FILM AND VIDEO GUIDE

SIXTH EDITION

Charles Scribner's Sons
New York

A bored boy goes through a magic tollbooth to land beyond his wildest imagination, rescues Rhyme and Reason, and defeats the Demons of Ignorance.
Ambitious and well-devised, though rather slow-starting, cartoon feature which falls in style somewhere between *Alice in Wonderland* and *The Wizard of Oz* but is more intellectual than either and would be beyond the reach of most children. Discerning adults may have a ball.

w Chuck Jones, Sam Rosen, *novel* Norton Juster *d* Chuck Jones, Abe Levitow
ph Maurice Noble

Butch Patrick

Phar Lap
Australia 1983 118m colour
Panavision

The story of a crack racehorse which was the talk of the world in the early thirties but died of a mysterious disease.
The film, though adequately textured, won't win any races.

w David Williamson *d* Simon Wincer
ph Russell Boyd *m* Bruce Rowland

Tom Burlinson, Martin Vaughan, Judy Morris, Celia de Burgh, Ron Liebman, Vincent Ball

● *Video: CBS / Fox*

'The day the earth was turned into a cemetery!'
Phase IV
GB 1973 84m Technicolor
Paramount / Alced (Paul B. Radin)

In the Arizona desert, ants attack a scientific installation.
Oddly effective if repulsive science fiction; the ants are all the more unpleasant because they stay the normal size.

w Mayo Simon *d Saul Bass ph* Dick Bush *m* Brian Gascoyne

Nigel Davenport, Lynne Frederick, Michael Murphy, Alan Gifford

● *Video: CIC*

The Phenix City Story*
US 1955 100m bw
Allied Artists (Sam Bischoff, David Diamond)

A young lawyer fights the racketeers who control his town.
Goodish example of the semi-documentary melodramas of small-town corruption which swarmed out of Hollywood following the Kefauver investigations.

w Crane Wilbur, Dan Mainwaring *d Phil Karlson ph* Harry Neumann *m* Harry Sukman

Richard Kiley, *Edward Andrews*, John McIntire, Kathryn Grant

Phffft
US 1954 91m bw
Columbia (Fred Kohlmar)

The title refers to the sound of an expiring match; the story tells of a couple who get divorced and try to find out what they have been missing.
Champagne comedy with no bubbles.

w George Axelrod *d* Mark Robson
ph Charles Lang *m* Frederick Hollander

Jack Lemmon, Judy Holliday, Kim Novak, Jack Carson, Luella Gear, Donald Randolph, Donald Curtis, Merry Anders

The Philadelphia Experiment*
US 1984 101m CFI colour
New World / Cinema Group (Joel B. Michaels, Douglas Curtis)

Seamen on a 1943 destroyer fall through a time warp into 1984, and have one hell of a job getting back.
Science fiction, *Outer Limits / Final Countdown* style; quite watchable, and technically proficient, but the claim that it was based on an actual incident seems a bit tall.

w William Gray, Michael Janover, *book* William I. Moore, Charles Berlitz *d* Stewart Raffill

Michael Paré, Nancy Allen, Eric Christmas, Bobby di Cicco, Louise Latham

● *Video: Thorn EMI*

'Uncle Leo's bedtime story for you older tots! The things they do among the playful rich—oh, boy!'
The Philadelphia Story**
US 1940 112m bw
MGM (Joseph L. Mankiewicz)

A stuffy heiress, about to be married for the second time, turns human and returns gratefully to number one.
Hollywood's most wise and sparkling comedy, with a script which is even an improvement on the original play. Cukor's direction is so discreet you can hardly sense it, and all the performances are just perfect.

w Donald Ogden Stewart, play Philip Barry d George Cukor ph Joseph Ruttenberg *m Franz Waxman ad* Cedric Gibbons

Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, Ruth Hussey, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash, Virginia Weidler, John Howard, Henry Daniell

'There are just not enough superlatives sufficiently to appreciate this show.'—*Hollywood Reporter*

'An exceptionally bright job of screenplay writing . . . though films like this do little to advance the art of motion pictures, they may help to convince some of the more discerning among cultural slugabeds that when movies want to turn their hand to anything, they can turn it.'—*Otis Ferguson*

† Cary Grant donated his salary to war relief.

AA: Donald Ogden Stewart; James Stewart
AAN: best picture; George Cukor; Katharine Hepburn; Ruth Hussey

Philo Vance

The smooth sleuth created by S. S. Van Dine was a popular film hero of the thirties, for

several different companies and with several different actors. As a series it was very variable indeed.

1929: THE CANARY MURDER CASE (Paramount: William Powell); THE GREENE MURDER CASE (Paramount: William Powell)
1930: THE BISHOP MURDER CASE (MGM: Basil Rathbone); THE BENSON MURDER CASE (Paramount: William Powell)
1933: THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (qv) (Warner: William Powell)
1934: THE DRAGON MURDER CASE (Warner: Warren William)
1935: THE CASINO MURDER CASE (MGM: Paul Lukas)
1936: THE GARDEN MURDER CASE (MGM: Edmund Lowe)
1937: NIGHT OF MYSTERY (Paramount: Grant Richards)
1937: THE SCARAB MURDER CASE (British: Wilfrid Hyde White)
1939: THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE (Paramount: Warren William); CALLING PHILO VANCE (Warner: James Stephenson)
1947: PHILO VANCE RETURNS (PRC: William Wright); PHILO VANCE'S GAMBLE (PRC: Alan Curtis); PHILO VANCE'S SECRET MISSION (PRC: Alan Curtis)

Phobia
Canada 1980 90m colour
Borough Park (Zale Magder)

Five volunteer phobics, released from jail for experiments, are killed one by one.
Unprepossessing whodunit with horror touches but none of the style one might expect from its director.

w Lew Lehman, Jimmy Sangster, Peter Bellwood *d* John Huston *ph* Reginald H. Morris *m* Andre Gagnon

Paul Michael Glaser, John Colicos, Susan Hogan, Alexandra Stewart, David Bolt

● *Video: Thorn EMI*

Phone Call from a Stranger
US 1952 96m bw
TCF (Nunnally Johnson)

Of four airplane acquaintances, only one survives a crash; he visits the families of the others.
Four stories with an unlikely link. (The compendium craze, which had started in 1948 with *Quartet*, was now straining itself.)
Nothing to remember except Miss Davis.

w Nunnally Johnson *d* Jean Negulesco
ph Milton Krasner *m* Franz Waxman

Bette Davis, Gary Merrill, Michael Rennie, Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn, Evelyn Varden, Warren Stevens, Craig Stevens

'A cinematic party line on which several conversations are going at once, none of them coming across very distinctly.'—*Time*

Piccadilly*
GB 1929 105m (24 fps) bw silent
BIP (E. A. Dupont)

A club own
Chinese mis
Sub-Edgar
watchable w

w Arnold B
ph Werner

Gilda Gray,
Thomas, Cy
Charles Lau
Band

Piccadilly
GB 1946 1
ABP (Herbe

During Worl
returns from
remarried.
The Enoch A
the Wilcox-N
untypically a
Efficient enou

w Nicholas P
Greene

Anna Neagle,
Laurence, Fra
E. Matthews,

† Michael Wil
Harrison and
unavailable.

Piccadilly J
US 1936 10
MGM (Harry

A cartoonist h
making the bri
ridicule.
Amiable come
setting.

w Charles Brac
G. Wodehouse
ph Joseph Rutt

Robert Montgo
Morgan, Billie
Benchley, Ralp
E. E. Clive

Piccadilly Th
GB 1960 90m
Rank / Sydney
Williams)

A smooth crook
eastern ambassa
the embassy and
Boring and rathe
redeemed by a fi
Underground.

w Leigh Vance
Steward *m* Phili

Terence Morgan
William Hartnell
Price, Ann Lynn

Pick a Star
US 1937 76m
MGM / Hal Roac

An innocent girl i
stardom with the

FILE

November 30, 1989

Proposed remarks for Mrs. Bush.
Kennedy Center Honors reception
December 3, 1989
(BY GS ⅈ)

MRS. BUSH

Good evening and welcome to the White House.

It has been said that art is not an end in itself, it is a means of addressing humanity. Tonight we gather in this historic East Room to celebrate five Americans who have devoted their lives to art, and in so doing have enriched the lives of countless millions in this country and around the world.

When we think of the joy and beauty and inspiration that they have provided over the years, we can be grateful that we lived in their times.

When William Schuman was growing up in New York City his parents had faith in the American dream and the belief that young William would pursue a practical career. But, he started writing pop tunes with lyricist Frank Loesser. His first published song, "In Love WIth The

MRS. BUSH (cont'd)

Memory of You," was, he says, the only flop Loesser ever wrote. Well, half a century later Mr. Schuman recognized as one of America's finest classical composers. His ten symphonies are a sturdy beam in the American repertoire and it has been said of him that he has done more than anyone of his generation to create a strong base on which American music can grow in the years to come. William Schuman...
We thank you for a life in art, well lived.

She has been called the empress of ballet. Her journey from St. Petersburg in Czarist Russia to this ceremony in Washington, D.C. has been marked by dedication, tenacity and artistic virtuosity.

Alexandra Danilova is one of the great ballerinas of this century and today - I don't think she will mind me saying...at

MRS. BUSH (cont'd)

85 she is a brilliant teacher. I am told she had a bad fall this past summer in which she fractured her right knee. Unable to summon help for many hours, she finally reached a friend who took her to the emergency room at a New York hospital. Waiting again, in considerable pain, she was finally approached by a young doctor. "How old are you?" he asked. "Guess," she answered. "are you 70?" he ventured. "Close enough," she replied.

Madame Danilova, we salute you for your brilliant career.

She is the epitome of Hollywood glamour - an actress who proved that the combination of beauty and brains could be a recipe for success on the silver screen and the broadway stage. Claudette Colbert created a timeless personal style and a career of unusual distinction. All those memorable roles

MRS. BUSH (cont'd)

over so many years - they are now part of our cultural heritage, as are you, Claudette.

We salute you.

Day-O!

Need I say more? Yes, I must. Harry George Belafonte, Jr. was born in New York City, but part of his growing up was on the island of Jamaica and those roots enabled him to bring to American musical life new sounds and new themes. "Belafonte Sings of the Caribbean" was the first album to sell over a million copies. So many of his songs are on our all-time hit parade. My favorites are "Matilda" and "God Bless the Child".

As artist and citizen Harry Belafonte has shown the way in his concern for his fellow man and he has been a constant voice for human rights.

MRS. BUSH (cont'd)

I think it's safe for me to say this, since my husband is far off in Malta..."I'm just wild about Harry."

One critic said, "Mary Martin has always bounced along as though the earth were made of innerspring mattresses, and that piping, rollicking voice of hers would carry anyone aloft, wires or no wires, any old time."

Nellie Forbush, Annie Oakley, the Baroness Von Trapp, Peter Pan -- why, they are all Mary Martin.

She captivated audiences by the joy and skill of her singing and the grace and luster of her personality. She gave distinction to the most glorious years of the musical theater.

Tonight, a proud nation honors Mary Martin.

MRS. BUSH (cont'd)

William Schuman, CLaudette Colbert, Harry Belafonte, Alexandra Danilova, Mary Martin -- how delighted we are to have had the pleasure of your company. You have taken us nearer to the stars and closer to the foot of the rainbow, and I speak for all Americans when I say thank you for sharing your best with us for all these years.

I like Am. – not really got kid music –

– a class N-E's artists from indepen & beyond

– a ——— creative rebel
– merge strands of forge with Afr-Am sound

– a Am. mind sapien who defined Am. spirit

– hands-on – qua ~~value~~ Soul Am. music

– Andrian – 'creative Am Object

DG – transforms sound of Jazz
– King of Bop
– trumpet
– bulldog chewer –

– classical drug & cultural pendants Am-spirit – the dance, freedom, creativity, etc.

pleasure, boring
joy
emotion

illuminate the basic human needs which gives purpose

definitive Socio – Egan up now used

we seek peace in song

Earl Lam – over the years Am. ~~city~~ in Am. home

→ Cultural life of nation –

RS – The Cannon of our time – the Canon of Am. –
– 1st Jazz – up 15-4 d Brant & Austin Make Waves
– devote page to Canon of other Am. – 1st ~~Nobel~~ Pulitzer Prize Winner of Jazz
that carry reader to new artists

(Robinson)
December 3, 1987
4:30 p.m.

REAGAN
Received

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: KENNEDY CENTER HONORS
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1987

87 DEC -3 PM 5:03

Good evening and welcome to the White House. Now, before I begin -- well, there's something I've just got to say. Bette Davis, if I'd gotten roles as good as yours, I never would have left Hollywood.

But tonight we have gathered for the solemn but happy purpose of honoring five Americans who have dedicated their lives to the performing arts. Others give us material goods, enact and enforce our laws, provide the countless other services that go to make up American life. But these five -- what these five have given us is joy.

"The human body," Alwin Nikolais [get phonetics] said, "is a lot more magical than most people give it credit for." And for more than five decades, now, Alwin Nikolais has been using dance to make magic.

He grew up in Connecticut, studied with Hanya Holm, and moved to New York in 1948 to pursue his concept of total theater -- of theater through motion -- that would revolutionize dance, lighting, costuming, and design alike.

Always in the work of Alwin Nikolais, there is a fundamental sense of sheer enjoyment and fun. In his own words: "I like to splash motion all over the stage."

And there is as well a sense of what it means to be American. Again in his own words: "I am purely American.... I came out of the notion that we have a right to express ourselves

without inclining towards... preconceived notions of life. That we are free. That is the American dream."

Alwin Nikolais: To one whose life's work has given the American dream new and unique expression, congratulations.

At the age of ten, violinist Nathan Milstein made his professional debut in St. Petersburg, Russia, playing the Glazunov A Minor Concerto under the baton of the great Glazunov himself. In Mr. Milstein's words: "[My mother] told me I should do it.... I don't know how I played, but everyone was very pleased. A few days later, the First World War began."

So it is that Nathan Milstein's playing reaches back to the classical tradition of the 19th century, bringing it forward, deepening and embellishing it, for this, the tempestuous 20th century.

His repertoire is vast. Like his friend, pianist Vladimir Horowitz, he is noted for a brilliant and effortless technique. He has been called, "one of the greatest musicians of our time." Yet of his own art, Nathan Milstein says simply: "Playing makes me happy."

Nathan Milstein: For more than seven decades -- the world over -- your playing has made millions happy. Congratulations.

Sammy Davis, Jr. was born in Harlem and went into vaudeville at the age of 3. He's been on ever since, criss-crossing the country, big towns and backwaters, pounding the boards, dancing, singing, doing improvisations, taking a bow, getting ready for the next gig. It hasn't been an easy life -- in the early years especially, there was the bigotry, the hatred. "You fight with

the weapons God gives you," Sammy recently said, "and with me it was my talent."

And what talent. What energy. Despite everything, what joy.

Sammy, I found something in a newspaper interview with you earlier this week that, if you don't mind, I'd like to share. The article quotes you as follows:

"As soon as I was able to tell somebody [about the Kennedy Center Honors], the first call I made... was to my tailor. I told him I wanted the most legitimate tuxedo he's got. He said, 'You mean no diamonds, no sparkles, no nothing?' I said, 'No, that's it, man. I want to look like I stepped out of Brooks Brothers. Be very, very cool.'"

Sammy, do you mind if I tell you something? You succeeded. And I don't just mean tonight -- I mean your life. Very, very cool.

Sammy Davis, Jr.: Congratulations.

Bette Davis made her first motion picture, "Bad Sister," in 1930. Last year she completed "The Whales of August," her 100th. And if you wonder about her acting after these more than five-and-a-half decades -- well, The New York Times called "The Whales of August," quote, "a cinema event."

And I have to tell you, Bette, I truly admire that. You see, since getting this job, I've found out just how hard it is to get a good notice from The New York Times.

But the name "Bette Davis" conjures up motion picture classic after classic. "Of Human Bondage." "Dangerous."

"Jezebel." "Juarez." "Dark Victory." "All About Eve." And in each of them, there has been the magnetism of the Bette Davis persona and style. Wolcott Gibbs called her "probably the most determined player ever to come out of Hollywood." And just this year an interviewer wrote of her, "The famous diction still turns every syllable into an elocution lesson."

After her 100th film and decades of professional acclaim, what does Bette Davis want next from life? In her own words, "Just one more good script."

Bette, if I might, I'd like to paraphrase one of your best lines. 'Fasten your seatbelts, everybody. With Bette Davis here, it's going to be a wonderful night.'

Bette Davis: Congratulations.

One of 13 children of an Italian immigrant mill hand in Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, Perry Como started working in a barbershop at the age of 10. By 14, he was making payments on a shop of his own -- and he had worked out a sales technique to attract customers, a free song with every cut. Urged by friends to audition with an orchestra, Perry landed a job as a vocalist, traveling in the Midwest. But as he said recently, "I never dreamed of being in show business, really. It was kind of a lark."

Well, just maybe that's been the secret of Perry Como's success. His performing has always been so effortless, such a wonderful lark. First there were the bands. Then the records -- to date, more than 100 million in album sales. Then radio. And then that newfangled fad, television. Perry himself wasn't too

sure about the new medium; he once said -- and I quote -- "Television, it will never last." But last it did -- and last he did. For more than a decade, Saturday night belonged to "The Perry Como Show."

Through it all, the voice of Perry Como became one of the best-loved in America. Yet when asked to describe his singing recently, Perry seemed at a loss. Then after thinking for a moment, he answered simply, "Oh, friendly, I guess."

Perry Como, your friendliness has in turn won you friends -- millions of them. And tonight they join me in wishing you: Congratulations.

Others have sometimes accused us Americans of having too little appreciation of the finer things -- of being too caught up in the practical and the everyday. Yet it was the first President to live in this grand old house who wrote: "I must study Statecraft... that my sons may have the liberty to study Mathematicks and Philosophy... in order to give their children a right to study Painting, Poetry, Musick...." And there in John Adams' words we see expressed at the very beginning of our history as a Nation the American understanding that what is beautiful -- what is uplifting -- is what is most important.

You five, you honored five. In your lifetimes of performing, how many millions have you entertained, inspired, provoked to deeper thought, provided with memories to cherish? How many times have you lifted us out of ourselves, to laughter,

or to tears? How many precious moments have you given us, of simple refreshment, and enjoyment?

Everyone in this room -- everyone joining us by way of television -- can think back upon some time for which he is grateful to you. To speak for myself -- well, it's been more than once in our lives that Nancy and I have danced to the singing of Perry Como or thrilled at a performance by Miss Bette Davis.

And in giving so much to so many individuals, you have performed a service to your Nation. President Kennedy said that he cherished the ideal of an America "not afraid of grace and beauty, an America respected throughout the world not only for its strength but for its civilization as well." Throughout your professional lives, each of you has contributed to the building up of that ideal, crowning our Nation's greatness with grace.

On behalf of the American people, I thank you.

God bless you all.

NO

excerpt

New paragraph

new paragraph

Health and Human Services, 1978–1983; associate professorial lecturer in the department of economics at George Washington University, 1976–1978; health service fellow for the National Center for Health Services Research at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, 1975–1978; faculty associate for the Survey Research Center for Social Research at the University of Michigan, 1974–1975; associate research scientist for the Institute of Public Policy Studies and School of Public Health, 1973–1975; senior research associate for the Urban Institute in Washington, DC, 1971–1973; executive director of the Governor's Council of Economic Advisers in Baltimore, MD, 1969–1970; staff economist for the President's Commission on Income Maintenance Programs in Washington, DC, 1968–1969; and research associate in the department of economics at the University of Michigan, 1968.

Dr. Wilensky graduated from the University of Michigan (A.B., 1964; M.A., 1965; Ph.D., 1968). She was born June 14, 1943, in Detroit, MI. Dr. Wilensky is married, has two children, and resides in Washington, DC.

Nomination of Carol M. Marshall To Be Superintendent of the Mint of the United States at San Francisco

November 17, 1989

The President today announced his intention to nominate Carol Mayer Marshall to be Superintendent of the Mint of the United States at San Francisco, the Department of Treasury. This is a new position.

Since 1986 Ms. Marshall has served as the president of Carol Mayer Marshall and Associates in San Francisco, CA. Prior to this, she served as the vice president of Public and Private Consultants, Inc., 1981–1986; an attorney with Washburn and Kemp, 1985–1986; assistant to the president of the Investment Development Fund, 1979–1981. She purchased, renovated, and sold single family homes in San Francisco, CA, 1977–1979. Ms. Marshall was a partner with Planning Research Consultants, Inc., 1973–1977.

Ms. Marshall graduated from George Washington University (B.A., 1960) and the University of California (J.D., 1975). She was born August 27, 1935, in Cincinnati, OH. Ms. Marshall has one child and currently resides in San Francisco, CA.

Remarks at the Presentation Ceremony for the National Medal of the Arts

November 17, 1989

The President. Excuse the delay. We've been out there trying to calm the national turkey, which has all worked out very well. [*Laughter*] No double entendres around here about that, either. [*Laughter*]

Thank you—all of you—for being here today for the fifth annual presentation of the National Medal of the Arts. It is a great pleasure and an honor for Barbara and me to welcome you to the White House. I just want to thank the National Council on the Arts; the Committee on the Arts and Humanities; as well as John Frohnmayer, our new and distinguished Chairman of the NEA; and of course, Hugh Southern for the support and encouragement of America's cultural life.

Dante once wrote that "Art imitates nature as well as it can, as a pupil follows his master; and thus it is a sort of grandchild of God." Well, as this, "grandchild of God," art embraces our values in history, gives meaning to our existence, and illuminates the basic human truths which give us purpose. In a way, art defines our civilization. But in another more personal way, art opens entire new worlds for each of us, letting us see and hear and even feel life through the mind of someone else, from new perspectives. And instead of seeing a single world, we can see as many worlds as there are artists and writers, dancers and musicians.

The diversity of art in this nation is truly a product of the diversity of our democracy. The American arts, like a many-faceted mirror, have been a colorful reflection of this nation's history. The music of the frontier led to the blues of the bayou, and the swing bands of the cities. The primitivism of the early painters gave way to the ro-

manticism of the Hudson River school and, later, American impressionism and abstract expressionism. In architecture, Americans see everything from the Federal style to postmodernism. Modern photography and filmmaking have their roots in the tintypes of the Civil War era. And from our earliest writings to this week's best seller list, we've seen American poetry, novels, short stories earn a unique place in the literature of the entire world. Cities like New York and Los Angeles have become art capitals of international importance; and regional orchestras, museums, dance troupes, and opera companies have enjoyed spectacular successes.

We need to make this great diversity of art more a part of the lives of all Americans. And we need to begin this effort in our schools so that our young people will have a sense of their heritage and the creativity of the present. We need to make special efforts to reach out to those who do not regularly participate. The work of the National Endowment is especially important in these areas.

Today, we honor a group of men and women whose creative ideas, talent, and passion have added so much to the rich tapestry that is our nation's cultural heritage. Their work is not just of the mind but of the heart and of the soul. And some have challenged us; some have amazed us; and some have brought remarkable beauty of sight and sound to us. But all have helped us to think and to dream and to understand ourselves and our world a little better.

Today, we honor Alfred Eisenstaedt for his photography, Dizzy Gillespie for his jazz innovations, John Updike for his prose, Katherine Dunham for her dance and choreography, Walker Hancock for his sculpture, Czeslaw Milosz for his poetry, Robert Motherwell for his paintings, and Leopold Adler for his historic preservation. And we honor someone whose great talent and energy will live on, long after the sounds of his music has faded, and that is the late Vladimir Horowitz.

And we honor the patrons of the arts, those who understand that without the artistic creativity of its people no nation can be whole, and those whose dedication, energy and commitment have sustained that creativity over the years. We honor Martin Friedman of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, Leigh Gerdine of Webster University in St. Louis, and the Dayton Hudson Corporation.

And now I will ask John Frohnmayer if he will read the citations for the National Medal of the Arts to our recipients. John, all yours.

Mr. Frohnmayer. Thank you, Mr. President.

Leopold Adler II is a nationally recognized expert in historic preservation, one who has changed the face of his hometown, Savannah, Georgia. He was the driving force behind two remarkable revitalization experiments. One refurbished the historic section of Savannah, and the other renovated low-income housing in the Victorian district. Mr. Adler has also served as a trustee for almost a decade for the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

The citation reads:

"To Leopold Adler for his civic leadership in preserving for all time the beauty of Savannah, Georgia, and for making that city a model of the art of historic preservation."

Katherine Dunham is an outstanding dancer and choreographer. The Dunham Company, the first black professional dance company in America, performed throughout the world from 1938 through 1963, presenting the dance, music, and folklore of Third World countries and the United States. For over 30 years, Ms. Dunham has maintained the only permanently self-subsidized dance troupe in America. She also founded the Dunham School of Arts and Research in New York City.

The citation reads:

"To Katherine Dunham for her pioneering explorations of Caribbean and African dance, which have enriched and transformed the art of dance in America."

Alfred Eisenstaedt is the quintessential photojournalist who pioneered the introduction of the candid camera technique into news reporting. After emigrating from West Prussia in 1935, he joined the original photography staff of the new magazine, Life. Mr. Eisenstaedt's most famous photo is that of a sailor kissing a nurse in Times Square at the end of World War II. As a photographer, he has won almost every major national professional award.

The award is received by his long-time friend and photo editor, Bobbie Baker Burrows.

The citation reads:

"To Alfred Eisenstaedt for the extraordinary photographs that document the tragedies and triumphs he has witnessed over a lifetime."

John Berks "Dizzy" Gillespie is a virtuoso musician, pioneer, composer, and bandleader who has been a pivotal figure in 20th century American music. The founder of the jazz bebop movement, he developed a radical new approach to improvisation that was to change the course of modern music-making. For more than 40 years he has explored the varied music of different cultures. Mr. Gillespie has performed before countless world leaders and has won numerous awards. Dizzy Gillespie.

The citation:

"To John Berks "Dizzy" Gillespie for his trailblazing work as a musician who helped elevate jazz to an art form of the first rank and for sharing his gift with listeners around the world."

Walker Kirtland Hancock is a renowned sculptor whose work spans a period of 70 years. He began by sculpting the bust of an orphan and was awarded a Prix de Rome while still an apprentice. He has spent a lifetime sculpting over 268 pieces, many of them portraits, busts, monuments, and medals in the heroic Renaissance style of Florence. Mr. Hancock has sculpted busts of American heroes and Presidents. He has said that just as the ancient Greeks did in their sculpture, celebrating heroes is still one of the worthy functions of sculpture today. Walker Hancock.

The citation:

"To Walker Hancock for his extraordinary contribution to the art of sculpture and for demonstrating the enduring beauty of the classical tradition."

Vladimir Horowitz was a consummate pianist and a genius who was known for the controlled thunder and the electricity of his performances. Appropriately, Mr. Horowitz's first home was on Music Street in Kiev. He left the Soviet Union as a musical sensation in 1925 to play in Berlin, Paris, and ultimately in America at Carnegie Hall. He returned to Carnegie Hall 25 years later at the height of his popularity and returned to play in the Soviet Union in 1986. Vladimir Horowitz's music had a colorful blazing quality and technical excellence. Truly, he was a man with no equals.

The award will be delivered to Madame Horowitz upon her return from Italy.

And the citation reads:

"To Vladimir Horowitz for his extraordinary achievements and distinctive style as a pianist whose concerts brought pleasure to audiences everywhere and whose contributions to music made him a citizen of the world."

Czeslaw Milosz is a poet and educator, whom Joseph Brodsky called "One of the greatest poets of our time, perhaps the greatest." Mr. Milosz was born in Lithuania in 1911 and became a naturalized citizen of the United States in 1970. As one of the leaders in the avant-garde poetry movement in Poland during the 1930's, he edited an anti-Nazi anthology called "Invincible Song." Mr. Milosz won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1980 for his poetry on life in this century. Czeslaw Milosz.

The citation:

"To Czeslaw Milosz for glorious poetry and prose that celebrates the freedom-loving spirit not only of his native Poland but that of his adopted country, the United States."

Robert Motherwell is an artist of global stature, renowned as one of the founders of the American abstract expressionism school, the first American art movement to receive recognition internationally as being on the leading edge of world art. He is best known for a series of monumental paintings on the "Spanish Eulogy" theme, for abstract paintings in the open series, and as a master of collage. He has received a multitude of honors in five decades of a very distinguished career. Robert Motherwell.

The citation:

"To Robert Motherwell for reflecting in his art the very essence of American Freedom with paintings that have found a distinguished place in collections everywhere."

John Updike is the author of over 30 books of poetry, novels, short stories, and essays. Mr. Updike is one of the best chroniclers of American small town life in literature. He began as a writer for the New Yorker magazine and then authored the

novels "The Poorhouse Fair," "Rabbit, Run," and among many others, "The Centaur" and "The Witches of Eastwick." Among many other awards, in 1982 Mr. Updike received the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction for "Rabbit is Rich." John Updike.

The citation reads:

"To John Updike, for novels and stories that, over a 40-year career, have given us a wryly affectionate, yet penetrating analysis of the complexity of life in today's America."

Martin Friedman is one of our nation's most innovative and scholarly museum directors. Mr. Friedman has served as director of the Walker Arts Center in Minneapolis since 1961, making it into one of the premiere small museums in this country, in exhibitions as well as in the performing arts. In addition to his activism in the arts community, he has written extensively on contemporary art and recently helped create the new Minneapolis Sculpture Garden.

The citation:

"To Martin Friedman for opening the doors of his museum to the best of all of the arts in our time—from painting and sculpture to film, video, and performance—and for opening our eyes to the vital connections between these forms of expression."

Leigh Gerdine is an outstanding civic leader who has paved the way for development of every major cultural institution in St. Louis. Mr. Gerdine is a 40-year resident of that city, and for 18 years has been president of Webster University. He has been deeply involved in the St. Louis Symphony, the St. Louis Repertory Company and was founding chairman of the St. Louis Opera Theater, now one of the most widely acclaimed companies in the country. Mr. Gerdine.

The citation:

"To Leigh Gerdine for his distinguished career as a musician and educator, and for the enlightened patronage which has earned him the title of spiritual father of the arts in St. Louis."

Dayton Hudson Corporation has been a leader in corporate giving for 43 years. Since 1980 the corporation has contributed nearly $70 million to arts programs in the United States. Dayton Hudson has targeted support to programs that, on a long-term basis, make a community a more vital place in which to live. During 1988 alone, Dayton Hudson generously awarded $7.4 million to 580 arts programs in 37 States and the District of Columbia. Accepting is Mr. Kenneth Macke, CEO of Dayton Hudson Corporation.

The citation:

"To Dayton Hudson Corporation for helping to forge a vital partnership between the corporate sector and the arts community and for demonstrating how both can benefit in the process."

The President. Well, let me just say in conclusion first, thank you, John Frohnmayer, and to all of you recipients, congratulations for your achievements, for the passion you bring to the arts. You have honored this country. Your nation is grateful to you. And congratulations to all of you. Barbara and I are just thrilled that you're here at the White House. And now I'd like all of our medal winners to join us up here for just a minute, if we could, for one quick—what they call in the trade a photo op. [*Laughter*] Please.

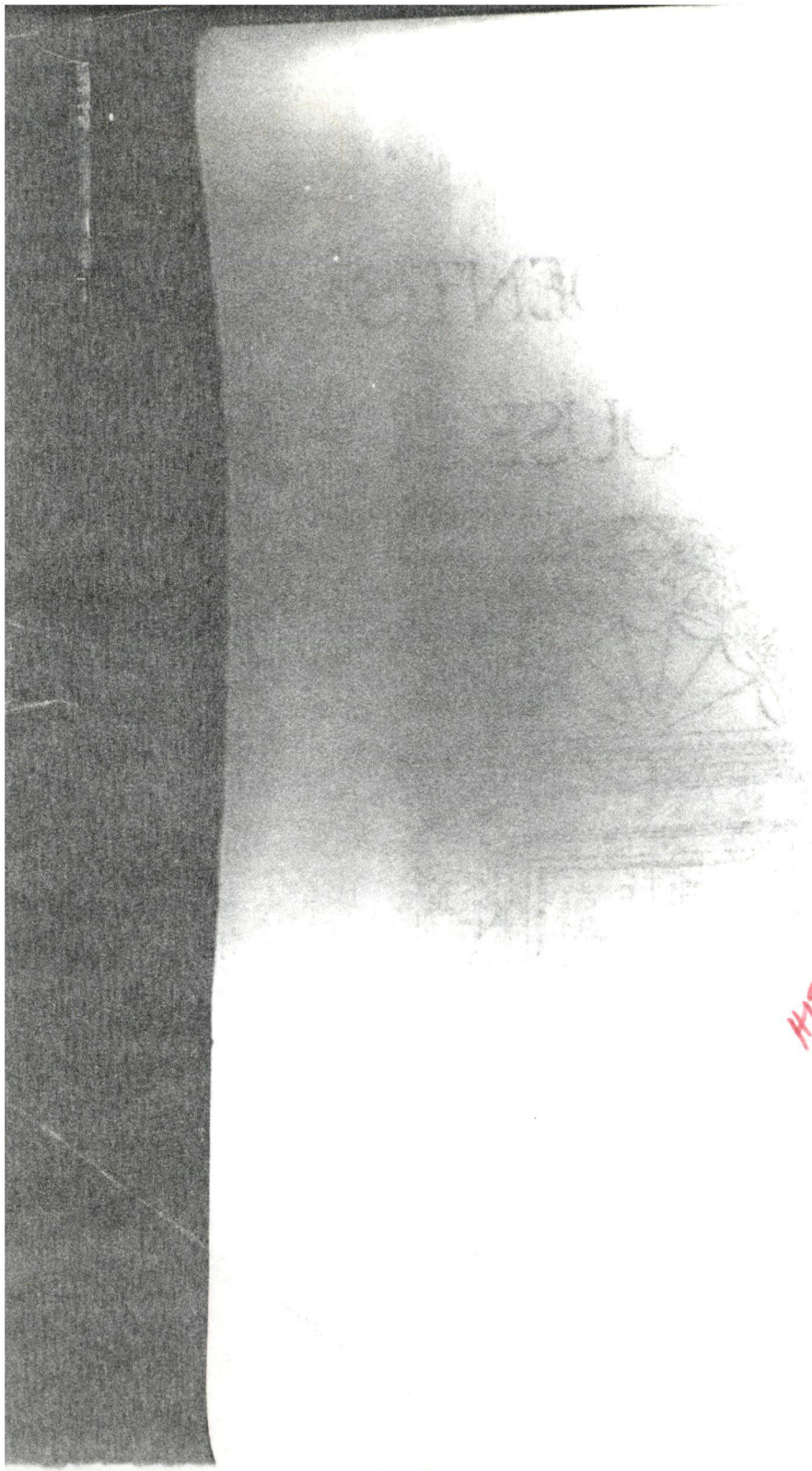
Note: The President spoke at 12:12 p.m. in the East Room at the White House.

Nomination of John J. Maresca for the Rank of Ambassador While Serving as Chairman of the United States Delegation to the Conference on Confidence and Security Building Measures

November 17, 1989

The President today announced his intention to nominate John J. Maresca, a career member of the Senior Foreign Service, Class of Minister-Counselor, for the rank of Ambassador during his tenure of service as head of the U.S. delegation to the Conference on Confidence and Security Building Measures (CSBM).

Currently Mr. Maresca serves as Chairman of the U.S. delegation to the Negotiations on Confidence and Security-Building Measures. From 1986 to 1988, Mr. Maresca served as the Deputy Assistant Secretary for European and North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) Policy at the Department



The PRESIDENT'S HOUSE

A History

by

William Seale

White House Historical Association
with the cooperation of the
National Geographic Society
Washington, D.C.
1986

As the plaster was being prepared, Hoban and Dr. Thornton made the acquaintance of one George Andrews in Baltimore, who had a line of merchandise that fascinated them: ready-made architectural ornaments in plaster of Paris, reinforced with wire. These decorations, in the neoclassical taste, were suited to almost any interior use. This was an opportunity to save time and labor in the ornamentation of the President's House. Among the elements Hoban and Thornton bought and apparently selected together were "architraves, frieze & cornice for 17 doors on the principal story," at $20 each, with ten chimney pieces at $10 each, not all of which were used. Nevertheless, the craving of Hoban and Commissioner Thornton for elaborate decoration would increase, and they subsequently placed further orders with Andrews.[94]

It was arranged with Hugh Densley, another plasterer, who was nailing lath in the early spring of 1799, that he would "hard plaster" the walls and ceilings and make such moldings as were necessary. Otherwise, for the main decoration, he would apply the "composition ornaments" bought in Baltimore. Densley was at his plastering by late April, surrounded by large quantities of plaster of Paris, fine washed sand, lime, olive oil, beeswax, and 400 bushels of hog and horse hair, all of which Hoban had bargained for in Baltimore.

The plasterwork began in the basement hallways, covering the stone and brick groin arches. When the work seemed to be taking too long, the commissioners selected several rooms not to plaster for the time. On the main floor the principal parlors were plastered by late fall; over the winter, with no work going on, the commissioners decided to leave the East Room unplastered and send Densley upstairs. In the spring of 1800 he began plastering the chamber story. An impatient commission told him to do only half the rooms on that floor and, if necessary, to omit the attic entirely.[95]

Seven months before the government was to arrive in the autumn, Joseph Middleton moved his cabinet shop into the White House, together with his three slave assistants and his brother Electius. He installed all the windows, then began finishing the doors, applying polish. The painters, varnishers, and whitewashers soon followed.

Haste

By the late summer and early fall of 1800, the commissioners were watching their projects come as close to completion as they would be by November. Their records give fleeting impressions of what the White House was like. The basement was whitewashed, its wood trim painted white; against this flat and gloss white were orange brick pavers nine inches square that covered the floors of rooms and halls. Some windows were glazed; others had merely the iron bars meant to keep out intruders. The kitchen was a mighty room, spanned by stone arches, with cut-stone fireplaces at each end, no less than 40 feet apart.

On the principal floor the best rooms were to be wallpapered. The commissioners had discussed "the fitness of the pattern," preferring French papers or, second best, those made in England. Two tons of white lead were acquired for making the paint for the woodwork, along with the tinting pigments yellow ocher, Prussian blue, and red lead. The bluish windowpanes through which light passed into the rooms were of English crown glass, purchased in "tables," or large disks, from the Baltimore mercantile house Harrison & Maynadier and cut into windowpanes as it was installed. The same merchants had secured fine mortice hardware—brass pull-rings and knobs and hinges, some gilded. These items were used throughout the main floor and the chamber story.[96]

What seems to have been most impressive about the President's House was its size, for it was the biggest house most observers had ever seen. A wagon and team could have passed easily down the transverse halls, and the parlors, although among the smaller rooms, were very large and a full 18 feet tall. Of these the oval room was the most novel and beautiful, its prospect to the south green and watery.

Because the house seemed to dominate its site so completely, an effect intensified by its snowy whitewash, the commissioners decided against having outbuildings. Thus, in August 1800, a brick stable was completed on a city lot two blocks east of the house. This provoked a battle which had not calmed down by the time the carpenter William Lovell had driven his last nail, on August 11. It had been erected in the middle of a neighborhood that had pretension to fashion. At the original hearing, Alexander White agreed with the citizens that the commissioners were out of line. When they outvoted him, he ordered his objection recorded in the minutes.[97]

By the summer of 1800, President Adams had begun to make inquiries about the house he was to occupy. He had been heretofore uninterested, even remarking that he would as soon live in a row house somewhere in the city as in the new mansion. But on second thought, considering what the house had meant to General Washington, now in his grave, he decided that he would follow the course set by his predecessor.[98] He even became interested, and to his letters the commissioners responded that all was going well, although they might privately have doubted their own words. The act passed by the Congress in April

4

Anachronism

When he moved to the President's House, John Adams became the first link in a chain of lives that would go on there unbroken. Representing the Federalists, Adams was to live there only a few months before being put out by the system that had put him in. The transfer was peaceful. His successors, the Anti-Federalists, or "Republicans," named their victory a revolution; they held the President's House in contempt as a kingly anachronism. Yet in time they would faithfully rebuild it.

Last Levees

Adams's tenure was under four months, and apparently had few happy moments. The house stayed shivering cold, its great windows rattling against the fierce northwest winds. Mrs. Adams arrived exhausted two weeks after the President. Her party of nine had wandered on and off the road south. Sometimes the way was so overgrown that a man had to sit on the roof of the coach and chop branches away; other times the procession was halted by walls of trees. It was new country to all of them, and it seemed so wild and disorderly to the New Englander's eyes that she longed even for Philadelphia.[1]

Now the new federal city witnessed the last days of the Federalist age. Adams knew the end was as close as the coming election. Mrs. Adams more readily admitted the unpleasant truth and wrote about it, and thus freed herself of some of the anxiety that ate away at her husband. Anger and hurt characterized their four months in the White

House, with causes both political and personal. Mrs. Adams had stopped to see their son Charles in New York, knowing it would be for the last time. The victim of depression and drink, he had broken his parents' hearts. Charles Adams, age 29, was the first presidential child ever mourned at the White House, and his mother wept bitterly. His father forced his grief to smolder inside him.[2]

Although they occupied the White House only briefly, the Adamses were as fully in residence as any subsequent presidential family. The house was under the charge of their steward, John Briesler, who had been with them for nearly 20 years and had managed their household in Massachusetts, as well as their diplomatic establishments in England and France. No servants were provided for the President's House by the government, so Briesler completed the organization of the house, arranging the rooms to suit the Adamses' customs. His wife, Esther, was the housekeeper. Mrs. Adams reckoned that the house and stable required about 30 servants, but she had only four, besides the Brieslers, to keep up what she dubbed the "castle."[3]

It was still only partially complete. Nothing could have seemed more unfinished or more forlorn. The grand stairway, which was to rise in double-armed splendor in the west end of the transverse hall, connecting the principal floor with the chamber story, was not even begun. The well was an open hole lighted where the stair was to land by a tall Venetian window, itself crowned on the second floor level by a great half-round lunette window. The "back stair" off the entrance hall on the north side was not built. Wood shavings and carpenter tools littered the vast naked shell of clay bricks that was the East Room. Mrs. Adams's letters tell us that clotheslines were strung up in its vast emptiness. The house had no courtyard or other concealed place outside, and it was indelicate, not to mention an invitation to wags, to expose the presidential laundry to the public eye. Ironically, Washington's grand audience chamber served the Federalists solely as a drying room.[4]

Mrs. Adams wrote enthusiastically of the beautiful prospect from the south windows, and it was decided to reorient the entrance to that direction. In December 1800 James Hoban linked the wooden balcony of the south bow to the ground by a plain wooden stair, and a driveway was put in that ran from the stair to Pennsylvania Avenue on the southeast. The "oval saloon" that was to be the Blue Room was converted into an entrance hall. An echoing vacant vestibule it must have made, with the tall, uncurtained windows, an ordinary carpet, the four sections of a dining table, and nothing else to fill its 30-by-40-foot expanse.

Hoban's work continued inside. He completed the back stair in

demands on previous presidential secretaries had been heavy, but Lewis performed few of the customary secretarial functions. Seldom does any of the writing in the household accounts even resemble his, and he did not write letters for the President. His more important role was that of the President's pupil, a bright mind being trained for the great western expedition which would carry his name. He was treated as a member of the family, and pursued his own interests as he pleased. Early in the morning Meriwether Lewis liked to hunt along the weedy avenues, bringing game to the great kitchen. He often served as messenger and, gradually, once he learned the ways of the capital, even as surrogate host for social functions.

The carpenters were ordered to partition two box-like rooms for his use in the south end of the East Room, which was otherwise abandoned to storage. This may have been accomplished with wood framing and some heavy fabric, such as sail cloth; in any case, one room served as the secretary's office, where he met appointments, taking the pressure off the President, while the smaller room was his bedchamber.[30]

Through a great arched doorway from the East Room and at the west end of the transverse hall was the President's office, across the house from where Lewis stayed. Of all the rooms in the Jefferson White House, this office carried the strongest personal imprint of the President. It was ready for his use when he returned from Monticello in May, and remained his private world during his entire stay in the White House. When he worked there he usually worked alone, allowing others into his sanctum only on special business. Interviews and official visits took place in the adjoining parlor.

Jefferson's office was the best of the finished rooms in the house. Today's State Dining Room incorporates the space; but in those days the room was smaller. Tall and generously proportioned, the office had fireplaces east and west and was flooded with daylight through tall south and west windows. The President had an unobstructed view down the Potomac to Alexandria, and a secondary view to the west of the War Department building. Because the room was private, known really only to his Cabinet and his secretary, it aroused curiosity in its time. For the same reason it is difficult to reconstruct its appearance now. A few of the outsiders who were allowed to see it left descriptions, and there is an inventory of the federal property he left in the room on his departure in 1809. These allow us to paint a general picture of a rectangular room, with long sides east to west, the whole measuring 20 by 38 feet, with an 18-foot ceiling. Two doors, one into the transverse hall and the second into the sitting room, gave access to this "spacious room,"

according to Margaret Bayard Smith, who became an intimate of Jefferson's White House circle. "In the centre was a long table, with drawers on each side . . . around the walls were maps, globes, charts, &c." Paper cases and writing tables shared space with chairs painted black and gold and with library steps for reaching the tall shelves. Green baize covered the tabletops, and the mahogany floor Hoban had put down was apparently left bare.[31]

Jefferson wrote his own letters without the aid of a secretary, and seems to have zoned the office (or "cabinet" or "library" as it was called) into special areas for particular tasks. The press of public business makes it certain that most of these desks were devoted to official purposes, but the office was also his place for personal pursuits, as Jefferson all his life liked to mix the two. One of the table drawers contained small gardening tools, and the deep window reveals were filled with potted plants, roses, and geraniums, which he liked to tend. Bell jars, terra-cotta pots, and boxes of rich topsoil completed his gardening supplies. In a cage suspended in one of the windows was a mockingbird, which Jefferson had tamed. He sometimes allowed it to fly about in the room.

Jefferson's enormous capacity for work demanded such a setting, where he could be alone and effectively manage his time. At Monticello, he was developing a similar office adjacent to his bedroom, really a suite, consisting of three rooms and a greenhouse. For the duration of his Presidency the room was the center of his life. In the light from its tall windows he wrote his letters and studied his maps. On freezing winter days he labored between two brimming log fires, abjuring in this private place the costly coal he had introduced elsewhere in the house. In the summertime, with the windows open, he might have been in a treehouse, so lofty and green were his views, and so remote was this corner room from other human activity.

He left no diary, or even a daybook, to tell what went on in his office. Therefore no great events can be attached to the room with complete certainty. Yet since most of his official life took place here, it is reasonable to speculate that many important decisions were made in the office. For example the Lewis and Clark expedition was largely planned here. During 1802, when the Louisiana question was dominating American politics and diplomacy, Jefferson feared America would have to fight Spain to secure her rights to use the port of New Orleans. He had long believed that the West might see reason to withdraw from the United States and join with another country to obtain rights to the Mississippi River. The United States could try to avoid this by treaties or territorial acquisition. Jefferson's interest extended beyond

Virginia, and a few white people were hired locally to supplement the domestic help.[5]

The steward Lemaire had gone into the restaurant business after Jefferson's retirement, and his replacement at the White House was another Frenchman, Jean-Pierre Sioussat, former steward to Anthony Merry. "French John," as he was nicknamed in the community, had classical good looks and was bright and lively, with useful ideas about what was proper. A good talker, he liked to relate his experiences, not the least how his father had held him up over the crowd to see the execution of Louis XVI in 1793. He had studied for the priesthood, tried the sailor's life, and now relished his position with the President.[6]

Chief of the household and actually called the "master of ceremonies," he carried out the wishes of the Madisons, managing the food and wine and facilitating presidential activities. It was a large responsibility for one man, but not until late 1813, during the war, was he to have relief in the form of a chef and "steward," one Douhar, who had served as valet with the Russian delegation. Douhar was "to undertake the business of confectionery & cooking with a woman & a young man, pretty good cooks, under you; to market to set out the table, & superintend the waiting upon of the guests . . . ."[7]

Little record survives of the other servants. Mrs. Madison's maid was a slave from Montpelier, called Sukey, and Madison's body servant, also a slave, was the young Paul Jennings, who was to become the author of the first White House memoir in his later years as a free man. Jefferson's former servant, John Freeman, who lived at the White House with his wife and children, was probably the butler. The stable master, Joseph Dougherty, had been moved to the house as doorman and guard, occupying the porter's lodge to the right of the north door.[8]

Sioussat directed the plantings in the gardens laid out by Jefferson. He saw to the completion of the stable and coach house. From James Traquair in Philadelphia he purchased two massive stone eagles, which he mounted on the entrance piers at the gate on the north side. Seen from the common, the house looked all the more official, with its eagles guarding the broad sweep of raked gravel to the main entrance.

Three Brilliant Rooms

From Latrobe's letters and reports it is clear that many changes in the interior were being anticipated by the Madisons while Jefferson was still moving out. He had already begun purchasing large mirrors, and was looking in vain for silk in sufficient quantity to make the drawing room

curtains. The Madisons were probably shown the drawings Latrobe had made for Jefferson, proposing a revision of the main floor plan, for the uses of some of the rooms were changed to more or less reflect this.

Jefferson's office became the State Dining Room, which it has remained ever since. The space he had used as a state dining room, across the hall, was partitioned into two rooms, though not as Latrobe suggested, as a state bedroom suite; it was used instead as an office for Madison and his secretary, Edward Coles. The makeshift rooms of Meriwether Lewis at the south end of the unfinished East Room were expanded, plastered, and wallpapered for use as a Cabinet room and the secretary's bedroom. A reception parlor was put where the small dining room had been, while Jefferson's sitting room became Mrs. Madison's parlor. The oval saloon, between the two, where Stuart's portrait of General Washington hung, was kept as the principal drawing room.[9]

The haste with which these new arrangements were made reveals that the Madisons came to the White House with settled purposes. Three rooms were set aside for entertaining, and attention was lavished upon redecorating them. The budget of $5,000 was not especially exciting, but they trimmed costs everywhere else to make the suite one that would eclipse all others in Washington, and recall, if not rival, the drawing rooms of Philadelphia and New York. The Madisons planned to open their doors frequently to the political and social world. Was this their solution to the dangerous isolation of the Presidency?

The three rooms in question ran along the south front: the State Dining Room, the present Red Room, and the present Blue Room. They opened into each other and into the transverse hall. Left to her own preferences, Mrs. Madison would probably have demanded French furniture, for she and her class in America had taste for the furnishings of the *Ancien Regime*. Latrobe convinced the President's wife otherwise.

Devoted to the United States, he believed cast-off court finery inappropriately symbolized the American republic. For Dolley Madison's approval he sketched chairs and sofas, which he proposed to have made in Baltimore. These and the accompanying interior decorations must have seemed very odd to Mrs. Madison, but they caught her fancy and she gave her consent. The style was known as Grecian, an archaeological sort of neoclassicism then de rigeur in London. Latrobe was one of many Americans who considered the mode appropriate to the republic for its reflections of ancient Greece. The more familiar French version, known today as Empire, was current in some of the eastern cities, but Latrobe's White House Grecian was wholly English; the British association evoked no criticism, even in a time of Anglophobia. Few changes were made in

The table in the dining room was filled with food, including cakes, some meat, and rich syrups as well as Mrs. Madison's favorite sweet, ice cream contained in a hot pastry. Waiters passed coffee and wine. Among the drinks was strong whiskey punch, a part of the hospitality sometimes criticized, for whiskey was not usually served at mixed functions in polite society. The Madisons, however, had as their principal competition the taverns. A male guest could find as strengthening a draught of whiskey or rum in Mrs. Madison's punch as he was likely to buy at his lodgings.[29]

The value to the administration of the drawing rooms can hardly be overestimated. They represented a joint effort of husband and wife. Opposing political factions were brought together, if not in friendship, certainly under circumstances of civility, which proved valuable to the President in the increasingly hostile atmosphere of an approaching war with Britain. To help her husband, Mrs. Madison became herself a public figure, freeing him to work behind the scenes, without the appearances or dangers of isolation.

War Comes to America

Although distant from the death struggle between England and Napoleonic France, the United States suffered repeated insults from both powers at sea and from the British on the northwestern frontier. The war had, on the other hand, protected the young nation against any score England might wish to settle. By 1810, fear of Britain was being fast overwhelmed by public indignation over mistreatment.

To the Madisons' Wednesday drawing room came new faces in the autumn of 1811. The swell of public emotion had overturned the Congress, replacing practically half of its membership with younger and more aggressively anti-British politicians, paramount among whom was Henry Clay. Elected speaker of the House almost as soon as he arrived, the 34-year-old Clay quickly established himself as the leader of the "war hawks," who advocated preparing for war with England.

Through 1812 the growing power of the war hawks reflected badly on Madison's apparent inactivity. Still the crowds came to the oval saloon, and pushed up to the long dining table. As Madison began quietly to support the war party, Mrs. Madison greeted larger numbers on Wednesdays, and started holding other parties.

The friendly custom of calling at the homes of those who had called on her she adhered to religiously, though one viewpoint held that since a President did not have to return calls, neither did his wife. New people, or returning friends, called on her at the White House in the morning.

She responded by making a brief personal visit in return as soon as possible, leaving her card, or a poem or flower as a souvenir. She was a familiar sight, threading the streets of Washington in her glossy brown coach with liveried driver on the box and a footman standing on the platform behind. Considering the political climate in 1812, she was working hard to shed goodwill on her maligned husband. "I am on good terms at the White House," wrote one congressman that spring, "which by the way is no advantage, for the cry of the mad dog is not more fatal to its victim than the cry of executive connections here."[30]

Few dispute that Madison had secured renomination to the Presidency in 1811 by secretly agreeing to declare war. He was elected in December, inaugurated in March; immediately the Cabinet began long and stormy sessions over the issue of war, meeting in make-do quarters in the south end of the East Room. For Madison, the message was the end of an ordeal he had lived through for many months. Presumably he wrote it in the present Green Room, which adjoined the Cabinet and which he used as an office and parlor. He signed the declaration of war into law in the same place, on June 18.[31]

Thirty years after the close of the American Revolution, America was again at war with Britain. During the first two years Britain was too occupied with Napoleon to address the relatively minor problem of America; what action there was still took place on the northwestern frontier and at sea. Bad news was now and then counterbalanced by good news, which everyone clutched like a lifeline: The Madisons joyously purchased engravings of the United States frigate *Constitution* and its commander, Isaac Hull, celebrating the Battle of Lake Erie. But victories could not mask the fear of what might be coming, as the clash between England and France drew to a close.[32]

The French Empire collapsed at last in April 1814. A triumphant Britain proclaimed at an end the chaos that had reigned since 1789 and prepared to put the world back on an even keel. News of this reached the White House in May. Anticipating the worst, President Madison had already sent a peace commission to the city of Ghent, in Belgium, to try to negotiate with the British. Soon the king's navy appeared off the Atlantic coast, raiding and burning.

Madison, canceling his plans to go to Montpelier, remained in Washington, meeting almost constantly with his Cabinet. His wife was with him. In early August 1814 he learned that 4,000 British regulars, fresh from military triumphs in France and Spain, were headed for the Chesapeake. Reaching American shores August 19, they began to advance by land toward the capital. The invading forces, backed up by the

east wing remained the same. Soon after the funding was taken away, the ruined arch was razed, terminating the east wing to match that on the west. The Treasury fireproof vault, standing alone a distance away, was roofed over for use as an outbuilding for the White House. Now the wings were as they would remain, not half the length Jefferson had wanted, nor would the White House ever be linked with the 19th-century executive departments.[36]

The reconstruction of the White House ended at the close of January 1820, with the completion of the stable. North and south porticoes remained unfinished, with shingle and timber patching where their roofs were meant to connect to the house. The north portico was seldom mentioned again during Monroe's Presidency; but the south portico came up every year as a possible project. Hoban eagerly supplied annual estimates of what it would cost.

Already the cost of the White House reconstruction, like that of the Capitol, had gone far over the approved estimates. On two occasions since 1815 Congress had supplemented the original appropriation, increasing it from $500,000 to $800,000. This was still not enough. When the Panic spread nationwide through 1820 and 1821, and cuts had to be made, the Capitol took precedence, in particular the completion of the domed "centre" section, which would unite the two wings. Until this section was built, the Capitol offered no clear symbolic image. The White House remained unfinished, but still nearer completion than it ever had been before.

Imperial Saloons

The decoration of the house seems to have been managed largely by the President. Only a single voucher—one of George Bridport's—suggests that Mrs. Monroe had anything to do with it. Nor is there any mention in this regard of the strong-willed eldest daughter, Eliza, who lived very forcefully in the White House with her husband, George Hay, a well-known Richmond lawyer.[37]

The taste the Monroes applied to the interiors of the White House was naturally French, for they had developed an affection for French decorative arts while in France in the 1790s. The family even spoke French in its private life. They loved French wine, food, manners, and literature. Among the possessions they brought to the White House were the desk, chairs, sofa table, tea table, clock, and other objects they had bought in Paris for the Folie de la Boucxière—all in the reserved and diminutive mode of the 1780s and 1790s, made of mahogany with

mountings of gilded brass. The furniture, all of which survives, is probably more late Louis XVI than Directoire, although the government of the Directory had come into power while the Monroes were in France.[38]

When Monroe had returned to France as a member of the mission for the Louisiana Purchase, he went without his family. At the court of Napoleon, he had been exposed to the sumptuous and "historical" Greco-Roman work of the decorators Percier & Fontaine, who created dramatic state interiors for the emperor. It was this sort of furniture, silver, and other appointments that Monroe bought for the rebuilt White House. Defending the decision later, Sam Lane assured the Congress that "some" of these purchases would last for "20 years or more." A large quantity of it remains in the White House today.[39]

The acquisition of the furniture for the elliptical saloon is well documented, beginning in April 1817, when Monroe personally contacted the American firm of Joseph Russell and John LaFarge at the port of Le Havre, with what appears to have been a list of rather specific requests. He wanted a suite of mahogany furniture for the oval drawing room; he wanted fine bronze clocks decorated with figures, but not nude figures; he wanted silver and porcelain for the dining room, and dinner table ornaments; he wanted wallpaper, chandeliers, candelabra, fireplace equipment, and a carpet designed with the arms of the United States. The saloon, the handsomest room in the house, had been the most dramatic of Madison's state rooms, furnished by Latrobe in the Grecian taste of London. Monroe intended to fit it out in the archaeological taste of France, the style of new empires.[40]

Although Joseph Russell agreed to select the furnishings himself, it was John LaFarge who went to Paris in June 1817, and found that "there was no possibility of purchasing anything ready made." *Restauration* Paris was keeping its cabinetmakers and upholsterers busy. To comply with Monroe's instructions he had to commission "the whole of the furniture to be made," in order to secure articles which "united Strength with Elegance of Form, and combining at the same time, Simplicity of Ornaments with the Richness suitable to the Decoration of the House occupied by the first Magistrate of a free Nation."[41]

The celebrated Pierre Antoine Bellangé made the wooden frames of the furniture in the "Ancient" Roman style for which he was noted. One of the foremost cabinetmakers during the Napoleonic period, he was making the transition to the taste of the new time, under the Bourbon restoration. Monroe had specified furniture of mahogany, which had been popular in the 1790s, but Bellangé and LaFarge substituted gilded beechwood, without ever really giving a reason, other than to remark

the government or to Monroe. Household inventories and bills list chandeliers, mirrors, artificial flowers under glass domes; all-over Brussels carpeting in green, yellow, and "berry," marble-topped tables and consoles, "2 Ostrick Egg Mantel ornaments on Silver Stands." Upstairs were "crown" beds draped in satin and dimity. Monroe's interest in decorating the house seems to have been boundless. When the Congress obliged by appropriating an additional $30,000 for furnishings in the winter of 1818, the President spent it quickly.[49]

Public Life

The Republicans reigned from a house they had denounced 20 years before as a symbol of budding monarchy. Given the opportunity to change it—the only real opportunity anyone would have—they restored what the Federalists had built, even elaborating on the original.

Once again the house was open to the public, but admission was so hard to come by that the hospitality lacked the warmth of the days of Jefferson and Madison. Unless the President was still asleep early in the morning, or out of town, the visitor could not go beyond the entrance hall. Under the best circumstances one was required to tip the doorkeeper, and tour only at his pleasure. Visitors of importance were sometimes led around by the steward, Joseph Jeater. No one moved about freely, and no longer were there bones, caged birds, other attractions for the curious.

The state rooms seemed aloof. They were never set up to be shown, as they are today. When the parlors were not in use or being prepared to be used, their furnishings were kept in linen dust cases or slipcovers. Blinds and curtains were drawn. This did not present a welcoming face to visiting citizens, even those bold enough to lift up the linen clock cover to see Minerva, or peek beneath a slipcover to get the flash of gold from one of the famous French chairs. Ideas of what was "republican" at the chief magistrate's house had changed.

The oval saloon was flanked on the west by the Yellow Parlor and on the east by the Green Room, Monroe giving that chamber the name it would carry through history. The room on the south side of the grand stair was still the dining room, with its two glass chandeliers, two fireplaces, and its table ablaze with the French plateau, an icy sheet of mirror set in highly ornamented bronze—still today a regular feature in the State Dining Room. Across the hall, where the private dining room is now, were the secretary's office and bedroom.[50]

Down a sprawl of hallway, carpeted but always further covered with painted oilcloth for protection, lay what was newly christened the East Room, the old words "levee" and "audience" having begun to seem vulgar. This spectacular, if vacant, space was finished insofar as its plaster cornice of great anthemions—usually called at the time Grecian honeysuckle—made a heavy band around the room. It was, however, bare of floor, uncurtained, and hung with plain metal chandeliers. Except for a row of mahogany chairs made locally, the echoing East Room was unfurnished. It was seldom used, its mahogany and gilt-mounted window blinds kept shut, unless the room was enlisted to serve an overflow from hall and parlors.[51]

Monroe's ambition to crown his Presidency with a brilliant social life came to little. His entertainments were unpopular, surprisingly, for it had seemed beforehand that the case would be otherwise. In part this may have reflected Mrs. Monroe's temperament. She was very unlike the amiable, affectionate Mrs. Madison. Charming without being amusing, she was never giddy and was not adept at small talk. Further, illness which came over her just before her removal to the White House darkened her years there. The luster of the lady who had captivated the diplomats long before in Paris was largely gone, though her great beauty remained. She retreated into her family circle.

Presidents' wives cannot enjoy the luxury of being aloof, and Mrs. Monroe soon had her critics. Because of her elegant appearance, the first barbs were aimed at her extravagance in costume. Whether she was really extravagant or not no one knew, nor really did the facts make any difference. Some of the controversial dresses she wore at the White House survive, heavy winter gowns of silk in pastel colors; light summer dresses of gauzy lawn, sprigged with embroidered flowers. There were tiny high-heeled slippers with upturned, pointed toes, and one of her portraits shows her hair nearly covered by a turban. Her jewelry—though most of the stones were paste—included a large necklace of brilliants and a high, spiked Grecian crown that matched.[52]

She was accessible only through intimates, family, and friends. The lady returned no social calls, both because of her poor health and because she believed that since the President did not have to go calling, neither did his wife. For precedent she recalled the preference of Mrs. Washington, who disliked calling. But calling was one of those little things—tedious or not—that contributed to the popularity of the President's wife and thus the President. The brief, usually ten-minute drop-in generated enormous goodwill; in company with a friend or relative, the President's wife might make ten calls two mornings a week. To abstain was taken as a sign of snobbishness.

Often Mrs. Monroe was unable to attend dinners and receptions, so she made the unhappy decision to make her daughter Eliza her surrogate hostess. This spoiled but witty young woman had inherited her mother's beauty but was snobbish and rude. John Quincy Adams, the Secretary of State, could not bear her and vented his distaste in his diary. The women of society finally turned on her—though she insisted that their feelings did not matter—when she demanded in the absence of her mother the same rank as the President's wife. She loved the stir she made, and put on all the airs she had learned at Madame Campan's school in France, but she shed an unfavorable light on the President's household.[53]

For the most part, the Monroes seem to have kept to themselves. His reelection in 1820, largely unopposed, made any change in their pattern seem unnecessary; he was confirmed in thinking that he was doing what was right. As President he traveled and became familiar with his country; without question more citizens saw him in person than they had any President before him. His demand for privacy in his private life was a deliberate effort to remain remote, as he felt a leader should.

He employed guards who, had he not feared adverse publicity, might well have been military men. He settled, however, for civilians, who wore civilian dress and were usually found for him by the marshal of the city, Washington's ceremonial officer. A man was kept on duty in the entrance hall night and day, with firearms available to him in the little lodge room off the hall. Iron fencing and gates with heavy locks were built on the north side of the house.[54]

On public days—such as the Fourth of July—the White House opened up and most of the appearance of seclusion was removed; the number of guards increased, but they stayed hidden in the areaway and among the trees. The President emerged front and center. He received in the middle of the oval drawing room, his feet on the centerpiece of the rug that featured the arms of the United States, the chandelier over his head. Republican principles prevailed to such an extent as to offer sharp contrasts to everyday practices at the White House. Attendance usually numbered well over a thousand. They came for a firm handshake from the President, a look at the ladies' dresses, and a cup of strong tea or whiskey punch. The receptions were open to all—but by today's democratic standards, they were highly restricted.[55]

Foreigners were often confused when they tried to understand these receptions in the context of age-old standards of state conduct. What were the rules? After one reception, James Fenimore Cooper explained his experience in a long letter to a French friend: "the poorer and labouring classes of the community," he quickly noted, "stay away." This was

also true of the lewd and notorious. But not because they were prohibited, as in Europe. The poor knew they would feel out of place, and the immoral were barred by public opinion.

"I have known a cartman," wrote Cooper, "leave his horse in the street and go into a reception room to shake hands with the President. He offended the good taste of all present, because it was not thought decent that a labourer should come in dirty dress on such an occasion; but while he made a trifling mistake in this particular he proved how well he understood the difference between government and society. He knew the levee was a sort of homage paid to political equality in the person of the first magistrate, but he would not have presumed to enter the house of the same person as a private individual without being invited."[56]

The South Portico

Jefferson's 1800 "revolution," which had brought the Republicans to the White House, had been in part a reaction against the powerful executive authority endorsed by the Federalists, and symbolized by the White House. Both Jefferson and Madison had used the White House in different ways to epitomize their more modest ideas about the Presidency. Illustrating this philosophy was extremely important to them in the prewar years when young America struggled for its identity.

By Monroe's time, victory over England had brought a sense of security and nationhood to the people. The principle of republican simplicity no longer carried the same importance. Monroe did not need to use the Presidency as a pulpit from which to preach political sermons or dramatize partisan points of view. A better rule for the White House was to symbolize the triumph and unity of the nation.

Had finances not become a problem, Monroe would have continued in his embellishment of the White House. The East Room, for example, was to have been adorned with painted wall decorations by John Vanderlyn, the gifted American painter famous for his picture of the sleeping nude "Ariadne." Apparently on Monroe's request, the painter made a proposal for decorating the walls of the great state room. He was well known to Monroe, who as secretary of state had commissioned him to paint a portrait of President Madison. Vanderlyn actually set up his studio in the East Room, but the painted decorations, like many of Monroe's plans, fell victim to the cost cutting of 1819.[57]

Monroe resumed only one of his projects for the White House after the Panic: the south portico. Hoban built this addition in Seneca stone, with its half-ring of Ionic columns, in 1824. It was tall and massive,

White House water closets. Across the hall from this, Jack Donelson made his office in the northeast corner room, adjoining Earl's room. Secretive about his business, he kept his office locked at all times when he was away.[24]

Visitors waited to see Jackson or Donelson in the central corridor in full view of the family quarters. So offensive was this to the household that the President added glass doors to separate the office end of the hall from the family part on the west. Business callers used the stair off the entrance hall that Hoban had called the "back stair." The family and its guests had exclusive use of the grand stair, while the servants—and allegedly the famous "kitchen cabinet"—traveled the little service stair.

The East Room

Most of the details of the President's House fell to Major Lewis. A friend of Van Rensselaer's, he was quickly in touch with him about improvements inside and out. The north portico, commenced a few weeks after Jackson moved in, was completed in September 1829. On the various other projects, Lewis did not wish to wait. Van Rensselaer raised the money, and Lewis set himself to spending it. Wanting everything done in a hurry, the major bypassed Joseph Elgar, the commissioner of public buildings, and a Republican holdover. Elgar cannot have objected to so minor an affront, since he must have been delighted at being overlooked in the Democrats' purge of the bureaucracy.

The principal change that heralded the age of Jackson was the north portico. Even though it was planned much earlier, it blended with the newly fashionable Greek Revival in architecture, which bestowed on Jackson's age the temple theme of columns and chaste whiteness. It was by no means the first monumental portico on an American house, yet it may well have been the most influential. Even Jackson himself, in rebuilding the Hermitage after its gutting by fire October 13, 1834, gave it a colossal colonnade, replacing the generous two-deck porches that he and Rachel enjoyed.

Major Lewis addressed himself to the interior of the White House, taking personal charge of the decoration of the East Room. The completion of the great chamber was a matter of practical necessity. All the basic architectural work had been finished in 1818. The room was crowned by the frieze of mighty anthemia, with framing bands of smaller Grecian ornament, all combined into a heavy cornice with a deep cove. Some of these decorations had been gilded and accented with lampblack prior to being installed, but little else had been done toward decorating

the room. At the most the plaster walls were sealed with whitewash. The four fireplaces had temporary mantels of wood.

It was a large and lofty room with floor dimensions of 80 feet by 40, and a ceiling fully 22 feet high—so that it had been necessary to lift the upstairs floor level several feet to accommodate it (and this made the east end of the upstairs two or three steps higher than the central and western parts). Three tall windows admitted the south light, and three matching windows faced the north. On the east the great "Venetian" window was nearly as wide as three of the other windows combined, and one could pass through glass doors here and out onto the roof of the basement-level east wing.

Lewis meant to make the East Room modern. He took advantage of that relatively new convenience of the democratic age, the "furniture warehouse," as a store stocking everything necessary for interior decoration was called. Matters in the past had been more complicated. During the Monroe rebuilding and decoration Sam Lane had gone to individual upholsterers, cabinetmakers, and small manufacturers, and had even employed an upholsterer to set up shop in the White House until his part of the work was done. An American businessman living in France had shopped around Paris for Monroe's furnishings. Only a little more than ten years later, thanks to more modern business practices, Lewis—with certainly less experience than either Lane or Monroe in furnishing houses—made but one stop in fitting out the East Room.

He contacted a Philadelphia entrepreneur named Louis Veron, a cabinetmaker who had opened a warehouse in which he stocked tables, chairs, beds, sofas, bookcases, wallpaper, curtains, and cornices, all sorts of patent lamps, kitchen goods, stoves, carpets and carpeting, rods for stair runners, washbowls and pitchers. Much of his merchandise was gathered from Philadelphia manufacturers. What he did not have on hand, he assured his customers he could find on short notice.[25]

Louis Veron journeyed to Washington probably in August or September 1829 to survey the scene with Lewis. They devised a scheme for shifting furnishings about and adding touches here and there to give the Jackson White House a fresh look, without spending too much money. Andrew Jackson had made too great a campaign issue of presidential extravagance to risk similar accusations. The most money was to be spent on the East Room, with good reason, since its being unfinished had been criticized over several years.

The Brussels carpeting on the principal or state floor was pulled up; perhaps the inaugural crowds had hastened its ruin, as Mrs. Smith had predicted would happen. The ground outside had been muddy, the last

waves of guests were not used to the polite custom of pulling off boots inside the house and putting on thin slippers. Since big crowds would continue to visit, Veron suggested abandoning the loop Brussels for the more durable Wilton weave. Though more expensive, it would meet the test if rotated each year. Other modifications were agreed upon, Veron making recommendations to Lewis and doubtless pushing his own merchandise where possible.

The only room decorated anew was the East Room. Shown the great hollow space, Veron could only have found American analogies in hotel lobbies and ballrooms. When he finished his work, the East Room would be far different from all the other rooms, and not only for its opera house splendor. Even before the age had got going full swing, its character had a bluster unmistakably Jacksonian.

That Lewis actually selected furnishings for the East Room is unlikely. If he did pick them out, Veron must have had pictures or drawings or some sort of a catalogue to show him. Nothing was to be custom made; all was from Veron's stock, such as could be bought by any banker, steamboat captain, planter, saloon keeper, or merchant with the money to pay. As the room's interior decoration took form in Veron's mind, he completed his notes, then returned to Philadelphia to assemble the goods. He created a room not filled with cast-off imperial finery from France, but one of the sort a businessman from Bangor might want, on a smaller scale.

When it was finished, the East Room seemed oddly native, a heroic interior composed of materials from the mainstream of American life and enterprise. Its walls were covered in a lemon-colored paper, probably French, trimmed with cloth borders, probably of blue velvet. Four new mantelpieces replaced the old wooden ones, all of fashionable "Egyptian" marble, black with brindle veining. Plaster centerpieces were fixed to the ceiling in three places, designed like large sunflowers, and from them were suspended three great chandeliers of gilded brass and cut glass, each holding 18 oil peg lamps with glass shades.

Rows of "Bracket Lights," or sconces, holding five oil lamps each were attached to the walls, with astral and globe lamps provided for nearly every surface in the room. Long and wide "French plate" mirrors in gilded frames were hung on the four walls, directly across from each other, carrying the eye infinite distances into reflected depths. Silks colored imperial blue and sunflower yellow were combined at the windows in luxuriant Grecian drapery, falling from cornices adorned with the gilded eagles. This color scheme was repeated in the all-over carpet and border which, after all, was Brussels, not Wilton, probably as a measure

of economy. Three "Imperial rugs" were purchased to protect the carpet in times of heavy traffic.

The existing furniture, which had been made locally for Monroe and Adams—some 24 chairs and several sofas—was reupholstered and given white slipcovers for day-to-day protection. New furniture from Veron's supplemented these earlier pieces, including three mahogany tables with black marble tops on which stood identical gilded lamps with glass globes resting on classical figures of women. One of these rested beneath each chandelier. Marble-top pier tables were spaced along the wall, dividing lines of chairs and sofas. Twenty spittoons completed an impression of staccato rows and strict symmetry.[26]

The finished room must have seemed luxurious and appealing. In the daytime muslin curtains softened the glare of the sun, so that the martial boldness of the blues and yellows would not appear tawdry, and the light would not glare but shimmer in the watery glass of the chandeliers. At night, with the lamps lighted, what today would be only a glow looked bright indeed to the eyes of the time; under the hazy lamps, the brilliant colors were at their most effective. Surfaces of gilt metal, the sheen of the silk curtains, the bright swirls of the carpet, and the black marble against the yellow of the wallpaper with its flat tempera-like finish must have combined most handsomely.

Perhaps Lewis and Veron's success was nowhere more evident than in the ornamentation of the great arch to the transverse hall. With ready-made plaster decorations, they gave it a glamour usually reserved for Masonic temples. From the arch now blazed gilded sunrays, spreading spoke-like over the wallpaper. This heavenly spectacle was washed by a gentle rain of golden stars, which, with the rays, caught the glowing lamplight and seemed to shimmer, the perfect frame for the entrances of Old Hickory.

Rearrangements in the other state rooms bear little discussion. Lewis ordered new curtains; Simon Bolivar's portrait was hung in the Green Room, and Monroe's gilded furniture was moved there. Washington's portrait remained in the Yellow Parlor, the present-day Red Room, which came to be known for some years as the Washington Parlor. But these splendors were not enough to satisfy the visiting citizens, who all wanted to see the hero. It was customary for Presidents to allow themselves to be seen by the public whenever they could. Jackson, in contrast to his predecessors, appeared to be nearly a recluse. Again and again the doorman told tourists no, that the general was not well, or that he was sitting with his Cabinet and could not receive them.

Other Presidents had endured endless interviews with casual callers.

intense heat and no rain, that the work was called to a halt. But it was unquestionably the lack of money, more than the lack of rain, that really stopped the work. Most of the cost was borne by the public buildings appropriation, and this had been drained after the destruction of the Treasury building by fire in March 1833. So poorly did the new water system serve the fire fighters that the commissioner of public works, William Noland, channeled most of his money to improving the waterworks in the President's Park. Commissioner Elgar wrote: "the destruction of one of the offices for want of water seemed to inculcate the necessity of providing against a recurrence of the catastrophe with the least possible delay." By comparison, the work on the grounds seemed minor. The commissioner asked Maher and Ousley to arrive at a figure that would cover completion of the work in the next year.[57]

The main improvement to the White House that we know about for the summer of 1833 was on the north front. Noland commissioned a plan for a parapet wall with an iron railing. This was to run between the foremost four columns, along the perilous edge of the deep areaway—heretofore unfenced—and all around the lawn that spread between the two branches of the driveway. Andrew Jackson unrolled this plan, took his pencil, and made so many changes, Noland observed, that he had "more than doubled" the original cost. What Jackson wanted most was the straightening of the wavy, curving north fence built by Monroe. He also wanted the gates and piers moved wider apart—they must have seemed rather close company in so large a space. The commissioner completed the work as the President wished, even after the money ran out, explaining that he could not stop halfway or "all the cattle of Washington" would assault the grounds.[58]

The source of the new fencing near the house is not known. If it was not Paulus Hedl, who was still in business in New York, it was someone who made railing that closely approximated what Hedl had put on the east front of the Capitol in 1820. Low and heavy, made of wrought iron, the fence evoked the cornice in the East Room. It featured a row of bold anthemia seemingly outlined in iron, set within circles and running side by side, held together top and bottom by rails. This long Grecian border ran the full extent of the north facade, apparently underlining the White House in orderly black. The evenness of this line echoed the now perfectly straight iron fence along Pennsylvania Avenue.

When there no longer seemed a possibility of frost, in March of 1834, hoes and shovels again cut the ground. Now there were two White House gardeners. Ousley's time was given over entirely to ornamental planting, and William Whelan, a friend of Maher's, was engaged to tend

the vegetables. The division of responsibility suggests a broadening of the gardening program at the Jackson White House, a separation for the first time of ornamental and edible plantings. It may well also pin down the date when the old garden—which Jefferson had located on the southeast—was redesigned and elaborated, and new ground was broken southwest of the house for the kitchen garden.

Most of the grading was completed in May. The driveway on the north was placed in its present path, laid over with gravel and edged with paved walks. It became a wide horseshoe, bordered by paved footways. Within the north fence all the ironwork was painted black. The gate piers and all parapets were painted white, like the house. There was some further grading, because drainage had been a problem during the winter; sections of the parapet were cut open as outlets for ditches into Pennsylvania Avenue. The ground was turned up and grass seed scattered. Protective boxes were removed from Adams's trees on the north grounds, for now. The few that survived were of sufficient size to fend for themselves, even when sheep were turned in to crop the lawn.

The greatest advances were on the south side. By man, shovel, ox, and plow the surface was graded to seat the south portico on a carpet lawn flanked by slopes that hid the littered east and west colonnades, where in the warm months many homely household tasks were performed. The "circular road" was leveled and graveled, although no change seems to have been made in its path. The White House was not visible from the arched gate, but screened by trees as Jefferson had intended. Some of the trees had grown quite large. Beside the gate were two weeping willow trees which were in Jackson's day called "ancient," dating from "colonial times."[59]

Because the flower garden on the east and the kitchen garden on the west were fenced, the south driveway was segregated into its own open grassy area apart from either of them. Jefferson's high wall, albeit crumbling in places, was the barrier between this and what Fanny Kemble had called in 1833 "a desolate reach of uncultivated ground to the river." It was crossed in several spots by wooden stiles, which pedestrians could climb for an elevated look at the mansion. The popular pride of China, or chinaberry, trees were planted there in the spring of 1834.[60]

It may be that the celebrated Jackson magnolias, the mighty old trees that gnarl up today as high as the house and shade the President's bedroom windows, were planted near the west stairway to the south portico at about this time. No written record places these trees in Jackson's Presidency, but the legend began in the late 19th century. However, a photograph taken of the south front in 1846 does not show them;

when it was rebuilt by Monroe. When Van Buren became President, the White House was heated solely by fireplaces. Each room had a single fireplace, except for the kitchen, entrance hall, and State Dining Room, where there were two, and the East Room, which had four. Most were fueled by wood, with coal reserved for the state rooms and kitchen.

Several modifications were made by Van Buren late in 1837 in advance of—and perhaps in preparation for—the hot-air heating system, which was first used in 1840. The coldest part of the house was the entrance hall; the warmth from its pair of fireplaces had always been dissipated by the constant opening and closing of the great north doorway, which sent drafts into the transverse hall and state parlors that lay beyond the open screen of Ionic columns. Van Buren had the screen enclosed with glass, fixing ordinary wood window sash between the columns, and providing three sets of double glass doors.

A little lobby was created, protruding into the hall; it also was made of window sash, to screen the north door. Now the house was no longer entered directly, like a barn, in the manner of most American houses. The "storm entrance" was a shield against winter wind, further cutting drafts and allowing the big double doors to stay open for long periods of time on reception days and at parties.[9]

The two glass additions, often called "shades," also had the advantage of helping with security. No policemen were stationed at the house on ordinary days, but the porter or doorkeeper still occupied, as he had from the outset, the small lodge room to the right of the north door. He controlled entry to the house. Now the President's official callers were directed to the back, or office, stair through a door to the left of the entrance, directly across the hall from the lodge, without ever passing beyond the glass screen into the transverse hall. Tourists were sent through the same door to inspect the East Room, and normally were not permitted to enter other parts of the house.

Installation of the heating system was begun during the early spring of 1840. It was not entirely different from that for the state dining room during the Madison administration, only it heated more of the house. The oval room in the basement, heretofore the servants' waiting room, became the furnace room because of its central situation. That it had no windows further recommended it; the outside door on the south would serve for the introduction of coal.

A single drawing survives to indicate what the system was like. The core of it was a furnace with an inner firebox of iron, which was vented up the chimney; the firebox was enclosed in an outer shell of plastered brick, where the air was warmed. Ducts ran from both the outer shell and the room itself (where the air also became very warm) and extended through the floors and walls to the chambers above.

Fresh-air ducts ran from the base of the furnace through the thick basement walls to the outside. All ducts were of plaster, made on wire frames, and white-coated; any woodwork which came within nine inches of them was cut away as a precaution against fire.

Like Latrobe's earlier heating system, based upon the Pettibone patent, this was a gravity system, which relied entirely upon the fact that hot air rises. The difference now was the efficiency of the self-contained furnace over the simpler early system of a stove in a heat room. Considerable heat was built up and retained by the furnace.[10]

In operation by the autumn of 1840, the heating system served only the state rooms and the transverse halls upstairs and on the principal floor. Fireplaces burning logs and coal were still used everyplace else, with an attendant "fireman" who built the fires each day and kept the individual wood boxes supplied with logs and split wood. On cold nights when there were large crowds in the state rooms, all the fireplaces were lighted both to supplement the slow-moving hot air from the furnace room below and to accelerate its flow, there being, of course, no electric or steam-powered fans for the purpose.

To Jackson's garden Van Buren made surprisingly few improvements, even though his interest in gardening was great. More roses were planted. Jemmy Maher still did all the buying, except for an occasional gardening tool, which Ousley purchased. The grass and flower borders matured, and the orangery in the old Treasury fireproof vault, still relatively new, expanded its collection of fruit trees in pots and tubs.

Within the stone wall the grounds must have presented a clean and well-organized, if not elaborate, appearance. The lawns were kept smooth by a roller and green by frequent spraying from the "watering machine"—the miniature fire engine—that Jackson had bought. There were graveled driveways and walks, iron fencing on the north, painted black, and board fences on the south. Van Buren purchased cast-iron settees and chairs for the flower garden, and circle benches of iron were fixed to some of the trees.[11]

President Van Buren

The President's salary of $25,000 per year, or $100,000 for a four-year term of office, might seem commensurate with such an establishment. While it is idle to calculate what that salary would buy today, it was certainly quite large: about what the head of a great New York bank

of the state rooms, where the chandeliers and mirrors, and probably the portraits, were either trimmed or covered entirely in black.

Williams supervised the building of a great "funeral car" and the costuming of the attendants. Gloves, mourning bands, silk-covered batons, yards and yards of black cloth and thread and some in snow white were the trappings of the first presidential funeral in the United States, in the 65th year of American independence.

Early in the morning of April 7, the crowd before the White House was so large that it filled Lafayette Park. The house was closed. At about ten o'clock special guests began to be admitted, the first being ladies with flowers. They found the coffin in the center of the East Room on a table draped with a heavy black pall trimmed at the hem with silver fringe and gold lace. Mounted atop the coffin was a rich floral centerpiece of wax flowers, ornamented with crossed swords—the Sword of Justice and the Sword of State—together with a rolled-up copy of the Constitution. The ladies banked their fragrant blossoms around the base of the bier.[16]

The funeral ceremony was simple, but the scene inescapably dramatic. A reporter for the *National Intelligencer* wrote: "The great East Room of the President's House—that room in which I had seen a thousand gay and joyful faces glowing in the light of ponderous chandeliers, radiating the light of a hundred burners, was now the scene of death! Those brilliant fountains of light were hid in dark robes of mourning . . . In short, this magnificent room, in every part of it spoke in the appropriate language of silent grief, announcing to all—Death is here!"

"Around the coffin," he continued, "and at an appropriate distance, was formed a circle composed of the New President of the United States, the heads of departments, the clergy of every denomination, judges of courts, and members of the bar. The next circle contained the foreign ministers in their rich and varied court dresses with a number of members of both houses of Congress, and relatives of the deceased President. Beyond this circle a vast assemblage of ladies and gentlemen filled up the room. Silence, deep and undisturbed, even by a whisper, pervaded the entire assembly. The solemn event which they were now gazing upon fixed every eye and hushed every tongue. When, at the appointed hour, the officiating minister rose from his seat, and as he rose in solemn tones announced these words, 'I am the resurrection and the life!' one simultaneous move placed this vast assembly upon their feet . . . . Never before did I feel the thrilling effect which the enunciation of this glorious Christian truth is capable of inspiring."[17]

While the funeral was in progress, military companies and the Marine Band stood in formation in the north yards. Under the shelter of the portico waited John Williams's bizarre creation, the funeral car, a mighty confection in black and white, standing out sharply against the glare of the house. It was built around a wagon, curtained entirely, even over its wheels, in cambric and crape looped in funeral wreaths. On the black-covered platform four columns supported an elaborately upholstered roof, which sheltered the mahogany coffin, itself set high on a draped stand and exposed to full view.[18]

While the coffin was being mounted on the funeral car, the Marine Band played dirges, and the crowd looked on in silence. Then the band, still playing, fell into formation and moved slowly down the graveled driveway to Pennsylvania Avenue. At the gate it halted, and the military companies on the lawn fired salutes. Slowly the funeral car began to move from the portico, drawn by black-draped horses. The coffin passed high over the heads of the spectators. Walking each horse was a black groom dressed and turbaned in white. Pallbearers in black marched beside the funeral car. Next in the procession marched the 40 marshals of the District of Columbia, led by Hunter. After them came the dignitaries of the government in carriages. At the Congressional Cemetery the coffin was borne to the public vault, a temporary receiving chamber for the dead. A lingering winter in Ohio made it more appropriate to wait before sending Harrison's remains home.[19]

The Marine Band played again, and the soldiers fired more salutes. When the crowd had dispersed, the door of the tomb was pulled shut. Williams and his attendants enclosed the mahogany coffin inside the others by lamplight. Guards were stationed at the door of the vault for two months, until late June, when the coffin was carried in great ceremony to a funeral train, decorated in black, for its long journey to Ohio.

It can be assumed that few American preachers passed up the opportunity to deliver a sermon based upon this arresting demonstration of the evanescence of life. The preacher at Harrison's funeral said that the President walked out alone one day and bought a Bible, because there was none in the house—a story considered not nearly as remarkable at the time as that of his buying the cow, but better suited to a funeral. Brushing aside the preacher's unflattering—and inaccurate—characterization of the spiritual habits of Harrison's predecessors, it is in fact likely that there was no Bible to be found when Harrison got to the White House.

The mark William Henry Harrison made on the White House was at once temporary and permanent. His funeral was temporary in that the crape all disappeared after the mourning period; it was permanent in that it was the first. The ceremonials surrounding the death of this President

in her youth," wrote an in-law. "Her skin is as smooth and soft as a baby's; she has sweet, loving black eyes, and her features are delicately moulded. . . . She is the most entirely unselfish person you can imagine. I do not believe she ever thinks of herself."[26]

Because of Mrs. Tyler's poor health, the President's daughter-in-law Priscilla, wife of his son Robert, acted as official hostess. Priscilla made herself very much the center of attention in Washington. She was bright as well as beautiful, and had been exposed to more of the world than the young women one usually met at a President's table in her time.

Daughter of the celebrated tragedian Thomas A. Cooper, she had performed on the stage herself, often opposite her father. As the female lead in "Paul and Virginia," she had played in most of the major cities of the United States, loving the applause that roared from the lamplit houses. She became an actress largely because of family need, but had she not retired from the stage at the time of her marriage, she might have been among the greatest of her era. Priscilla had found happiness as Robert Tyler's wife.

"What wonderful changes take place," she wrote to her sister Mary, "Here am I . . . actually living in, and—what is more—presiding at, the White House! I look at my self like the old woman, and exclaim: 'Can this be I?' I have not had one moment to myself since my arrival, and the most extraordinary thing is that I feel as if I had been used to living here always; and receive the Cabinet, ministers, the Diplomatique Corps, the heads of the army and navy, etc., etc., with a facility which astonishes me. 'Some achieve greatness—some are born to it.' I am plainly born to it. . . . I am considered 'charmant' by the Frenchmen, 'lovely' by the Americans, and 'really quite nice, you know' by the English. . . . "[27]

She was given "poor General Harrison's room," about which she claimed to have no superstitions, and there, with her infant daughter, she spent "the pleasantest part of my life," among the "handsome furniture and curtains," the "luxurious armchairs." She filled out and sealed White House invitations there, wrote menus, and drew seating charts. There the modiste fitted her for magnificent ball gowns of silk, with long trains and elegant headdresses. "I have had some lovely dresses made," she wrote to her sister, "which fit me to perfection—one a pearl-colored silk that would set you crazy. Its effect with pink roses in the hair and *bouquet de corsage* of the same flowers I will leave you to imagine." On the President's arm she entered the East Room during receptions, proudly fulfilling her grandest role.[28]

Her evenings were usually occupied with entertaining, as Tyler wished to make himself and his White House as visible and friendly as possible. Most of the parties were dinners, very formal, with from 30 to 40 covers; the food was served French style, in courses; the dining room doors and curtains were closed and the chandeliers, candlesticks, and mirrored plateau glowed with sometimes a hundred candles. A public levee was held each month, which guests could attend without invitations. Unlike the large affairs of New Year's and the Fourth of July, these had an "at home" character and for the most part were attended only by society, not the general public.

On summer nights the President stationed the Marine Band on the south portico, and the public could wander over the grounds and gardens until the sky was a dome of stars. These were beautiful evenings, the air laden with fragrance from Ousley's roses and the orange blossoms in the orangery. Lanterns and torches were sometimes lighted. The family, often including Mrs. Tyler, sat on the walk before the portico, presenting a charming domestic vignette.

Priscilla was encouraged to attend social occasions elsewhere in the city, and she did so with enthusiasm, arriving in the President's coach with outriders. Now and then, in the midst of splendor, Priscilla became reflective, remembering harder times. At an assembly at Carusi's she overheard John Quincy Adams saying that the ballroom had once been a theater where he had seen the great Cooper perform: "I could not restrain the tears that sprang to my eyes," she wrote that night in her diary, "I looked round too and thought that . . . Papa had trod those boards but a few years ago. I looked down at the velvet dress of Mrs. Tyler and thought of the one I wore there as Lady M. . . . when we struggled through a miserable engagement of six nights of bad weather, bad houses, and bad spirits, for the little money we did earn was never paid."[29]

The President's wife, meanwhile, kept to her room more and more. Through the summer of 1842 her health sank, until the family was warned that she would soon die. In September she witnessed the marriage of her daughter Lizzie to a young man from Williamsburg and was glad that Lizzie would live away from the gaudy world of public life. Several days later she was unable to rise from her bed, and her death followed on September 10. Letitia Tyler was only 52 years of age.

"Nothing can exceed the loneliness of this large and gloomy mansion," wrote Priscilla, who had loved her mother-in-law.[30] Once again the house was hung in black, as it had been when the Tylers arrived. A funeral was held in the East Room, less a state occasion than Harrison's, but attended by the political and diplomatic community. Falling into a state of grief, Tyler accompanied his wife's remains aboard a steamboat to her native New Kent County in Virginia for burial.

that it was the President whose life I almost consigned to the water."[34]

Tyler ordered the eight bodies taken to the White House and laid in state in the East Room. The funeral was held there, with burials in the Congressional Cemetery. Julia Gardiner remained at the White House until her return home to New York. The couple was engaged in the spring and married in New York in June, returning to Washington at once by sea. The bride was 24, the groom 30 years her senior.

The young Mrs. Tyler took over the social White House. A heartbroken Priscilla Tyler, brooding over what seemed to her a downfall only barely less tragic than that of Marie Antoinette, moved out with her husband and two children. Acting also on the advice of Mrs. Madison, Julia Tyler kept up the fast pace of White House entertaining, bringing with her from New York the daring waltz, which overnight altered the funerary reputation of the East Room.

For Julia Gardiner Tyler to have dressed herself in the imperial blues, pinks, and crimsons of the day would have shown less than proper respect for her late, beloved father. Her solution was to wear white in the evening and black during the day. For one very large and grand event she wore a white underdress with an elegant overlay of black lace. Her trademark was a forehead jewel, with ropes of delicate pearls forming a band around her head. The mourning version of this she devised as the same, only in black jet, a popular ornament made by cutting and polishing coal.[35]

Life at the White House had suddenly never seemed merrier. The new Mrs. Tyler liked to sing and dance; she liked luncheons, morning cruises on the river, and fancy dress balls that lasted until late hours. Newspapers described the lively White House, for the presidential couple—May and September—was of great interest everywhere. From her exile in Philadelphia, Priscilla wrote to President Tyler, "My dear Father . . . Reading in the various papers of the profusion of plum cake and champagne consumed at the Executive Mansion in the last day or two—as I can't participate in your happiness by being with you, I would at least like some of the crumbs that fall from your table; so I wish you would order, [John] Wilkins to have me a nice black cake made and iced in first-rate style . . . I suppose you have read with delight all the paragraphs in the various newspapers complimentary to your 'fair young bride' . . . . I am afraid I am already forgotten."[36]

Julia Gardiner Tyler's reign at the White House lasted only eight months, beginning with a large wedding reception there in June, when she and the President returned from New York. The couple then spent a long vacation in a cottage at Fort Monroe in Virginia, the first use by a President of public property as a summer retreat. Washington's lively autumn social season came with cool weather; suppers, balls, picnics, and daylong carriage excursions into Maryland and Virginia featured Julia Tyler, and at last in December the official season opened with a state dinner at the White House. She lived in a dream, as one might expect, so much so, in fact, that her sister snapped in a letter, "You spend *so much* time in kissing, things of more importance are left undone." In particular, Julia's brother Alexander "would like to have you make *hay* for him while the sun shines."[37]

Angelica Van Buren's platform was resurrected, and Julia Tyler held court as she doubtless, as a teenager, had read about Angelica's doing. She dressed her "ladies" in white, and they surrounded her, once again in the manner of Queen Victoria. From the gaiety and music at the White House, one might think that Tyler's political light was burning brighter. It never burned bright for a moment, and he was shrewd enough never to think otherwise. Some successes came his way. The Canadian border question had been settled by Webster, but Tyler could take credit. At the time of the death of Secretary Upshur on the *Princeton*, records of the negotiations for the annexation of the Texas Republic were contained in piles of papers on his table in the State Department. John C. Calhoun, appointed in Upshur's place, took over in this stormy matter and helped it along to its ultimate success.

Tyler had been a sort of ghost at the Democratic Convention in Baltimore, held one month before his marriage to Julia Gardiner. He had hardly been in the running; at first, the contest for nomination seemed to be between Van Buren, who was very strong, Lewis Cass, and John C. Calhoun. Quietly, but with the certainty of careful, old-time Jacksonian planning, a dark horse emerged at the convention who would succeed Tyler in the Presidency. This was James K. Polk of Tennessee.

March 1845 rode in on a cyclone of last-minute parties and balls at the White House. Even as the trunks and bandboxes were being packed, a rush of political activity occupied the President's last days. On March 1 he signed the joint resolution for the annexation of Texas; on March 3 Florida was admitted to the Union as the 27th state; also on that last day his last veto—of a maritime bill—was overridden, marking the first time that the Congress overrode a presidential veto.

John Tyler's departure closed one of the strangest four-year periods in the history of the White House. It had opened in a blaze of triumph from the most democratic election ever held in the United States. A hero rode to the White House on a white charger. He soon died there, and from the mourning black stepped a man who could probably never

In every area Bowman was the busy representative of a shrewd lady. The bills and other papers record the variety of his activities. One reveals him crossing the river into Virginia to trade the dry White House cow to a farmer for a fresh cow with a calf. The next moment he is negotiating prices for Ousley, who needs vegetable roots and rose bushes. Another invoice describes new slippers for Mrs. Polk.

One of his major responsibilities was to cooperate with the commissioner of public buildings. Unhappily for Henry Bowman, three different men held this job during the Polk administration, beginning with the aged William Noland, who died in the second year of Polk's Presidency. His two successors served shorter terms. Relationships between the steward and the commissioners were often difficult. Both answered to the President, and they had to decide which White House expenses were to be paid by the public and which by the President himself. While Polk or Mrs. Polk looked over Bowman's shoulder, the commissioner stood vulnerable to congressional raids on his records for political ammunition against the President.

Polk recognized the problem and considered various solutions. He ultimately placed the public buildings commissioner in the new Department of the Interior, which he created on his last day in office. First called the "Home Department," the Department of the Interior, as one of its functions, took control of the commissioner's office, which had been since 1801 in the hands of the President. In breaking the direct connection between the chief executive and the commissioner, Polk put the authority over the federal buildings where it had started out in the 1790s, under a Cabinet officer. This arrangement was to work well, lessening the agency's attractiveness as a hunting ground for congressmen in search of gold spoons.

Moonlight

The President's entertaining accelerated after the outbreak of war, for he needed to maintain close political ties and keep abreast of opinion. During most of the war he kept control of the House of Representatives, and he held fast to the Senate to the end. Large numbers of influential guests were invited to dinners every week. Like Madison before him, Polk wished to see his enemies as well as his friends on a social basis. He understood the great boost the White House could give a President's power of persuasion.

But little Madison-style hilarity rang in the Polk White House. Mrs. Polk would not allow dancing, nor would she allow other amusements

she considered improper. Once a party of young ladies called on her and pleaded, "Oh, Mrs. Polk, why will you not let us dance?" Sarah Polk stood her ground. "Would you dance in so public a place as this? I would not. To dance in these rooms would be undignified, and it would be respectful neither to the *house* nor to the *office*. How indecorous it would seem for dancing to be going on in one apartment, while in another we were conversing with dignitaries of the republic or ministers of the gospel. This unseemly juxtaposition would be likely to occur at any time, were such amusements permitted."[20]

She is better known for her disdain for liquor, although it is not true that she prohibited drinking entirely at the White House. All Mrs. Polk banned was hard liquor, but in such a hard-drinking town that was sad news. For its time Washington was unusual in its drinking customs; manners in most American cities forbade the serving of the ardent spirits except among men when women were not present. Strong whiskey punch had been introduced to White House entertainments during the Madison administration and had remained. Both men and women partook of it liberally.

Mrs. Polk may well have objected to liquor on grounds of propriety rather than morals. People sometimes drank too much at the White House and misbehaved, no matter how soon they were hastened to the dinner table. In addition, nationwide trends supported her decision; the temperance movement was flourishing in the 1840s. Mrs. Polk set an example by not serving strong drinks, such as the traditional variety of whiskey punches, and her example was followed until the end of the century. The decision was not a measure for thrift. Whiskey was cheap. In its place she had to stock her cellar with more table wines, more champagne for desserts, and more brandy to serve after dinner than had ever been needed before. Table wine was bought by the barrel, and the wine and liquor bills were among the Polks' biggest expenses.[21]

Society at the White House during the Mexican War was quiet-spoken, elegant, and always political. The frequent dinners and Tuesday and Friday drawing rooms were not for relaxation. Like state entertainments everywhere, parties under Polk were charged with politics, flattery, personal ambition, and stiff conversations often laced with cleverly turned phrases meant to incite revealing responses. Foreigners, as always, were uncomfortable because of the virtual absence of protocol, the legacy of Jefferson. Both the President and Mrs. Polk were bored by the usual routine of entertaining. She tried to vary the program by always having music, and occasionally a singer, in the East Room; once, the President's diary records the appearance of a juggler.

was a familiar figure in the Polk circle. Like many men in high places, he frequently traveled to New York on business aboard the "eastern cars," and evidence suggests that he usually performed a little errand or two for Mrs. Polk. According to the celebrated Manhattan dry-goods merchant A. T. Stewart, Corcoran was "often selecting" for Mrs. Polk. Gloves, reticules, scarves, combs—the many personal odds and ends the President's lady could not find on her Monday shopping excursions with her women kin and Teresa in Washington—Corcoran happily located in New York. That he obtained substantial discounts can only have pleased the President's thrifty lady.[31]

Late in 1845 Corcoran included among his New York favors the purchase of furniture. Documentation of what he bought and what changes were made subsequently in the White House is thin, but he probably planned and decorated the state rooms. Records exist of his being reimbursed for large expenditures. Since Mrs. Polk never accompanied him to New York, she was unable to help make the selections firsthand. In Washington they saw each other so frequently as to preclude the need for correspondence. One can assume that she gave her approval to ideas he presented.[32]

The entire state floor was redecorated with fresh paint, wallpaper, and new carpeting—all in place by New Year's Day 1846. Through American manufacture, such products were more readily available and cheaper than ever before. Evidently the manufacturers eagerly obliged, for the new carpeting of the East Room and the Green Room was specially designed to feature a "ruby" ground emblazoned with eagles and stars, presidential emblems always popular in imperial interludes in the White House. The daguerreotype made in 1846 of Polk's Cabinet shows white-painted woodwork, which was customary throughout the house, and a highly figured, though not strongly contrasting, wallpaper.[33]

The best account, found in the diary of Senator J. E. Dixon's wife for December 1845 and January 1846, describes crimson velvet curtains in the Red Room and observes that the room was warm and comfortable. It had rocking chairs, ottomans, armchairs, and lounges in various plushes of red and green. The State Dining Room's color was predominantly purple. There were puffy, tufted chair seats of purple plush and curtains in a figured material of purple and gold. Blue and white silk damask was used en suite in the Blue Room, both on the long windows and on the gilded chairs and sofas. The old blue and yellow hangings of the East Room were replaced by red damask.[34]

Mrs. Dixon found the Green Room and the East Room empty in December 1845. The furniture either had not arrived or was still out

being upholstered at the Washington shop of Joseph Boyd, who had been hired by Corcoran. A second upholsterer, David A. Baird, gained access to the project through Mrs. Polk's Presbyterian minister. Both effort were completed by the end of January 1846.[35]

Enormous quantities of upholstery and drapery fabrics and rich trimmings—galloon, tapes, tassels—were incorporated into the Polk redecoration. The Empire drawing room furniture Monroe had ordered from France was reupholstered in blue and white, even though its stately neoclassicism was out of style. It seems still to have been largely intact, but may have been expanded as a suite by Polk with the purchase of new gilt armchairs, footstools, and pole fire screens. The mahogany furniture of the East Room was re-covered and new pieces acquired. Listed in the invoices are large numbers of chairs, necessities for so public a place.

Few details are known about most of the furnishings. The State Dining Room chairs appear in the Cabinet photograph. These were in the mode popularly known as "French antique" or *Louis Quatorze*; one document refers to "Louis XV." A few of these small chairs remain in the White House today. The other furniture acquired by the Polks was almost certainly in the same "historical" French style, gilded and covered in rich materials. It was both fashionable and suitably grand. The Polks also later selected the French antique when they furnished their own parlor at Polk Place, only they used mahogany instead of gilt.

For their democratic court the Polks devised an orderly, simple form of state ceremony, some of which is still in use today. Bigger parties and grander dinners meant more people and a greater possibility of confusion. The movement of numerous dinner guests from the reception room (usually the Red Room) to the dining table had always been particularly awkward. Mrs. Polk introduced a formal "figure," or march, proceeding into the hall, turning at the foot of the grand stair, and continuing to the table. One guest sneeringly called it the "Polka," but it ended the clumsy scramble to dinner that had begun under Jefferson.[36]

Mrs. Polk is usually credited also with introducing "Hail to the Chief"—the old Scottish martial anthem—as the music with which the Marine Band announced the entry of the President. Polk was not an impressive figure, so some announcement was necessary to avoid the embarrassment of his entering a crowded room unnoticed. At large affairs the band, stationed in the transverse hall within the glass screen, rolled the drums as they played the march. The noise of the crowd died down, and a way was cleared for the President. With such fanfare it was no longer a problem whether the President was tall or short, splendid or, like James K. Polk, modest and unassuming.[37]

President remarked that the sun that day was hotter than that of Mexico or Florida. He partook again and again of the ice water set about in pitchers for the dignitaries, while patiently listening to seemingly endless orations. Back in the cool White House, the President gorged himself on ripe cherries, doubtless garnished with cream and sugar. That evening after dinner he was beset by stomach cramps and taken upstairs to bed. Because the White House area was an infamous breeding ground for cholera, the family feared the worst. In the mellow light from oil lamps he seemed paler and sicker, and they shrank from the man they saw.[15]

Dr. Wood came from Baltimore; then Dr. Thomas Miller was called in. The violent accusations of a decade before, that this same Dr. Miller bled General Harrison to death, had made little impression on Harrison's successors. He was still "family doctor" to the Presidents and would remain so for another decade. In the morning the gates of the White House were locked and guards stationed there. Crowds gathered, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages; the omnibuses slowed nearly to a stop as they passed. Every two hours Colonel Bliss posted a bulletin.

The possibility of cholera was not discounted. Dr. Miller gave the patient medicines and the usual herbal laxatives. Taylor seldom slept, though he was often half-waking. He worried. His voice rambled over hypothetical situations in which he presented himself in an unflattering light. What did people really think of him? Every insecurity a healthy man might conceal surfaced in the sick man's delirium.

On Pennsylvania Avenue the crowd parted to admit the few allowed to go beyond the gates. Mrs. Jefferson Davis, veiled, was driven to the door in her carriage. Davis went back and forth between the White House and the Capitol, for the debates on the compromise raged on, and Davis had established himself as successor to Calhoun, champion of the South. Sometimes Davis and Webster could be discerned in a coach together, slipping up the driveway and alighting.[16]

On July 9 messages were sent to the House and Senate. The orators were interrupted, and the speakers announced that the President was dying. A second gloomy message followed when the politicians reconvened after supper. The Cabinet and leading officials packed the oval room upstairs at the White House. In the President's bedroom the Taylor family and the Davises stood together. Colonel Bliss and Mrs. Taylor clutched each other and shook with sobs, standing close to the bed where Taylor lay motionless. At ten o'clock the President said with perfect clarity, "I am about to die. I expect my summons very soon. I have tried to discharge my duties faithfully; I regret nothing, but I am sorry I am about to leave my friends."[17]

He turned his head and looked fondly at his wife, and his position had not changed when he died at half past ten.

By the time daylight streaked the carpeted floors of the East Room, the earthly remains of Zachary Taylor were already embalmed and encased in a fine patent coffin draped with a pall of black velvet and trimmed in white satin and silver lace. Already the public stood in long lines waiting for the doors of the White House to open. The news of the President's death had been carried on the tolling bells all night. Washington was otherwise cloaked in silence.

The Vice President, Millard Fillmore, took the oath of office in the House chamber at the Capitol, then went at once to the White House. He divided his time between the upstairs office—to which he was virtually a stranger—and the East Room, where the lines of mourners saw him standing respectfully by.

Last Rites

Taylor's funeral was similar to Harrison's nine years before. The religious service was conducted in the East Room; the coffin was placed in a great funeral car upholstered in black and white and surmounted by a gilded eagle. Eight white horses with black harnesses and plumes drew the car, while eight Negro grooms in white walked beside them carrying white batons, all moving slowly with precision to doleful music played by the Marine Band. Spectators were gripped with emotion at the sight of Old Whitey, ambling behind the coffin, riderless, bearing Taylor's military saddle, the general's boots turned backward in the stirrups. Cleaned and groomed for the event, Whitey was in good form, except that souvenir hunters had left not a hair in his tail.[18]

Mrs. Taylor told the new President that she intended to return with her husband's body to Louisiana by sea within a week. As it happened she turned over the White House several days sooner and moved to the Davises. There she recuperated from emotional strain and physical exhaustion, until, with the Blisses, she departed for home. Taylor was ultimately buried in Kentucky, where he had grown up.

Millard Fillmore

For the remainder of the summer Millard Fillmore spent his days at the White House and his nights in the Georgetown house he had occupied as Vice President. His wife, Abigail, and his son and daughter were vacationing at a seaside resort in New Jersey when Taylor died. Finding

garden fresh gravel was put on the walks, mounded, and rolled. The old arched arbor, being rotten, was for the most part taken down and rebuilt, with the original wood spliced wherever possible; there was apparently an effort to spare the old roses that climbed over the structure. Like practically everything else, the arbor was painted white, with rows of benches beneath it painted dark green. The plant tubs that were scattered about the garden during the warm months and kept in the greenhouse during the winter were painted the same dark green, as were the iron settees that had been accumulating at the White House since Van Buren's time.[16]

Redecoration

The work outside was pursued with only slightly more vigor than a series of improvements within the White House itself. The *National Intelligencer* reported on June 25, 1853: "All the lower suite of rooms of the Presidential Mansion, with some in the second story, are in occupancy of the bricklayer, the plasterer, the carpenter, and the like, who are making considerable changes and effecting improvements and repairs."[17] The renovation followed by only five years the major work of the Polks. Wallpaper and window hangings had been refreshed in certain parts since then. Fillmore had left the house in fairly good shape. The followers of Pierce simply wore it out.

During Pierce's first three months Washington overflowed with his supporters, and the Friday open-house receptions, held from noon to two, became hard to control. The public rushed to see its hero, who was for a while to have no rival as man of the hour. In the crush, voluminous skirts and trailing shawls pressed against silk hats and broadcloth coats; gentle shoving led now and then to spills of people or glassware. Nor did the flow of company slow down. On reception days, especially on New Year's, or when a celebrity or a hero was the honored guest, the commissioner of public buildings ordered temporary wooden steps and a platform put up outside one of the south windows of the East Room, so that the crowds would have an extra outlet. Tourists and business callers thronged the public rooms every day. By Pierce's era the practice of opening the house for daily public inspections—started by Jefferson in 1801—was as much a tradition as it is today. Since the Mexican War, loitering office-seekers had made the stair to the left of the entrance hall a regular roosting place. Even the fears over security at the White House did not influence the President to dare to curb the comings and goings of the public.

Refined visitors were often disgusted to find motley groups making

themselves at home in the East Room. The house was opened regularly at certain hours, with only Negroes restricted from free access, as they were from every other "place of entertainment" in Washington in the 1850s. Although within recent memory Washington's poor and rough element had been reticent about entering the White House except at large public celebrations, there had never been formal restrictions against the people's going to the people's house. Restraints did not collapse, but they dwindled. The first physical effects of the change were the paths worn through the carpeting seemingly overnight, and a rapid general deterioration of the furnishings. Theft and vandalism waited in the wings.

Pierce found himself in 1853 the recipient of a generous appropriation of $25,000 for "repairs" to the White House interiors. The usually tightfisted Congress, always reluctant to pay for presidential state, responded to public complaints that the White House needed to be redecorated. The money was to be spent by the commissioner of public buildings, acting for the President. As it materialized, Pierce wanted an official at the White House, not the Interior Department, in charge.

First he appointed Sidney Webster to this responsibility, since Webster usually attended to those household duties that Snow the steward could not. The task proved much beyond Webster's capabilities or interest. Jefferson Davis suggested that an officer be detailed from the Army Corps of Engineers to supervise the work, and Pierce agreed, beginning a long-standing relationship between the corps and the White House which would become more or less institutionalized after the Civil War.

Davis made a good choice in Captain Thomas Jefferson Lee, son of William Lee, one of Jefferson's protégés in Paris. At 43, Lee had served half his life in the military. He was well connected in Washington. On the recommendation of Pierce he turned to Capitol architect Thomas U. Walter for advice on the renovations. The two walked through the White House in about May 1853, and the architect's notes still survive, listing what he saw as the programs, room by room.[18]

While the state floor was completely redecorated, the most radical changes in the house were the improvements in the heating, the bathrooms, and the toilet facilities. In these areas the White House of Franklin Pierce came to represent the best domestic technology of its time. Walter was preparing his recommendations in mid-June when work began in the furnace room (the basement's oval room) on the heating system. This marked the third time the heating plant had been altered since Van Buren had installed the original gravity hot air system in 1840. Polk had added two new furnaces, and Fillmore had extended extra ducts and registers to such secondary places as dressing rooms and pantries.

in all matters of taste. Stewart owned what is usually considered America's first great department store, which did business under his name in Manhattan. A shrewd "merchant prince," Stewart was naturally attracted to power. He dealt personally with Lee, concerned that the President be pleased with his purchases.

Some of the curtains bought from Stewart may have been ready-made. All were similar, in the latest modern style, consisting of a flat, shaped valance or lambrequin of damask or brocatelle backed by long curtains of florid white lace equipped with tassels in the appropriate colors. Lee also purchased a large quantity of carpeting at Stewart's, as well as linens in great number. Though it is unlikely, the East Room carpet was said at the time to have been made in one piece; adorned with three great arabesques on a bright red ground, it weighed 7,000 pounds. In other rooms lay "tapestry Brussels" carpets and "velvet," a low pile carpeting considered suitable for parlors. Costly Axminster rugs were bought for the Blue Room and the oval room upstairs.

"Cotton damask tablecloths and napkins by the hundreds, linen bed sheets, ruffled pillow cases and shams, hand and bath towels of the best cream color and bleached linen" were acquired from Stewart, at a sizable discount. Most were embroidered "President's House." Less-expensive towels, dishcloths, quilts, servants' sheets, and other materials were of coarse cotton, bought by the bale. The original invoice reads something like an order for a new hotel, surely a reflection of the management practices of William Snow.[23]

Wrote Thomas U. Walter to a friend on June 29, 1853, "We have the President's house turned inside out, and will make it look more like a President's house than it has ever done before." The extent of Walter's services is not known. That he tore out the hall screen of wooden sash with its peeling paint and replaced it with one of iron is clear; both his drawing and later photographs survive. He designed a new hall door for the East Room, removing from the great arch Andrew Jackson's gilt stars. He approved personally some of the invoices. Otherwise he seems mainly to have given his advice, basing it upon the tour he made with Lee.[24]

The principal innovation in the redecoration was the enrichment of the ceilings. This idea of Walter's followed the most fashionable trend of the day. While he specified some colors, he left the designs themselves to the decorative artists hired to do the work. In his concept the ceilings were to be the main features of the decoration. Brightly painted in rose, blue, green, and gold in imitation of fresco, they were to be complemented by relatively simple wallpapers with predominantly white "grounds"—that dense milky white of the papers of the time—and

patterns that followed the traditional color theme of the rooms. Not since Latrobe's tinted Blue Room ceiling of 1809 had ceilings figured prominently in the decorative scheme of the White House. Instead, each of the ceilings had contained a single adornment, a plaster of Paris centerpiece in the neoclassical form of a sunburst of leaves; three centerpieces ornamented the East Room, each resembling a giant sunflower.

Since the house was first occupied, approximately every other year the ceilings of the state rooms had been whitewashed. This covered soot shadows from the chandeliers, candelabra, and lamps and was a good reflector of light. By the mid-19th century the taste for the monolithic, classical simplicity that allowed such starkness had gone out of style. Gaslight, moreover, was bright enough to lessen the need for whitewash as a reflector, and sufficiently cleaner than oil and candles to preclude the need to apply it yearly to cover up soot. Innovations in paint and dye pigments made people interested in color and tired of "plain" white.

The name of the painter who applied the ceiling decoration vanished when the record of his bill and payment was lost. Photographs of his work in the state rooms suggest that he used the common methods of his trade. After the plasterers patched and sanded the ceilings to a smooth finish, the painter—called the "decorator"—prepared the plaster with a thin coat of paste diluted in warm water. Building on this base, he laid his ground coat with broad "beater" brushes. When that coat dried he plotted the skeleton of his design in chalk, working from a scaled drawing which he may have taken from a pattern book or created himself, basing it on the pattern in the new carpeting. He made the straight lines by popping a taut string coated with lampblack; curves and intricate parts he drew freehand with colored chalk or pencil. The results were large geometrical designs, strongly highlighted, and shadowed and embellished with trophées in the "French" manner.

When the redecoration was completed in the fall of 1853, it apparently confirmed Walter's prediction that the house would look better than it ever had. It was first seen officially by the public on New Year's Day 1854. The *Daily Union* of Washington estimated that about 5,000 passed through the house between eleven in the morning and two in the afternoon. There were "persons from every walk of life," but the real dazzle was as ever from the "*corps diplomatique*, and naval and military men in Washington . . . in full costume . . . their gaudy trappings even casting into the shade the finery of the ladies."[25]

Pierce received formally in the Blue Room. The marshal of the District of Columbia bent forward to hear each visitor's name, then whispered it to Pierce as the person stepped forward. Everyone received a

commissioner, tried to use the money instead to extend the White House greenhouse for the purpose. His scheme was unmasked at once. The Botanic Garden was taken from French and put under the jurisdiction of the Library of Congress. A procession of wagons hurried the plants to the Botanic Garden, where, by 1857, the great central building of glass was erected to designs by either Thomas U. Walter or his subordinate Edward Clark. Today's Botanic Garden occupies a site very near where this original greenhouse stood.

Perry brought many gifts designated for the President and the White House. Lacquered boxes and Japanese furniture, porcelain vases and pots, silks, cushions, foodstuffs, objects made of paper and straw, and many figurines and beads. "Forty fans, five pipes, and fifty lacquered soup bowls" were received early and placed by Pierce in the Blue Room. Of all the exotic trophies, Pierce was most delighted by one thing. After breakfast the day following the big shipment from New York, he walked to Jefferson Davis's house and announced to the Mississippian with a grin, "General, I have a dog for you!"

The tiny animal was of a variety called "sleeve dogs" in the Orient, and its name was Bonin. It was one of several "very singular animals," wrote Mrs. Davis. "He was a little creature with a head like a bird with a blunt beak, eyes large and popped, and a body like a new-born puppy of the smallest kind." He was so tiny that "a coffee saucer made an ample scampering ground for him."[5] A second sleeve dog apparently remained in the White House with the Pierces. What happened to that one is not known, but Bonin became Davis's darling, and rode about Washington in his pocket. Only a few years later, Bonin became one of the popular curiosities of wartime Washington, not because of his Oriental origins, but because of his antebellum history as an intimate of the by-then Confederate President.

No written account describes the rooms of the White House as they appeared when filled with memorabilia from the Perry expedition. The newspaper reports and the lists made by Perry suggest that there were numbers of objects, most of them small and, to American eyes, odd. The crowds that packed in to see them exceeded those at the public receptions. Objects were lined up on tables and the floor; rope barriers kept visitors from handling things. When the Blue Room could not accommodate the press of viewers, the materials were taken to the East Room, where they were lined up around the walls. The throngs there soon became unmanageable, even with the wooden stair set up to permit egress through the window, so the whole exhibit, including many potted plants, was moved to the Patent Office.[6]

Perry received his well-earned applause, but, after three years away from the American political scene, he wondered why his achievement did not make more of a difference. No undertaking could have better exemplified expansionism.

A Genteel Meeting

Pierce's last drawing room was held on the evening of January 31, 1857. The dark, glossy coaches rolled to the north portico through the slushy, melting snow. One by one their passengers alighted and scurried up the steps into the yellowish gaslight of the hall; away from the fierce northwest wind, they peeled off their somber capes and hoods and slipped heavy boots from their feet. In an instant what had entered the door looking like a gathering of Druids became a bouquet of color. The crowd thickened, pressing closer to the glass screen. Heavy crimson satins, blue silks, white muslin—always the virginal white of young unmarried women—bobbed up and down and billowed over hidden frameworks of concentric wire hoops. Half the number of dresses would have completely filled that large vestibule. There was no other choice but to make do. For the hall was not going to grow any larger; nor were many invitations to the White House likely to be declined. Hoops were bent by pressing them in on each side, and eyes shot upward, for propriety's sake. The flood poured on through the glass doors across the transverse hall into the Blue Room.[7]

Buchanan had been in town for four days, holed up at the National Hotel, accepting no invitations. It was believed, however, that he would appear at Pierce's last drawing room. He and Pierce had not met since the election, yet there had to be a meeting, to avoid giving an impression of coolness. Upstairs at the White House, the servants had begun to pack the Pierce belongings. Abby Means, ill and shivering from the cold, supervised this work, while Pierce busied himself with official business. Jane Pierce sat by with her books.

The new year of 1857 had seemed frighteningly unruly. Mob terrorism had broken out in various parts of the country, as well as in the city of Washington, in the name of the Know-Nothings. The Know-Nothings represented a combination of many disquieted elements in American politics going back to the 1830s. Strongly anti-Catholic, they believed that immigration posed a threat to American stability. For a brief time the Know-Nothing movement spread fast, and many a seasoned politician wooed its support. This short-lived, emotional political party had run Fillmore for President in the recent election.[8]

During the sectional strife of the antebellum years the President had been merely the principal member of the party in power, but war made Lincoln the symbolic champion of the nation. The world now watched the White House; tourists called in droves, crowding the East Room and occasionally the state parlors. Newspapers all over the country reported on White House receptions, which for all their political meaning had previously made mainly local news. The President's family was hounded by the press and scrutinized by the public. Mrs. Lincoln's response to this was often erratic; her nerves were frequently on edge, her actions sometimes odd and abrasive. She was a well-meaning woman but one who, because of her inability to grow, was doomed to failure as mistress of the White House.[10]

In the "Executive Mansion" the Lincolns lived in flight of a sort, rambling from room to room in search of the solitude to which they had been accustomed in Springfield. They knew privacy only in the few rooms at the west end of the second floor; the central corridor outside their doors was a frequented back route to the offices, trod by messengers, politicians, and sometimes strangers. Lincoln could have closed the house, but as a congressman during Polk's time, he had seen the White House closed up and unfriendly. Keenly aware of the symbolic power of presidential style, Lincoln knew that he could not seem aloof. That the people had the right to see him he never disputed.

When he entered office, he appreciatively received the long lines of office-seekers with the naiveté that new Presidents sometimes bring to the job. After the war started, he endured the fatigue of endless calls because he believed that the President should be accessible to the people. For this decision, his family suffered.

Fort Sumter

In session behind the closed doors of Lincoln's office, the members of the Cabinet could not agree on what to do about Major Anderson and Fort Sumter. All strongly pro-Union, the Cabinet members were from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, and Connecticut. The best known was William H. Seward of New York. This prominent Republican had been not only the prime organizer of his party in 1854, but also the leading contender for the nomination in 1860. He had been dethroned by Lincoln. As Secretary of State, Seward believed he could control Lincoln, whom he considered inexperienced and thus inadequate; he planned to guide him into a war with one or more European nations, a course he believed would reunite the divided Union.

Most of the Cabinet was ready to act. Lincoln could not make up his mind, but he had no idea of abandoning his authority to Seward or anyone else. Daily he sat at the Cabinet table tossing questions to the secretaries in attendance. The portrait of Andrew Jackson looked down from over the marble mantelpiece, and spring greens had begun toward the end of March to color the landscape on the horizon. "Abandon Sumter" was a theme with all the members but one, and Lincoln's attention turned increasingly to this man, Montgomery Blair of Maryland, the Postmaster General. Blair insisted that the secession fever was more serious than the Cabinet realized. To abandon Fort Sumter would be merely to give the Confederacy a great victory. The President sent two agents to Charleston to learn the truth. Blair's fears were confirmed.

Holding the fort seemed impossible. The total United States Army at the time consisted of only 16,000 men. Anderson estimated 20,000 would be necessary to hold Fort Sumter. What Blair had said was true, and to abandon the fort, bending to a secessionist threat, would in a way amount to recognition of the Confederacy. Lincoln remained undecided until March 28, when he received a memorandum from General Scott urging the abandonment of Sumter as well as some other forts. Lincoln described his reactions at hearing such a view from the principal general of the United States Army as "cold shock."[11]

It happened that on the evening of the same day, March 28, Lincoln held his first state banquet in the White House, in honor of the Cabinet. Fortuitously, General Scott was not at the table, although he had accepted the invitation. He had become ill soon after his arrival and been put to bed upstairs. This dinner was conducted exactly as "Miss Lane's" dinners had been. Every detail was formal, the men in black, the ladies in ball gowns, with jewelry and flowers in their hair. At seven the party gathered in the Blue Room; they were joined by the President and Mrs. Lincoln. Nicolay made the necessary introductions. The Marine Band played as they marched to the State Dining Room, where they took their prescribed places, according to Nicolay's seating chart, composed very carefully in conference with Secretary of State Seward. Flowers and ferns were massed on the great gilded plateau. Gas and candle light illuminated the textures of mirrors, gilt, silver, and crimson and white damask.[12]

The experience was new to the Lincolns. They sat opposite each other at the center of the table. Conversation rose among the guests—mostly men—but when Lincoln started to talk, the other conversations stopped. He was famous even then for his stories. Toasts were proposed, an innovation perhaps of Seward's. But Mrs. Grimsley confessed years

presence of the guards, believing they made him seem unmanly. But he was also disquieted by the threats; even as late as 1864, when in discussing the subject one day as he crossed the White House lawn, he said that the first one or two threats had made him "a little uncomfortable . . . but they have ceased to give me any apprehension." Then he sighed, "Oh, there is nothing like getting *used* to things!"[16]

Lincoln may have been willing to "take my chances," as he said, but those around him were not. Mrs. Lincoln was terrified that he would be attacked. On the train trip to Washington, he quietly left his party at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and hurried off to Washington by night. This was a flight carefully calculated to get him through hostile Baltimore, where conspirators were plotting to murder him as he transferred from one train station to the other. He had only two companions: One was the short, heavyset Allan Pinkerton, owner of a Chicago detective agency specializing in railroad investigations, and the other a large, muscular man named Ward H. Lamon, a former law partner of Lincoln's from Illinois. Both were armed with knives and pistols.

Another bodyguard, who remained with Mrs. Lincoln and the boys, was Elmer Ellsworth, who had been a clerk in Lincoln's law office. This flamboyant young man was bright, affectionate, and ambitious, and the Lincolns had a personal attachment to him, almost as if he were a son. Although only 24, Ellsworth had achieved some national fame for his expert command of a volunteer militia company styled the Zouaves—after Louis Napoleon's—which performed daring gymnastics. The Zouaves had thrilled audiences on a tour of the East Coast. Now Ellsworth burned anew with desire to be a military hero.

Ellsworth moved to the White House with the Lincolns, sharing a room on the north side with their eldest son, Robert Todd. Lincoln saw that he received a clerkship in the War Department, to keep him close at hand. "Ever since the beginning of our friendship," Lincoln wrote to him, "I have valued you highly as a friend . . . . I have been, and still am, anxious for you to have the best position in the military which can be given you."[17]

Lincoln's call for militia received an immediate response. After the shooting at Fort Sumter, militia companies from all over the North began to head for Washington. To most Northerners the capital was suspect for its southern sympathies; no time must be lost in securing it for the Union. Soldiers were everywhere. The hotels were full. Troops bivouacked in the unfinished Capitol, baking bread in the basement and drying laundry on the terraces. Pennsylvania Avenue teemed with more customers than the barrooms, ice cream parlors, and barbershops could

possibly serve. The streets, shaded by Jemmy Maher's seedlings grown big, had always been peaceful and quiet at night. Now they were as bright in places as the midways of county fairs.

At the White House the gaslights burned late. People were everywhere. Men who had answered President Lincoln's call to serve the Union expected to see the gentleman in person. "The White House is turned into a barrack," wrote Nicolay to his fiancée, but at the same time he could not conceal his own exuberance: "Jim Lane marshalled his Kansas warriors today at Willard's, and placed them at the disposal of Major Hunter, who turned them tonight into the East Room. It is a splendid company worthy of such an armory. . . . "[18]

Soldiers actually slept on the carpeted floor of the East Room and in the halls of the White House every night until the city seemed sufficiently fortified. They made themselves at home. From the kitchen they begged treats, and late at night the basement guards sometimes liked to drift from their lonely posts into the room beneath the Blue Room, pull up close to the furnace—many probably had never seen such a machine—and exchange stories of how it would be when there really was a war.[19]

Lincoln's summons to the militias, and his pronouncement of the "insurrection" at Charleston, provoked the secession of the four states remaining with the strongest southern tendencies. By May 20, 1861, the Confederate states numbered 11; there were 23 states left in the Union, counting remote California and Oregon. The status of the four "border states"—Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, and Missouri—was tenuous. On May 21 the Confederate capital was moved from Montgomery, Alabama, to Richmond.

There was as yet no real war. Elmer Ellsworth, impatient for action, resigned his post at the War Department in April to raise a regiment in New York, returning in May with 1,100 volunteer firemen. He preferred firemen because they were already hardened to discipline and could easily learn his synchronized gymnastic exercises. No circus could have created more excitement than the new Zouaves. Ellsworth frequently used the south lawn as a parade ground. Crowds of spectators collected along Jefferson's stone wall, while the inhabitants of the house looked from the south windows, or, on sunny afternoons, stepped through the long windows of the Blue Room and sat in painted rocking chairs on the south portico. "Every member of the family was expected to approve, applaud, and admire," wrote Mrs. Grimsley, "and this we did."[20]

Lincoln, meanwhile, was in touch every day with General Scott. They talked long hours through April and early May. At last, in May,

with the Confederate government apparently confirmed in its course, the general and the President decided the time had come for further action. Jefferson Davis claimed to have 19,000 troops ready to go, and the Confederate Congress had authorized raising 100,000 more. From the upstairs windows of the White House, President Lincoln could see, with the aid of a spyglass, Confederate flags flying across the river. Confederate campfires starred the hills of Arlington.

Lincoln and Scott began with a series of moves to improve the security of the capital. The Massachusetts Sixth was allowed to avenge itself on Baltimore, to which it marched in a heavy rain. The principal secessionists in public office were jailed; unionists were given control of the city. The next objective was to occupy the strategic and symbolic points across the river in Virginia. Militiamen scaled Arlington Heights and broke into Robert E. Lee's house. The Custis family's memorabilia of General Washington were transported to Washington and stored at the Patent Office.

Elmer Ellsworth and his Zouaves were ordered to take the town of Alexandria, only a few miles down the Potomac. They arrived May 24, partially concealed by the fog of early morning. The town was his; a glorious, if simple, conquest. Walking along the virtually deserted King Street, he saw a Confederate flag flying above a hotel. With characteristic bravado he climbed upstairs and personally pulled the flag down. While descending the stair the hotelkeeper shot him dead, and was himself shot down by the Zouaves.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Gustavus V. Fox went to the White House to tell Lincoln what had happened. The President was thunderstruck; he could not proceed with his duties. He and Mrs. Lincoln, both badly shaken and tearful, were driven to the Navy Yard, where Ellsworth's body had been brought from Alexandria on a steamer. They uncovered his face, which looked to them as though he were sleeping, not dead. Someone gave Mrs. Lincoln the bloodstained Confederate flag, but she could not look at it.[21]

Lincoln ordered the body embalmed and brought to the White House. The flag-draped coffin was placed in the great east window of the East Room. The soldiers who were camping there at the time formed a guard of honor. The black drapery was brought out, and Mrs. Lincoln made a wreath of wax flowers around a photograph of Ellsworth and placed it on the coffin. After the funeral Nicolay wrote, "I had thought myself to have grown quite indifferent and callous and hard-hearted, until I heard of the sad fate of Colonel Ellsworth . . . . I have been quite unable to keep the tears out of my eyes . . . he was very young . . . and very poor—a combination of qualities upon which sadness and misfortune seem to prey."[22]

Lincoln never forgot Ellsworth. In every visage of death he would see in the long course of the war, the youthful face of Ellsworth returned. To the colonel's parents he wrote a long and moving letter, concluding, "In the hope that it may be no intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow, I have ventured to address you this tribute to the memory of my young friend and your brave and early fallen child. . . . "[23]

The First Battle

At last came the Fourth of July and the convening of the Congress. Lincoln reviewed the most recently arrived militia companies from a high wooden stand built against the iron fence on the north side of the White House. He mounted it from a rear stairway within the grounds and entered a brightly colored tent roofed by an immense American flag. Cane-bottom chairs were lined up for the large party that joined the President on the reviewing stand. Lincoln stood at the rail in front, next to the gouty General Scott, who remained seated.[24]

Thousands of militiamen marched by. Small companies and large companies, even whole regiments, all in distinctive uniforms. Flags proclaimed the names of the companies. Some represented counties, some towns, some ethnic groups within the eastern cities. The parade mirrored northern society. Nicolay, seated on the platform behind Lincoln, noted especially a regiment "called the 'Garibaldi Guards,' made up entirely of foreigners, many of whom have served in European wars. There are, let me say by way of somewhat describing the regiment, men of six or eight different nationalities in it, who speak as many different languages. It is said . . . that the Colonel gives his commands in French, that being the universal language, and understood by the captains of all the companies, who repeat them respectively in German, Spanish, Italian, French, Hungarian, &c &c to their men."[25]

Later in the day, Nicolay carried the President's war message—the fourth in American history—to the Congress. In it Lincoln asserted that the Union's stand against secession was for the future of democracy in the world. The Republican Congress determined to entertain no business unrelated to the war. It authorized the calling up of half a million volunteers. A framework was established for raising money to pay for the war. A bitter penalty was enacted for being associated with the Confederacy: confiscation of private property, a policy not known since the days of the Revolution, when some states had invoked it against Tories.

16

Turmoil

Before the close of 1861, the guarding of the White House had relaxed noticeably. Most accounts suggest that it was as open as a public market. This appearance, however, was somewhat deceiving. Like most Presidents before him, Lincoln wanted the people's house to seem friendly and democratic. This was difficult with locked gates and bayonets. Many of the guards were therefore dressed as doormen. Only a few were actually soldiers; the majority belonged to the newly formed Metropolitan Police. Pistols and rifles were out of sight but readily accessible in the porter's lodge.[1]

Uniformed and armed sentries were still posted at the gates to the grounds and at all external doors to the house except that on the north side. Within the house the "doormen" wore frock coats and baggy trousers, like any man might wear on the street. One of them later wrote that when he was detailed to the White House, "We were ordered to report in citizens' clothes, to conceal our revolvers, and to be sure to have them all clean and in good order."[2]

Tourists, most of them soldiers, came in freely through the north door. The doormen directed them through the business stair hall into the East Room, and they departed by the same route. The East Room was kept rather bare, to accommodate the flow of visitors. The vast chamber was dominated by three giant glass chandeliers, its floor covered with highly colored flowered carpeting. Except for new curtains and wallpaper, the room remained as it had been decorated in Jackson's time.

Very rarely were the other rooms on the main floor open to public inspection. Now and then someone requested to see "Ogle's Elliptical

Saloon." Not once, however, is it recorded that anyone asked to see such a famous relic as the Stuart portrait of Washington. The two dining rooms, used by the family every day, were never on view. That most of the state rooms were closed to casual visitors kindled curiosity, which was to have unfortunate results.

Inside the White House the President remained as much concealed as possible. He seldom used the grand stair or the business stair, but moved about by way of the service stair. "He used it more than any other in the house," remembered one of the doormen. "You would go up a few steps and come to a landing; up a few more steps and another landing, and so on." Enclosed in its own small hall and guarded by the doorkeeper's room, which it adjoined, the stair provided Lincoln with private access to any part of the house except for the office. Its greatest virtue was that he could descend it unseen to the basement hall, and leave the house in secrecy.[3]

In the office suite a minor alteration was made to facilitate Lincoln's movement between living quarters and work. A partition, built across the back, or south, end of the reception room, created a closed passage between the office and the oval room, which the family used as a library. This screened the President from his callers when he visited the family quarters or moved a private conference to the oval library. The partition was Lincoln's only addition to the White House.[4]

When the war began, General Scott urged Lincoln to send Mrs. Lincoln and their sons to safety in New England, but Mrs. Lincoln refused to leave her husband. After the replacement of Scott by General George B. McClellan on November 1, the subject rarely came up again. McClellan had arrived in Washington during the summer of 1861 to train the thousands of militia coming to the city. With many soldiers in the city, and a protective ring of military installations around it, the nerves of those who lived at the White House calmed. As the years of the war passed, certain precautions were maintained: No member of the family left the house unescorted; the doors were kept guarded. Still, when the mails brought a vicious threat, fear seized all who knew about it, including President Lincoln himself.

Adjusting

The family circle was surprisingly constricted. The Lincolns retreated to the nine rooms of the family quarters, and if they expected any peace and quiet, usually avoided the rest of the house. During the day people flooded much of the main floor; tourists, business callers, aides,

Shots had been fired; blood had been shed. America was at war, and the President's wife was on a shopping spree. During the lull before and right after Manassas, the newspapers made sensational copy of this. She was branded as extravagant and insensitive to the national upheaval. That a President's wife would be the object of such harsh commentary in print indicates how radically the times had changed. Forty-five years before, there had been a trickle of editorial abuse of Dolley Madison for her flight from Washington. Otherwise the women of the White House had been spared the vitriol Mrs. Lincoln was now enduring in dignified silence.

Mary Lincoln resented the accusations. She could not have known that they were merely the seeds of more hostile treatment to come. Smiling from beneath white veils, she walked through lines of reporters as though they were not there. She might have thought that women did not give interviews; previous Presidents' wives had not. Whatever the case, she turned the press against her, and this antagonism would follow her for the rest of her life.

At the same time, she made quite a happy impression on the crowds that followed her along Broadway. Her quaint western custom of carrying her own shopping bag was adopted at once by fashionable New Yorkers.

Running Up Big Bills

At the White House, John Alexander and his assistants went to work in her absence. The President was living at the Soldiers' Home, and only the principal servants—the cook and butler—commuted with him daily into Washington. Only Hay and a few servants who lived in the basement remained resident. The coachman, Edward Burke, and one of the assistant doorkeepers, Edward McManus, were with Mrs. Lincoln in the north. Nicolay, who had passed a sickly winter, was sent away from Washington's heat by his doctor. Hay wrote to him in August that the White House presented "nothing new. An immense crowd that boreth ever. Painters who make God's air foul to the nostrils. Rain, which makes a man moist and adhesive. Dust, which unwholesomely penetrates one's lungs. Washington, which makes one swear."[16]

The smell of paint pervaded everything, for both the inside and the outside were being painted. Ladders and scaffolds reached up to the Ionic caps and the carved stone enrichments around the windows, which the painters sanctified anew with gleaming white. From time to time in years past, the house had been given a light brushing of whitewash to kill mildew and to save the much greater cost of repainting. Layer after layer of the various coatings had built up so that the house peeled especially

badly on the south, where the sun beat down upon it unobstructed.

Viewing the beehive of workmen from outside, one might have questioned the propriety of these visible expenditures in time of war. Lincoln, however, saw great symbolic value in fine public buildings; at the Capitol, for example, he ordered the soldiers out and summoned Thomas U. Walter back to Washington to complete the building. When asked why, Lincoln said, "If people see the Capitol go on, they will know that the Union will go on." He also reopened work on the Treasury building. The President wanted the White House to look its best, and the idea for Mrs. Lincoln's redecorating and repairs may have originated with him. Since she was omitted from practically every other decision, she gave her full enthusiasm to this one project which was hers. Perhaps she considered it her chance to excel.[17]

Through August and into September 1861 few parts of the house remained undisturbed by workmen. Tack hammers banged around the edges of new carpeting; chisels cut the walls for additional gas pipes. The spring-bell system of the office was expanded, so that from cords over his desk Lincoln could signal the reception room, as well as his secretaries. The smells of paint, varnish, and wallpaper permeated the place until at least mid-September. The furniture that began to arrive on the train was stacked in the halls, still crated. Much of what was already in the house was taken away by John Alexander to be washed down, revarnished, and reupholstered in the bright, chemical colors of the early 1860s.

Completed in October in time for the opening of the autumn season, the redecoration made Mrs. Lincoln very proud. Necessity had forced her to modify some of her original objectives. The old chandeliers in the East Room, which had been put up by Jackson and converted to gas by Polk, had to remain. She had also to keep many other furnishings she would have liked to replace. Alexander proved as resourceful as ever, refashioning old curtains with new cuts and trimmings. Fresh curtains were hung at all the windows of the family quarters, fashionable white cotton lace through which one could see out but not in. Lace of finer quality was hung in the state rooms, behind elegant over-curtains of silk lampas and brocade.

The carpeting downstairs was in the new *mode à la français*. All the state rooms were recarpeted, and the other rooms, the porter's lodge, the little stair hall, the pantry—were floored with fresh straw matting, while the entrance hall was covered wall to wall with a canvas floorcloth painted in an intricate pattern of tiles. In the main rooms the carpeting, most of it Wilton weave (though elevated in the press to Axminster), was luxurious. The journalist Mary Clemmer Ames, who disliked Mrs.

Lincoln, nevertheless rhapsodized years later about her selection of "velvet," or cut-pile, carpeting for the East Room: "Its ground was of pale green, and in effect looked as if [the] ocean, in gleaming and transparent waves, were tossing roses at your feet."[18]

Of all the rooms, the Prince of Wales Room, or the state bedroom, interested Mrs. Lincoln and her "Cousin Lizzie" Grimsley the most. Only one state guest had slept at the White House—the prince who gave the room its name. Mrs. Lincoln must have thought more would come, for she gave the room special attention. Although it was "the best in the family suite," wrote Mrs. Grimsley, it was "most shabby." Ornate furniture was purchased by Mrs. Lincoln, from William and George Carryl of Philadelphia. The bed, the now famous Lincoln Bed, and its companion center table, both of them monumental and grand, reflect Mrs. Lincoln's idea of what was appropriate for a state bedroom.[19]

She assembled grand and showy pieces in rosewood at the furniture showrooms. Whether the bed might have been considered renaissance or Louis XV is difficult to tell. It is embellished with elaborate carving, featuring ovals and circles as the basic motif; intricately carved fretwork, garlands, and cartouches combine with flat expanses of figured wood. Opulent imitations of nature—exotic birds, grapes, leaves, flowers carved in wood—complement the rich natural grain of the rosewood and the pale veining of the marble top of the table. Originally the effect of artificiality may have been strengthened by gilt highlighting.

As first installed in the Prince of Wales Room, the "Lincoln bed" was draped to suggest an antique French state bed or *lit de parade*, the head surmounted by a gilded half coronet emblazoned with the American shield. The coronet was suspended from high on the walls, just inches below the ceiling. From it hung curtains of purple satin trimmed with yellow-gold fringe over long, full panels of glistening gold lace drawn back with cord and tassels. Bolster and spread were of figured satin in purple and gold; deep purple and gold fringe formed a valance along the sides of the bed.

At the window the colors were reversed, with yellow-gold curtains and purple fringes and tassels as trimming. Against a pale purple wallpaper, with a gilt rosetree pattern and the rich aniline-dye colors of Wilton carpeting, the Prince of Wales Room was Mary Lincoln's triumph. The room would endure with minor changes for the balance of the century; the major pieces of furniture are among the most cherished objects in the White House today, enshrined in the Lincoln Bedroom.[20]

William Wood had little to do directly with the redecoration, because Lincoln's administration had been unable to get Congress to

confirm him. His appointment was temporary, but he seems to have been successful in steering clear of Mrs. Lincoln. Wood had been a good helper, making all the arrangements for moving the Lincolns to Washington. Lincoln rewarded him with Dr. Blake's job on May 31, 1861, on Mrs. Lincoln's recommendation. He had accompanied her party on the first trip to New York in May, and was with her for the major purchases of carpeting and furniture.

Why she turned on Wood is not recorded, although his failure to receive confirmation from the Senate that summer showed that he lacked the political support to be useful to her. Yet she was angry with him, for some reason. By the autumn she referred to him in one of her rambling letters as being "either deranged or drinking." Wood may have fallen from grace in part because he had presumed to tighten the purse strings on the first trip. He also suffered the misfortune in Mrs. Lincoln's eyes of being a warm personal friend of Seward's, whom she despised. Finally, any authority which superseded her own at the White House was likely to arouse her resentment, and Wood was in such a position.[21]

A familiar character reentered the picture to take Wood's place during the summer of 1861, with the timing characteristic of the best actors. It was B. B. French. The eager helper of the burdened Nicolay during those first days of March, the best-seated and grandest of the elegant marshals of the District of Columbia on that most glorious March 4, French had made certain that he was not forgotten at the White House, where he had once worked for Franklin Pierce. "I confess to a great admiration of [the President's] plain, unsophisticated, but gentlemanly and kind manner," he wrote. "I have seen him several times, and I must say he seems to appreciate me more than my *dear friend* Franklin Pierce did! I think he can rather beat Franklin in any thing but lying! In that Franklin was a match for anyone I ever knew."[22]

The major, now a Republican, was eager to be the public buildings commissioner. At 60, with a high standard of living to maintain, he needed a salary. He had probably courted the Know-Nothings; at least Pierce accused him of it in disgust. Although it was almost too late when he jumped on the Republican bandwagon, he was president of the Republican Club of Washington by the time the victorious Lincoln got to town. Nor could Lincoln have missed French when he arrived in Washington, for French kept himself in full view. He boldly invited Lincoln to his son's wedding, an event the President recognized by sending Nicolay. Soon French was calling on the President in his office.

"I went to the President's & had a long talk with him about the times," he wrote on April 23, 1861. "I found that he knew but little

"I have sent for you to get me out of trouble," she said. "if you will do it. I never will get into such difficulty again. Mr. Caryl [Carryl] has a bill of $6,700.00 over the appropriation, and Mr. Lincoln will not approve it. I want you to see him and tell him that it is common to overrun appropriations—tell him how *much* it costs to refurnish, he does not know much about it, he says he will pay for it out of his own pocket . . . ." She began to cry, but continued, "you know Major he cannot afford that! Now go to Mr. Lincoln and try to persuade him to approve the bill."

In Lincoln's office French found an angry President: "It would stink in the nostrils of the American people to have it said that the President of the United States had approved a bill over-running an appropriation of $20,000 for *flub dubs* for this damned old house, when the soldiers cannot have blankets."

Who, Lincoln demanded, was William Carryl? French, who had not been commissioner at the time of the purchases, had no idea. He was quick to disclaim any connection with the bills, but eager to defend Mrs. Lincoln. The President jerked on the call bell and ordered a servant to summon Nicolay, who likewise knew nothing of Carryl. Nicolay suggested that Mrs. Lincoln must have hired him. "Then," said Lincoln, "the bill is her fault." He stormed on and on over the costs of the carpets, especially that for the East Room, which he said had cost $10,000. "It was all wrong," he said, "to spend one cent at such a time, and I never ought to have had a cent expended, the house was furnished well enough, better than any one we ever lived in, and if I had not been overwhelmed with other business, I would not have had any of the appropriation expended, but what could I do? I could not attend to everything?"[25]

The bills were paid after French contrived a means of burying many of them in other expenses, without creating notice. Even before the scene with the President and Mrs. Lincoln, he wrote to his sister about the new job, "Didn't I know by experience just what it was, and didn't I take it for better or for worse? Yes, and I mean to hold it this time, as long as the President & Congress and Fate will permit." It was a fine job to have in Washington, one of the most dignified. Not only was the commissioner high in society, but he also was courted by every businessman and tradesman in the city. After his success as peacemaker over the furniture bills, French wrote again to his sister: "Mrs. Lincoln and I are on the most cosey terms. We introduce *each other* to the callers every Saturday afternoon and on reception evenings. There is no denying the fact that she is a curiosity, but she is a lady and an accomplished one too, but she does love money—aye, better than I do."[26]

The Gardener

In the spring of 1861, James Gordon Bennett, the chattery editor of the anti-Lincoln New York *Herald*, sent a little White House gossip to his old friend Mrs. Clement Clay, Jr., who was living in the Confederate capital: "I have been in Washington twice since I had the pleasure of seeing you, and I can say truthfully that . . . the *ensemble* of the personnel of the White House has sadly changed, more befitting a restaurant than the House of the President."[27]

While Lincoln's first spring in office seems early for passing judgment on the staff, it did apply by the close of the year. A combination of the President's preoccupation with his work and Mrs. Lincoln's inexperience in dealing with subordinates had cast James Buchanan's smooth-running "English" household into disarray. French might have been able to remedy the situation, but he came along after the storm was well advanced. On her own Mrs. Lincoln was much too proud to ask the advice of people who might willingly have helped her out of her difficulty. This stubbornness may have been inspired by Lincoln's deference to other opinions over hers in social matters. The queenly reserve she affected was quickly recognized by the servants as an effort to disguise her insecurities. She could seldom hold her tongue, and entered readily into open conflicts. Thus vulnerable, Mary Lincoln was open to exploitation, even from such an unlikely source as the gardener, John Watt.

Probably no more competent gardener existed in Washington than this Scot, who had come to the job under the garden-loving Fillmores. The balance of his responsibilities had shifted since then, however. With the abandonment of the old garden, the grounds became less extensive. Some private parterres had been developed by Watt in the surviving grounds, near the house. But after they were finished in 1860 it was noted that the members of the family never spent much time there. The parklike grounds were ideal for an occasional walk. Dogwood and redbud trees blossomed in the spring, and the horse chestnuts Ousley had set out in Andrew Jackson's time were magnificent. Random clumps of trees gave some visual protection to the house, but there was no careful screening of the White House or its gardens such as Downing had planned. Thus the Lincolns had too little privacy in the grounds. They were for the most part exposed to the public eye. The boys had their playgrounds, and the elder members of the household looked out at the idyllic beauty from the windows. They found secluded leisure with the flowers and greenery of the conservatory. Many happy hours were spent there. The warm flood of light from overhead was clear and bright, shot

On Lincoln's orders the White House was put under the command of his old friend Senator Orville Hickman Browning, who had been appointed to fill the unfinished term of the late Stephen A. Douglas. The parents communicated with no one. Lincoln spent most of his time alone, and Mrs. Lincoln was sometimes unconscious, lying in her bed. Tad, still ailing, was left to Mrs. Browning and the servants.

The house was draped in black. Willie's body was taken downstairs to the Green Room for embalming, to be as far from his parents' rooms as possible. When this work was finished, his body was laid in a metallic coffin trimmed in rosewood and silver. He was tucked beneath a blanket of camellias, with camellias placed in his hand. The shades and curtains of the Green Room were drawn shut, and candlelight illuminated Willie's face, which looked not worn from the fever, but asleep. Senator and Mrs. Browning received for the family, summoning other friends to sit the night by the coffin. Neither the President nor Mrs. Lincoln had the strength to join the vigil. At noon on the day of the funeral the Lincolns and Robert, who had returned from Harvard for the sad occasion, went alone into the Green Room, locked the doors, and sat with Willie until it was time for the service.[45]

The funeral was held on Monday afternoon, February 24, in the East Room, with leading members of the government and the military in attendance. Willie's coffin, now closed, was left in the Green Room, probably to ease the ordeal of his father, who attended the funeral only with great difficulty. Mrs. Lincoln sent someone down at the last minute to take the spray of flowers from Willie's hand and bring it to her. During the funeral the sky turned black; wrote B. B. French, "there was a general stirring up of the elements and the heavens were rolling in clouds, while tin roofs were rolling in all sorts of shapes—steeples and chimneys were toppling over, and there was a general consternation everywhere, except in the Presidential Mansion, where I was, and did not know . . . until we were passing on to the cemetery."[46]

Mrs. Lincoln never really recovered from her loss. It was not that she simply retreated into herself, for she tried to rally from the terrible blow. Her life was soon shaped by her bereavement. Three months after Willie's coffin was carried out of the White House, she wrote to Madame Harris, the milliner in New York: "I am in need of a mourning bonnet—which must be exceedingly plain & genteel. I want one made of crape with folds, bonnet of blk crape—that is trimmed with it. I want the crape to be of the *finest jet black* English crape—white & black face trimmings—Could you obtain any black & white crape flowers? small delicate ones—I want it got up, with great taste & gentility."[47]

Looking Toward Home

Willie's death occurred four days after the triumphant victory of General U. S. Grant at Fort Donelson in Tennessee. "No terms except an immediate and unconditional surrender," were Grant's famous words to the enemy, and that tough line captured the imagination of the entire Union. In the spring the federal forces established control over western Tennessee. By the time the horse chestnuts bloomed again at the White House, Union troops had started their ascent of the Mississippi River. Memphis was in Union hands in June.

Tad's health improved quickly, and summer saw him and his father nearly inseparable. Crowds of the curious had learned to stand around and wait to get a look at this pair as they walked daily, hand in hand, to the telegraph office for the latest war news. The child resented the intrusion and sometimes scowled as he moved over the shaggy green grass, seemingly pulled along by his father.

The Lincolns were no longer the happy family they had been in Springfield. What they had lost seemed to them far more than a fair tribute to be paid by one family for serving mankind. Mrs. Lincoln had taken to brooding. The President's sleep was forever troubled. In the cemetery the body of Willie Lincoln lay waiting in a borrowed tomb. The Lincolns knew that one day they would go home again to Illinois; when that time came Willie would go too, to his final resting place.



17

Good News

Mr. Lincoln was essentially a growing man." So wrote Horace Greeley in his *Recollections*. "Enjoying no advantages in youth, he had observed and reflected much since he attained to manhood, and he was steadily increasing his stock of knowledge to the day of his death." He had "entered Washington the victim of a grave delusion. A genial . . . peaceful man, trained in the ways of the bar and the stump, he fully believed that there would be no civil war."[1]

Nor did Lincoln begin to achieve the aura of greatness that would set him apart until his first administration was more than two-thirds over. Many who were close to him had no faith in his competence actually to serve as chief executive. He established authority over his Cabinet, which had intended to rule him, but even well into the second year the public was still not convinced of his ability.

As the summer of 1862 wore on, and the Union suffered serious losses in the field, the American population became increasingly uneasy with Lincoln's mild administration. From his perspective as secretary to the President, George Nicolay wrote in disgust, "I am utterly amazed to find so little real faith and courage under difficulties among public leaders and men of intelligence. The average public mind is becoming alarmingly sensational. A single reverse or piece of accidental ill-luck is enough to throw them into the horror of dispair."[2]

This added up to great political danger, from which President Lincoln saved himself by placing the war cause on a higher moral level than the mere salvation of the Union.

The Public Eye

In wartime the White House always assumes a domineering presence, in part because presidential power becomes almost dictatorial, and in part because the President himself seems then more than ever to represent the human identity of the faceless government. Everything about him is interesting, not the least the house where he lives. Yet before 1863 Lincoln enjoyed little advantage from this circumstance. He had not yet become a glorious figure; he could not even draw together the diverse elements of the Republican Party under his leadership.

Washington, a city of visitors, remained full for the duration of the war. The tutor at the White House, Alexander Williamson, recalled: "The city was in a fearful condition—swarming not only with troops, but with vagabonds, vampires, and harpies of every description." Sundays, he found, became more and more like other days, with noise and crowds. Most of the people, it can be supposed, eventually found their way into the White House, to tour the East Room. The Metropolitan Police kept out anyone they could identify as low-life. Those of decent character who left a card might be invited to one of Mrs. Lincoln's weekly receptions, where she and Major French presided in the Blue Room, while hundreds passed through to shake hands.[3]

The President's wife and the commissioner of public buildings got along well. She liked to laugh, and the major could be quite silly when with women. Sometimes he and Mrs. Lincoln burst into giggles while standing in the receiving line. In quieter moments she found in him a dependable friend. Bent under pressure, she broke down from time to time. Willie always came to her mind when she was at her weakest. She "wept bitterly yesterday while talking of her loss," wrote French in March after the child's death.[4]

It was important for the President and his family to be seen by the public in the wartime city, so as not to seem in hiding. Most of the Lincolns' joint appearances were at military reviews and receptions. Both took place at the White House; one had simply to walk downstairs to take part. Lincoln also liked to drive about in his carriage. Mrs. Lincoln visited the military hospitals religiously, distributing happy words and presents she had made herself. Finding her kind and motherly, the soldiers named one of the camps Camp Mary Lincoln.

Had their formal social obligations not been largely political, the Lincolns might have enjoyed them. But society is part of work for a President, and the Lincolns were not accustomed to giving the sort of private entertainments the capital had known under Buchanan. While

ordered the body taken to the White House, and put French in charge of every detail. This also put French in the closest contact with Mrs. Lincoln, whom everyone else wished to avoid. Soon French too began to believe she was going insane.[3]

At about 9:30 in the morning of the 15th, Lincoln's body was removed from the Petersen house in a coffin. It was carried in a hearse attended by a small group of soldiers, one lieutenant and ten privates. The little procession, under General Daniel H. Rucker, marched to the White House. French had covered the coffin in an American flag, which could be seen through the windows of the hearse. He had ordered the soldiers' firearms reversed. People along the street wept openly.

The soldiers carried the coffin inside, climbing to the south portico, crossing the Blue Room to the transverse hall, and up the grand stairway to the Prince of Wales Room, where Willie had died. Lincoln's body was placed on a cooling board, a portable work table brought to the White House by the embalmers. Nine men assembled to perform the autopsy, two pathologists who worked at the Army Medical Museum, and seven doctors who gave instructions and served as witnesses. In the course of the autopsy the fatal bullet appeared. According to one of the pathologists, it "suddenly . . . dropped out through my fingers and fell, breaking the solemn silence of the room with its clatter, into an empty basin that was standing beneath. There it lay upon the white china, a little black mass no bigger than the end of my finger."[4]

French went to the room briefly. Someone suggested that he go to Mrs. Lincoln to keep her from making a surprise visit to the Prince of Wales Room during the autopsy. He found her in a bedroom down the hall, across from the oval room. Upon returning to the house she had refused to enter either her own bedroom or the President's. For most of the rest of her time in the White House she kept to this room, which looked out under the north portico.

"I went in," wrote French in his diary. "She was in bed . . . in great distress, and I remained only a moment." Apparently the commissioner did consult her in calmer moments during the six days that Lincoln's body remained in Washington. Some details of the funeral may have been the result of her requests, but for the most part French was in charge, Stanton his only master. The ceremonial and decorative aspects of the lying in state and subsequent funeral were of French's creation.[5]

Brown & Alexander, the Washington company of undertakers, was now represented in the Prince of Wales Room by Dr. Charles D. Brown, one of the partners. The embalming took place there during the afternoon. President Johnson appeared for a while, and others close to

Lincoln wandered in and out. At the conclusion Lincoln was dressed by Secretary Stanton. For all the participants, politics was intertwined with their sorrow. Dr. Brown offered to obliterate a bruise on Lincoln's face with chemicals and wax. "No," said Stanton, "this is part of the history of the event." The public would view the corpse; they must see how the Republican martyr had suffered. Lincoln's remains would be paraded before millions of citizens on a national tour by special train.[6]

Stanton ordered that the funeral service be held in the East Room. French devoted the weekend to planning suitable decorations, sensing the magnitude of the work before him. His diaries show his awareness that this was the first assassination of a President of the United States. Europe's history was stained with assassination, but no American President had been slain before now. Lincoln's murder at the climax of national upheaval had gripped the Union with grief and dark reflection. The mourning could not be too profound nor too dignified.

For the East Room he designed an ornate catafalque to hold the coffin. It differed from those used for Harrison and Taylor only in having columns and a high roof, which required that the central chandelier be unscrewed from the gas line and taken down. Resembling a huge four-poster bed with heavy black and white drapery, the catafalque was decorated by the Alexander firm with practically the entire repertoire of the upholsterer's art: satin pleats, tucks, sunbursts, and rosettes; a roof of black silk; a ceiling of tightly pleated white satin. John Alexander finished this at about noon on Monday. The noise of his hammers throughout the night disturbed Mrs. Lincoln, and she cried out over and over that she could hear gunshots in the house.[7]

Externally the White House, like practically every building in the city, was draped with black. Crape wrapped the columns of the porticoes and covered the carved ornaments. Everyone on the staff wore black armbands. Black framed the north window where Lincoln had addressed the serenaders. The mirrors inside were covered with white; the chandeliers were bagged with black. Monday morning French inspected the work. "I went to the White House & saw that all was going on well in regard to preparations for the funeral. I saw the remains of the President, which are growing more and more natural—indeed but for the blood shot appearance of the cheek directly under the right eye, the face would look perfectly natural."[8]

That night the body was carried from the Prince of Wales Room to the East Room and placed in the coffin. Those who carried it removed their shoes so that Mrs. Lincoln would not hear them. At 9:30 Tuesday morning the Pennsylvania Avenue gate was opened to admit thousands

of mourners to view the corpse. They were marshaled into the White House by the military.

The line of callers entered through the north door and went to the Green Room, through which they passed into the East Room. Divided there into two orderly lines, they passed close to the coffin, then left by way of the temporary stair that led from one of the East Room windows. The coffin seemed to float on a sea of spring flowers. White magnolias had bloomed early in the White House grounds. Camellias and roses, both purchased and from the conservatory, were used in abundance, sweetening the stuffy air of the East Room.

After the admission of invited groups between 5:30 and 7:30 in the evening, the house was closed. Then French appeared with the carpenter crew from the Treasury building project, transporting lumber and supplies from the Treasury to the East Room to set to work building steps—like bleachers—around the north, south, and east walls. The President's body lay in the midst of this noisy work, which lasted well into the next morning. Through the night the sound of hammering once again penetrated the silence of Mary Lincoln's room, and again she fruitlessly cried out, begging that it be stopped.[9]

The funeral was held at noon Wednesday, April 19, 1865. Six hundred invited guests were admitted, presenting their handwritten cards at the gate and surrendering them inside the north door. Each guest stood at an assigned place on the black-draped bleachers. White silk ribbons marked the seating sections; scattered islands of chairs served special guests; overflow guests went to the Green Room. A section against the big windows on the east wall of the East Room was reserved for the press.

General Grant was seated alone at the head of the catafalque in full uniform, the hero on a pedestal, his face glistening with tears. Andrew Johnson stood with the Cabinet. The room was shadowy, its curtains drawn, the massed mourners further blocking the light. Several candles near the catafalque cast a soft yellow glow on the white satin above the coffin; the satin, in turn, reflected a harsh glare on Lincoln's face.

The long and sentimental sermon by the Rev. Dr. Phineas D. Gurley made its intended impression. Lincoln was compared with Moses. Vengeance was sworn against those who had destroyed him. When the service was over the 600 filed out in orderly lines, emerged on the north portico, and stood along the sides of the driveway to await the procession to the Capitol. Thousands more mourners spread beyond the fence; the windows of the tall buildings framed clusters of faces looking down over the crowds. The drums and the volleys of honor were the only sounds.

At two o'clock the coffin was carried from the White House and placed on the funeral car by the 12 sergeants of the honor guard, who served as pallbearers. The black-draped funeral car, drawn by six white horses, rolled down the driveway, through the iron gates, and away from the White House.[10]

Confusion

The presence of the new President at the services for Abraham Lincoln was not nearly so much noticed as the absence of the dead man's widow. Mary Lincoln remained in seclusion, cringing at the sounds of the thudding drums, the rolling funeral car, and the shuffling of feet over wood floors and graveled drives. French had hoped she would rally sufficiently to attend the ceremonies. At public expense he bought "1 mourning dress & trimmings," as well as a mourning shawl, crape bonnet and veil, "gloves & Hdkfs," and five pairs of suitable hose. The departure of the coffin took place beneath her curtained windows, and that is as close as she ever came to it. She participated in the sad events from the sanctuary of her room. For the burial she selected a cemetery she and Lincoln had admired on the outskirts of Springfield, rejecting a congressional offer of the crypt in the Capitol originally built to receive Washington's body. Willie's coffin was taken from the tomb and placed beside his father's on the funeral train to Illinois.[11]

Mary Lincoln's grief completely absorbed her. The problem she posed was universally recognized, so the expenditures of public money to comfort and appease her seems not to have been questioned. Mrs. Keckley remained at her side, paid a federal salary of $35 per week by the commissioner. President Johnson did not ask her to vacate the White House. The few who ventured close to her were puzzled by her wild hysterics; most classed them as undignified. So people who might have given comfort began to stay away.

Oddly enough, the letters which survive from her remaining six weeks at the White House seem somewhat calmer than those written during the war. She tried to gain good positions for loyal friends. The tutor Alexander Williamson, paid as a Treasury clerk, received a strong recommendation for a post in one of the new reconstruction bureaus. Tommy Pendel was likewise praised in a note to Andrew Johnson for loyal service as principal doorkeeper.

During Mrs. Lincoln's withdrawal in her room, which lasted for the rest of April and most of May, the White House was a place of often uncontrolled activity. At the far end of the second floor hall, Nicolay and Hay packed the contents of the offices, sifting through and

organizing Lincoln's papers and books. A caller visited the room in May, one month after the President's death, and wrote: "They are taking away Mr. Lincoln's private effects, to deposit wheresoever his family may abide, and the emptiness of the place, on this sunny Sunday, revives that feeling of desolation from which the land has scarce recovered."[12]

With no supervision, tourists who were so inclined looted the state rooms for souvenirs. Stackpole the steward either could not keep order, or did not have the good judgment to do so. The public pressed in when the doors opened in the morning and left only when forced out by the afternoon closing. Official business took place not in the White House but in Johnson's office at the Treasury. The temporary offices were decorated with the oversize flags that had draped the presidential box at Ford's; one bore a long rip made by Booth's spur as the assassin leaped to the stage. For one of the few times in its history, the White House was not central to the Presidency; it was a relic, apart from the mainstream.

Through the rest of April the East Room remained set up as it had been for the funeral. Visitors walked up and down the bleachers and picked the mourning vestments to pieces; crape, silk rosettes, wilted flowers, whatever could be slipped into a coat or reticule, were fair game. Even after French had the room restored, the souvenir hunting continued. When he took inventory in May, no lamps, vases, or other small movables remained. Of the other furnishings he noted: "All curtains badly cut—rest of furniture pretty badly used."[13]

The theft of silver and china was apparently extensive. Word of the ransacking of the White House got to the New York *World* after Mrs. Lincoln left, and it was reported that "an official" had provided her with 90 packing boxes in which she had hauled off the ornaments of the White House. By that time she was out of sorts with French and blamed him for starting the story. "There is no *greater scamp*, in this country, than *that* man," she wrote.[14]

Before she left, Mrs. Lincoln must have felt increasingly a stranger in the White House, where spirits were rising again with the excitement of an opening chapter. With very little notice, she announced that she would depart on May 22. This would take her out of town one day in advance of the Grand Review of the Armies of the Union, three days of military parades in which several hundred thousand soldiers would march. Carpenters were already building the reviewing stands in front of the White House. Her face hidden by a black veil, Mrs. Lincoln at last emerged and slipped away to the railroad station late in the afternoon of the appointed day. Her companion, Mrs. Keckley, was sad to see that "there was scarcely a friend to tell her good-bye."[15]

Andrew Johnson Establishes Himself

Four days after Mary Lincoln left, French sent one of his clerks to the unoccupied White House to join Stackpole in making a full inventory. When the long ledger sheets were filled with their rather tedious account of chairs and tables, watercoolers and beds, all "worn" or "misused" or, at best, "in fair condition," French had the clerk affix his signature and required the same of Stackpole. Because there was a question of missing public property, neither French nor the new President wanted to have anything to do with the house until the inventory was a matter of record.[16]

The moving of Andrew Johnson's papers and belongings soon followed, and he took up residence at the White House on June 9. He lost no time in establishing what he considered an adequate office force. The President's staff was permanently increased. Lincoln had begun the trend by borrowing numerous part-time clerks, principally from the Treasury, to assist Nicolay and Hay. That he planned to make Noah Brooks his secretary for the second term suggests that President Lincoln may have had in mind an improved office organization, with Brooks an administrator over an enlarged force of secretaries and clerks. Johnson had six secretaries and six clerks on his staff.

The chief secretary, William A. Browning, who had served him well when he was Vice President, helped set up the revised office organization. But as this work was taking place, Browning unexpectedly died. He was replaced by 33-year-old Robert, the fourth of Johnson's children and his favorite. How well Robert Johnson performed the job is questionable, for while he was charming, he was something of a black sheep, liquor being not the least of his weaknesses. So few official papers bear his name that, unless new office procedures made it unnecessary for the secretary to initial or sign most documents, he probably did little.

The need for expanded offices sprang from administrative burdens produced by the war. Congress supplied Johnson with funds to make the offices more efficient. Space was needed not only for more staff and visiting officials, but also for the storage of papers, a new function in the White House. Papers heretofore had never remained for long at the house; Presidents had kept their letters and letterpress copies, but other documents were directed almost immediately to the appropriate executive department. Wishing to hold over as much wartime power as he could by maintaining the emergency lines of communication established by Lincoln, Johnson held on to copies of most of the papers that came his way, and he kept meticulous copies of all the letters and other papers he

iron skeleton had proved too expensive, so the sash that held the glass was all of wood, as it had been in the original conservatory. Only a few iron structural members were used.[34]

Some five weeks before the conservatory burned, Mrs. Patterson's redecorating of the interior of the White House was nearly finished. For the New Year's reception of 1867 she had opened the three parlors for the first time, to general acclaim. The bright, intricately patterned wallpapers were gone; tall "French panels," or frames, had been created on the walls with gilt moldings. Silk-like wallpapers were used inside the long rectangles, with the other surfaces painted various dark Pompeiian colors, in the French *néo-grec* mode then making its first appearance in the United States.

The new look Mrs. Patterson had achieved was more controlled and more orderly than the florid French Antique style that had dominated these rooms from James K. Polk's time to Abraham Lincoln's. The redecorated state parlors were darker and less theatrically "historical." Rather than being reflected from every surface, the gaslight glowed on some and was absorbed by others.[35]

Mrs. Patterson had an interest in history. In the attic she came across a forgotten series of portraits commissioned by the Congress in 1857 from the painter George P. A. Healy as decoration for the White House. They depicted John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, and Pierce. They had been stored unframed by French sometime prior to 1864. When Mrs. Patterson showed her father the pictures, he was delighted, and through French secured an appropriation of $300 each for gilt frames. The pictures, some bust portraits, some full length, were hung in the transverse hall on the state floor, outside the state parlors. President Johnson took great pleasure in escorting his guests through the hall and discoursing on the characters and accomplishments of his predecessors. During the spring of 1867 the East Room was opened. Mrs. Patterson's renovations were finally complete.[36]

The Steward William Slade

Some important changes in the operation of the White House naturally accompanied so ambitious a program of renovation. Mrs. Patterson scrutinized the ways the parties and public receptions were organized and she asked some practical questions about the staffing of the house.

Johnson held relatively few dinners until the last year of his administration. But large receptions were frequent, and the custom of Thursday drawing rooms for women was continued. Generally speaking,

receptions open to the public had been reserved since the late '50s for New Year's and the Fourth of July, with all others by invitation only. Andrew Johnson reintroduced the levee; meaning in White House parlance an open house for all comers, the levee was more in keeping with his democratic outlook than the other relatively exclusive functions, which required formal invitations.

Johnson's levees were jammed. Immense throngs arrived sometimes an hour or more early and waited in the hot sun; many visitors found themselves too far toward the end of the line to make it inside before the doors were closed. Dust, sweat, and aching feet, combined with irritation at not getting to shake the President's hand, made for disgruntled citizens, and there were sometimes several of these after one of Johnson's levees. Some vented their anger in the papers. Yet great effort was freely spent to make the levees as personal and hospitable as possible under the circumstances. The serving of food had long since proved impossible; even ice water was not usually available. Flower arrangements were placed about, on mantels and on large tables; the state rooms, most of their furniture taken to the basement, were primped to look their best. The Marine Band played in the hall outside the East Room.[37]

No one had analyzed White House entertaining seriously since Buchanan's administration. Mrs. Patterson's initial concern was to curb costly wear and tear on the house. The crowded receptions under the Lincolns could be blamed for a large part of the dilapidation of the state rooms. Change was recognizable first in the autumn of 1867. The prime innovation was that the great crowds were given easy access to the outside from the East Room. Mrs. Patterson disposed of the long temporary stair that had served the south window and devised an exit on the north, where the windowsills were nearer grade. Her carpenter built a portable ramp—called the "bridge"—to fit across the light well and connect with the driveway. Callers were not usually directed to leave by this bridge from the East Room, but its convenience encouraged many to seek fresh air, thinning the crowds significantly.[38]

On the day before a levee, the state rooms were emptied of everything except fixtures and the ornaments on the mantels. Chairs, tables, lamps, the "Japanese cabinet" of Pierce were neatly stacked in the Red Room and State Dining Room, both of which were then locked. With the furniture out of the way, John Alexander spread heavy linen "crash" in runners over the carpeting where the lines of callers would cross the transverse hall, the Blue Room, and the Green Room. For the East Room, the crash was cut and sewn in large pieces and lightly tacked together section by section in a giant quilt that spread from wall to wall,

serving the dual purpose of protecting the carpeting and muffling the considerable noise made by visitors.[39]

The effect of the new program appeared in declining repair bills and in the survival of many objects through the subsequent Victorian decades. Damage was decreased also by new precautions against souvenir seekers. Visitors were welcomed to inspect the East Room Monday through Saturday between the hours of nine and three. In Lincoln's time callers had on occasion sprawled out and slept on the sofas. Now there were detectives to prevent such familiarities, and Mrs. Patterson seems not to have been concerned that it looked inhospitable.

Some who took liberties with the furnishings lived to regret it. "The lady who calls to see you," wrote a kindly landlord to Major French, "has occupied part of my house for a year and is an efficient clerk in the Internal Revenue Office." Only a day before, she and a friend from out of town had visited the White House. "Passing out through the door, near a window in the East Room, there was a curtain . . . in rags, & this visitor pulled a small piece from it, thoughtlessly, at the very moment the detective who was on the spot arrested her and took the ladies to the Supt. of Police." The landlord insisted that this was really French's fault for having a curtain so near the path the visitors followed. He had "tempted" the poor girl beyond her power to resist.[40]

The size of the domestic staff of the White House had varied over the years. From 1800 until the Civil War the average number of servants was 12. This does not count personal or body servants, and southern Presidents often brought sizable numbers of slaves with them. Lincoln's household organization had been large, though it varied from time to time. Many of the salaries were buried in the payrolls of the executive departments. Johnson employed five house servants, whom he paid from his own pocket: a head cook and a head laundress, each with an assistant, and a chambermaid. He also paid the salary of the oddly titled "Cow Man." All other White House employees were paid directly or indirectly by the federal government. There were two doorkeepers, three watchmen, and a gardener listed in French's records, some ostensibly clerks in the various departments, others members of the Metropolitan Police. The Treasury Detective Force also performed guard duty at the White House every day.

President Johnson's total payroll for his five servants and the cow man varied between $66 and $99 per month. This did not include caterers or temporary servants brought in to assist at big dinners. The President fed all who worked at the White House, sometimes twice a day, an average of 32 people—from the 14 at the President's table in the private

dining room to Lizzie Mitchell, the head cook, and her two children, who ate in the kitchen. Doormen and messengers were served in the doormen's room adjacent to the north door. Servants ate in the basement waiting room where the house bells rang, or in the servants' dining rooms—one for blacks and a second for whites.[41]

The long-standing practice of paying the steward with the federal salary earmarked for the chief doorkeeper had become unnecessary in 1864, when the Congress began tacking a liberal salary for the steward onto the office appropriation. Even though the steward was considered a personal employee of the President—and functioned as such—it had been obvious for some years that a federal official was needed at the White House who would take charge of domestic management and be responsible for the furnishings, silver, and other public property. The Polks had anticipated this when they hired a businessman instead of a servant as their steward. In July 1866 the Congress created the federal post of steward of the White House.[42]

Appointed by the President and serving at his pleasure, the steward was accountable for the well-being of all public property in the White House, including the building itself and its grounds. Although seen at the outset as a political position, the stewardship never developed into one because of the peculiar nature of the job. In addition to his White House responsibilities, the steward was a fiscal agent, managing the President's personal funds insofar as they were expended for the household, as well as the funds appropriated for the White House by the Congress. He was under the Department of the Interior and was to post bond in an amount determined by the secretary of that department.

The President recognized the steward's position as a powerful and delicate one calling for good judgment and the ability to communicate with politicians and officials as well as with the family and servants. For the post he selected William Slade, a light-skinned black man; bond was set at $30,000, the estimated value of the silver and china in the White House. Slade had been acting as steward since August 1, 1865, following the removal of Stackpole, who had at last played his fatal card by lending a silver bowl from the house to a Baltimore store for advertisement.

Before coming to the White House, Slade had been a messenger at the Treasury, and thus had known President Johnson for some years. When Johnson moved into the White House on June 9, 1865, he placed Slade in charge of the household accounts. Stackpole's dismissal late the next month opened the way for Slade. Conscientious attention to his duties earned for William Slade the appointment in August 1866 as the first official steward of the White House.

architectural parts. Located between the greenhouse and the west end of the house, it replaced the early connecting hallway of glass.

Exactly what this room looked like is difficult to determine, although its components were in the modern English "reform" style, which featured exposed carpentry and rustic effects. This was the antithesis of the dressy "French" interior decoration that had dominated the White House since its reconstruction after the War of 1812. Michler's papers indicate that the billiard room was rich in natural wood finishes. Walnut, spruce, oak, and mahogany were used in paneling, wainscoting, and decorative "timber framing" that gave a massive great-hall effect. Some of the timbers were carved. Iron and plaster surfaces were made to look like wood by staining and paint-graining. The ceiling was not glass, like that in the adjacent greenhouse; it may have had skylights, but for the most part it was sheathed in bead-edged boards. Above an oak wainscoting the north and south walls were pierced by ranges of tall windows with bits of colored glass interspersed among the large clear panes. On the east the white-painted stone wall of the White House remained uncovered, with the pilasters intact. The two west windows of the State Dining Room were filled in and plastered over inside and out. Pairs of tall glass doors separated the billiard room from the conservatory; when they were thrown open, the spaces ran together.[27]

Grant often asked his guests to play billiards, and he did not like to lose. He would practice alone, wrote Crook, "puffing clouds of smoke through half-closed lips, while he perfected himself in different shots and combinations." Billiard games often went on for hours, with ladies seated on the green leather sofas. Male observers might sit in the long-legged chairs that offered closer surveillance of the table, or they might stand. The billiard room was the most popular gathering place in the house.[28]

When they were not entertaining, the Grants dined early in the evening, never later than five. After dinner the family retired to the oval room upstairs, amusing themselves with conversation and school lessons until the children's bedtime at about 8:30. After the children were in bed, the parents hurried to their rooms and freshened up, perhaps changing clothes, while the servants lit the gas lamps in the north portico and turned up the gaslight in the halls downstairs. In the Red Room the curtains were pulled shut, and kerosene lamps, gas wall brackets, and gas chandelier were lighted.

At nine the doormen on duty began admitting callers and directing them to the Red Room, where the President and Mrs. Grant stood waiting. This "at-home" was a regular weeknight event for people well known to the Grants. The evenings were always informal and usually late.

Cigars, coffee, whiskey, and brandy were passed around. Men and women sat in small chatty groups or played parlor games. Talk of politics and public office was strictly prohibited. Often the President and his wife held the group captive with their repartee.

The Grants seldom visited other people. A wedding or funeral or baptism might provide an exception, yet official precedent made it unnecessary for them to accept invitations. Nevertheless, they were more sensitive than most of their predecessors to the dangers of isolation in the White House. The evening parties in the Red Room doubtless offered them a means of keeping in touch with people. Yet the Grants' sparkling circle of friends could hardly have been called a cross section of Americans. It was made up of individuals whose brains, background, power, or wealth set them apart. Ultimately, this exclusive circle was to expose them to ruinous hazards.

The most dangerous among Grant's guests were the millionaires who more or less had been made by the Civil War. Millionaires were rather new in America in the late '60s and early '70s. Their splendid ways made them as attractive to the Grants as they were to everyone else at the time, and they easily gained social entrée to the White House. Not yet "robber barons," they were popularly admired as beneficiaries, like President Grant himself, of the American good life.

Most of these relationships were harmless and did not dim the glow that radiated from the Grant White House. But some unprincipled men saw through the general like a pane of glass. He had inadequacies which they realized they could put to use. Friendship with the President spelled influence on the awarding of federal contracts. His hospitality thus nourished the seeds of corruption.

Table Settings

"Why Madame," said Valentino Melah to a news reporter shortly after assuming the duties as steward, "there isn't enough silver in the White House to set a respectable free-lunch table." Complaints were soon heard about the china, glassware, linens, furniture, rugs, curtains—in short, Martha Patterson's recent labors on the rooms of the White House were not after all to be for the ages, any more than anyone else's had ever been. The stage required some resetting to suit the Grants' purposes. This was carried out in the summer of 1869; five years later, in 1874, a second period of remodeling transformed the East Room.[29]

Steward Melah notwithstanding, Grant was to buy very little silver. Earlier inventories show that the silver holdings of the White House

varnishing, mounted on the heavy walnut newel post a bronze statue of a Greek woman, a gas jet in her upheld hand.[32]

The smaller size of the new staircase increased the usable space in the west end of the second floor hall. Mrs. Grant converted the hallway—heretofore only a passage—into a sitting room furnished with sofas and tables. A little hallway to the President's bedroom, made necessary by the old stair, was removed; the President's door then opened directly into the west hall sitting room.

Away from the terrible storms of plaster dust and construction debris, and enjoying the sea breezes, Mrs. Grant studied the question of interior decoration in the White House. She turned for advice to William Pierre Stymus of the fashionable Pottier & Stymus Manufacturing Company in New York. Stymus had already done work in Grant's office, supplying furniture and carpeting and also charging a "decorating" fee for his services. For the Blue Room he suggested a gilt picture molding dropped 18 inches from the cornice, new upholstery in blue satin, and a large "reflector" chandelier—a mass of glass prisms, etched glass panes, and frosted glass globes—replacing the old gilded one. The result was a dazzling interior in white, blue, silver, and gold.[33]

Little was done to the Red Room. The Green Room's suite of Louis XV style furniture was revarnished and re-covered. Structural repairs had damaged the French panels on the walls. New flocked paper in dark green replaced the earlier pale green "frame" color, while the long panels of patterned wallpaper placed there by Mrs. Patterson were kept. Mrs. Grant purchased for the mantel a clock of "marble & malachite . . . day, week, month, change of moon, etc." and "side pieces" to match. Some 14 rooms in all were repapered. Little in the sources indicate that Mrs. Grant departed far from the traditional White House predilection for French styles.[34]

Mrs. Grant thoroughly enjoyed shopping, with her pocketbook jingling. In the stores of Manhattan she was delighted by bronze statuettes such as "Union," a pair of maidens in bronze called "Night" and "Morning," and two figures titled "Julian & Theriskaw." She also bought statues of cheaper base metal with an outer coating of bronze, and she began collecting black-and-white engravings to hang from her new picture molding. Inspirational themes seem to have caught her fancy: A sampling includes "Faith, Hope, and Charity," "Evangelists," "Madonnas," "Hercules," "Entombment," and another version of the theme of night and morning.[35]

The work of 1869 found its most telling political expression in a patriotic redecoration of the entrance hall. Mrs. Grant inspired the other

work, but perhaps not this; and it is difficult to tell who was responsible. The entrance hall had always been simple, not so different from the lobbies of many American courthouses. Under Grant it was redecorated to epitomize the Republican Party as savior of the nation.

Hubert Shutter, partner in the decorating company Shutter & Rakeman, which was already at work varnishing, painting, and papering elsewhere in the house, was asked either to replace or revise the existing encaustic painting on the walls and ceiling of the hall. The Pompeiian decorations put up so recently by Andrew Johnson were painted out and replaced by flags, Union shields, eagles, and the initials "U. S." Muddy *neo-grec* colors yielded to a riot of Fourth of July red, white, and blue. Two allegorical paintings on canvas were commissioned for the ceiling from Constantino Brumidi, the Capitol's decorative artist. These circular pictures, representing victory and America as females, may have been intended to flank a larger central painting, which never materialized.

The walls were painted to give a rich architectural effect which seemed appropriate to the Georgian house. Panels and trimmings styled to look like stonework were arranged with the guilloche rope design borrowed from the exterior of the house, where the Scotsmen had carved it nearly 75 years before. Above the marble mantels that faced each other across the hall, Shutter fashioned two striking painted panels climaxed by painted cameos, Abraham Lincoln on the west and George Washington on the east. Over Washington's head on the ceiling was the Brumidi allegory "Liberty." Over Lincoln's was "Union." Entering the White House was like entering a shrine. All it lacked was a portrait of Ulysses Grant, the master of the house.[36]

Rectifying a series of small problems—window shades in need of new tassels, a door in need of a new knob—cost more than the major redecoration. An electric call-bell system was installed from the main and upper floor to the servants' hall, and additional stations were added to the old manual system, which was activated by levers and cords. The recurrent difficulty over keys was once again settled. Every change of administration produced a hasty attempt to identify keys to the several hundred keyholes on the doors and furniture. Invariably the locksmith had to be called to make new keys, silver ones for the state floor and brass ones for use everywhere else.

After the restorations of 1869 the only other change of note made during Grant's administration was the renovation of the East Room, which took place in 1873 and early 1874 under the direction of General Babcock. As a result of his work, the room became a classic example of the decorative taste of the Gilded Age.

Babcock renovated the East Room with the advice and assistance of Alfred B. Mullett, supervising architect of the Treasury. Mullett was at that time occupied with the erection of the State, War, & Navy Building, just west of the White House, a splendid reflection in pale granite of the new Louvre. In Mullett's office was the gifted Viennese Richard Ezdorf, sometimes known as "Count Ezdorf," and said to be an Austrian nobleman.[37] It is possible that Ezdorf contributed to the decoration of the East Room. Mullett also admired a decorator from Boston named William J. McPherson, and his company was paid for the decoration of the East Room, although McPherson may not have provided the design. Babcock recalled later that McPherson was working on the library of the new State, War, & Navy Building when he first met with Babcock about the East Room. The final scheme probably represented a collaborative effort. In its day the East Room was referred to sometimes as "New Grecian." Taking that term for an Americanization of the *neo-grec*, the name is a good one, for the East Room lacked the subtlety of its French inspiration.[38]

For some years the East Room had seemed too plain for its important purposes. The existing design had not been changed since Hoban finished building it in 1818, though it had been many times redecorated. Fine hotels had better ballrooms. Pierce had enriched it with an elaborate painted ceiling, but the taste of the Gilded Age required more. The embellishments that commenced while the Grants were gone for the summer of 1873 were grandiose in the lush manner popular in hotels and on steamboats and evocative of the room's earlier neoclassical decorative schemes. The original moldings were carefully preserved. As the decorative painters had built upon the architectural elements of the entrance hall by surrounding them with fresco ornament, the new design of the East Room incorporated the existing architecture. The chaste bareness people had once admired was gone; classical order prevailed in a much more ornamental room.

Always divided by the arrangement of its furnishings into three sections, the great chamber was further defined architecturally by the introduction of massive Corinthian columns set out from the walls before pilasters. From these, heavy beams spanned the room, column to column, ornamented by a replica of Hoban's anthemia cornice. The effect was of three rooms that folded one into the other. The base color was white, varnished to a high gloss. Gilding covered any part which could be classified as carved decoration—acanthus leaves, flowers, guilloche, volutes of the columns.

The old ceiling fresco, ruined by the new beams, was replaced by

William J. McPherson early in 1874. Little is known of the design except that it enhanced the Grecian theme. Surviving photographs show that each of the sections was edged in a simple border, with anthemia placed diagonally in the corners. The remainder of the ceiling was treated as an artificial sky, shading from azure to pink and gold, with white clouds, with the common intent suggesting an atrium.

The old marble mantels, mirrors, and chandeliers were removed and sold. New wooden mantels, finely turned and painted in white and gold, were installed in the winter of 1874. The tall mirrors over the mantels were handsomely carved with presidential symbols and painted in matching colors. They were even grander than the great mirrors Pierce had bought in the 1850s. Three immense gasoliers replaced the candle and oil fixtures originally hung by Jackson 45 years earlier and converted to gas by Polk in 1848. Each had some 38 gas burners. They were made largely of cut glass over nickel-plated frames; long and heavy faceted prisms numbering in the thousands hung in row after orderly row, and beads of prisms cut like round-headed diamonds were swagged over the fixtures like drapery. It was said at the time that the prisms were so well polished that they sometimes made rainbows in the gaslight.[39]

The President and Mrs. Grant had thus turned the White House into their own by the autumn of 1869. They gloried in being in the public eye, and the public rejoiced with the Grants in their good life. Fine carriages, fine clothes, and a fine house went well with a fine President and his family.



20

Flourishes

The President's House was first seriously regarded as "historical" in the time of General Grant. Visitors to the national capital placed it high on their lists of sights to see, and guidebooks told of its past. Weekdays from ten until three the East Room could be viewed by anyone who called at the north door. Admission to the state parlors could be procured with a note provided by a congressman or a senator.[1]

Visitors in the 1870s liked to hear about how Abigail Adams had hung her wash in the East Room; how Jefferson had received the Indian chiefs; how Jackson had opened his doors to boisterous democratic throngs; how Dolley Madison had carried Washington's portrait away the day the British burned the White House. It was not such a distant past. A man who reached 50 in the year 1870 had memories of the days when General Jackson had been President. Only 77 years had passed since the laying of the cornerstone.

To strengthen the everyday visitor's sense of history, the Grants opened Andrew Johnson's gallery of presidential portraits. Displayed in the transverse hall, behind the glass screen, the series began with the Stuart portrait of George Washington; it ended with a portrait of Abraham Lincoln commissioned by Grant in 1869 from William Cogswell of Chicago, who had painted the Grant family group that hung in the Red Room. In 1874, when the redecoration of the East Room was finished, the pictures were moved there, to keep the public out of the transverse hall.

The house itself testified to its age. The wooden inner structure

creaked like a ship at sea; for great receptions, the East Room was shored up by heavy timbers in the basement, lest the floors break through under the added weight. Time had worn the stone walls, leaving them pocked and weathered, and the fine stone carvings were clogged with layer upon layer of paint. When a fire engine was brought in to wash down the walls, they emerged looking older for their cleaning. Fresh paint alone brought back their youth.[2]

Life Under Glass

Washington in the high Victorian decades had the most democratic social order on earth. "Society" revolved around the White House and was dominated by power. In the high circle entertained at the White House mingled the elegant and the crude, the bright and the dull. The politically powerful were important but transient; they joined the native members of federal city society, who were always invited no matter what their party loyalties. The final ingredient was provided by the dinners and balls of the diplomatic community. Society was dominated in most respects by women, who made the plans and drew up most of the rules. A strong-willed lady with only modest entrée could take herself far in the realms of republican society.

Mrs. Grant demanded and received her place at the head of society, the first White House hostess since Harriet Lane to reign as the social leader in Washington. Mrs. Lincoln had been denied the honor, though she longed for it. The Johnson daughters, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover, had been happy to take seats on the sidelines. Julia Grant went to the White House knowing Washington's ways. She did not hesitate in establishing herself where she wished to be.

Mrs. Grant held the reins firmly, with constant advice from Mrs. Fish. Washington social mores resembled a sort of jungle law. Politics permeated the domestic circles, where the game was played as roughly as in the Congress. Even the most aloof of the natives were often in the market for official appointments; they sought their fortunes in the salons to which they were invited, or in their own, when they entertained. In the interest of power and favor, vulgar persons—even easy women—were admitted to drawing rooms from which, given other circumstances, they would have been banned.

In the 1870s, curiosity about the White House social scene had spread beyond Washington. All over the country people read about life at the White House in their local papers. The size of the crowds; the fragrance of the flowers; the color, material, and trimmings of the ball

White House Wedding

The most publicized social event of the administration of Ulysses S. Grant was the marriage of the President's only daughter, Nellie. At the outset the Grants intended to exclude the press, but at the last minute they decided to drop this plan, and reporters attended in sufficient numbers to take down every detail. The Grants apparently played no favorites, for the major papers of the United States and many in Europe were represented and ran firsthand accounts. Few social occasions at the White House have so wholly captured the American people as Nellie Grant's wedding.

Nellie was big-eyed, smooth-skinned, plump, and pretty—almost beautiful. She liked to have a good time, and her parents indulged her. Born on the Fourth of July 1855, when hard times pressed heavily on her parents, she had grown up to be thought of from the cradle as a good luck angel. She turned 16 in the White House.

Mrs. Grant pushed her to enjoy her place, and Washington matrons discussed her behavior with disapproval. While other girls her age were still in pigtails, Nellie was boasting the latest Grecian twist. Her hats had feathers, rosettes, and bows; her street costumes and riding habits were fashionably cut by the city's leading modiste. Nellie attended the cotillions and the late night Germans, delighting in being the youngest there. Freedom and flattery made her headstrong, and her parents could not bring themselves to correct one so fresh and lovely.

Gentle hints from close friends at last caused Grant to try to restrain Nellie by sending her to Miss Porter's School in Connecticut. Her chief achievement there was to write home vowing to die if forced to remain in such a dreadful place. The general melted, and Nellie was back in Washington in time for the fall season. (Jesse, when sent away to school a few years later, tried the same ploy, also with success!)

A second try at curtailing Nellie was to send her on a long and instructive trip. Family friends were asked if she could accompany them and their children to Europe in the summer of 1873. Trunks came down from the attic. "How well I remember her coaxing me to let her take her one long evening dress," wrote Mrs. Grant. "Oh do, Mama," cried Nellie. "Maybe Mr. Schenck [the American minister to England] will invite me to tea." She was indeed entertained by Schenck, and by everyone else, including the queen, who found in her some of the same charm she had admired in Harriet Lane. Nellie toured, ate, and danced, and came home in love with a young Englishman of means named Algernon Sartoris. The Grants were dismayed at first, but since Nellie always got

her way, they soon yielded to an engagement. Mrs. Grant later reflected sadly, "Nellie was ready, ah too ready, for the battle of life."[12]

The year 1874 dawned joyously with the announcement to the press. Preparations commenced at the White House. The East Room, torn up by remodeling when Nellie returned from Europe the previous fall, by mid-March stood gleaming in white and gold and "Pure Greek" glory, awaiting the wedding of the decade.

Valentino Melah was to arrange things. He knew that the Grants wanted Nellie to marry like a princess. The knowledge that both the United States and Great Britain would be watching made this the paramount challenge of the "professor's" White House career. As White House events went, it was small, with only 250 cards sent out, yet every effort was expended to make it flawless. As late as 1907 it was recalled "as one of the most brilliant weddings ever given in the United States." The papers were filled with wedding news throughout the winter and spring of 1874. Not until the engraved cards were distributed was the date, May 21, announced.[13]

Melah regularly turned for assistance at large events to two prominent Washington caterers who worked under the name of Jacob & Demonet. Each also maintained a separate business—Ida Demonet a candy shop and Eugene Jacob a small restaurant specializing in French cuisine. Their shops, with their residences upstairs, were on Pennsylvania Avenue several blocks from the White House, in an area where other caterers and confectioners lived.

Jacob and Demonet were indispensable to Melah at any large function, and they contributed to the wedding feast. But on this occasion he turned also to Frederick Freund, whom he put in supreme charge of all planning and preparation of food and drink. Freund was a Washington caterer who put on parties for the richest of the rich. A sometime restaurateur, but primarily a caterer, Freund was a German, probably a native of Saxony. He appears to have gained his reputation in Philadelphia before moving to Washington. So respectful were the Grants of his preeminence that they permitted his name to be inscribed on the painted silk menus that appeared at each place at the table.[14]

Mrs. Grant and Nellie traveled by private railroad car to New York to purchase materials and meet with fashionable dressmakers. Whom they patronized is not known. New York had a plentiful supply of elegant modistes, fresh from the fallen Paris of Napoleon III. The press was assured that Miss Nellie's trousseau would have been manufactured in Paris had there been the time for proper fittings, but all that actually came from Europe was point lace for the wedding dress itself. Purchased

in Brussels, the point lace was formed into a great "wavy" overskirt of "horizontal lines" that covered the white satin wedding gown and fell out behind it over the six-foot train.[15]

Quite a large sum was spent on Nellie's trousseau, which included morning dresses, afternoon dresses, "gaslight" dresses, and opera costumes—each with shawls and fans. Reporters were shown "silks of every hue and color . . . shawls from India . . . parasols with superb ivory handles, muslin dresses with French worked flounces, others with puffs and lace inserting. There are gauzes, grenadines, and hats for every costume, slippers for every evening dress, and the lingerie is so fine and dainty that the sight of it brings delight to every feminine heart that rejoices in delicate embroidery, soft lace, and fine needlework."[16]

Because of the limited quarters in the house, most of the family's out-of-town guests stayed in hotels on Pennsylvania Avenue. On the morning of the 21st, those honored with invitations began to emerge at approximately quarter past ten and slowly proceed to the north side of the White House. It was for most of them only a short distance, but walking for all but the native Washingtonians—who were great walkers—would have been unthinkable. Pedestrians were admitted through the pedestrian gate, while those in carriages had the double iron gates of the White House pulled aside.

At the north door the guests were ushered across the stair hall to the left and into the dimly lighted East Room, where all the curtains and shades were closed and where tubbed palms and fruit trees from the conservatory were lined up orchard-like to suggest a tropical garden. Before the crimson curtains of the great Venetian window a dais had been erected and covered with Turkish carpets. From a tall floral arch on the dais hung a large bell made of white roses, over the spot where the marriage ceremony would take place.

Shortly before 11, the three East Room chandeliers were lighted with long-handled "lighters," then those in the transverse hall, sending off the usual whiff of gas to mingle with the heavy odor of flowers. The Marine Band, in the hall outside, stood poised but silent as the wedding procession marched down the grand staircase. Young Sartoris and his best man, Nellie's oldest brother, Fred, led the way. Next came Mrs. Grant and the two younger boys. Then came the eight bridesmaids dressed exactly alike in white satin, with overskirts of white illusion and wide sashes that extended into trains. As they reached the level floor of the hall, an attendant scattered flowers over the trailing drapery.

After passing through the Blue and Green Rooms to the center of the East Room, the bridesmaids halted in a semicircle before the dais.

Sartoris and Fred Grant took their places on the left of the Methodist preacher, the Reverend Otis H. Tiffany. Nellie entered the room last, on the arm of her father.

She was met by Sartoris beneath the central chandelier, and with him she ascended the dais, where she could be seen by all the guests.

Flowers were everywhere. Nellie's veil was held in her high-piled hair by a wreath of white orchids and green leaves, interspersed with sweet-smelling orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet presented by her parents was of white flowers arranged on a mother-of-pearl fan. Her gift from the groom was not the customary bouquet, but a loose mass of white flowers "of the rarest kind," ordered from the best florist in New York and rushed to Washington on the night train. Placed on the dais on a large silver tray, they were interpreted by newspaper reporters and correspondents as Love's Offering to Nellie Grant.[17]

When the ceremony was over, a receiving line formed before the dais. The Marine Band now began to play music from Rossini, Bellini, Verdi, and Brahms. Those who had passed along the line could view the gorgeous floral tributes in the parlors. Every surface held artistic pieces, Victorian dreams of beauty. A mahogany table in the center of the Green Room held a tall bouquet of lilies, with a card at the base: "Compliments of Mrs. Hicks, No. 10 West Fourteenth Street, New York." On the white marble table in the Red Room was a gilded calling-card basket covered over with artificial insects.[18]

Upstairs, the oval room was draped in white muslin, rather like a tent, to make it look less like a library; the wedding gifts were exhibited there in rather curious categories according to the stores where they were purchased. The cards of the givers drew as much curiosity as the gifts, which included earrings, cameos, flounces of rare lace, fans of silk and satin, "antique" candlesticks, gold knives, forks, spoons, candles painted with flowers, tea and coffee services, punch bowls, salt cellars, fruit knives, glove-boxes, and numerous other items.[19]

At 11:30 the doors of the State Dining Room were folded back to reveal Melah's fairyland, curtains pulled closed, gas blazing overhead, and candles twinkling on the table and sideboards. The wedding cake was a mighty white pyramid in the center of the table, exploding from the top, so it seemed, with white blossoms that cascaded down one side. From the cake, ropes of flowers, roses, and white orchids extended almost to the ends of the long white table. This arrangement imitated to some extent the shape of the old plateau, which was no longer in favor with Mrs. Grant. At the ends of the table, large silver trays were piled high with flowers and diminutive red, white, and blue flags bearing the

sentiments "Success to the President," "Hail Columbia," "Success to the Army," and "Success to the Navy."

Oddly, only the bridal party, the immediate family, and intimate guests were seated. Everyone else waited outside in the parlors where food and wine were passed. Breakfast was served on the "Flower Set," and the menu on each plate, hand-lettered in the office of Octavius Pruden, was rolled up like a diploma. The feast began with soft-shell crab on toast, followed by lamb, beef, wild duck, and chicken. Nellie's wedding cake was served with chocolate pudding and baskets of chilled fruits, as well as water ices and ice cream. The principal drink was not wine but Roman punch, the strong, icy whiskey beverage drunk between courses to clear the palate for the next serving.[20]

Nellie retired to the second floor at about noon to prepare for her departure. The crowd in the dining room broke up, with guests there rejoining the others in the parlors and halls, while waiters moved about distributing little ribboned boxes containing pieces of wedding cake as favors for the ladies. At last Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris descended the grand staircase and passed through the glass screen to the carriage that stood waiting for them in the north portico.

The streets were thick with spectators applauding and cheering. Guards had been stationed at all the gates to prohibit the uninvited from entering, but people had pressed to the fence and climbed the trees along the streets. At the windows of the Treasury, clerks and other office workers looked down at the prince and princess in their carriage, rolling toward the station. The press reported that little of the people's work was done that day. Babcock, in command of the carriage leading the bridal procession, hurried the line of vehicles to the luxurious palace car that would take the newlyweds to New York, where they would set sail for their home in England.

The Dark Side

General Grant the great soldier was a poor judge of civilians. From the nonmilitary men around him he expected, as President, the same respect that as a general he had grown to expect from his men. He was so fiercely loyal to his aides and associates that he was always the last to believe that any of them would do wrong. He was an innocent in that respect, constantly vulnerable to deception.

The scandals of his administration are elements of its glitter. As they came to the surface, they confirmed, more than anything else, the reputation of corruption that marked the age. That Grant was himself a man of personal honor was seldom disputed; his enduring fame, however, is as the hero of the Union, not as President of the United States. Like the potted palms, fast horses, billiard games, and wedding cakes of his White House, Grant the President soon faded into oblivion, to be remembered as merely another coat of gilding over the sins of his time.

His admiration of successful men was so strong as to be a weakness. Some of the most conspicuous were the millionaires made by the war. Many of them were neither gentlefolk nor men who had climbed to wealth doing the sort of work attractive to gentlemen. But the work of a general in the field, while honorable, was also not genteel. Grant's warm feeling toward the rich was symbolized at the start of his administration by his attempt, thwarted by a wary Congress, to appoint the merchant A. T. Stewart as secretary of the Treasury. Some of Grant's other millionaire friends were far more dangerous company than Stewart.[21]

Grant's administration suffered its first scandal when the railroad magnates Jay Gould and Jim Fisk attempted to use their personal access to the President to corner the gold market in the United States. Ultimately Grant discovered the scheme and moved to thwart it, but not soon enough. Panic, the so-called "Black Friday," struck on September 24, 1869. Grant's name was soon linked with those of Gould and Fisk. The Gold Panic investigations of the 41st Congress in 1870 were damaging to both the President and his wife.

The most vulnerable to suspicion of all the men surrounding Grant in the White House was his favorite, General Babcock. First the private secretary then, beginning in 1871, the Army official in charge of the public buildings, Babcock was perhaps as close to Grant personally as any man. Commissioner Babcock expanded his staff in public buildings, taking advantage of Michler's improved office procedures, and left himself plenty of time to be available to the President. He supervised the redecoration of the East Room, the expansion of the greenhouse, extensive landscaping, and in 1872 the construction of an elegant new stable on the site of the old.[22]

Grant had sent him on a secret mission to Santo Domingo in late 1869 and early 1870. Grant dreamed of annexing Santo Domingo to create a group of Negro states, with the dual purpose of providing freedmen with an alternative to living alongside their former masters, and easing racial problems in the South by luring away the aggressive elements among the blacks. The intention of this journey was to negotiate a treaty, which Grant had convinced himself was good for the country. Because the State Department was opposed, Babcock performed his mission without the knowledge of the secretary of state. The plan failed and

Winnie Monroe's title was changed from laborer to cook. Though the domestic servants received federal salaries, they sometimes got money from Hayes as well. The President's private account books list occasional cash disbursements to various servants, probably for personal services.[18]

The Hayeses formed a large and habitually active household. Always resident at the White House were the parents and three of the five children. Probably eight servants lived in, with five others in the house only when they were on duty. There were usually 12 secretaries and clerks in the President's office; ten men worked in the garden and greenhouse. In addition, the Hayeses had numerous guests. At least 45 people could be found at the White House every day, not including tourists or business callers.

No amount of vigilance on the part of Tommy Pendel or the plainclothes police could curb the destruction wrought by visitors who called between ten and two on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Tassels, fringe, inkwells, beads and pendants from the chandeliers, and bits and pieces of nearly everything were cut out and carried off. "Souvenir hunters," wrote Birch Hayes, "were the bane of our lives." An average of 2,000 per day passed through the East Room during the Centennial year of 1876 and while the flow subsided somewhat afterward, the crowds were still apparently very large. The scavenging did not take place only in the East Room, which anybody could visit during the appropriate hours. The parlors and the State Dining Room suffered equally from the ravages of perhaps a hundred preferred callers presenting themselves daily with written passes. Accordingly, the White House had a slightly run-down look that even the best daily maintenance could not erase. Worn spots appeared in the carpeting, holes in the curtains, and smudges on the wallpaper.[19]

Workmen were at the White House nearly all the time patching and painting. In the course of this, Hayes sent them upstairs to carry out some improvements which he paid for himself. In the spring of 1878 Miss Grundy described the family quarters rather fully. Mrs. Hayes had reused the old carpeting from the East Room in the west hall upstairs; tattered curtains had been reversed; slipcovers, antimacassars, and shawls covered worn upholstery. Such details seem to have fascinated the public. Living conditions were crowded, yet the rooms were light and airy and homelike, reflecting the warm and friendly family circle.

Neither the President nor Mrs. Hayes shared Mrs. Grant's affection for the fashionable "art" decorations of the '70s, the arrangements of seashells, the tydie-bows on the backs of chairs, the bouquets of pampas grass and cattails in Japanese vases. Their White House interiors were

unadorned in this sense, but adequately furnished and up to date. The bedroom used by the President and Mrs. Hayes, for example, contained a suite made of imitation bamboo purchased by Mrs. Grant in 1875. The walls were painted in distemper paint, a field of robin's-egg blue, with panels superimposed in gray and pink.

The State Bedroom was the next room going east from the President's bedroom. Miss Grundy was shown this by Hayes himself, and she marveled at the gilt coronet of the bed now draped in crimson satin and lace. "I never slept in it," Hayes assured her. Normally the door between this room and the oval library was kept open. The presence of beds in sitting rooms was not yet considered strange, and in fashionable houses this gave a "colonial" effect.

Small children once again called the White House home. Fanny's "baby-houses," or doll houses, were in the big hallway upstairs. She and her brother Scott were tutored in a schoolroom improvised from the north corridor. It included the window from which Lincoln and other Presidents had addressed crowds on the lawn below. On the schoolroom wall hung a mammoth butterfly, a gift to Fanny from the painter Albert Bierstadt. He had created it before her eyes at the White House by pressing a mixture of paints in a piece of folded paper, then opening the paper flat. Fanny's room had a large Queen Anne bedroom suite, lacquered jet black, which had been designed for her by one of the President's cousins, William Rutherford Mead, partner in the youthful Manhattan architectural firm of McKim, Mead, & Bigelow. As McKim, Mead, & White the firm would transform the White House 20 years later for Theodore Roosevelt.[20]

The engineers still talked of building a new mansion, but President and Mrs. Hayes were delighted with what they had. "I would not wish to exchange this for any other," Mrs. Hayes told Miss Grundy. "I think it beautiful . . . I love this house for the associations that no other could have."[21] As soon as she became First Lady, Mrs. Hayes consulted Librarian of Congress A. R. Spofford about how to make the White House interiors better evoke their history, thus beginning a trend that has continued. She and Spofford decided to accelerate the collection of presidential portraits for the East Room, so that visitors might eventually enjoy a full parade of the nation's chief executives. The collection had been started in 1857 when George P. A. Healy had been commissioned to produce presidential portraits for the White House. Only six were finished when the Civil War interrupted the project, and French had dispatched them all to the attic unframed, to lie in dust until Mrs. Patterson brought them downstairs in the spring of 1867. Other portraits had

come to the White House piecemeal, as when President Grant had commissioned a portrait of Lincoln.[22]

No one before Mrs. Hayes seems to have had a desire to collect pictures of the past First Ladies. Presidents' wives had hung their portraits usually in the Red Room, but had taken them away when the administration was over. Mrs. Grant figured in the big family portrait, which she had left in the Red Room. Mrs. Hayes's interest probably was inspired by the portrait of the second Mrs. John Tyler. When it was brought to the White House by Mrs. Tyler in 1870, General Michler had not known what to do with it, and Mrs. Grant had it hung in the upstairs corridor, to save Mrs. Tyler's feelings.[23]

Mrs. Hayes decided to devote herself to collecting portraits of former First Ladies for the White House. The President was delighted with the idea. They wanted original portraits, but in the absence of antiques they were willing to settle for copies. Spofford agreed to secure government funding through the Library of Congress. He and the Joint Committee on the Library obtained an appropriation in 1878 for "The Gallery of Ex-Presidents," to hang in the East Room. Much work had to be done. In addition to the six Healy portraits, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, and Pierce, there were only the Stuart portrait of Washington, the oldest and most revered relic in the White House, and Lincoln's portrait by William Cogswell. Counting that of Hayes, 11 presidential portraits were yet to be acquired.

Spofford and the Hayeses hoped to begin by securing a likeness of John Adams, the second President and the first to live in the White House. While in Boston in August 1878, Spofford visited the village of Quincy to call on Charles Francis Adams. At the old Adams home the portrait of John Adams by Stuart surveyed a parlor filled with the memorabilia of two Presidents. Adams insisted that the picture was where it belonged.

While still in Boston, Spofford turned to Jefferson's descendants: "I endeavored to secure an original Stuart in possession of T. Jefferson Coolidge, Esq.," he wrote to the President, "but he would not part with it." So he called on the Boston painter Edgar Parker, a skillful copier of early American paintings, particularly Stuarts. Parker produced a copy of the Adams portrait at Quincy, which Spofford assured Hayes "is pronounced by the family to be an excellent copy of the original." He also copied two of Coolidge's Stuart portraits, one of Jefferson and one of Madison.[24]

But the Hayeses were in a hurry to have their gallery of ex-Presidents. Spofford's efforts took too long. The painter E. F. Andrews of Ohio, a friend of the Hayeses', told them that he would like to produce

new pictures for the gallery, large and handsome ones on a scale suited to the East Room. He had painted a portrait of Hayes as a candidate so pleasing to the family that it was brought to the White House and hung in the second floor hall. He was also married to Billy Rogers' sister.[25]

Andrews was not hired outright to paint portraits of the missing Presidents, but he easily obtained employment as instructor at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, and proceeded to execute some pictures for the White House at the Corcoran Studio, hoping to sell them to the President. Perhaps to please Mrs. Hayes, he first produced a large portrait of Martha Washington, which hangs today in the East Room as the companion to the Stuart portrait of George Washington. This was not a copy, for no full-length portrait of Mrs. Washington had previously been painted. Andrews produced a "modern" version of a Stuart, basing the robust—indeed rosy—face more or less upon historical portraits of Mrs. Washington in middle life; Emily Platt, the President's niece, posed for the body. Mrs. Washington's dress was colonial in style, with a train, but not historically accurate. Her left hand rests on a gilt chair in the Louis XVI revival mode of the 1870s.

The joint committee was unimpressed by this modern meditation on Stuart, and its price of $3,000 compared unfavorably to the $160 they paid for each of the copies by Parker. Forced into some politicking to have her way, Mrs. Hayes held a dinner during the winter of 1880, inviting the committee and other influential congressmen. Crook recalled how after dinner she led them to the East Room, where the picture had been exhibited for several months on an easel, and "proffered her request with a smile from bright and pretty eyes."[26]

A second meditation on canvas, equally large and expensive, was a voluptuous representation of Dolley Madison in bright yellow, the face faintly suggesting Stuart's portrait of her. The committee put its foot down at this point, and the picture eventually found its way into the Cosmos Club in Washington, where it still hangs. Andrews continued to paint pictures for the White House collection, but was careful to please the committee. In the summer of 1879 he copied portraits of William Henry Harrison, Andrew Jackson, and Zachary Taylor. While he wished to paint General Grant, the President and Spofford, like the committee, preferred portraits or copies of portraits which had been executed in the White House while the subject was President. Such a portrait of Grant had been painted by the Washington artist Henry Ulke in 1875. This was purchased in 1879 for $800 and hung in the East Room.[27]

Leaving the Andrews portrait of himself upstairs, Hayes commissioned a large and dignified portrait from Carl Brown and hung it over

of the characteristics essential to social success in Washington. Garfield saw no shortcomings in his wife. His diary was filled with accounts of her natural grace and tact. But most people still associated the position of First Lady with the handsome and imposing Lucy Hayes. The time was to come only too soon, however, when she would enlist the admiration of the world with her courage.

In the fall before the inauguration, President Hayes had pressured the President-elect to continue the program of abstinence at the White House. Garfield, a deeply religious man, was a lay minister of the Disciples of Christ, yet he saw no crime in his taste for lager beer, champagne, and an occasional glass of Rhine wine. When he showed too little response to Hayes's prodding, in an otherwise warm correspondence, Hayes, who considered temperance at the White House one of his great contributions, sent him a special memo on January 17, 1881.

"The present reform," wrote the President, "is sustained by the whole Protestant press, clergy and church membership, and by the friends of Education and temperance who are not professors of religion . . . . You as a professing Christian and lay preacher will be regarded as lacking the Courage of your convictions if you abandon it." Hayes even threatened him by asking if he had "the grit to face fashionable ridicule." Moreover, "Whatever may be true in Europe and of the Europeans the American who drinks wine is in danger of becoming the victim of drunkenness, licentiousness, and gambling." The memo showed that Hayes himself had become considerably more unbending in his own attitudes over the four years in the White House. Garfield politely heard him out.[4]

In the basement of the White House in a locked room on the north side, a cache of wine awaited the new President. Melah had always bought in large quantity to take advantage of bargains. For Grant he had overbought, and since, perhaps embarrassingly, public money had been used, the wine could not be carried away. Presumably Hayes had known about it, although he had not disturbed the peace of the wine cellar when he held the one and only banquet at which he served wine. Garfield was told of its existence as soon as he moved to the White House.

Everybody was interested to know what course he would take, but the man himself was silent on the subject, perhaps enjoying the flutter. Not a drop was poured at the inaugural ball at the Smithsonian's Arts and Industries building. On March 8 fifty representatives of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union called at the White House to dedicate the portrait of Mrs. Hayes. The portrait was moved from the Green Room to the East Room to hang beside that of Martha Washington. Before the unveiling took place, Frances E. Willard delivered an

address of no short duration, liberally laced with allusions to the greatness of a dry White House.

The new President uttered not a word either way. Privately he asked the opinion of Secretary of State James G. Blaine, who said that in his view Hayes had been mistaken, that in adopting the "usages of village society" he had created a manner of social conduct unbecoming to the house of the head of state. Garfield agreed. But since he was never to have a state dinner, the dusty bottles remained in place.[5]

Garfield did, however, preside over the traditional White House receptions. While he relished these occasions, Mrs. Garfield found little to enjoy in them. The shaking of thousands of hands, the constant nodding and smiling, the remaining on public view for sometimes as many as four hours with only an occasional drink of water left her exhausted. The air could be stifling, in spite of the ventilators. As was typical of new administrations, Garfield's receptions attracted larger crowds than had those of the last year under Hayes. Without the portable bridge that allowed the sea of callers to flow from the East Room window to the driveway, the house could no longer have been used for receptions.

The public receptions had become little more than a slow crush through the north door, into the Blue Room for a handshake with the President, a look at the First Lady and whoever else was receiving that day, then a turn through the Green Room on into the East Room, where one was more or less carried along to the makeshift bridge to the outside and fresh air. The promenade, or "horse show," as it was occasionally called, had by 1880 become wholly restricted to the smaller special receptions, as those for the Congress and the diplomatic corps.[6]

Traditionally, individual invitations had been issued for the special receptions, often personally addressed by the President's wife, who usually collected a group of friends to assist her. Mrs. Lincoln had been the first to delegate the work to one of the secretaries in the office. Under Grant one of Octavius Pruden's duties was to manage the social details. He was by hobby a calligrapher, and he started the custom, which prevails today, of addressing the envelopes and filling in such blanks as might appear on the invitation in elaborate lettering, rather than simple longhand. Pruden remained to serve Garfield in the office, and by habit assumed that he would continue writing the cards.

But the President apparently disapproved of the use of valuable office time to make so many invitations; he ordered one card sent to the House and one to the Senate, where individual invitations had always been the rule. The two cards were accordingly sent. The Vice President, a stickler and a dandy, hesitated announcing the invitation before the

interrupted. The colors and patterns of the room itself overpowered the objects within it. The furniture, once dominant, sank visually into the sparkling walls; by gaslight the room shimmered like a jewel box. Tiffany raised the glow by adding four large gas brackets, romantic contrivances with huge, moonlike reflectors, mosaics composed of bits of mirror and colored glass. They were fixed to the wall as backgrounds for clusters of unshaded gas jets. The Blue Room was where the President stood to receive his guests and the credentials of foreign diplomats; Tiffany had transformed it into a stage for ceremonial functions.

The State Dining Room, always in spite of its location on the southwest corner a chilly place, was painted "glowing yellows," and given an elaborate painted and stenciled frieze around the ceiling, with a similar dado below. Gas brackets, clustered burners fixed against reflectors of hammered silver, brought light to corners heretofore dark. Because the room was meant as a setting for dinners, Tiffany took into account that when in use it would be filled with flowers, silver, and china, and people in evening clothes. Meant thus only for a "shell" or background, his scheme for the room was relatively simple, even to the stiff but sturdy oak chairs he bought for seating at the table. The room created less attention than any of the others he designed for President Arthur.

The most famous of Tiffany's additions to the White House was the one that the public saw most frequently and that endured the longest: the stained glass screen between the entrance hall and the transverse hall. There had been a screen of glass there since the 1830s, set between the Ionic marble columns installed by Hoban in 1818. The first screen, or "draft eliminator," was built of ordinary wooden window sash; this had been replaced in the 1850s with a handsomer screen of cast iron and frosted glass, designed by Thomas U. Walter.

Tiffany is remembered as an exponent of colored glass. His hall screen of "glass mosaic" was red, white, and blue, and stretched from one side of the entrance hall to the other, incorporating the iron screen designed by Walter. It was about ten feet tall, with clear glass in the arches above it. Glazing of the screen commenced probably no earlier than December 1882, after Arthur had already begun to use the state rooms, and was only completed at the close of winter 1883. No other change was made in the entrance hall. Arthur retained the wall and ceiling decorations of Grant and the encaustic floor tiles of Hayes.[17]

In the inside transverse hall, on the other hand, little was retained. The ceiling was stenciled with a "silvery network" like a spiderweb, and the walls were painted the palest cream, making them plain, smooth surfaces to receive the pageant of color suffused through the great glass screen. The two niches, which had contained iron stoves in Jefferson's day, were gilded, and then filled with clipped palmetto trees in Oriental porcelain jardinieres, themselves shiny and colorful.[18]

Since President Polk's time, when the custom of promenading to dinner had begun, the transverse hall had filled a ceremonial function, but this was the first time its decoration had reflected this use. The stained-glass mosaic made the long hall continually iridescent; the colors did not replicate the red, white, and blue of the flag, yet carried the theme with splashes of crimson, cobalt, and white, blue-white, rosy-white, and amber-white. On the east, a draped archway led into the East Room; on the west, the lush tropical jungle of the conservatory climaxed the view beyond the grand stairway. The transverse hall's effect was "rich and gorgeous," wrote a reporter for *Century Magazine*, the "most successful of all" Tiffany's interiors at the White House.[19]

Louis C. Tiffany and Associated Artists also left their mark on assorted odds and ends at the White House, primarily in the East Room. Turkish chairs and circular divans were brought there in 1882. The floral Brussels was replaced by new carpeting in an intense Oriental pattern. In the summer of 1883 the ceiling of the East Room was painted in what was probably meant to resemble old and faded wallpaper put on in squares, the colors muddy tones of rust, gold, and brown to complement the amber plush window hangings and upholstery supplied by Moses & Sons in 1881. These antique colors and patterns were praised as being in keeping with the room's "old colonial" character.

Arthur's interest in the house continued as long as he occupied it. The records of Rockwell are filled with invoices for Japanese screens, vases, oil lamps, chandelier globes, satin tydie bows for the backs of the chairs, and various kinds of furniture in gilt, ebonized finish, and sometimes in varnished walnut. Tiffany may have cringed at some of the President's personal touches. The two magnificent antique satsuma jars placed by Tiffany on each side of the Red Room fireplace were soon replaced by a pair of large, heavy vases of Arthur's choosing, probably French, with painted images of sloe-eyed females who looked somewhat like participants in music hall tableaux vivant.

Still another of Arthur's touches was from his heart. On a table in the transverse hall he set up a little easel and placed there a photograph of a beautiful woman, ordering Henry Pfister, the head gardener, to make certain that fresh roses were always laid before it. The gossips spied the romantic image, and Washington buzzed with speculation, until someone recognized it as that of the President's wife, Nell, who had not lived to be First Lady.

full-dress red and blue; at seven sharp the clocks in the house began to chime, joined by church bells and cannons throughout the city, and Sousa lifted his baton. The Wedding March began. Cleveland and his bride, with no attendants, descended the grand staircase, crossed the hall, and stopped beneath the flower-laden chandelier of the Blue Room. A specially written rite of marriage was performed by the Presbyterian minister, the Reverend Byron Sunderlund.

From the candlelit Blue Room the couple led their guests through the Green Room into the East Room, where they promenaded in the shimmering light of the gas chandeliers. The new Mrs. Cleveland wore an elegant gown of heavy corded satin, which the upstairs maids had demonstrated could "stand upright on the floor without support." It was draped in frail India silk, pearl white, edged in real orange blossoms, and fell into a 15-foot train. From the shoulders to the waist a pair of scarves made of silk illusion crisscrossed, "colonial" style, over the bosom, covering somewhat the low Parisian neckline. A very long veil of the same illusion was held in place by orange blossoms and seed pearls.[29]

After about half an hour had passed in promenade, the doors to the transverse hall were opened, and the bride and groom led the guests to the State Dining Room for a seated, candlelit dinner. The table was dominated by a giant three-masted ship made of flowers and christened the *Hymen*. After dinner Cleveland and his bride disappeared; they soon reappeared in street clothes. They left the White House by way of the Blue Room, with the cheering crowd filling the south portico and steps. On the President's orders, policemen in large numbers had protected the gates and fences from intruders through the day. Thousands of people pressed to the fence to see what they might. Anticipating this, Cleveland had one of the two stairs up to the south portico enclosed in tent canvas all the way to where the coach would stand.

With Hawkins on the box and mounted policemen all around, the President's coach passed through the cheering crowd down the avenue to the train station. Aboard a private railroad car, the Clevelands traveled 200 miles to the mountains of western Maryland, where they spent their honeymoon at the Deer Park resort.

Red Top

On the same day the engagement had been announced, May 28, 1886, Cleveland had signed the closing papers on a Washington house costing $21,500. It was a plain, sober-looking building nearly 20 years old, built of stone, square, with a flat roof. No house could have been

more out of style, or less apparently suited to presidential living. But Cleveland was delighted with his ugly house, and proud of its 23 acres. Near the present Washington Cathedral, the site was lofty and green, offering pastoral vistas and several choice views of the city as well. The property was selected while the future Mrs. Cleveland was still in Europe. It was different from other presidential "second houses" in that it was not to be a summer home, but a year-round retreat the Clevelands would use as frequently as possible.

It was no secret among those who knew the President well that he disliked living in the White House. Privacy was available only in the eight rooms on the west end of the second floor, and even the oval room was usually annexed to the office suite during the day. The grounds no longer offered seclusion, and while solitude could still be found in the glasshouse, that was not adequate for Cleveland. He worried that his young wife might suffer from public exposure; he was determined that she not be spoiled by the flattery and attention associated with her new role.

"I have my heart set upon making Frank a sensible domestic American wife," wrote Cleveland to Mrs. Hoyt. "I would be pleased not to hear her spoken of as 'The First Lady of the Land' or 'The Mistress of the White House.' I want her to be happy and to possess all she can reasonably desire, but I should feel very much afflicted if she lets many notions in her head." But he added, "I think she is pretty level-headed."[30]

The new house was purchased in the interest of helping her remain that way. Sister Rose had moved back to Buffalo; Cleveland wanted his wife to be in charge. He engaged the Washington architect William M. Poindexter, and he and Mrs. Cleveland began meeting with him to develop a plan for remodeling the house. They wished to convert the old stone box into something modern; Poindexter designed a picturesque Queen Anne villa, girdled by porches on two levels, painted dark green, and hooded by a vast roof of wood shingles, painted red. Mrs. Cleveland fondly named the finished house Oak View, but the newsmen, who were only allowed to see the place from the road, eyed the roof and nicknamed the house "Red Top."[31]

The President was inordinately proud of his little farm. There he developed a handyman's affection for building and remodeling and general improvements; his wife indulged her adoration for animals. Chickens, ducks, a cow, kittens, foxes, quail, and white rats were among her pets. She and the President loved dogs as well, and had at Red Top—and occasionally at the White House—a dachshund, a St. Bernard, a beagle, and a French poodle. The day the summer slipcovers were put on the furniture at the White House, the Clevelands moved to Red Top. When

stories of being overcrowded. It had always been so! Even the Prince of Wales had been confined to one room and a dressing room, and Buchanan had been displaced from his own bed by a member of the royal suite. The press was charmed, the coverage was widespread, and Mrs. Harrison had struck another blow in favor of enlarging the White House.

With warm support, sound historical justification, and good press, why did Mrs. Harrison's project fail? Senator Stanford gave himself heart and soul to managing the political schemes. He introduced the bill in the Senate on January 12, 1891, then received it in his Senate Committee on Public Buildings, where it naturally fared well; the bill went to the House, figuratively on a silk pillow. Stanford politicked among the congressmen, gaining assurances. The session was to close on March 4. Stanford's friends in the House, including Milliken, planned to carry the bill to victory on the third.

When the night of the third came, and no bill, Stanford was told that the work would be done the following morning. Time being short, the senator slept in the Senate cloak room to be available when the bill was brought over from the House. On the morning of March 4, Mrs. Harrison went to the office telephone connecting the White House and the Capitol. For her purposes it never rang.

The act never materialized, and the 51st Congress passed into history. Later in the day Stanford chanced to meet the Speaker of the House, Thomas B. Reed of Maine. He asked why a bill so important to the President's wife was not allowed to come on the floor. Reed explained that he was personally offended because his candidate for collector at Portland, Maine, was overlooked by the President in favor of someone else. A personal affront deserved personal revenge.

Mrs. Harrison's famous plan for the White House set her apart as a woman to be contended with, and not a domestic recluse. For the next decade the seeds she sowed in preparing her grand scheme would grow under different Presidents and different buildings commissioners.[19]

Funeral Wreaths

Harrison was a healthy man, but his wife was often ill. Her flesh was pale and puffy. Exposed to the northwest winds and wet cold of Washington, together with the soot-laden hot air that poured out from the furnace, she usually caught terrible winter colds. Mrs. McKee frequently served as hostess at dinner parties and receptions, while her mother lay upstairs in misery.

Mrs. Harrison's health was further weakened by her sensitivity to

the strange aura of sadness that characterized the Harrison era. It was a time of public tragedies. Senseless deaths occurred in the labor strikes at the factories of the East and the mines of the West. Obituaries filled the papers: Justices of the Supreme Court, congressmen and senators and other famous figures died suddenly, and as the toll grew people wondered if evil omens were at work. Within the White House circle it seemed that nearly every month brought a sudden loss. During the four-year Harrison administration 15 deaths brought grief to the President's House. The wife and daughter of Secretary of the Navy Benjamin F. Tracy died when trapped in his burning house; Harrison went to the scene himself and brought a shattered Tracy home to the White House.

The White House office staff was cut in half by death, and some of the servants died. Edson S. Dinsmore, captain of the doorkeepers, was found dead in his bed, following a short illness. Whenever the bells thus tolled, Mrs. Harrison made funeral wreaths from flowers in the conservatory and often took them personally to the grieving families. The funerals of the postmaster general's daughter and wife she personally directed in the East Room; she also arranged the funeral of their French maid, who had died with them in the fire and had no family or friends.

Although offset by the cheery family circle in which she lived upstairs, the continual mourning weighed heavily upon the First Lady. When ill, Mrs. Harrison became fearful for herself and her family. The President shared her tendency to gloom. "I sometimes wonder that I am alive," he wrote after the tragic winter of 1891. Of necessity the household adjusted to Mrs. Harrison's frailty; responsibilities were rearranged when she was low so the pace would go on as usual. Still the First Lady pushed herself beyond her capacity. No detail was too small for her to worry about. The vigils in the attic were only one example. With each passing season she seemed weaker.[20]

Stewards, Chefs, and the D.A.R.

The steward appointed at the beginning of the administration was a natty Swiss named Hugo Zieman. He replaced William Sinclair, who had moved to New York with the Clevelands. Zieman and Mrs. Harrison did not see eye-to-eye on style or finances, notwithstanding his later statement that, "I never met finer people than the President and his wife. They treated me with the greatest courtesy and gave me all the liberty any man could desire."

One of Zieman's first acts as steward was to pirate the cook of the British Legation, one Madame Petronard. He promised her the post of

chef and invited her husband, then working in England, to move to America as the President's butler. Madame Petronard and Zieman soon had conflicts with Mrs. Harrison. The chef believed that the head of state should eat grandly every day. Accordingly she disregarded Mrs. Harrison's hints for plain food and served "rich pastries and sauces," which gave the President indigestion. Madame Petronard was discharged by Zieman, on orders from Mrs. Harrison. Meanwhile, the cook's husband arrived in the United States, prepared to take up his duties as butler, but Mrs. Harrison refused to employ him. The Petronards went to the press with their grievance, threatening to sue the Harrisons for $450.

The Petronard affair did not improve Steward Zieman's standing with the First Family. When they returned from Deer Park in the fall of 1889, he had been removed. Wasting no time, he went to the press with comical stories about Harrison's indigestion. The New York *Sun* accused the New York *World* of "paying his expenses and egging him on" to tell "all sorts of stories about the president's table," not to mention the infestation of the White House with rats and cockroaches. Once, said Zieman, the President dozed off holding a banana in his hand, and while he slept the rats "pulled the banana from his hand and scampered away."[21]

Zieman's place was taken by the gentlemanly Philip McKim, who had served in the early '80s as the manager of the Metropolitan Club in Washington. Having spent five years managing the fashionable Manhattan household of John Jay, the former American minister to Austria, McKim wanted to return to Washington, where his family had remained. By the time Colonel Crook administered the oath of office to McKim, Mrs. Harrison's new cook was installed in the kitchen, producing the "plain meat, potatoes, and white bread" the First Family liked. The cook was Kentucky-born Dolly Johnson, a black woman who had cooked for the Harrisons in Indianapolis.[22]

Under the new arrangement, Mrs. Harrison had less to worry about, but since she was a worrier anyway, the pressures were only slightly relieved. Nevertheless, whatever problems beset it, the White House itself presented a uniform face of contentment to the world. Photographs taken by Frances Benjamin Johnston during the Harrison days suggest a big, friendly country house where life is unhurried. On the south lawn the grandchildren pose with their pony and cart; Mrs. McKee stands on the north driveway, smiling placidly, while behind her the movable "bridge" unites the driveway with the East Room, through one of the windows, indicating that a great reception has either just taken place or soon will. Against a tall, open window Jerry Smith plays with a feather duster, smiling and almost dancing for the photographer. Newspapers are

piled up on a table in the ushers' office and cigar and pipe smoke curl up to the shadowy ceiling.

The house was well guarded, but by tradition the guarding was as unobtrusive as possible. A single sentry station was manned around the clock—a wood and glass gatehouse at the southeast entrance, below the Treasury. One policeman was always there. The north gates were kept open from nine until sundown, then closed and locked. A second policeman patrolled near the north portico. Small fences restricted pedestrians in the grounds to the driveways, where they could be watched. Plantings, fences, and earth mounds, together with the bulk of the house, made it impossible for anyone to pass between the north and south grounds without going out to the street and reentering at a guard station or walking through the house.

Tourists presented themselves at the north door during visiting hours, ten until two, if they wished to see the East Room. Local women or those in town for an extended stay could present their calling cards and expect an invitation to a weekly reception. The more privileged were sent notes by Mrs. McKee inviting them to a smaller function, perhaps tea, in the Red Room. If neither the First Lady nor her daughter appeared, the niece, Mrs. Dimmick, performed the honors. Though doubtless disappointing to the guests, this was socially acceptable.

Social life of this kind nearly always had its political side. Men of power were courted through their womenfolk, and beneath the serene surface of Washington society women—wives, mothers, grandmothers, sisters, aunts, and daughters—wielded a lot of influence. Women made far more use of the state rooms at the White House than did men. Here they received and entertained long lists of callers practically every day, for some social responsibilities were not satisfied by invitations to receptions. Ushers announced the visitors one by one for stays of about 15 minutes each. Tea was poured. Sometimes, to speed the process, the hostess alternated her receiving among the three parlors. The callers wore hats, veils, and gloves; the First Lady usually wore a light-colored afternoon dress trimmed in lace.[23]

Mrs. Harrison was very much involved in the political activities of Washington women. A particular event which had enduring importance was her patronage of the Daughters of the American Revolution. While her interest in this group was probabably not personal, she and her husband saw in it great political potential. The D.A.R. was not a social organization. Although known socially, its founders were not socialites; two were clerks working for the federal government, and the rest were housewives. Mrs. Harrison, herself not uninterested in the feminist

movement, was shrewd and saw that the founders needed the advice of someone who knew politics. To qualify for membership in the D.A.R. a woman had to be able to document the military service of an ancestor in the American Revolution; the objective of the D.A.R. was to become a powerful political force for women, who could not as yet vote. Mrs. Harrison admired the requirement for membership as a clever means of establishing that credibility, but she also knew that self-proclaimed aristocracy would have no particular effect in building a strong lobby. There had to be more, and Mrs. Harrison undertook to bestow the prestige of the White House on the women.

The First Lady offered the founders the Blue Room as a meeting place. There she watched their deliberations with interest, and after the D.A.R. was officially chartered, she asked the founders to receive with her at a state reception. The impact of this recognition was felt at once by the Daughters, who asked Mrs. Harrison to serve as the first president-general. She served largely as a figurehead, but not entirely. She monitored every move that had political implications, including the nominations of her fellow officers. She was convinced that women who lacked powerful political connections could not be effective officers in a national organization in Washington. The political lessons taught by Mrs. Harrison were in part responsible for the D.A.R.'s early success as a patriotic lobbying organization.[24]

Electric Light

Three months after the failure of her grand scheme for expanding the White House, Caroline Harrison began redecorating the state rooms, remodeling most of the basement and changing curtains and wallpaper upstairs. The opportunity was provided by the installation of electricity for lighting, which involved tearing into the walls. Rutherford B. Hayes's faithful correspondent Thomas Donaldson called at the White House on Thursday, July 16, 1891, and he found it "filled with an army of mechanics. They were scraping and repainting the vestibule, and the red & green [parlors] and dining rooms. Downstairs in the cellar they were laying a new floor about 15 inches of crushed brick then cement poured over it. . . . This was to kill the roaches, rats, and mice."[25]

As had President Arthur before her, Mrs. Harrison engaged an interior decorator. But unlike Arthur she did not go to a leading decorator. Through Colonel Ernst, she contacted William H. Post & Company, decorating jobbers of Hartford, Connecticut. The company's representative, E. S. Yergason, a trim, well-groomed man, had been at the White

House as early as October 1890 making minor changes for Mrs. Harrison, hanging new curtains in the East Room and draping the transverse hall's eastern doorway with portieres made of flax velour. Yergason's speed and congeniality had pleased those charged with carrying out Mrs. Harrison's wishes, and he was invited back. This news his company must have received with great satisfaction, believing that the palatial expansion lay just around the corner, and that they would have space to decorate that would be three times that of the old White House.

Now Yergason was charged with more extensive redecoration of the existing mansion. During the winter of 1891, while Mrs. Harrison's improvements bill was making its doomed journey through the Capitol, Yergason had been called to Washington for several particular tasks. In January he had measured the Blue Room for new carpeting. A short time later, on Mrs. Harrison's orders, he had designed a small brass gate for the hall door of the Blue Room, to govern the flow of people in the receiving lines. Mrs. Harrison had the idea when she saw a similar gate at a railroad station.

Yergason actually saw Mrs. Harrison very rarely, but dealt with the head usher, E. S. Dinsmore, and presented his proposals with estimates of costs on June 10. With only a few modifications and omissions, the work went as he planned it. The decorator was not temperamental nor did he claim special deference as an artist until later in his career. At this point he was a salesman with an ambition to secure the best jobs. His understanding of fashionable decoration made it possible for him to combine the merchandise he sold in ways that pleased his customers. About the aesthetics of interior decoration, he seems to have known little. Attached to a furnishings business, one of his objectives was to sell furniture, but for the White House he was willing to concentrate upon the hangings, upholsteries, and wallpapers, applying the latest styles. He was patient, knowing that the prestige of the job would very likely help establish him in business for himself. This happened very soon, for by the summer of 1891 he had a shop of his own in Boston.[26]

The state rooms had become tattered and worn. Tiffany's stained glass was still praised for its beauty; kind things were yet said about the ceiling of the East Room, and a repainting of the walls would restore the Red Room. Everything else from the redecoration by Garfield and Arthur was quickly scraped and washed away, as the workmen scrubbed the walls and ceilings back to their white plaster.

When the skinning of the rooms was complete, electricians appeared and gouged deep cuts into the walls for wiring. Had the President not wished to keep the gas for everyday use, the walls might have been

saved by pushing the wires through the gas pipes. Few people in 1891 had faith enough in electric lighting to have it exclusively—its use was barely more than a decade old. An alternative type of easy installation was to surface mount the wires across the walls, but this was too unsightly for the White House, and the Harrisons were apprehensive about exposed wires. So the wires were buried in the plaster, with round switches installed in each room for turning the current on and off. As long as they remained in the White House, the Harrisons refused to operate the electric lights because they feared being shocked. This function was performed by hands less valuable to the nation.

The President had been under some pressure to install electricity in the White House since 1889. At various times the Ellipse had been lighted with electric lamps as an experiment. Streetlights fueled by electricity had been permanently installed on Pennsylvania Avenue in the late 1880s. Bids for lighting the White House were at last invited in the autumn of 1890, and that of the Edison General Company of New York was accepted on October 28. At first only the rooms of the state floor were to be wired, not including the East Room. The fixtures were to be for general illumination, mounted high on the walls, leaving the gasoliers as the principal sources of illumination. This was rapidly amended to include ceiling globes for the East Room, as well as additional electric outlets and wall brackets throughout the state rooms, offices, and service areas. Still electric light was to be only a supplement to gaslight at the White House.

The electrical work at the White House was planned as part of a well-funded project for wiring the State, War, & Navy Building next door. A generator for both buildings was to be put in War & Navy's basement, with the wires strung across the lawn and introduced into the White House beneath the conservatory. Work began in the spring of 1891, and on May 6 the wiring of War & Navy was sufficiently advanced to warrant beginning that at the White House.[27]

From among the workmen Irwin H. Hoover, a youthful employee of the Edison Company, was selected at random to wire the White House. He began beneath the conservatory in the long row of old storage rooms in the west wing. His imagination was kindled by "the wine odors and the aroma from the hams and bacon" of olden times. When, during the project, the extent of the wiring was increased, Hoover was asked to stay on and carry it out. During the summer he accepted the post of electrician of the White House. "Ike," as Hoover was nicknamed that first day, was to remain for 42 years, serving ten Presidents, six of them as chief executive officer of the house.[28]

During the early summer of 1891, as Ike Hoover mused over the historical associations of the musty rooms of the west wing, most sentiments about history elsewhere in the White House had been smothered by disappointment over the death of Caroline Harrison's ambitious expansion plan. E. S. Yergason had been hired to put the house in good shape as quickly and with as little fuss as possible. After the electricians came the plasterers, who were followed at once by the paperhangers. In early September the draperies and newly upholstered furnishings arrived from Boston on the train. The house was finished in mid-September when the Harrison clan returned from Cape May, New Jersey, where they had purchased a beach house.

The state rooms reflected the shift toward classical simplicity in decoration that had been gaining force through the '80s. Such complex interiors as those produced by Tiffany seemed out of date, and the colors and arrangements lost their effect in the glare of electric light. Aesthetic conceits gave way to more straightforward, usually neoclassical themes. In the Blue Room the walls, covered in a blue damask-like wallpaper, were set off by a heavy frieze, wainscoting, and ceiling—all trimmed in gilt. Most of the wood surfaces were painted white and highly glossed with shellac. To this room was given only one ethereal touch: The ceiling was lightly tinted in shades of blue, white, gray, and rose, to suggest "the clouds of morning and evening."[29]

Yergason's work in the other rooms was in the same vein. Little was designed and custom-made for the White House. The decorator selected wallpapers and neoclassical appliqué wall decorations in papier mâché from catalogues of ready-made but expensive household goods. The draperies of the state rooms, except for the East Room, were mounted below gilt fretwork "grilles," pseudo-transoms made of wood cut out jigsaw style in the shape of classical anthemia and backed by glass tinted in colors that were appropriate to the different rooms. Surviving cuttings of material suggest that the fabrics used in the rooms were almost entirely dark-colored satin, damask, and velour. The presidential portraits were made more visible because the electric glare lighted the upper reaches of the walls as never before.

The urbanity that President Arthur's redecoration had given the state rooms disappeared, except in the Red Room. The murky interiors, with their dark but opalescent quality, were replaced by images of solid middle-class respectability more usual to the White House. The Blue Room's playful robin's-egg theme was succeeded by a serious setting that reflected official recognition that the "colonial" style best suited the historic house of the Presidents. To "restore" the White House state

hot, humid Washington summer during which he had been nearly crushed by political pressures. The responsibility for organizing the campaign for his reelection in the autumn had fallen on him as head of the Republican Party. A cantankerous Congress lingered in session, and a bitter strike of miners in Idaho threatened chaos. As the President rested at Loon Lake, Mrs. Harrison grew worse until, suffering from painful anxiety, she asked to be taken home, not to Indianapolis, but to the White House.

The First Lady's illness had been kept secret, but secrecy was now impossible. Her tuberculosis was announced to the press on September 14; the condition had become so serious that it was necessary to issue daily bulletins. For the 500-mile journey to Washington, Mrs. Harrison was moved to a hospital bed set up in a railroad car. When she arrived on the morning of September 21, 1892, a great crowd was waiting at the station, and Harrison was described as red-eyed from weeping.

Put to bed in the presidential chamber, Mrs. Harrison lingered for more than a month in great pain, before her death early in the morning of October 25, 1892. Her family, exhausted and saddened, hoped to make the funeral as private as possible. The body was embalmed at the White House, and placed in its coffin on a bier covered with pink flowers beneath the central chandelier of the East Room. There the funeral was held on October 27, the family, official family, and invited friends seated in rows of gilt chairs, leaving an open circle around the bier.

The funeral party followed the hearse in a procession to the station on Pennsylvania Avenue, where a special train waited to carry them to Indianapolis for a second funeral service and burial in Crown Hill Cemetery. Everyone was surprised to lose the quiet, gentle First Lady. She was the second wife of a President to die in the White House. The first, Mrs. Tyler, had been a dying woman when she moved there, unlike Mrs. Harrison, whose frailties had been hidden behind a mask of determination. She was not fully appreciated until she was gone.[32]

The Last of a Line

Mrs. Harrison's final illness had taken place during the heat of the presidential campaign. The votes were cast two weeks after her death, and on the evening of the election the family gathered quietly around the table in the Cabinet Room, awaiting news from the telegraph room down the hall. While it had been by no means a calm season of electioneering, it had been quieter than many. Grover Cleveland had been nominated by the Democrats. When he heard of Mrs. Harrison's illness he went into

seclusion at his summer home in Massachusetts, and made only one public appearance in behalf of his campaign. President Harrison remained at his wife's bedside.

At three in the morning Harrison's son brought him a bulletin confirming that Cleveland had been recalled by a great majority. The President rose from the table and calmly went to his room. He would say to a friend several days later that "the result is more surprising to the victor than to me. For me there is no sting in it. Indeed after the heavy blow the death of my wife dealt me, I do not think I could have stood the strain a re-election would have brought."[33]

The Republican dynasty had not ended with the election of '92, any more than it had ended in 1884. But it would no longer be the same Republican Party, or the same Presidency. Harrison can be seen as the last in a line of Republican Presidents that began with Grant. He took highly visible steps toward restoring old-style political patronage—notably in the postal department. He favored business over labor, and held fast to the old Republican belief that American industry must be protected with high tariffs. Outwardly, at least, he accepted the traditional Republican belief in a congressional Presidency.

The days of the acquiescent Presidency, however, were already coming to an end. Cleveland had been the first effectively to oppose congressional domination by means of the veto. And Harrison did not abandon the ground staked out by his predecessors; for example, the Civil Service Commission came of age during his administration. His wife's grand scheme for a presidential palace had projected a symbol as appropriate for a newly powerful chief executive as the glasshouse had been for the old Presidency.



END OF VOLUME ONE

aboard, including Cleveland's doctor, Joseph D. Bryant. The President stood on the deck puffing a cigar in silence, as the *Oneida* set sail.

The operation was performed at sea, just after noon the following day. Cleveland was given nitrous oxide (laughing gas) and when the cutting was over, was given opium. The extent of the tumor was greater than any of the doctors had imagined. It was malignant, and thus a large area had to be removed, "the entire left upper jaw . . . from the first bicuspid tooth to just beyond the last molar, and nearly up to the middle line," as well as a part of the soft palate. An artificial device made of rubber replaced the palate and filled the cavity left by the surgery.

For five days longer the *Oneida* sailed along the New England coast, dropping anchor at last at Buzzard's Bay, in view of the rambling, shingled cottage Mrs. Cleveland called Gray Gables. The President was hurried ashore and into the house, where he was put to bed, becoming the most difficult of patients. Lamont complained that Cleveland suffered "from an excess of medicine . . . . He always believes that if a little will do some good, a bottle full must be of great advantage indeed." Mrs. Cleveland caught him in the act of eating a peach: "Wouldn't you think a *child* would have had more sense . . . ?"[2]

Only once did the secret come close to being exposed. An article appeared in the Philadelphia *Press* saying that the President had undergone surgery and implying that it was far more serious than anyone would allow. A battery of reporters descended upon Gray Gables. One of Cleveland's executive clerks, Robert Lincoln O'Brien, feared "that if ever one reporter got inside 'Gray Gables' and detected the hospital odors and caught sight of Cleveland, who was just then beginning to sit up in a bathrobe, the jig would be up—for the President looked like a very sick man." Lamont intervened calmly, telling the press that the President had merely suffered the removal of a few teeth, but being a coward about dental work of any sort, had put off the pulling until the need was acute. Naturally he was a little weak as a result. In the immediate circle of the Clevelands' friends at Buzzard's Bay the operation was common knowledge. The President enjoyed a rapid and complete recovery, but the secret of the surgery was otherwise well kept for 24 years, until 1917, when the principal doctor wrote a full and detailed account, in the interest of history, for the *Saturday Evening Post*.[3]

Cleveland was back at the White House the day the Congress convened, and on the following day, August 8, he sent a formal message in which he asked bluntly for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act. The battle ran on for nearly three months; on November 1, in his White House office, Cleveland signed the repeal into law, and believed that the

first definitive step had been taken toward ending the Panic of 1893.

Repeal did not end the panic, however; it ran on for four years. Nevertheless, Cleveland pushed ahead with characteristic directness, championing his policies. Even the soothing Lamont could not calm him, as he pounded the desk, making demands of powerful politicians. If the congressmen and senators would not play his game, he withheld patronage; as a result, by mid-autumn of 1893, Cleveland had lost his political base, and his party was crumbling from dissension. By the beginning of 1894 Cleveland was alone at the top, his main claim to power lying in the fact that he happened to hold the office of President.

Endless Lines of Callers

Cleveland's White House was no less bright and lively for the decline of his political power. Crowds continued to stream in daily to inspect the state rooms. Public receptions were never long enough to admit everyone, and some people went away disgruntled as the Metropolitan Police closed the iron gates against them.

The public was admitted to the general evening receptions at about nine o'clock, which was considered "after-dinner," entering the grounds at the northwest gate. They walked up the driveway to the north door, in sight of the large awning-sheltered "bridge" slanting from the driveway to a window of the East Room, by which they would eventually exit. Light glowed from the windows and the colored glass transom of the north door; the strains of the Marine Band sounded within. One visitor remembered that the doors opened with the first notes of the band: "I took a step, those back of me took a step, and then the great procession, several thousand strong . . . began to move. We were all going, rich and poor, old and young, noted and obscure, black and white, to be the guests of the man who guided the destinies of the country, which in our own minds we were pleased to term the 'greatest country on earth.'"[4]

The guests entered the President's House in three columns. At the north door these were reduced to two, then at the center doors in the stained-glass screen they shrank to one for admission across the hall into the Blue Room. Each caller was stopped by doormen at the Blue Room door, then allowed to enter. As a visitor entered, the public buildings officer, once more Cleveland's friend Colonel John M. Wilson, bent forward to hear the name, then repeated it clearly to the President, to his right. The President, in shaking hands with the caller, said firmly: "Happy to meet you," and addressed the guest by name.

The President, with a slight southward movement of the hand he

was shaking, passed the caller to the First Lady, who was more accomplished than he at the reception business. She took the caller quickly by the fingertips and warbled, "So glad to see you," repeating the name. Thus each person, though never stopping, had a sense of conversing pleasantly with the First Lady.

The callers flowed on, thousands in number, through the double mahogany doors into the Green Room, where an array of official guests—Cabinet members and wives and sometimes others—stood to be stared at, arranged like long-stemmed flowers, and at last into the East Room, stripped of its furniture, its curtains closed, its gilt and white aglow from the light of the three great chandeliers. To all but the earliest visitors, entering the East Room must have seemed like walking into a crowded railroad station during wartime. A reporter noted, however, "The crowd was the most orderly crowd I have ever seen; good nature and good temper everywhere prevailed." When a guest desired to leave, he moved toward the north end of the East Room and found the window to the far left; through the window and over the bridge to the driveway and his evening at the White House was over.[5]

Only a few full-scale public receptions, open to all without invitation, were held in a given year. Other evening receptions required invitations; while cards were not difficult to come by, the events were smaller, with guests numbering in the hundreds instead of the thousands. That the costumes tended to be more elaborate, the jewelry more profuse, and the general manner more formal seems to have discouraged most ordinary citizens from requesting invitations.

The logistics for the smaller receptions enhanced their elegance. If they had drivers, callers could ride in their carriages all the way to the north portico, where the vehicles either departed after they alighted, or were parked by number along the driveway and the small paved court before the house. Although carriages were numerous, many White House guests took the streetcar or walked, resplendent in full dress.

Upon entering the house, guests checked their coats in the entrance hall. Men then went to the East Room, while women were directed to the ushers' room, to the right of the north door, and through the service and transverse halls to the Red Room. As well as being a shortcut to the parlors, this was apparently a device to acquaint them with the small toilet room, which opened off the service hall. To beautify the route, Mrs. Cleveland had the ushers' room, a simple office, redecorated as a smoking room, with imitation morocco on the walls and heavy, dark "Jacobean" furniture. This was only for looks; the desk that normally occupied the office was returned after the receptions.[6]

Since the rule of punctuality was supposedly unbendable, the guests to invitational receptions were usually a little early. The women might thus take their time admiring what they saw while walking from the Red Room through the Blue Room and Green Room, to join the men in the East Room. Wine or punch was sometimes passed to the guests, as they awaited the President's arrival. At the precise hour stated on the invitation, the Marine Band, stationed in the transverse hall, struck up a rousing "Hail to the Chief," and the President, his wife, and their guests descended the grand staircase at a rapid pace, trotted down the transverse hall, and formed a receiving line in the East Room. After about an hour the line broke up, and the President and First Lady mixed with the company for perhaps an hour and a half. Then the presidential couple departed in the elevator, ending the evening.

Society in Washington did not end with social functions at the White House, but did to some extent center on them. There were far grander private houses within walking distance, having larger numbers of servants, more splendid drawing rooms, and doubtless better chefs. Beginning in 1893 Washington had full ambassadors, replacing the ministers who had previously represented foreign countries in the United States. This rise in the rank of diplomatic representation foreshadowed the nation's emergence from long years of relative isolation. The ambassadors' style of entertaining was generous and sophisticated, and they were housed in handsome embassies. But for all its comparative seediness, the White House eclipsed all rivals. When invitations were mailed to a function there, society tensed, waiting to see who was in and who was out. In the world of Washington politics, being left out was a bitter pill, even though omission, while sometimes a reprimand, more often simply reflected the limited space the White House had to offer.[7]

One of the most glamorous social events of Cleveland's second administration was the entertainment for the Princess Eulalia of Spain. Visits of state were rare in the 19th century, and a quarter of a century was yet to pass before an American President—Wilson—would leave the United States on an official trip. The visit of the king's daughter was a goodwill gesture on the part of Spain, an attempt to soothe the rising American resentment of Spain's activities in Cuba. Princess Eulalia, accompanied by 19 Spanish nobles, called formally at the White House on May 22, 1893, and was received by the President and Mrs. Cleveland in the Red Room. Several hours later, Mrs. Cleveland returned the call at the infanta's rooms in the Arlington Hotel.

A state banquet was held in honor of the infanta and her consort, Prince Antoine, on the following evening; 60 cards were sent out for

adding electric wiring and killing rats had been accomplished, which might have been more difficult with the President in residence. On September 6, at about 4:30 p.m., Major Montgomery was sitting idly at his desk when one of the telegraph keys "snapped out a few words." Crying out in horror, he jumped to his feet and read again the words he had so automatically transcribed.

The message was from the chief operator at Western Union in Buffalo: The President had been shot "by an American Anarchist." Montgomery now put his key into operation, wiring direct to the exposition grounds for more information. Meanwhile, Crook remembered, the news "flew like wildfire through the White House." Tommy Pendel, who was in the entrance hall at his post, heard Jerry Smith shout down the office stair, "The President is shot!" In the War Room, now filling with people, Montgomery tried to keep his voice calm, while he wept openly. Colonel Crook scanned the telegram once again; "Good God!" he cried to himself, his thoughts racing over 35 years, "First Lincoln—then Garfield—and now McKinley!"[16]

The President had been shot by Leon F. Czolgosz while standing in a receiving line at the exposition. The assassin had concealed his pistol from the guards by wrapping it with his hand in a handkerchief, so that the hand appeared to be bandaged. Mrs. McKinley was not present. The President was taken by electric ambulance to the infirmary at the exposition. After emergency surgery failed to locate the bullet, he was transferred to the private residence where he and Mrs. McKinley were guests.

Cortelyou, by now promoted to private secretary, had been at McKinley's side when he was shot, and he held the President in his arms. The secretary took control, issuing regular bulletins on McKinley's condition. While there were days with optimistic reports, the President's death early in the morning of September 14 came as no surprise. The end had been coming slowly throughout the day before. "Nearer my God to thee," McKinley had said, before drifting into incoherence.

The next morning the office staff arrived early at the White House. The flag on the roof flew at half-mast. A sign had been hung behind the glass front door: "Closed." Bingham was already there, giving orders and making plans; he worked effectively under pressure. The East Room was closed and darkened, the White House model removed. Crape was being threaded through the globes and prisms of the three great chandeliers.[17]

McKinley's funeral train arrived in Washington in the evening of Monday, September 16, 1901. The coffin was lifted out the window of the palace car and taken to the East Room, where an honor guard surrounded it through the night. It was banked in flowers. Masses of flowers

lined the transverse hall, floral tributes from the states, from clubs, from citizens; Pfister interspersed palms and fruit trees among the baskets, crosses, and wreaths. Mrs. McKinley went to the East Room alone to pray at the coffin, holding up with remarkable strength. Those close to her knew she had at first said that she wished God would take her as well.

On Tuesday, the coffin was removed to the Capitol for the state funeral. That day Mrs. McKinley descended in the elevator, frail and stone-faced, veiled in black. George Cortelyou and his wife and several others were with her. At the conclusion of the funeral she followed the flag-draped coffin down the long east steps of the Capitol and joined the funeral procession to the train depot. Looking neither to the right nor the left, she boarded the funeral train for Canton, leaving Washington forever.

When Cortelyou returned from Ohio he went to the White House family quarters, where he spent two days emptying the drawers and wardrobes, stripping from the tops of the dressers and mantels the collections of perfume bottles, souvenirs, pincushions, knitted fancy-pieces, and family pictures. These effects, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, were packed in trunks and crates and marked for shipment to Mrs. McKinley.[18]

Signs

The train that bore Cortelyou back to Washington the day after McKinley's burial also carried as a passenger McKinley's successor. Theodore Roosevelt had remained quiet and contemplative since taking the oath of office in Buffalo. His wife and family had remained in seclusion at their summer home on Long Island, near Oyster Bay. The train from Canton arrived in Washington on September 20, 1901, having traveled all night. Soon Colonel Crook was looking at his watch and recording 9:30 a.m., the moment Roosevelt entered the White House as President of the United States.

Without formally meeting the office employees, Roosevelt stayed close to Cortelyou. The Cabinet met for several hours. Roosevelt then went to the home of his sister Bamie, wife of Commodore William Sheffield Cowles, and for several days commuted from there to the office every morning. At the White House he worked in peace and quiet, for the flowers on McKinley's grave had not yet wilted, nor had the eulogies ceased in towns and cities across America.

Two days later, at dusk, Roosevelt concluded his office work, but this time remained at the White House. It was his first night there, September 22, 1901, and he had as dinner guests his two sisters who

federal city. He liked to say that his proposals for the White House and Centennial Avenue had grown directly from the ideas of L'Enfant and President Washington. But a far grander resurrection of L'Enfant's plan was now drawn on paper. The architects had won the war.

The President Will Stay

President Roosevelt did not take up the matter of the White House until the spring of 1902. Since January, large crowds had visited the Corcoran Gallery of Art to see an exhibition planned by McKim on the McMillan Commission's ideas for Washington. Models, photographs, and drawings had been prepared at the New York offices of McKim, Mead, & White. When the President arrived to view the exhibition he was "interested, curious, and at first critical and then, as the great consistent scheme dawned on him, highly appreciative." So wrote Charles Moore, who was present.

Roosevelt's reaction to the commission's neoclassical proposal for a grander Washington seems to have been typical of that of most people who saw the exhibition. It was beautiful as the World's Fair had been beautiful, and it recalled the dreams of the Founding Fathers. While most of the earlier monuments of the city were neoclassical, like the White House and the Treasury, Washington public architecture since the mid-19th century had taken a strong turn to the picturesque in red brick and quarry-faced stone. Towers and bay windows adorned many private houses adjacent to the public places; vines climbed up their walls. Great open areas in the public domain were often still marshes or ragged meadows, and anyone could easily gain a permit to graze livestock in some of them. The McMillan plan projected a remarkable transformation that would give dramatic emphasis to a greatly elaborated series of axes, based upon those planned by L'Enfant. Each vista was to terminate in a fine example of neoclassical architecture. As in L'Enfant's plan, the principal feature was to be the Mall, the Capitol at one end, a memorial to Lincoln at the other, and along the sides large neoclassical buildings for the federal offices. The cross-axis, having the White House at its northern end, was lengthened south of the Mall, with space reserved for a monument of an undesignated character.

The commission had rejected Burnham's suggestion to turn the White House into an executive office and build a new mansion, recommending instead that the White House remain a residence. Roosevelt, who took an interest in the history and the associations of the old house, was pleased. And when Charles Moore read a statement to the contrary

in the press, he went to the President for a confirmation or denial: "You tell the newspaper men," said Roosevelt, "that Mrs. Roosevelt and I are firmly of the opinion that the President should live nowhere else than in the historic White House."

"Do you mean, Mr. President," asked Moore, "that you desire to be quoted directly?"

"Yes," replied the President, "you are to quote me."[9]

Money

The McMillan plan—known in its time as the "plan of 1901"—was to ride rough political seas for nine years before it received authorization. Time can never be spent so freely at the White House. Even after they had settled down, the Roosevelts lived in great discomfort in the family quarters. The shortage of bathrooms, the absence of closets, inadequate lighting, a grease-laden, antiquated kitchen, floors that trembled when one walked on them—all these shortcomings added up to one final verdict: The White House needed drastic remodeling. Conditions in the office were even worse.

No President in recent history had made such extensive use of the house. Roosevelt held receptions, dinners, dances, garden parties, and ladies' teas. When more than 40 came to a seated dinner, the East Room had to be used, instead of the State Dining Room. Experiments with putting overflow crowds of from 40 to 60 in the transverse hall, behind the glass screen, merely created problems about who would be in the dining room with the President and who would not. In addition, the structural weakness of the old wooden floors was disquieting. Before large events Bingham brought laborers to the basement to shore up the floors of the East Room and State Dining Room with rough 10-by-10-inch timbers. This practice had been followed since the 1880s for New Year's receptions, but by 1902 an affair with a large attendance would have been unthinkable without the safety measure.[10]

The Roosevelts were perplexed about the White House. It was at once too big for a house and not big enough. They loved it, but it was inadequate to the demands imposed upon it; besides, it looked seedy, even tawdry. Certainly it was no stage for the performances they had in mind, and they began to consider changes. An appropriation of $16,000 was requested to cover repairs and redecorating. The amount was drawn out of thin air, with no specific categories for its use. Well before the bill became law, Mrs. Roosevelt invited Charles McKim to the White House to advise her informally.

not tell him otherwise, but confided to a friend that whether or not the three-month schedule could be kept "remains to be seen."[28]

During the silent and sultry capital summer, the White House was to a great extent dismantled. Initially only those elements were to be removed which appeared to have been added to the neoclassical block of the house, except, of course, for the west wing and the porticoes. The conservatory was cut back as far from the White House as possible, leaving it in full operation as a greenhouse. Short work was made of the east porch, added by Andrew Johnson. Inside the house the demolition process dug deeper. Decisions were not based upon historical research and analysis, but upon the dictates of the eye of McKim. He knew very little White House history, and seems not to have cared; Bingham, the historian of the group, was not consulted.

One of the first Victorian offenders to go was the murky colored glass screen in the entrance hall. It was removed to a storage place, to be sold later with the other unwanted effects. A photograph preserves the appearance of the reopened entrance hall, with its arcade of marble Ionic columns, placed there by Hoban in 1818. Even with mounds of debris lying about, the hall was lofty and grand.

Charles McKim did not hold the interior in esteem, even as an interesting specimen of late 18th-century Georgian architecture. He planned to leave few of the ornaments, moldings, and the like inside the house. McKim's artistic eye became a sort of inquisition, before which every facet of the physical White House had to pass in judgment. Glenn Brown recalled an incident that took place at midnight, on the north lawn. He had accompanied McKim from the Cosmos Club across Lafayette Park to sit on a pile of stones and study the house in the wash of moonlight. The architect was disturbed that night by the presence of the iron railing that ran out from the sides of the north portico, fencing the deep north areaway from the driveway. A fine specimen of ironwork from Andrew Jackson's time, it had been wrought in 1833 in New York; its motif of great anthemia echoed Hoban's original "Grecian honeysuckle" cornice in the East Room.

History, however, did not enter into this discussion. McKim thought the black iron railing clumsy: "Would not an iron railing affect the lines of the house behind it and attract undue attention to the railing? Would not a stone balustrade obtrude itself in the same way, only in a less degree? Would not a solid wall of the same color be merged into the house without attracting undue attention?" Old Hickory's anthemia fence that night received its ticket to the scrap heap, to be replaced by a parapet wall.[29]

A large part of the interior was gutted to its wooden framing. The White House had been reconstructed in 1816–18 as a stone shell thickly lined with clay brick, many of its floors and partitions framed with large timbers; structurally, it was a house of wood. By mid July 1902 the interior skeleton was in places fully exposed, and at that point interior demolition stopped and reconstruction began. McKim could stand in the oval furnace room and look up through the floor joists of the Blue Room to the ceiling of the oval room in the family quarters two floors above him. The basement rooms beneath the East Room, their walls still thick with whitewash over layers of grease, gave a distant view up two stories into the now floorless chambers where the offices of the chief executive had recently been. On the south the room where Lincoln had signed the Emancipation Proclamation was a gawking, hollow shell, with fluttering wallpaper shreds dancing in the summer breezes. Mule-drawn wagons hauled the wooden parts to the marshes at the western fringe of the Mall, where they were burned.

Had there been time, much less of the old fabric of the house might have survived, for the builders complained of having to do too hasty a job. The project did not receive the usual thorough treatment accorded most works by McKim, Mead, & White and Norcross Brothers. Every shortcut possible was made in the push to complete the work. As a result, the 1902 renovation was largely cosmetic, not structural, and this shortcoming would come to light dramatically in the near collapse of portions of the house only 46 years later.

What was torn out of the White House in the summer of 1902 was what would have obstructed the new construction. Everything else was covered over and left among the bones of the transformed house. In the East Room, for example, though the protruding chimney breasts were cut out and the new fireplaces built on a plane with the walls, the Grecian decorative cornices and pilasters were chipped away only enough to allow for the introduction of wood paneling. Most of the plaster architectural decorations of James Hoban's East Room remained more or less intact, behind the new walls. Where walls did not have to be removed, the moldings and wallpapers on them were simply covered by new surfaces and left hidden. Modern steel lath or mesh was nailed onto old plaster walls, which themselves had originally been laid on split-wood lath; the plasterers troweled their mud and topcoat on the steel mesh, leaving the original walls beneath, peeling wallpaper and all. The fresh plastering was well under way at the close of July.[30]

McKim's solution for strengthening the structure was to introduce a large number of steel I-beams among the floor joists and socket them into

It was to be drawn again, made to look like the Lincoln furniture.[33]

Most of the interior decoration was carried out by three decorating companies from Boston and New York, which sent their own workmen and materials, as well as in some cases crates of furniture they had made in their shops. Through October and November, the house was virtually taken over by employees from two famous Fifth Avenue establishments, Herter Brothers and Leon Marcotte & Co., which had been furnishing American mansions for at least 30 years. Although they had worked under pressure for many a rich man before, their past experiences must have seemed easy in comparison to the rush demanded in a "political" house. Bingham watched these luxury tradesmen with a suspicious eye, but he was helpful in every way.[34]

Herter and Marcotte had been the two most creative designers among the manufacturing companies of the 1870s and 1880s, and while they continued to serve the richest clients, the handsome abstractions of their earlier furniture designs had yielded by 1902 to fine reproductions and adaptations of English, French, and, to a lesser extent, Italian antiques of the 17th and 18th centuries. Marcotte provided this and stuffed furniture as well to the White House in 1902.

A. H. Davenport & Company of Boston was the third of the prominent firms. This venerable manufacturing company was the best known business of its kind in the United States; it was less a decorating house than a large-scale producer of catalogue furnishings for both residences and public buildings. Part of the furniture Davenport built for the State Dining Room remains today, two neo-Georgian tables, one large and one small, with pedestals and broad cross-banded borders. Along the walls McKim placed a heavy sideboard and a pair of serving tables, all three with marble slabs supported by carved wood eagles, a style of furniture McKim, Mead, & White had used elsewhere. On one of Davenport's original drawings is noted simply, "copy of an English table."[35]

Though McKim divided the work of interior decoration and furnishing among the three firms, Marcotte received the lion's share. Davenport provided only furniture, and Herter's work lay almost exclusively in the architectural embellishment and decoration of the state rooms. From McKim's designs Herter built the rich paneling of the East Room and the State Dining Room; Herter stretched fabric on the walls of the Red and Green Rooms. With the exception of minor projects in other parts of the house, that was the extent of Herter's involvement in the renovation. Over the years the work of the other firms was to disappear, but Herter's paneling in the State Dining Room remains today.

Davenport manufactured mahogany neocolonial furniture for the

Family Dining Room, and Adamesque sofas and chairs for the Green Room. This last was delicate to the eye, if heavy to lift. It was painted cream, with woven cane backs and seats; there were 15 pieces, the seats covered in flowery chintz, reflecting high British Edwardian taste. Although Davenport's designs were usually less stylish than those of the New York firms, the Green Room suite seemed a generation ahead of the crimson-covered overstuffed and tufted furniture made by Marcotte for the Red Room. More in keeping with Marcotte's usual production was the furniture the firm made for the Blue Room, a matched suite supposed to imitate on a larger scale the French furniture purchased for the room in Paris in 1818. None of the chairs or sofas from the original suite had been at the White House since before the Civil War, although Glenn Brown had discovered the marble-topped pier table in 1902 when the attic was cleaned out. In place of the original gilt, the furniture was enameled white and trimmed in gilt.

Edward F. Caldwell & Company of New York, the outstanding manufacturer of "electroliers" in the United States, made all the light fixtures. With the decline of gas illumination and the rise of electricity, Caldwell had achieved broad recognition with a line of handsome "period" devices that were convincingly historical, yet accommodated electric wires and bulbs. For the White House, McKim collaborated with Caldwell to create, according to Glenn Brown, "probably the most artistic [electric fixtures] that have been designed in this country." None of the old wall brackets or electrified gasoliers were retained. Even the few remaining gas fixtures, kept for use in service areas when the electricity went out, were replaced with new ones. The luxurious sconces and chandeliers suggested 18th-century candle fixtures; they ranged from nickel-plated wall lamps in the bathrooms to gilded brass or silver-plated chandeliers in the state rooms. The parlor chandeliers were showers of prism-cut glass beads and pendants. The neo-Georgian dining room chandelier was sterling silver; a vertical version was installed first, then soon replaced by the horizontal fixture still in use, although since gilded. When McKim saw the huge brass and glass chandeliers Caldwell had produced for the East Room, he ordered them taken down and reduced in size, and while they would be cropped a second time a half-century later, they too remain in place today.[36]

At the insistence of the President and Colonel Bingham, McKim grudgingly included some local Washington firms in the work, but only under pressure. Faced with a difficult deadline, he was naturally inclined to do business with New York firms he trusted through experience. It was nevertheless the source of great annoyance to Washington businesses

the state floor the plan remained the same, except for the enlarged State Dining Room and the new grand stairway. Beyond the layout, however, there was little similarity between the new and the old. Gone was the heavy, upholstered look; the thick curtains, the patterned wallpapers and carpeting. The carved furniture was at Sloan's auction rooms awaiting public sale. McKim's new image of the White House was sophisticated and upper class in tone, where the traditional aspect had been bourgeois; it was cosmopolitan, where the decoration of the White House had usually been as insular as the American nation itself.

McKim had changed the traffic patterns dramatically. The north door had become the private, or family, entrance. Office callers went to the Executive Office Building, and social guests were admitted from East Executive Avenue to the East Wing, which was the main entrance for callers and for guests at social events. The East Wing, rebuilt, seemed perfectly natural to the White House; its south colonnade was enclosed with glass, and gave a view of a garden, while a coatroom called the "hat box" extended along the north side. Callers proceeded directly through the East Wing into the vaulted basement, or "ground floor," corridor of the house, where an ample stair, directly beneath the grand stairway, led to the state floor.

The public complained about having to enter the White House through the cellar, but it soon became clear that the new way was more convenient and simplified security. Politicians who objected at first to making business calls at an outbuilding eventually became reconciled to the new arrangement, for the temporary office required less of a walk from the street and offered a comfortable waiting room. The President himself grumbled now and then about the new ways of doing things. Secretary of War Elihu Root related how Roosevelt had insisted that in connecting the offices of the White House by way of the west colonnade, "Mr. McKim was forcing him to walk past the servants' quarters." To this the wry Root replied, "McKim was not counting on always having so decrepit a President."[42]

People who had known the White House for years found the revised interiors strange. Though more "architectural" than previously, they were chilly and barren. All the woodwork and plaster ornament were new, and, except for the frames of the doors, were wholly different from what had been there before. The simple Federal interior of the original house was replaced by a more elaborate Georgian style. It appeared in the entrance hall in a heavy Doric cornice, tall pilasters, and enriched ceilings, and climaxed in the richly carved paneling that encased the East Room and State Dining Room.

McKim unified the state floor by painting it white, warmed slightly with yellow and brown. The ceremonial areas where people would stand or form processions were entirely in this color; it was carried from the entrance hall the entire length of the transverse hall and into the East Room, and appeared on the door framing and wainscoting of the three parlors and the family dining room.

The East Room was the same only in the number of its windows, fireplaces, and chandeliers. Nothing original survived. The lofty walls, 22 feet high, were organized into long rectangles, worked into the design of the enameled wood paneling; rectangles repeated themselves all around the room, from windows to wall panels to tall mirrors over the fireplaces to the slender Corinthian pilasters interspersed along the walls. Highly polished oak flooring in the "Versailles" pattern parquet was left uncovered for the full 40-by-80-foot expanse.

In designing the paneling, McKim had called on his friend Attilio Piccirilli, a decorative carver of New York. A theme for low-relief wood carving had been found in the fables of Aesop, and this was put over the doors in 12 panels executed by Lee Lawrie, who assisted Piccirilli. The only color in the room was in the flooring, the red-marble mantels, and the yellow silk damask at the windows. McKim had wanted red hangings, but Mrs. Roosevelt insisted upon yellow. This most magnificent of the state rooms made a brilliant setting for large crowds and grand occasions.

At the far end of the transverse hall, the State Dining Room, also rich in neo-Georgian paneling, produced an opposite effect. Herter Brothers' elegant paneling here was natural oak, stained dark and heavily waxed, designed to glow in candlelight. According to contemporary period notions, this room suggested a dining hall in a great English country house. The two original fireplaces were replaced by a single large fireplace of stone carved with lions' heads.[43] A series of silver wall sconces holding clusters of electric bulbs matched the chandelier. The "India" carpet was all one color, and green velvet hangings complemented two Flemish-type tapestries, believed to be 17th century. Completing the great-hall theme, stuffed animal heads mounted high on the walls encircled the room. Most of them, if not all, were purchased from the Hart Decorating Company in New York. No sooner had the Cabinet dinner taken place than President and Mrs. Roosevelt began using the State Dining Room daily. They complained about Davenport's rectangular dining table. Before the New Year, the old round table, acquired probably in the '90s, was returned to its former place.

The state parlors were simpler than the ceremonial areas. Each proclaimed its name in luxurious wall coverings of silk; the red, blue, and

attended the reception, lingered, and eventually followed the President and Mrs. Roosevelt upstairs when the receiving line closed. They climbed the stairs, since the elevator was needed by the staff. Their ascent, with throngs of departing people watching, was not without its own satisfaction. On the second floor, military aides directed the guests, usually about 30, to the west hall, where they were served whiskey, wine, or Apollinaris water. The center hall was filled with tables for four and six, each with its floral arrangement.

Food was sometimes served as a dinner, sometimes as a buffet. There was only one wine with the alternative of Apollinaris water or plain water for those who did not drink alcohol; the men were likely to request scotch-and-water at table, instead of wine. There were several reasons for the Roosevelts to serve one wine at these private dinners, as opposed to the six or seven usually featured at state dinners. One was the relatively new custom of serving alcohol before dinner, which made it unnecessary to pour so much wine at table. The restriction to one wine may have been an economic measure as well; one wine could be poured in abundance, without the waste that always accompanied the serving of many wines. Decanting during the meal made it certain that every drop was used before new bottles were opened.[40]

The food was brought up in the elevator from the basement. Portable electric warmers were placed in the elevator hall upstairs and in the central corridor near the serving tables. A minimum number of waiters were enlisted, seldom including more than the resident staff. Everything took place in the west hall and the center hall. There was no withdrawing room or smoking room. The men lighted their cigars at table, as coffee was served.

Other special parties usually took place in the more convenient rooms of the state floor. One of the most memorable was the children's party the day after Christmas of 1903, an afternoon occasion meant to honor children who lived in Washington year-round. The idea probably came from Belle Hagner, a devoted Washingtonian. Mrs. Roosevelt, her social secretary, and the Cabinet wives, with suggestions from the Roosevelt offspring, composed a long guest list, and 550 of those invited accepted. The Marine Band played carols, stationed in its usual place in the hall. Children, mothers, maids, and nannies were admitted at the east entrance. Maids and nannies were seated with refreshments in the lower hall; the mothers were sent to the three parlors; the children, all under 12, were led to the East Room. There, a platform with Christmas trees had been set up against the north wall. The children were entertained by a lively singing and dancing company from Chicago known as

Toney's Boys, who kept their audience entranced for an hour, inviting the children to join in song from time to time.

At the instant Toney's Boys made their exit, President and Mrs. Roosevelt appeared at the hall door to the East Room and invited the crowd to march with them to the dining room for punch and cookies. The band played, and the scramble began. Chairs were overturned as the mob surged toward the hall, following the President's prancing steps in glee to the State Dining Room, where they found the table piled high with sweets. When the children had eaten their fill, the Roosevelts began to wonder what to do with them, for the party had yet an hour to go. Urged back to the East Room, now emptied of the chairs and platform, the little company ran wild across the great polished floor until the nurses and nannies had to be called up from the basement corridor to put a stop to the carnival and calm down their charges. Promptly at 6:30 the aides scattered among the adults, suggesting that they and the children begin moving toward the coatrooms.[41]

The only other exceptions the Roosevelts made to the usual social schedule were the spring garden parties. Several were held each year, beginning in 1903, and Mrs. Roosevelt made this an opportunity to show off her colonial gardens, which were south of the east and west wings, nestled close to the colonnades. They were intimate gardens, with intersecting graveled paths and flower beds outlined with boxwood and privet and often filled with roses and lilies.[42]

Guests entered the gardens through the east wing, much as they did for any affair at the White House, then proceeded along the basement corridor to the oval room, and outside through the archway under the south portico. A small receiving line greeted them in the paved area immediately outside, between the two stairs to the porch above, where the Marine Band was stationed playing popular music. Mrs. Roosevelt received alone, unless the President joined her. She carried her gloves and wore a wide-brimmed hat. After passing though the receiving line, the guests were allowed considerable freedom to wander about on the south grounds. Secret Service men were stationed in various places throughout, and walked along the fences outside. The gardens, a hobby of Mrs. Roosevelt's, were of much interest to the guests, and the paths were always crowded.

Most of the people, however, collected on the broad lawn south of the house; most wore white, the women in big hats, their bodices often delicately embroidered in flowers or ribbons or butterflies. Refreshments were served in two open-sided canvas tents with single tables down their centers. "A White House garden-party in the spring is a pretty sight,"

said the leading published guide to manners and society in the city in 1906. "The bright dresses of the ladies, with their gay parasols, and the tents for refreshments, make a pretty and picturesque scene against the background of the well-kept lawns. . . ."[43]

Princess Alice

Entertaining at the Roosevelt White House was climaxed on February 17, 1906, when Miss Alice was wed to Nicholas Longworth, a junior congressman from Ohio. She was 22 and the most celebrated young woman in the United States, for her position, her beauty, and her daring in breaking some of the rules by which polite society lived. She smoked cigarettes and drove an automobile, even though her father disapproved of both, the first understandably and the second because he believed the Roosevelts should remain a horse family apart from the new machines. Miss Alice was mentioned in the social columns far more often than her parents and most other equally stern judges deemed appropriate.

Despite the publicity, most of the plans for the wedding celebration were kept secret. But the bride remained very much in the public eye. Alice and her stepmother were usually entertained once or twice daily when they were in Washington. Luncheons, teas, and tea dances consumed most days, and most evenings were taken up by dinner parties. Shopping trips to New York were often in the press. Purchases there, however, were held in the strictest confidence.

Invitations to the wedding were in demand. The list was carefully prepared by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, in council with Alvey Adee, the State Department's expert on official procedures. Belle Hagner attended to the details, with assistance from Warren Young and two other members of the President's office staff. After the announcement on December 14, 1905, an avalanche of gifts descended on the White House, some doubtless sent in hope of drawing an invitation in return; hundreds of letters requested invitations outright. But neither ploy guaranteed an invitation. One thousand guests were invited, and for an event of such universal fascination, the number was small.

Charles Rauscher was engaged to provide two breakfasts, one in private for the wedding party and a second for the 700 guests whose invitations contained a special card allowing them to remain after the wedding. Floral arrangements were planned by Mrs. Roosevelt and George Brown. Crowd management was left to Colonel Bromwell and Chief Usher Stone. It was a complicated task, in that there were several classes of guests, all of whom must be made to feel welcome and, as much as possible, equal. That there would be a large extra force of Metropolitan Police and Secret Service men was taken for granted, but the number was never revealed. Three different entrances were used for the guests, the north door for family friends, the south for the highest ranking diplomats, and the usual east entrance for everyone else.

Enthusiastic crowds began collecting on the sidewalks and in Lafayette Park early in the morning. It was a radiant day, with full sun and clear air. By 11 the streets around the White House were mere aisles dividing throngs of spectators, and at that hour the first carriages began to make their way onto East Executive Avenue and toward the east entrance, which opened promptly at 11:15. Wedding guests who came on foot had to walk in the street, for the sidewalks were blocked by people. They paraded past in their furs, feathers, and black broadcloth, eliciting applause and the clicking of Kodaks.

Once inside, the guests were directed to the East Room, a few to reserved seats but most to places where they would stand. Ribbons stretched between standards over the vast, polished floor marked off sections for family, officials of various sorts, and the wedding party. Against the wide east window was the rounded platform usually used for performances in the north end, its surface now covered by an Oriental rug. The window and its yellow draperies formed the background for a wall of palms; swagged garlands of Easter lilies and asparagus ferns decorated the mantels. Window curtains were left open, with clusters of palms screening the view from outside. On the pier tables between the windows were porcelain tubs brimming with white rhododendrons.

All one thousand guests crammed uncomfortably into the East Room to witness Alice Roosevelt's wedding. The press had a good vantage point in the transverse hall. The guest list was fairly democratic, including people from many different walks of life. Diplomats, who had been told not to wear official regalia for this "private" occasion, were hardly distinguishable from the others. There were reminders of times gone by. Present, for example, was that White House bride of three decades before, Nellie Grant Sartoris, now 50 and divorced.

Shortly after Mrs. Roosevelt was escorted to the front line by her son Ted, the gongs and bells of the clocks clanged noon, and two trumpeters in the Marine Band stood and delivered a rousing fanfare. Then the band struck up the march. Alice and her father had already descended in the elevator and were waiting behind the closed hall doors of the State Dining Room. Two ushers rolled the mahogany doors aside. The entire wedding party marched together, behind the President and his daughter, down the transverse hall, passing before the Marine Band

and the reporters and at last into the bright sunlight of the East Room.

Alice wore a luxurious dress of white satin trimmed in lace handed down by her mother, Alice Lee, and her grandmother. The dress was low waisted, with large bows on the short sleeves. A wreath of orange blossoms held the veil, which covered the long train. The diamond necklace she wore was her wedding present from the groom. Her large bouquet had depleted the supply of orchids in Washington, accounting for the absence of the usual orchid corsages among the ladies. When the service ended Alice went to her stepmother and embraced her. She and Longworth and the President stood on the platform for an official photograph. Her cousin Franklin Delano Roosevelt arranged her train.

The wedding party then went into the transverse hall and walked to the rose-laden private dining room to dance and eat a light breakfast. Meanwhile, President and Mrs. Roosevelt and the bride formed a receiving line in the south end of the Blue Room; the 700 guests asked to remain came from the East Room through the Green Room, shook hands and, without stopping—for the military aides kept them moving—went from the Blue Room to the Red Room to the State Dining Room. In the dining room, the guests found white and red roses massed against the dark paneling.[44]

When the receiving line ended, the bride and groom went to the State Dining Room to cut the wedding cake. The newspapers made a great issue of her commandeering Major McCawley's dress sword for this performance, but she corrected the story many years later: "Any news accounts of the day which say I *seized* a sword and brandished it aloft before slicing the cake are certainly not correct. That makes me sound like a rude hoyden. I certainly did not leap on Charlie McCawley and take his sword. He was standing beside me and politely offered it, and so I used it to cut the cake."[45]

The Longworths departed in an automobile, slipping away almost unnoticed by the wedding guests and the crowds that remained along the streets. They spent two weeks in Cuba, then in June sailed to Europe, where crowned heads and chiefs of state received them as royalty from the new star among great powers.

31

Chronicles

Roosevelt fit the Presidency of his time, and he was always quick to affirm that the job suited him. Though McKinley was highly popular and had made major changes, he had been unable to impress upon the public mind that the new position of the United States in world affairs called for a new definition of presidential leadership. Roosevelt dramatized the changes by dramatizing himself. The presidential image designed by Roosevelt was dubbed "imperial," both in praise and scorn. If George Washington had once collared an aide for announcing him in too kingly a manner, and if Cleveland had blushed crimson when once he had to descend the grand stairway between two lines of military officers standing at attention, Roosevelt was perfectly comfortable when he entered a room to trumpet fanfare. He delighted in his entourage of uniformed military aides, most of them representing distinguished American families.

The first "imperial" White House was Monroe's, symbolizing the Era of Good Feelings. Monroe had worn knee breeches and powdered hair long after both were passé; his wife had dressed in rich style and received while staying seated; they had filled the state rooms with princely furnishings from Napoleonic France. Polk's "imperial" White House was next, symbolizing Manifest Destiny. Somber James K. Polk had marched to his dinner table to rousing band music, through state rooms made rich once again with gilded furniture. But Roosevelt's White House shouted imperial magnificence, where Monroe's and Polk's had merely suggested it. In his wake the stage could no longer be changed by a mere replacement of furniture. When he came into office, the White

with Warren Young's approval. The guests were placed according to rank, with the highest ranking member nearest to the door the President would enter. Butt stood at the door and, when the President appeared, announced him in a loud voice. Taft then entered the room, with Mrs. Taft a few steps behind. The presidential couple went to the guests, one by one. When the last guest had been greeted, the butler appeared to announce dinner. The President was at that point with his dinner partner, the last woman he greeted. Butt escorted the male guest of honor to Mrs. Taft, and the procession to the dining room began, with only serene dinner music, no marches.[33]

Gardens, Food, and Drink

The Tafts also made many small changes in the White House style of entertaining. These Archie Butt duly noted in his scrapbooks labeled "Social Functions." Food and drink were served at the large receptions; only ice water had been available for more than 20 years. Now the table in the State Dining Room was filled with cookies and cakes, fruits and nuts, and a punch bowl. Punch was also available in the transverse hall and in the East Room. It was usually nonalcoholic, in the interest of keeping the crowds from lingering.

Entertaining under Taft was notable for its variety. In the beautiful spring of 1909, Mrs. Taft gave wing to her love for the tropics by banking the interior of the house with palms. For dinner parties and dances, she opened the terraces to the east and west. The globes of the electric lamp standards spaced along the balustrades were covered with red silk, and glowed in the dark like strange bright cherries. The tubbed bay trees, clipped in large balls and cones, were intermingled with potted palms along the parapets of the terraces. After dinner, the guests wandered along the red tile floors under the stars. For dances, the Marine Band played on a platform at the north end of the East Room. The music could be heard through the open windows on the east terrace, where those who wished could dance outside.

Musicales, begun by the Roosevelts, were continued by the Tafts. Their musicales were often smaller, making use of the Blue Room. A handsome, cream-colored concert grand piano, which matched the neo-Empire furnishings, was installed there, and from January until May musicales were usually held twice a week. Mrs. Taft, who played the piano herself, tended to prefer that instrument, with either strings or a flute and frequently a female singer.

Mrs. Taft held her first garden party in early May 1909. This had been one of her favorite ways of entertaining since her cherished years in the Philippines. Her garden parties were more elaborate than those of Mrs. Roosevelt, with increased floral decorations. At her first, she had an allée of flowers made from the archway beneath the south portico, where the guests entered the party, to the spot where she stood to receive, in the shelter of blooming pear trees.

Heavy rain drove the first garden party into the house, where it continued in the East Room and State Dining Room. At dusk the rain ceased, and the doors to the terraces were opened, allowing the company to walk out and enjoy the rose-pink end of day. "All my life the elements have been unfriendly to me," wrote Nellie Taft, remembering the day. Guests at her second garden party enjoyed sunny skies and dogwood in full bloom; the fountain on the south lawn "made rainbows and diamond showers in the sun." This party became the standard of perfection by which every subsequent garden party was judged.[34]

The military aides attended the garden parties, dressed in summer whites. They served a security function, although there were also Secret Service men stationed throughout the house and grounds. Archie Butt always stood with the President, unless he was announcing for Mrs. Taft. When he walked with the President or First Lady, he was usually directly behind them, but as close as possible. The eight junior aides scattered far apart, circulating constantly among the guests. At the slightest signal from one of them, plainclothesmen would converge quickly upon an offending guest. While this swarming occurred at least once at each of the great receptions, it took place at only one garden party, when a guest was taken from the premises for noisily demanding that his card be carried to the President. "The secret service men, like the poor," sighed Mrs. Taft, "we had with us always."[35]

State dinners were not very different from similar events under Roosevelt. Butt's meticulous records show that the horseshoe table was used almost exclusively, with the innovation of an additional rectangular table within the horseshoe, which increased the dining room's capacity by 30 percent. As she wrote of this in her memoirs, it dawned on Mrs. Taft that a star-shaped table inside the horseshoe might have held even more, "but I'm glad it never occurred to Mr. Taft," she wrote. "With his expansive disposition he certainly would have had it tried."[36]

On pleasant late spring or summer evenings, the west terrace was sometimes arranged for dinners. Secluded in the embrace of large trees, it was an elegant setting, with the wash of electric light on tall "walls" of shimmering green leaves. The east terrace was kept permanently outfitted as a promenade from April to late October and was frequently in use.

other daughters. Most of the planning for the wedding was left to Belle Hagner, for the mother and sisters found the impending event painful to think about, let alone to plan for.

There having been no wedding at the White House since Alice Roosevelt's, the social secretary decided to re-create that celebrated event. Searching through the thick social scrapbooks of the officer in charge of public buildings, she learned every detail, from where to put platforms to the order of guests. That source exhausted, she contacted Charlie McCawley, now a colonel in the Marine Corps, and he provided notes still in his possession on the Roosevelt-Longworth wedding.

Preparations for Jessie Wilson's elaborate wedding were well along when Nell Wilson's friendship with William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury and one of Wilson's most important advisers in the Cabinet, turned into a romance. A widower with children, McAdoo was 26 years Nell's senior; no two worlds could have seemed farther apart than those of the President's fun-loving daughter and the rugged self-made corporate lawyer turned politician. He was a strong political figure, and Wilson trusted him. Though he had made his way in New York, his southern background showed in his gradual introduction of strict racial segregation into the government service; he made the Treasury Department the pilot of an entire movement. The Wilsons seemed less than overjoyed with the match between Nell and McAdoo. Mrs. Wilson argued that Nell knew nothing of housekeeping. The President felt that things had moved too fast.

Nevertheless, within a short time after Jessie's wedding, an announcement of Nell's engagement was made from the White House. Coinciding as the wedding news did with the triumph of Wilson's New Federalism, the couples became much in demand, reflecting the President's popularity. Jessie and the scholarly Sayre went quietly to the Georgetown boat club for daylong canoe trips; picnic baskets were prepared for them in the White House kitchen. News reporters tried to follow them but seldom with luck. Nell, more tolerant of the press and very much in love with the publicity her position attracted, went openly to lunch and to the theater with McAdoo, himself already a public figure.

The two weddings, Jessie's on November 25, 1913, and Nell's on May 7, 1914, were quite different. The first was large and glittering, the other small and intimate, in part because the groom had been married before. Both were styled family weddings and not state occasions, but the Wilsons took care to design them in high style. In the flood of press coverage, each unmistakably made its statement about the Wilsons as "private" people of refinement. The two weddings wholly possessed the

White House. For Jessie's the house was filled with cousins. One of the Woodrows felt privileged that her attic room was adjacent to the great cedar closet Mrs. Wilson had ordered built above the north portico. "I was dressing when the maids came in to get Jessie's dress," she later remembered. "So I saw it first, and oh a more magnificent wedding dress there never was!"[29]

Blonde and angelic-looking, the bride wore white satin with a long train and veil. The bridesmaids wore silk in as many different shades of rose as there were bridesmaids. The dresses had short trains, with a bit of silk-stockinged shin showing in front. Silver lace wired into high Russian-style crowns framed their faces. The wedding party descended in the elevator, to assemble in formation in the State Dining Room just before six o'clock. On the hour of six the mahogany doors rolled back. The Marine Band, stationed in the entrance hall, struck up the march. Two by two the wedding party proceeded down the transverse hall along an aisle that ran through the thick crowd to the altar before the great east windows in the East Room.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the wedding party returned by way of the transverse hall to the Blue Room. President and Mrs. Wilson stood at one of the doors between the Green and Blue Rooms, while the bride, groom, and the bride's attendants stood in the Blue Room's southern bow. Within about ten minutes, the several thousand guests began to file from the East Room, through the Green Room, to be received in the Blue Room, then pass on through the Red Room to the State Dining Room for refreshments.[30]

Nell Wilson's wedding was managed as it might have been in a private home. The bride and her father descended the grand staircase and walked down the hall to the Blue Room, where the ceremony took place. Belle Hagner, standing near the Blue Room fireplace, saw McAdoo's eldest daughter, Nona, burst into tears, then erupt into hysterical cries as the Marine Band played the Wedding March. Quickly Belle and another guest took the girl to the basement cloak room, where they comforted her until they could summon her father's carriage to take her home. The bride apparently knew nothing of this, the girl having been removed by the time she entered the flower-banked Blue Room. Nell took her place beside her two sisters, her only attendants, who carried tall shepherd's crooks adorned with festoons of roses and lilies of the valley. The marriage ceremony took place just at dusk; by eight, when the couple was to depart, reporters pressed en masse on the southeast gate, through which the McAdoos were to pass. Four different automobiles pulled up to the south portico, and four couples appeared at

intervals and climbed inside; the cars sped away at once, through gates thrown open by the police. Forced back by the gates, the reporters soon recovered and followed in pursuit.

Then the bride and groom walked quietly out onto the south portico and entered a smaller car, in which they left unnoticed, enjoying the trick. Nell looked back to see her parents, hand in hand, standing on the porch. All through the excitement of the two weddings, she had increasingly sensed that something was wrong with her mother. Now this concern overtook her, and that, together with the thought of leaving home, caused her mood to change abruptly. "I horrified my husband," she said, "by dissolving into tears in the darkness of the car."[31]

Mrs. Wilson's Death

In late May when she and McAdoo returned to Washington, arriving late at night, Nell called the White House to speak to her mother. Ike Hoover was "slightly evasive." Nell was puzzled. Hoover asked if she would mind calling again in the morning, as her mother had gone to bed, her father was in conference, and Margaret was out of the house. At the White House early the next morning, Nell stood before her mother, who was in bed. "My heart sank when I looked at her. She had changed—she looked very small and white, and all her lovely color was gone."

Was Nell happy? Mrs. Wilson asked, then said, "I needed only to see your face, as I did Jessie's, to know that you are happy."[32]

The household knew that the First Lady's illness was serious. It had begun with a fall in the upstairs corridor, a slip on a throw rug; put to bed, she began to weaken. At first it was believed that she was merely exhausted from the weddings, which had begun and closed a rigorous social season. Dr. Grayson asked her to remain in bed for hours at a time. This she did through June and early July. In July, Grayson made the grim diagnosis that Mrs. Wilson had tuberculosis of the kidneys, a form of Bright's disease, "so far advanced that it was incurable."[33]

Wilson was struck hard by the news. While with his daughters at lunch in the small dining room on July 28, 1914, the conversation hinged on the day's report that Austria had declared war on Serbia, in retribution for the murder of their heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary. "It's incredible—incredible," he said. "Don't tell your mother anything about it." Nell asked if her father thought implications were far greater than a war between Austria and Serbia. He did not respond at first, but put his hands over his eyes, showing great strain, and said, "I can think of nothing—nothing, when my dear one is suffering."[34]

Mrs. Wilson died on August 6 in the presidential bedroom. She lived out her last weeks in terrible pain. Toward the end she asked about her alley project, and she was assured that a bill was going to be passed to rid Washington of alley slums. Wilson was disconsolate over her death. At first he would not allow her body to be put in a coffin. He ordered that the remains be placed on the sofa in the bedroom, as though she were still alive. Mrs. Jaffray remembered when the undertakers laid her out. Wilson was there. "With his own hands he placed around her shoulders a lovely white silk shawl. Her golden brown hair was braided and twisted around her head. She was a beautiful Madonna."[35]

For several days Wilson hardly moved from beside his dead wife. The curtains were drawn, the lights kept low. At last he permitted the body to be placed in a coffin in the center of the East Room, where palms and flowers from the greenhouse lined the walls. The brief funeral service had no music; Wilson wept when the minister took his hand. Later in the day the family boarded a special train to Ellen Wilson's hometown, Rome, Georgia. Wilson rode in the compartment with the coffin. A funeral was held in Rome in the Presbyterian church where 30 years before Wilson had first beheld the woman who was to be his wife. She was buried in Myrtle Hill Cemetery among her ancestors.

The Transient

Back at the White House, no official mourning period was observed, nor were there the usual black draperies on the mirrors. The flag on the roof was not flown at half-mast. It must have been the President who stopped the tradition, perhaps because it did not reflect his or his late wife's attitude toward death. Mourning was restricted to a cancellation of all social functions until October. Margaret Wilson became the President's hostess at that time, a responsibility she somewhat resented. Her mother had always encouraged her inclination to follow a career in concert music. Being the President's daughter had opened many doors for her, and to turn from these opportunities was difficult. Nell would have been the natural hostess had she been free from the duties of her own home and McAdoo's children. Jessie was pregnant.

The Wilson daughters came to the President's aid as best they could, as their mother would have wanted. When they fell short, little Helen Bones compensated, staying at the side of a man she had idolized all her life. But Wilson's unhappiness as a widower in the White House transcended all that those around him could do to compensate. Cary Grayson felt that "anyone who was with him constantly" could see that

the President's events. She returned to the White House for the birth of her first child, Francis B. Sayre, Jr., on January 17, 1915.

Wilson's dinners were long and dull, with little laughter. After the meal, Margaret usually played and sang for the guests in the Blue Room or, when there were big crowds, in the East Room. The buoyancy of much of contemporary American life must have made the morose house seem even sadder by contrast. The years before the war were characterized by optimism: "We all felt that America had already stepped across the threshold of a great future," remembered Nell Wilson. "Idealism, altruism, all the fine hopes and dreams that fill men's hearts seemed realities. . . . " Though movements for various reforms were part of this optimism, Americans seemed on the whole lighthearted, a busy people. Cocktails and cigarettes were common at fashionable parties, although less so at the White House. The fox-trot and the tango were current, except at the White House, even though the President did permit dancing parties before Mrs. Wilson's death.[2]

Holding to his traditional privilege, the President accepted few invitations. This was an advantage to others as well as to him, for even the good-hearted Taft had inhibited people by his presence "out in company," no matter what honor he might have shed on his host. Normally, the President went only to the homes of the Vice President and the Cabinet officers. When he did accept another invitation, the host was required to submit a guest list in advance, before the President made his final decision to attend.

Though isolated within the White House, those who ran it participated in the life of the town. Ike Hoover, Warren Young, and the others belonged to Washington's middle class, enjoying comfortable circumstances and a quiet sort of celebrity. Black employees of the White House were likewise prosperous members of their community, within which they formed part of a social elite. For most of them above the lowest rank, politeness was a professional prerequisite. In private life they called on one another on Sunday afternoons.

The black male employees celebrated themselves once a year with a dance called the Chandelier Ball. Invitations were engraved, and to receive one was an honor. The Chandelier Ball, named for the chandeliers of the East Room, was probably begun about 1910, although the date is uncertain. Like many other romantic customs, it continued only until the war. "I went first when I was a girl of 18," remembered one guest 60 years later. "The Chandelier Ball was the finest dance in town, and the food was fabulous, though my mother would not let me go up to the dining room because of the wine. Everything was done just like at the

White House," she continued. "The palms were from the greenhouse, the little gilt chairs, I guess the white damask tablecloths and napkins, and even the coatracks from the coatrooms." This function was held at the Oddfellows Hall, 16th and M Streets, where the ballroom was on the first floor and dinner was served on the second. Music was provided by the Marine Band. Favorite White House dignitaries were always invited, and always attended, including most of the top officials and family intimates up to, but not including, the President and his wife.[3]

The prestige of the Chandelier Ball generated a kind of rivalry among the white employers of the blacks who attended. When the dance was new, Mrs. Taft had given her maid, Annie Anderson, a beautiful silk gown with a fan-shaped train and artificial roses made of silk chiffon. Belle Hagner's cook, Alice Green, received an invitation at last in 1914, having been passed over before as not being of sufficient rank. Not to be outdone by other employers, Belle Hagner produced for the cook a black-and-white evening dress with pearl beads, and when the ensemble still did not suit her, Belle finished the costume off with a net veil. A pleased Alice Green reported the next morning that the Chandelier Ball was a "very high toned affair." In writing down this summation, Belle Hagner observed: "The distinctions in the colored world of Washington are most clearly drawn."[4]

At the head of the White House organization, the chief usher presided in a way that can be likened to the winder of a clock, not a one-day clock, but one which, well wound, would run many days without further winding before anyone noticed that the mechanism needed fresh energy. Ike Hoover delighted in order, and gradually the widower President let him again take up old customs. Just before the social season began in the fall of 1914, the house was transformed. Slipcovers came off the furniture they had covered since before Mrs. Wilson died. The white linen dust covers of the walls were removed, the tacks extracted around their edges, and the silk gimp edging restored to frame the velvet and damask wall coverings. Heavy curtains and cornices were brought down from the "cedar room" over the north portico; the rugs arrived from storage, including the shaggy white vicuña upon which both Jessie and Nell had stood when they were married.

The servants swapped their summer whites, which had been designed by Mrs. Taft, for the cool-weather livery designed by Mrs. Wilson. The uniforms consisted of bottle-green jackets and black-and-white-striped vests spangled with large gilt buttons. Likewise on the streets of Washington, white breeches and sport jackets, popularized by President Wilson, were replaced by dark suits.[5]

replacement was Edith Benham, daughter of Admiral Benham, and a young woman alert to the social ways of the capital.

Mrs. Wilson planned the day with Edith Benham, then the two sat in the west hall and attended to correspondence. The First Lady usually took the window seat, her back to the great lunette window; her social secretary sat at the desk with the papers. All letters to Mrs. Wilson received a response, even requests for autographs. Bold requests for invitations to the White House were sometimes courteously dismissed with a response from the secretary, sometimes honored with an invitation to an afternoon reception, of which several were held each week during the social season. Letters which were unkind or threatening were usually turned over to the Secret Service. Belle Hagner had proved to be expert at evaluating the mail, and Edith Benham became a worthy successor, holding the job of social secretary intermittently for more than 23 years under three First Ladies.[16]

Mrs. Wilson kept a watch for the President down the long central corridor. When he emerged from his study, heading for the elevator, she joined him and they walked together to the Executive Office, passing through the basement to the colonnade, and into the little "President's hall" that led through the west wing into the office building. At the end of the hall they kissed and parted, she returning to her letters and to her social secretary in the west hall.

The Wilsons met for lunch at half past noon in the private dining room. Unlike her predecessor, Mrs. Wilson found this room "more homelike" than the State Dining Room with its dark oak paneling. While there were nearly always guests, the President and Mrs. Wilson did sometimes dine alone in their sitting room upstairs or, in nice weather, on the west terrace, screened by the tubbed bay trees. As usual, the house was open to visitors from ten to four, with no break at midday. Luncheon was therefore served behind closed doors. The faint rumble of the tourists could be heard now and then over lunchtime chatter. At 2 or 2:30 Mrs. Wilson walked back to the Oval Office with her husband, sometimes remaining at his side for an hour or more, making no comments, only listening to the men talk.

In the early evening the Wilsons usually took a long drive. Particular about the routes he took, like Taft, Wilson planned the excursions with care. The automobile trips occupied about an hour, and the President could relate the advantages of each of his routes. One was a ramble in northern Virginia; another followed the dirt river road that hugged the Potomac opposite Washington; still another took the presidential couple and the accompanying Secret Service car through Rock Creek Park to

the site where the new Washington Cathedral was under construction.

Another amusement, always eagerly anticipated, was the weekend river trip aboard the *Mayflower*. This handsome vessel, gleaming white and shining with polished mahogany, had served the Presidents beginning with Roosevelt. It was comfortable without being as luxurious as some private yachts. There were decks lined with wicker lounge chairs, an ample suite for the President and First Lady, a salon, and guest rooms, in addition to a dining room, presided over by a Chinese chef. Mrs. Wilson remembered the dreamlike weekends when they sailed down the Potomac, leaving from the Navy Yard on Friday afternoons at about dusk and returning Sunday night.[17]

"We both liked studying the charts," she wrote, "to see if we could find some little tributary of the river to explore." Fond of old houses and villages, they often went ashore to view the relics of Virginia and Maryland. Sometimes they took guests, but often it was only the two of them, with servants, some office staff, and Secret Service men.[18]

Just as Cary Grayson watched the health of the President, urging him into a routine of eating—when he had little interest in food—and practically forcing him to play golf every day, Mrs. Wilson saw to it that he relaxed. The drives, the boat trips, movies in the East Room, and a night or two at the theater during most weeks were all part of her program, devised in council with Dr. Grayson. It was an incredible schedule, but Grayson believed that Edith Wilson had saved the President. "With dynamic vitality and sheer joy of living," wrote Grayson, "she showed him how to take hold again of life and happiness."[19]

End of an Age

The President labored under inconceivable pressure, which more than counterbalanced the bliss of his private life. Apart from troubles in the Caribbean and Mexico, Wilson watched the European war intensify. German submarines plagued the seas; Americans died or were wounded. The cry for revenge grew loud. A large and vocal opposing element wanted neutrality sustained. Wilson warned the Germans in stronger terms, threatening, in April 1916, a severance of diplomatic relations. The distant war seemed ever closer.

In the light of this, Wilson, in long and arduous hours alone with his thoughts, began to refine his ideas on the future place of America in the world. Should his country go to war, he believed, the war must be fought on principles higher and more universal than those which had started the fighting in Europe. Wilson knew that his convictions, though

the name of duty. In her memoirs she is candid in justifying herself: "Woodrow Wilson was first my beloved husband whose life I was trying to save, fighting with my back to the wall—after that he was the President of the United States."

So conspicuous was Wilson's absence from the public eye that an official inquiry became inevitable. This emerged when the hostile Senate Foreign Relations Committee debated the troubles with Mexico. The secretary of state testified that he had not discussed Mexican affairs with Wilson since his return from Paris. In the resulting furor, Senator Lodge questioned whether the President was competent to deal with the situation. The committee requested that it be allowed to send representatives for an interview and to its surprise received an appointment for the next day. Wilson knew that if he denied this visit he would fan an already dangerous fire of curiosity.

The afternoon of the appointment, December 5, 1919, the White House seemed to be under siege by newsmen. No pretense masked the purpose of the committee's visit. The Mexican question was virtually irrelevant. The two representatives arrived promptly, one Wilson's esteemed ally, Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Democrat and Senate manager of the fight to ratify the treaty; the other was Senator Albert Fall, Republican, a colorful and extravagant Westerner who was no friend of Wilson's or of his policies. Mrs. Wilson led the delegation to the foot of the Lincoln bed, where the President lay carefully banked in pillows, with the covers arranged to conceal the useless limbs while displaying the able right side. Edith Wilson took notes with pad and pencil. The interview was brief. As the senators left, Senator Fall squeezed Wilson's hand and said, "Well, Mr. President, we have all been praying for you."

"Which way, Senator?" was Woodrow Wilson's famous reply, at which Fall laughed heartily, wrote Mrs. Wilson, "as if the witticism had been his own."[32]

The Wilson Era Ends

In 1920 the League of Nations became a reality, meeting first in Paris on January 16, while the Senate of the United States still furiously debated whether or not to approve American participation. Wilson followed the proceedings from the sidelines. Those whom he received were warned not to excite him; allowed relative peace, he gradually improved. He walked only for exercise. Most of the time he was moved about in a high-backed "rolling chair," not the kind used by hospitals but an ample wicker vehicle from the boardwalk at Atlantic City. Most days he was

wheeled from his study at noon into the elevators, then to the East Room, where the curtains were drawn for the screening of a movie. Douglas Fairbanks had presented a large theater-type projector to the President. After the show—sometimes after several of them—Wilson was wheeled back to the elevator, then ate his lunch upstairs. When spring brought warm days, he ate downstairs in the State Dining Room, and spent time after lunch on the south portico, where the canvas awnings were drawn up to admit abundant sunlight. When Prohibition became law in 1920, he obediently banished alcohol from the White House, depriving himself of the occasional scotch he enjoyed.

Political allies in the treaty fight were calling daily by late January. He enjoyed advising them and hearing them report on the battle in the Senate. But when the treaty failed on March 19, 1920, a pall of gloom fell over the White House that even the efforts of the First Lady could not lift. One year less a few days remained of his Presidency; seldom a week went by that he did not make some move in behalf of the League. When the Democratic Convention assembled, he was not there, nor did he speak for the candidates James M. Cox and Franklin D. Roosevelt, beyond giving them an old man's blessing, and issuing to all the voters an appeal to cast their ballots only for men who would support the treaty.

"He was a figure pitiful beyond words," remembered Mrs. Jaffray of Wilson in his last year in the White House. "I can shut my eyes now and see him being helped down the corridor by Mrs. Wilson and one of the doctors, each step a silent and painful one, as wooden and lifeless as if a mechanical man were walking through the hall." Hoover remembered that Wilson "never had any more actual initiative" after his stroke. "We conspired in every way," wrote the kindhearted Ed Starling, "to give him comfort and solace. When he was to go for a ride some of us organized a group to stand at the gate as he returned, and we told them to cheer as he passed through." Looking out the car window, Wilson studied the figures on the sidewalk, and his eyes glistened with tears.[33]



citizens with a promise that he would return the United States to what it had been before the war. He patterned his campaign, like his public image, on McKinley, the last old-style President, and greeted the world at home on his front porch. Newsmen flocked to listen at his feet.

Few Presidents have gone to the White House with such adulation as was heaped upon Warren G. Harding. Born poor, he had struggled to achieve success in business; he was typical of what Americans liked to think was "American" in a man. He was neither blue-blooded nor intellectual but a log-cabin sort of President, and his speech writers developed his public stature along that line, giving him words to deliver in his rolling, resonant voice: "America's present need is not heroics but healing; not nostrums, but normalcy; not revolution, but restoration; not agitation, but adjustment; not surgery, but serenity; not the dramatic, but the dispassionate; not experiment, but equipoise; not submergence in internationality, but sustainment in triumphant nationality."[3]

In the edge of the limelight stood the "Duchess," as Harding called his wife. The sharp-eyed Florence Kling Harding was unable to conceal her aggressiveness by genteel manners, any more than she could mask with powder, rouge, and a wavy frame of marcelled hair the fact that she was five years her husband's senior. Mrs. Harding was unmistakably 60. That she idolized her husband was clear, and it was widely believed that she was perpetually suspicious of his moral strength, at least where other women were concerned. She was a good talker—a valuable talent in the political world—and could make herself known in any company. But her boldness was balanced by uncertainty, particularly in society. Easily offended, she confided to Alice Roosevelt Longworth that for years she had kept a little red book of names of people who had crossed her or her husband in Washington and that this would be consulted in all social planning for the White House.[4]

Florence Harding had been preoccupied with Warren Harding for half her years. She had met and married him at 30, when she, the daughter of banker Amos Kling, the richest man in Marion, Ohio, was a divorcée living with her young son in rented rooms in her hometown, teaching piano. Nor had she strayed from Harding's side for the three decades prior to his election to the Presidency. She helped him run the Marion *Star;* she managed their big, cheery house on the best street in Marion, and was a highly accomplished hostess. Perhaps merely to tease him, she claimed considerable credit for his success. Soon after Harding arrived at the White House, a member of the office staff overheard her quip, "Well, Warren Harding. I have got you the Presidency; what are you going to do with it?"[5]

Standards

As personalities, the Hardings were more like the presidential couples of the 19th century than like their 20th-century predecessors. They were ordinary people, not distinguished by aristocratic pretensions or sanctified by ideals any more exalted than the patriotism one might expect from any President. History often has been unkind in appraising them, and the usual primary sources are sometimes undependable. Memoirs written by their contemporaries are seldom harsh, and they are negative only if recast in the light of the scandals that surfaced after the President's death. In this sense, as sources, they are misinterpreted. The Teapot Dome oil schemes and the other activities of his associates tainted Harding's reputation. His dignity suffered further from stories of his extramarital love affairs.

The Hardings survive most vividly in the pages of the newspapers and magazines. In a postwar America hungry to know itself, journalists found that Harding in the White House provided an excellent subject for analysis. Often the view is close up, enriched by examples of presidential home life, which in other administrations had been carefully screened from newsmen. The famous newspaper columnist Mark Sullivan remembered him in later years as "conscientious according to his own standards—which is the only way anybody can be conscientious; and he was irked, a little shamed, by the compromises he had frequently to make between what he liked to do and what his office obliged him to do, or what he felt was due to his office." Sullivan liked to cite an example of the dichotomy of man and President in an anecdote that would have been shocking had it been reported at the time: The two were sitting in rockers on the south portico, Sullivan recalled, when the President "wished to offer me a drink. He, with Mrs. Harding, took me into their bedroom, saying they felt that since the national prohibition was in effect, they ought not to drink in the ordinary rooms of the White House, nor offer drinks to their friends, but that in their bedroom they might properly follow their personal standards."[6]

One of Harding's earliest acts was to open the White House to the public—it had been closed since the beginning of the war. People came in droves, entering daily at nine through the East Wing and ascending from the basement corridor to the main floor, where they viewed the great ivory and gilt East Room. There, after the renovation of 1902, the tours had usually stopped. But under Harding the doors to the state parlors and the dining room were opened. Visitors were allowed to peer into them across velvet ropes, as they had sometimes been able to do in

the 19th century. Harding revived another custom practiced intermittently throughout the 19th century—that of going to the state floor just before lunch on weekdays, except when the Cabinet was meeting, and making an unannounced visit to the East Room to greet the tourists there. Crowds usually collected, hoping the President would appear. A record was kept of the number of people he met each time.

The state rooms had not changed essentially since McKim's renovation of 1902, when the ideals of the beaux arts movement were still fresh. Twenty years later the rooms seemed relics of the imperial White House of the prewar era, and visitors found them cold and forbidding. Small table lamps, sofa and chair pillows, footstools, and a few comfortable chairs added through the years contrasted to everything else. The earlier sparse furnishings were still placed in the same stiff configurations, constantly renewed by obedient hands.

Broadloom carpeting and heavy draperies of dark damask lined with sateen and interlined with flannel muffled voices and footsteps, contributing to that silence which outsiders always find remarkable in the White House. Although visitors sometimes strained to hear voices from other rooms, they also perceived nearly complete absence of animation. There were no guides unless one of Ike Hoover's assistants could spare a few minutes. Visitors wandered along a more or less prescribed path, with a policeman stationed in the entrance hall, but only one or two circulating elsewhere, usually out of sight.

The Hardings left the state rooms as they found them. Most of the glossy white woodwork was freshly painted, and only a few months before, Mrs. Wilson had replaced soiled window hangings and upholsteries with the same dark patterns and hues. She had been sensitive to criticism that implied that the White House had become run down and been turned into a hospital. President and Mrs. Harding, who found it spick-and-span, let it be known that "no reasonable expense should be spared in furnishing and maintaining the public rooms on a scale befitting the dignity of the Executive Mansion." But they had no plans to change things.[7]

Upstairs, the Hardings' views coincided: Economy was the first consideration. The family quarters were furnished by the government in only a basic way. Presidents had always brought furniture of their own to the White House to supplement what was there. The oval room and the blue sitting room (or "West Parlor") immediately west of it were almost empty. Ten days after the inauguration, the *New York Times* reported that Harding would use "home furnishings" both from his house in Marion and the one then being closed in Washington, as an "example of

Government economy." The usual congressional appropriation of $20,000 for an incoming administration would not be spent (although in fact the amount was transferred to the fund for official entertaining). Most of what came to the White House was from the Hardings' house on Wyoming Avenue. Most of the china and silver and many other small items were never to be unpacked; they were found still sealed in the same crates some years later when the Harding Memorial Association took inventory of the couple's belongings. The furniture seems to have been the usual variety of neo-Jacobean, neo-Queen Anne, and overstuffed "club" chairs such as one might have found in any upper-middle-class residence of the time.[8]

The Lincoln bed was moved from the presidential bedroom where Woodrow Wilson had used it to the guest room across the hall, and was replaced by the twin beds brought by President and Mrs. Taft. The gilded crown and blue damask side curtains that had graced the Lincoln bed were left hanging over the pair of smaller beds. For the first time, the press emphasized that the presidential bedroom was "their room," not just the President's. Note was taken of the "coziest davenport" pulled up to the fireplace, and of miniature portraits of Florence Harding and the President's parents on the mantel.[9]

Mrs. Harding's expensive clothing filled the closets of the dressing room adjoining the presidential bedroom. Additional shelves and cabinets were built for bags and hats. The bookcase in the bedroom was made into a shoe closet, with silk shirred over its glass doors to hide its contents. The rest of the First Lady's clothing was stored in tall Victorian wardrobes, which had long been hidden in the rooms and corridors of the attic floor. Mrs. Harding moved two of these to the blue sitting room to hold dresses and furs.

Through the most private part of the family quarters—the four rooms along the south side, beginning with the President's bedroom and ending with the study east of the oval room—the Hardings scattered their memorabilia, along with their furnishings. Pictures on tables, walls, and mantels depicted Harding giving speeches, receiving individuals and groups, playing golf, and walking along streets before adoring crowds. Here and there were mementos, such as a souvenir pipe in a stand, or an engraved loving cup. Mrs. Harding's memorabilia took the form of a few collections, particularly statuettes of elephants. Friends sent her elephants carved in ivory, or cast in brass; some were cheap souvenirs of distant places, others fine examples of craftsmanship. They paraded single-file in great numbers across mantel shelves, among the Hardings' pictures, and over tabletops.[10]

vanished. A moment of quiet, then the first guests were heard on the stair that led from the basement corridor.

From the arrival of the guests in the East Room to their departure, the staff carried the state dinner through a course that seemed smooth and effortless. At about eight, the buildings commissioner, first Colonel Clarence S. Ridley, a Wilson appointment, but soon Harding's Colonel Clarence O. Sherrill, arranged the guests in a long oval to be received by the President. He followed a list prepared by the social secretary and approved by the President and the State Department. When all was ready, the colonel signaled an aide in the hall, who in turn signaled the leader of the Marine Band. The bandleader looked up to the stair landing for Ike Hoover's nod to begin the drumroll.

The Hardings descended as instructed by the chief usher, much in the manner of Roosevelt, only with less fanfare. They walked around the oval of guests just as Taft and Wilson and their wives had done; along the same path trod first by the Polks more than 70 years before, they led the way to dinner; they sat at table as presidential couples had for generations. The only novelty was the absence of the traditional arc of wine glasses at each plate. No wine had been served at an official dinner since 1920, when Wilson banned it at the beginning of Prohibition.

Beyond the dark-oak enclosure of the State Dining Room, the house was an anthill of activity. Food on platters, in bowls, on trays, and on plates was packed according to careful plan on the pantry counters. When its time came, it was borne through the upholstered swinging door into the dining room. Happily for the staff, it was customary for guests to remain seated until the President ended the meal by standing up. This freed the elevator for food service, and food-laden tea carts were hauled up to the state floor, then rolled to the pantry or private dining room. Dishes and tableware were stacked on carts in the smaller dining room when removed from the table.

At the conclusion of the meal, men adjourned to the Red Room to smoke, women to the Green Room, many of them also to smoke. With ample "dressing rooms" below, and with women now accustomed to smoking, at least one of the principal reasons for the after dinner separation was gone, but the custom prevailed. After about half an hour, the party adjourned to the East Room, where they found as many as a hundred more guests waiting to join them for a musicale. The late company was admitted just as the dinner guests rose from the table.[18]

In the empty dining room, the evening was already over before the strains of music began down the hall. The mahogany doors to the Red Room and hall were drawn shut, and the work of cleaning began.

Approximately two-thirds of the full-time staff could now relax, away from the eyes of the guests. Tail coats were relegated to the pantry closet and, in white aprons, with sleeves rolled to the elbows, the butler's club was in session. The cleanup had traditionally been festive, and while horseplay and repartee survived, Prohibition precluded the strong punch of other times, which the butlers had made from leftover spirits mixed on ice with squeezed citrus fruits.[19]

The dishes, glassware, and silver were washed in the pantry and dried by hand. Taken below in the dumbwaiter, or down the little twisting stair that connected pantry and small kitchen, the silver was received by Colonel Brooks in the vault. He thoroughly inspected each item, knife or fork or soup tureen, and checked it off his list. Most of the dishes remained upstairs in the pantry, with the glasses. President Monroe's great plateau was taken from the table so that the cloth could be removed, then returned to its place stripped of the evening's flowers.

When the last guests departed, around midnight, other parts of the house were restored for the coming day. The gilt chairs from the East Room and the State Dining Room were stacked along the walls of the lower corridor. Other props were similarly made ready for their return to storage early the next morning. At the southwest gate, near War & Navy, the extra servants turned in their passes and departed. Ike Hoover, after a final inspection, went home by limousine. The lights were turned out by one of the two watchmen who patrolled the house throughout the night. They would push mother-of-pearl buttons along the way to signal the central guard station that all was well.

Friends

Harding's administration was marked by early and dramatic successes. In April 1921, the month after his inauguration, the President addressed the Congress, requesting legislation for a series of steps that would lead to the "normalcy" he had promised. Besides reduced taxation, a revival of protective tariffs, and a national budget, he asked for an end to the state of war that still technically existed with Germany. The wheels began to turn without delay. May saw the passage of the Emergency Tariff Bill, June the establishment of the Bureau of the Budget and the Office of Comptroller General; on July 2, while he was vacationing at a friend's home in New Jersey, the President signed a joint resolution of the Congress making peace with Germany official. Also in July, Harding signed an appropriations bill providing for a disarmament conference. Hailed as a major move toward world peace, the Washington

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Hearth and Home

News of President Harding's death had come to the White House by telephone. Ike Hoover had been trying to keep a diary, but at important times he never seemed to make a record. "President dies," he wrote, and wrote no more. His little book is otherwise merely a series of blank pages for the early days of August 1923. Hoover's job was to run the White House, not keep chronicles. From Alvey Adee and Rudolph Forster he got his bearings, then quickly set to work. Crape was hung over the chandeliers and mirrors of the East Room; little funerary drapery was put elsewhere. The shades were drawn, and the house was closed to the public.[1]

The Stage Is Cleared

For all the restraint shown at the White House, the public mourned its dead leader extravagantly. Flowers began to arrive as soon as the florists opened August 3. Ike Hoover ordered them banked along the sides of the transverse hall and around the walls of the East Room. A stenographer kept a running account of the donors' names, also noting the form of the arrangement—bouquets, crosses, wreaths, anchors of hope, and many other traditional symbols of mourning. The Lincoln bier, housed in the basement of the Capitol, was brought again to the East Room, repaired, and made ready to receive Harding's coffin.[2]

The funeral train pulled into Union Station at 10:30 p.m. on a hot, still August 7. It had held the world transfixed during its five-day trip across the nation. While an honor guard transported the coffin from the

train with great ceremony, Mrs. Harding and her small party hastened from the presidential car unnoticed, crossed the President's Room of the station, and were hurried by automobile to the White House. Friends and relatives awaited her upstairs. At 11:35, the flag-covered coffin arrived on a horse-drawn caisson at the northeast gate. The faces of Harding's close friends and relatives peered from the upstairs windows of the White House. Throngs of spectators stood silent outside the fence.

As the coffin was carried through the north door, the sobbing of the gardener, Charlie Patton, broke the quiet. "I never thought I'd live to see this day," he said. The undertaker, a volunteer, tied a black crape decoration on the front door, in ignorance—or defiance—of the official policy of decorative restraint. Harding's body was placed in the East Room with the head to the south. The procession soon withdrew, leaving an honor guard stationed at each corner of the bier. Mrs. Harding then descended to the East Room and selected the flowers she thought her husband would like, dispatching the others to the Capitol for the funeral. Better composed than might have been expected, she asked to be left alone in the East Room for a while that night and the next morning. For the top of the coffin the widow designed a spread eagle made of red, white, and blue flowers.[3]

At ten o'clock the next morning the coffin was mounted again on the caisson and taken in a long and somber procession to the Capitol, where a funeral service was held before the Congress, the Cabinet, and a large group of invited dignitaries. At the conclusion of the service the public was admitted to the rotunda to view the silvery metal coffin, with its flag and floral eagle. Mrs. Harding slipped away to her car, once again unnoticed by the crowd. Stopped for more than half an hour in a traffic jam on Constitution Avenue, she finally arrived at the White House at noon, where she received the Cabinet wives in the oval room upstairs, the scene of many happy occasions.

The funeral train departed for Marion late in the afternoon. During the night Mrs. Harding, traveling alone in the private car that had borne her and the President to the West, kept her vigil, immaculately dressed, her marcel flawless. The final funeral service and burial were held two days later. When Mrs. Harding returned to Washington, Mrs. Coolidge met her at the station and they were driven to the White House, where Mrs. Coolidge assured her she could remain as long as was necessary. That evening the Coolidges dined alone with Mrs. Harding in the private dining room.

The widow remained for five busy days, during which she saw only a few intimate callers; her main task was to cull the President's papers. Hot

staircase and on to the south entrance of the basement, from which he was taken by ambulance to Walter Reed Hospital. His mother followed in a White House car. President Coolidge remained in the Executive Office until he could bear the anxiety no longer, then joined his wife at Walter Reed. The doctors failed in their effort to save the boy's life. Unconscious in his last hours, Calvin died in the presence of his parents at 10:30 at night, July 7, 1924, at the age of 16.

At the White House, social secretary Polly Randolph hurried down the hall to find John Coolidge as soon as she received word of Calvin's death. He was alone in the blue sitting room adjoining his parents' room upstairs. "He bore the blow like a soldier," Miss Randolph wrote in her memoirs, "but I felt like a murderer as I told him, for I knew that some of the light of youth was taken from him forever. . . . " The two went to the north side to stand at a window and await the return of the parents.

The intense heat finally lessened in the deep of night. "For what seemed an eternity, John and I stood together at the window over the front door, waiting. At last the headlights of the President's car turned in at the northwest gate, and drew up beneath the portico. Wearily up the steps and into the house they came—Calvin and Grace Coolidge; worn, exhausted by days and nights of watching and of grief—but still courageous! John's only thought was for his father and mother. He ran to meet them."[10]

Shortly after daybreak the remains of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., arrived at the White House in a gray metal coffin, which was placed in the center of the East Room. Newsboys were already on the street with the headlines proclaiming his death. An honor guard marched solemnly in and stationed itself beside the coffin. The funeral was held in the East Room the following day, summer sun streaming through the tall windows onto political, military, and diplomatic leaders, many weeping openly. Through the service the three Coolidges sat motionless, their arms linked tightly together.

When the ceremony was over, the family departed by special train to Vermont for Calvin's burial among his ancestors. Weeks later the correspondent John T. Lambert, an acquaintance of Coolidge's since his years in Massachusetts politics, called at the Oval Office to express his sympathy. "I am sorry," he said at last; "Calvin was a good boy." President Coolidge turned his chair around in silence and looked outside through the windows behind his desk. "You know," he finally said to Lambert, "I sit here thinking of it, and I just can't believe it has happened." He repeated himself, his eyes brimming with tears, "I just can't believe it has happened."[11]

Diversion

After spending the balance of the summer in near seclusion in New England, Mrs. Coolidge returned to the White House in the fall of 1924 less interested in the upcoming election than in restoring her spirits through a worthy project. John was away at Amherst; seeing him go had hurt more this time, and the Coolidges had consoled themselves by sending as bodyguard Colonel Ed Starling, who had become a family favorite. At Amherst he shared John's quarters, pledging to guard both the boy's safety and his morals.

In looking around for a project, Mrs. Coolidge decided to improve the White House by redecorating and furnishing the family quarters. The rooms were drab and sparsely furnished, having been filled and emptied four times since McKim finished them in 1902. McKim had run out of money, leaving the Roosevelts and those who followed to furnish their living quarters as best they could. Both Mrs. Taft and the first Mrs. Wilson had done some redecorating, largely with their own possessions. A little furniture was bought from public funds during each administration, to finish this or that room. The guest rooms at the east end of the second floor were comfortably furnished, in the manner of bland hotel rooms; some of their mahogany beds and dressers had been made in 1902 by Davenport in Boston. But the family's rooms lacked the cheerful and homelike abundance one might expect in the private rooms of a President of the United States. Especially bare and uninviting were the four rooms in the heart of the family quarters, beginning with the oval room on the south side and moving west.

The Coolidges had little furniture of their own, for they had always rented either partially furnished houses or furnished apartments in hotels. Since they had not surrendered their rented house in Northampton, most of what they had was still there. After the Hardings' possessions were moved out of the White House, the Coolidges borrowed so much furniture from other parts of the house to supply the family quarters that the central corridor and several bedrooms were left bare. Mrs. Coolidge found this making do an unwelcome burden. In her project for the family quarters, she intended to improve her own surroundings, while at the same time creating something truly worthwhile that she could pass on to her successors.

By the fall of 1924 the First Lady had decided to furnish the family quarters in "colonial" style. Many influences swayed her decision. Since the war the so-called "American colonial" style in interior decoration had become the most popular mode in domestic furnishing. Examples

Family and Guests

Family life at the Roosevelt White House was unorthodox; parents and children seemed more intimate than in fact they were. The five grown children felt closer to their father than their mother, whom they found cold and distant. Eleanor Roosevelt had been preempted long since from her rightful role in the household by her mother-in-law, the accomplished Sara Delano Roosevelt, who had directed life closely at Hyde Park. The domination of an old woman over the younger generation was not so unusual at the time, especially when her son's family lived in her home, but a more politic mother-in-law might have seen the problems she was creating and diplomatically yielded some territory. As First Lady, Eleanor Roosevelt thwarted any effort to re-create the Hyde Park situation and insisted upon personally managing the White House, as long as her enthusiasm for it lasted.

The upstairs rooms, however, came to reflect Hyde Park at least in being filled with guests. In the entire 12 years of Roosevelt's Presidency the husband and wife were never in residence alone. In addition to short-term company, there were guests who remained indefinitely. These were either relatives or persons the Roosevelts deemed necessary for one reason or another. Such guests lived more or less as part of the family, although with little privacy, for they were on constant call by one or both of the Roosevelts.

Foremost among the full-time guests was Louis McHenry Howe, who had been the President-elect's liaison with the White House. If the intimacy of a personal relationship had been the measure, Howe would have been the most powerful man in the United States. Roosevelt felt both indebted to him and dependent upon him. Mrs. Roosevelt held Howe in equally high regard, he having discovered her capabilities as a campaigner and promoted her from the background to the forefront of her husband's election effort. Perhaps in jest, Howe asked that he and his wife, Grace, sleep in the Lincoln bed. Since his wishes were usually fairly sacred in the eyes of his patrons, the bed was moved from the Lincoln Bedroom to the small chamber the Howes occupied, shaded by the north portico. The presidential secretary suffered from emphysema, which, with other ailments, eventually turned his room into a sick bay. At that point he was given the Lincoln Bedroom on the northwest, where there was space not only for oxygen tanks and other medical paraphernalia but also for the mounds of papers that always surrounded him. Howe's funeral would be held in the East Room as a tribute to his public service.

Second in rank among the permanent guests was Marguerite LeHand, called "Missy" in the family circle. She was the President's personal secretary and great friend; it was generally agreed by intimates that her power in the Executive Office equaled Mrs. Roosevelt's over the house. Attractive and immaculately groomed, with prematurely white hair, she was an able secretary, a shrewd judge of people, and a good-natured companion to the President. She had already lived in the Roosevelt household for 13 years, moving to Hyde Park after Roosevelt's unsuccessful vice presidential campaign of 1920. At the White House the secretary was given what had been the housekeeper's apartment on the third floor, a tiny but pleasantly remote suite with slanted ceilings, and with high windows looking out toward the Potomac, through the heavy stone balustrade that crowned the house.

The least-known guest, and a full-time resident only at intervals, was Lorena Hickok, an Associated Press reporter who first met Mrs. Roosevelt while covering Al Smith's campaign in 1928. Not until 1932 did they become close friends. Lorena Hickok's usual bedroom was the former dressing room of the Lincoln Bedroom, on the northwest corner, across the hall from Mrs. Roosevelt's suite. A quiet, unhealthy, and rather mannish woman in her late 30s, Lorena Hickok was often sent by the First Lady—presumably in accord with President Roosevelt's wishes—to observe situations in various parts of the country. "Hick," as she was called, was really less a member of the family than Louis Howe or Missy LeHand.

This somewhat odd circle coexisted in apparent harmony. As a group, they liked their comforts. When they got their first taste of the Washington heat, Louis Howe ordered air-conditioning for six rooms on the second floor—those of Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, Lorena Hickok, and himself—and for the bedroom of Missy LeHand's suite on the third floor. Westinghouse made the installation in May 1933, placing the units in the fireplaces and connecting them through the chimneys to the compressors on the roof. The permanent inhabitants used their bedrooms as offices and sometimes had private guests there for cocktails or meals. Most evenings the entire household was together for dinner, although breakfast and lunch could be eaten in one's room.[17]

There would be other residents at the Roosevelt White House later on, notably Harry L. Hopkins, one of the architects of the New Deal. The Roosevelt children lived there from time to time. Anna, the eldest, was there for the longest periods, moving in soon after the inauguration with her two children, Sistie and Buzz, in anticipation of a divorce from her husband, Curtis Dall. They would remain until Anna's remarriage in

considered it condescending: "I always wanted to ask Mr. Bullitt, whether, when he stayed in the White House, he had not found in the bathrooms some of the things he listed as essential, like soap, a glass, towels, and the like."[48] She intended to receive the king and queen in the way she and the President saw proper. It was not a personal or private visit; it was symbolic and had to be carefully staged. Consulting with her old friend, Lady Lindsay, the American wife of British Ambassador Sir Ronald Lindsay, she made her plans, taking into account the formality appropriate to such an event. But the First Lady would also have folk songs sung for the king and queen in the East Room, and at Hyde Park they would be served hot dogs cooked outside, picnic style.

The newspapers that early summer covered in detail the progress of the royal couple through Canada; the American people eagerly awaited their arrival in the United States. A stroke of bad luck had come in a disagreement between the Americans and the British over British foreign policy in the Middle East, but even that did not dampen the public's high spirits, and soon the royal visit dominated the front pages. Just after nine in the evening of June 7, 1939, the king and queen crossed the border by train from Canada and were received by an American delegation in Niagara Falls, New York. Through the night the royal train sped toward Washington, arriving at 11 in the morning of June 8. Vast crowds were drawn to the city, hoping for a glimpse of King George and Queen Elizabeth. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt received their guests in the flower-banked President's Room at Union Station. Two open limousines, King George and President Roosevelt in one and Queen Elizabeth and the First Lady in the second, joined a waiting military parade, which included bombers flying overhead.

The June heat was intense and the glare dazzling. King George wore the full-dress uniform of an admiral of the fleet, while Queen Elizabeth was "radiant," wrote one spectator, in an ankle-length summery dress of "powder-mauve," with a wide-brimmed straw hat garnished with feathers. The President wore a morning coat, and Mrs. Roosevelt a yoke-collared, calf-length blue dress and a wide-brimmed hat. The queen soon produced a parasol for shade, but, noted Mrs. Roosevelt, continued to have "the most gracious manner and bowed right and left with interest, actually looking at people in the crowd so that I am sure many of them felt that the bow was really for them personally."[49]

A cheering crowd, variously estimated at 500,000 to 700,000, packed the streets along the parade route, seemingly oblivious of the heat. A White House guest observed, "Washington was a great sight that day—people had brought chairs and in some cases bridge tables which

they set up on the grass of the Parks or Circles by which the procession was to pass. . . ." With the royal party was a British newspaper correspondent, who wrote, "The state drive from the station to the White House rivalled in enthusiasm anything Their Majesties had ever seen. . . ." The same newsman claimed that 150 tons of confetti were swept up from the streets of Washington the next day.[50]

The two cars left the procession at the White House and entered the cool green of the south grounds through the southeast gate. Disembarking at the south portico, they passed beneath the arch and into the Diplomatic Reception Room, where the two couples paused for a short time and conversed pleasantly. In the East Room at high noon the diplomatic corps presented itself in full dress, arranged by rank in the long oval known as the Diplomatic Circle. The British ambassador, the dean of the corps, rounded the circle with the king, while his wife, Lady Lindsay, followed with the queen. Each of the diplomats and their wives were presented in turn to the king and queen, in a relatively rapid ceremony that ended with the departure of the guests of honor by elevator to their rooms upstairs. At 1 p.m. they returned for a small, informal lunch with the Roosevelts, then began an automobile tour of the city. Since the route of the tour had been announced in advance, the roads were all crowded, with thousands again struggling for a glimpse of royalty.

Little about the two-day royal visit to Washington could be called "social," although there was a succession of dinners, luncheons, teas, and receptions. Every event was official. The Roosevelts held a state dinner on the first evening, and after it King George and President Roosevelt talked in the oval room until the early morning. Before their night departure for New York on June 9, King George honored the President with a small dinner at the British Embassy. From Washington the king and queen went to New York, where they viewed the World's Fair and spent Saturday night and Sunday with the Roosevelts at Hyde Park. On Sunday evening they embarked by train for Canada.

During the royal visit to the White House, the queen used the Rose Bedroom on the northeast, and King George stayed across the hall in what is known today as the Lincoln Bedroom and was then the Lincoln Study. A movement outside the White House to decorate these quarters for the occasion with American antiques from museums and private collections had been stopped by President Roosevelt. The most embellishment he would permit was the hanging in the queen's room of gilt-framed lithographs of Victoria and Albert and their children, which the Roosevelts had borrowed from a family friend.

Most of the operations regarding the accommodation of royalty were

them adjacent to the President's bedroom. On one side was a screened porch with a flagstone floor and a view of the mountains and the valley that led to Frederick, Maryland. The interior was simple. Framed political cartoons on rough, unpainted walls were scattered haphazardly. White-painted office furniture, salvaged from various government locations, mingled with colonial style pieces from the President's motor yacht *Potomac*, now assigned to combat duty. Elliott Roosevelt remembered that his father found Shangri-La to be a more practical retreat than Hyde Park. "From Shangri-la," he wrote, "he could be back at his desk within two hours, and he had a direct line to the White House. So he tried to get there on weekends, to sit working . . . with Hopkins and others, glancing out at a beautiful view of the Catoctin Valley, keeping a logbook record of each visit. . . . "[50]

Mrs. Roosevelt never visited Shangri-La. To a large extent she went her own way in the war years, emerging as a figure apart from the President. With some families, the confines of the White House help create a closeness that was not there before; not so with the Roosevelts. Living among his advisers, the President lacked the time, and perhaps he also lacked the inclination, to give his family much attention. Upon the death of his mother, he had asked his wife to give up her home at Val-Kill, but she refused to return to Hyde Park. Memories were too bitter. "Of course," she wrote her daughter, "I know I've got to live there more, but only when he is there. . . . Will you and the boys understand it or does it make you resentful?"

The war increased Eleanor Roosevelt's hunger to be useful to mankind. She traveled widely. Soon after Pearl Harbor she went to the West Coast; that fall she was in Great Britain, touring in horror and dismay the bombed-out ruins of London, a city she had loved nearly all her life. Against warnings from military officials, she journeyed to the Southwest Pacific in 1943, stopping at Guadalcanal, where she visited every hospital bed and viewed the scene of the victorious Battle of Guadalcanal, which had taken place a year earlier. "I have never seen her so weary," wrote her young friend Joseph T. Lash, who was stationed there. Often her longtime secretary, Malvina Thompson, traveled with her, but "Tommy" was not always well and at last had to be left at home.[51]

At the White House businesslike continuity was maintained on the social side by the formidable Edith Benham Helm, the former social secretary to the second Mrs. Wilson and the widow of Admiral James M. Helm. Her desk was in the west hall, and she had files in Mrs. Roosevelt's sitting room, a small office overlooking the north portico, and rooms upstairs in the East Wing. Her duties included correspondence,

invitations, and social scheduling. She received telephone calls to the First Lady. A woman of experience, tact, and common sense, she never gave her demanding employer cause to complain.

Although not a close friend of Mrs. Roosevelt's in the sense that Tommy Thompson was, Edith Helm had known the First Lady since World War I and had been asked in 1933 to help out at the White House for a few weeks. It was while she was there that Mrs. Roosevelt emerged as a public personality. With the First Lady suddenly occupied by so many other interests, her responsibilities as a hostess became less interesting to her; she was pleased to put the whole "package" into competent hands. Mrs. Helm stayed on, supported by two agencies, one the so-called "social office" in the East Wing, with its calligrapher, who wrote the invitations, and its pool of stenographers; and the other the protocol office, which was always available for discussions concerning matters of form and procedure. Interested in the work, Edith Helm could enjoy it at her own pace, without the usual pressures, because Mrs. Roosevelt was otherwise occupied.

Mrs. Helm's routine was simpler and her days not so harried as those of Tommy Thompson, who remained nearly always at Mrs. Roosevelt's elbow. Both Roosevelts had their devoted personal aides. Many years after her father's Presidency, Anna Roosevelt said this in an interview: "The people who worked with [Mother and Father] had to be just as if they had no lives of their own. I think both of them unwittingly and unknowingly never realized—it never occurred to them—that these people lived their lives through them, and had nothing of their own."[52]

Fourth Term

The turning point in the war in the Pacific came late in 1942 with the victory at Guadalcanal. Early the next year President Roosevelt departed for Casablanca in Morocco, where the first of the wartime conferences was held; on the way he stopped in Brazil and Gambia. In the spring he and Mrs. Roosevelt toured parts of the United States by rail, with a visit to northern Mexico to review Mexican troops and meet briefly with the president of Mexico. Churchill was at the White House in May, attending a conference of the United Nations held in the East Room in June. At a state dinner on July 9, 1943, the President announced the Allied invasion of Sicily.

That autumn, on November 9, Roosevelt staged a spectacle in the East Room. Representatives of the 44 United Nations gathered around a great table and signed the agreement for the United Nations Relief and

Rehabilitation Administration. Mrs. Nesbitt recalled how difficult it was to find enough green baize to cover the vast surface, which was created by pushing together the plain pine dining tables built for Theodore Roosevelt's state dinners. Mrs. Roosevelt wrote of her husband, "He believed in dramatizing special occasions, and he carefully planned that [this] be done with pomp and ceremony. . . . I was particularly glad of the chance to witness the beginning of this giant organization, which was to bring relief to many people."[53]

Toward the close of 1943 the household changed. Anna moved into the President's House with her three children, and the Hopkinses departed for his house in Georgetown to make a home for Diana. Roosevelt's daughter became increasingly attached to her father, and tried to protect him and ensure his peace and comfort. She felt a strong domestic tension, for which she blamed her mother, who she believed nagged her father unmercifully to support her private crusades. On this subject, Rexford Tugwell agreed; even family dinners became opportunities to exert pressure: "Really serious talk at table was avoided if Roosevelt could manage it. Eleanor, so humorless and so weighed down with responsibility, made this difficult."[54]

Roosevelt faced the question of whether to run for a fourth term. Although some of his family opposed the idea at first, the President decided to run again. His health had declined so sharply that closeup photography of him was discouraged; the press complied. Thin and pale, the President announced that his work was not yet done, and urged Americans to elect him again. Among the public there was some opposition and outrage, but a consensus that this was appropriate. Roosevelt had become a symbol of freedom to people all over the world. The war had turned in favor of the Allies; the bloody but brilliantly successful invasion of France had begun on June 6, 1944. The popular wish to have the wartime leader preside over the final victory and the postwar reconstruction guaranteed Roosevelt's reelection.

The fourth inauguration took place January 20, 1945, on the south portico. Roosevelt's previous inaugurations had been held at the Capitol, but his frail health dictated the new location, though the reason offered to the public was "wartime austerity." The awnings of the south portico were drawn up, and shivering spectators stood on the rain-soaked south lawn. An usher called it "by far the greatest assemblage of people ever to gather at the White House." The next day, in the deepest secrecy, Roosevelt left Washington by rail to board a destroyer that would take him to Yalta in the Crimea. Anna was with him. At Yalta the Big Three would discuss the conditions of the surrender of Germany.

Flags Half-Mast

The death of President Roosevelt on April 12, 1945, took the world wholly by surprise. Although those close to him had feared since his reelection campaign that his time was near, the public was not alerted to his condition even by the photographs from Yalta clearly showing his physical deterioration. When on March 1 he had addressed the Congress, reporting on the Yalta conference, the legislators had been shocked by his worn and aged appearance. He had apologized for speaking from his chair instead of the podium, explaining that it was an ordeal for him to stand with ten pounds of steel braces. This was his first and only public acknowledgement of the severity of his handicap.

The news came by telephone to the Executive Office at about midafternoon that the President, visiting Warm Springs, had collapsed while sitting for a portrait. Debating whether to hurry to Georgia, Mrs. Roosevelt decided first to keep an appointment of long standing at the Sulgrave Club; she was reluctant to draw public attention to a possible crisis. She was called back from the meeting to the White House, where in her study Steve Early and Marvin McIntyre told her that the President was dead. The press secretary told newsmen that she had replied: "I am more sorry for the people of this country and of the world than I am for ourselves." Later Mrs. Roosevelt thought she probably had not said it, but the statement—one of those that seemed so true it was hard to disclaim—became a kind of theme for the sad occasion.

Vice President Harry S. Truman was concluding his day of presiding in the Senate when called to the White House, with the request that he go at once to Mrs. Roosevelt's study. He had no idea why he had been summoned. When Mrs. Roosevelt told him what had happened, Truman later wrote, "That was the first inkling I had of the seriousness of the situation." Was there anything he could do for her? Eleanor Roosevelt replied, "Is there anything *we* can do for *you*? For you are the one in trouble now."[55]

The news soon circulated. Flags began sinking to half-mast. Radios droned the few available facts, awaiting further details from Warm Springs and Washington. In the Cabinet Room, Truman was sworn in as President, the ceremony taking, according to his recollections, precisely one minute, 7:08–7:09 p.m. The room was filled with Cabinet members and officials. Truman's wife and daughter stood near him; Woodrow Wilson's portrait over the mantelpiece gazed over the assemblage. Members of the White House and office staffs crowded outside on the porch, looking in through the glass doors.

Mrs. Roosevelt, meanwhile, had gone to Georgia by air and the next day began the long trip back to Washington by train with Roosevelt's body. As the *Ferdinand Magellan* moved along day and night, slowing at towns and stations so the thousands of people waiting could draw close and see the flag-covered coffin through the lighted windows, Mrs. Roosevelt was reminded of what she had read of Abraham Lincoln's funeral train. The procession from Union Station to the White House was a long and somber display of military prowess and civilian grief. President Roosevelt's coffin was mounted on a caisson, as Harding's had been. Servicemen marched in formation before and behind it. Military airplanes flew overhead, also in formation. At least 500,000 people watched silently in the hot April sun.

The coffin was brought into the White House and placed before the great east window of the East Room, with the crimson curtains behind it closed against the sun. It was Saturday, April 14, 1945; Roosevelt's body would remain here for about five hours. Flowers, which had been arriving in great numbers, had been hung on the walls of the East Room to envelop it in fragrant blossoms. At the brief service at four in the afternoon, the new President's daughter, Margaret, felt sickened by the heat and the heavy scent of the flowers.[56]

Two hundred mourners were seated in the East Room. Large numbers found places in the state parlors, in the two dining rooms, and in the basement's central hallway, library, and china room, as well as in the glazed corridor and the movie theater in the East Wing. All the areas were wired for sound and tightly crowded with chairs. At the west end of the basement corridor a White House policeman stood at the door to the Map Room, a lone reminder that the war was still in progress.

Uncounted thousands crowded the iron fences outside, watching the windows of the East Room. At about 5 p.m. the coffin was brought out of the White House and returned by procession to Union Station for the trip to Hyde Park. In funeral instructions discovered among Roosevelt's papers after it was too late to follow most of them, he had asked that his coffin be placed before the fireplace in the library of his cherished home, so that he could spend one last night under that roof. His remains were not taken inside the house. But his request not to lie in state had been scrupulously observed.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was buried in the rose garden at Hyde Park as he specified. At the White House, workers took down the funeral flowers that remained. Nor did Mrs. Roosevelt delay. Returning to the White House after the graveside service, she began packing, and in five days her work was done. In the oval room she invited members of the staff to

select mementoes from among the swarms of little things with which FDR had liked to surround himself.

Thirteen Army trucks departed for Hyde Park on April 20, 1945, carrying the Roosevelts' personal belongings.[64] That afternoon in the East Room Mrs. Roosevelt said good-bye first to the office staff, then to the household employees. Train ticket and satchel in hand, she left Washington for New York City.



receptions was an open whiskey bar, set up for the first time in the East Room when the President received General Eisenhower and his staff on June 18, 1945. Cocktails had been served heretofore only for small dinners, and they had always been made out of sight in the pantry, with no liquor bottles in view.[33]

A typical reception of the first social season after World War II was held for the press. The press receptions had begun under Franklin D. Roosevelt early in his administration, reflecting somewhat the idea of the diplomatic receptions. Never a part of the official season, they were discontinued, like the other social functions, during the war. Truman resumed the custom on Friday evening, December 6, 1946, and more than a thousand attended. The hour was eight o'clock, as usual. Cabinet members and their wives were admitted at the north door, beginning at about 7:30, and walked up the grand staircase to the family quarters. In this Truman reverted to a pre-FDR practice, for under Roosevelt the Cabinet had assembled downstairs in the private dining room. Truman's Cabinet went to the second-floor Monroe Room. Meanwhile, a larger number of special guests, considered part of the "household," had arrived by the north door and been shown into the Green Room. The doors were then closed behind them.

The invited press corps had begun to arrive at the east entrance. As at state dinners, they were shown along the long glass corridor to the stairs to the state floor. The Marine Band was in its place between the columns of the hall, playing softly. On the second floor, as eight o'clock approached, four military men lined up before their commander in chief at the door to the oval room to request the colors—the American flag and the President's flag—which stood at each side of the President's desk. With the flags in hand, these "four horsemen," as the color guard was nicknamed at the White House, took their positions at the head of the grand staircase; behind them the President's military aides fell in line; then came the President and Mrs. Truman; last came the Cabinet officers and their wives, two abreast. On a signal the presidential party descended with no fanfare; Truman disliked the long stretch of "dangerous" staircase, which kept people looking awkwardly at their feet lest they stumble. He would one day remedy the situation.[34]

Three paces from the foot of the stair the procession stopped. The horsemen stepped forward as the iron gates were rolled back. In the hallway at the foot of the stair, with trumpet flourishes, honors were rendered in a little military ceremony visible to only a portion of those assembled in the East Room. At the instant this was completed, the horsemen stood in formation to lead the President and the First Lady

forward. A crash of the drums introduced "Hail to the Chief," which the band played vigorously as the presidential party marched to the Blue Room. The Trumans stopped just inside the double mahogany doors, which were pulled shut behind them. They then went to the south end of the room. Standing between the two flags placed by the horsemen, they received first the special guests from the Green Room, then the line that started flowing from the East Room. When the line was finished, the Trumans elected not to return immediately upstairs. Instead, they mingled for a while with the newspaper and radio people. When they left they were accompanied to the elevator door by the military aides. Soon after, the colors were returned ceremonially to the oval room, leaving the guests free to remain for several hours, enjoying the food and drink in the State Dining Room or dancing in the East Room, to the music of a "dance orchestra" from the Marine Band.

Under Truman, much of the flutter and pressure of the Roosevelt era came to an end. Alonzo Fields, the maître d'hôtel, recalled that the White House "quieted down so much you couldn't believe it was the same place." Mrs. Truman was well organized and absolutely clear in her objectives, wanting to give as little time to the work as possible. Fields remembered, "The First Lady would not stand for fakers, shirkers or flatterers, and the only way you could gain her approval would be by doing your job to the best of your ability. This done, you would not want a more understanding person to work for." Crim assigned the assistant usher, J. B. West, to deal directly with the Trumans, and he met with Mrs. Truman every morning as her "main contact with the operations of the White House." He admired her wit, as well as her businesslike habits: "Mrs. Truman was very conscious of economy in housekeeping. She kept her own books, went over the bills with a finetoothed comb, and wrote every check herself."[35]

She knew well that the financial burdens of White House entertaining could easily become ruinous, even with an appropriation provided for some of it. The Trumans were not rich, and she watched their money carefully, although both insisted that appropriate standards of presidential living be met. Gone were the unappetizing meals of Roosevelt's time. Mrs. Nesbitt was apparently encouraged into retirement, having shown resistance to change in the kitchen. Food of what West called the "American" type was served to the family informally, usually in the solarium on the third floor, three times a day. For dinner parties, of course, Mrs. Truman consulted the chef and ordered more varied menus.

Mrs. Helm had not intended to remain at the White House after the Roosevelts left, yet she proved so useful and got along with Mrs. Truman

problem was McKim's 1902 expansion of the State Dining Room into the adjacent stair hall. When the partition—a bearing wall—was removed, the support for the original wooden ceiling joists of the dining room was taken away and replaced by a heavy steel beam. This beam, carrying the tremendous weight of the floors above it, gained a measure of stability by being socketed into the existing walls at each end, but its major support came from steel tie-rods that suspended it from the wooden structural systems of the roof. When the attic and roof had been rebuilt in 1927, the tie-rods were introduced into the new steel skeleton; but President Coolidge's upper structure of steel and concrete proved too heavy for the house below it, and a shifting of walls had begun. The most serious manifestation of damage was in the bulky structure hanging over the State Dining Room.

A remarkable transferral of stresses took place as the third floor bore down on the house beneath it. Old mortise-and-tenon timbers made for lesser purposes assumed new structural roles for which they were inadequate. One result of this process by 1948 was the weakness of the floor of Margaret Truman's bedroom. A leg of her grand piano sank into the floor, causing the plaster ceiling in the private dining room below it to fall. Likewise, in the Blue Room and the East Room, the chandeliers swayed slightly from time to time, moved by tremors from some unknown source, perhaps halfway across the house. Showers of plaster dust had fallen on the shoulders of Howell Crim's black suit. To the fear of fire in the White House was added the fear that at any time it might collapse.[3]

Remedies

"The White House is being closed immediately to all sightseers," announced the *Washington Post*, "because of its precarious physical condition." The paper speculated that the Trumans would move to Blair House, but the Trumans had made no statement to that effect. As soon as it was clear that the house was unsafe, Howell Crim got the President's permission to move. Initially, Crim reserved suites for the Trumans at the Carlton Hotel, lest Blair House not be ready by the time they returned from Missouri. But with the help of Charles T. Haight, head of the design department of B. Altman and Company, New York, Crim got it ready. Warehouses were scavenged; White House furnishings were moved across the street; window hangings from the White House were hemmed to fit Blair House; painters worked night and day. Blair House received the Trumans in time for Thanksgiving in 1948.[4]

The consultants on the structural condition of the White House met there on January 14, 1949, to consider what to do next. They learned that Lorenzo Winslow had mapped out an entire program, under the President's watchful eye. The external stone walls were to be preserved, together with the Coolidge-era third floor, but all else would go. Who came up with the idea is uncertain. The President wrote to a member of Congress: "My suggestion is that we do not tear down the present building. The outside walls are in good condition . . . . I believe with the right sort of a contractor and with proper supervision, the interior can be removed and . . . .We could put a steel and concrete structure inside the walls and restore the inside of the house to its original condition. We are saving all the doors, mantels, mirrors and things of that sort so that they will go back just as they were."[5]

The diary of the White House architect reveals that drawings were being made early in January 1949. Before the meeting on the 14th, Winslow noted a conference on the 11th with President Truman, which also included Reynolds, Major General Philip B. Fleming, the federal works administrator, and Edward F. Neild, a prominent architect from Shreveport, Louisiana. He had designed Truman's great skyscraper courthouse in Kansas City, and he was to serve as the President's personal architectural adviser during the renovation of the White House. At that session, the idea of saving the old stone walls and underpinning them was discussed, and Winslow showed a project for a new grand staircase, which Truman said he liked.

Of the meeting on the 14th, Winslow noted, "After some discussion we all agreed on the final work to be done in the White House. Complete program approved." With the earlier objectives confirmed by the consultants, Commissioner Reynolds, helped by Winslow and Fleming, as well as the President's staff, prepared a proposal to send to the Congress. Lorenzo Winslow wrote a long letter to Reynolds later that month describing Truman's goals: "It is the President's desire that this restoration be made so thoroughly complete that the structural condition and all principal and fixed architectural finishes will be permanent for many generations to come."[6]

The document sent to Congress called for a complete modernization, with special emphasis on fireproofing. It proposed 15 categories of improvement, giving high priority to four: 1) underpinning the foundations of the outer stone walls, putting the building on a secure stratum of sand and gravel at a level much below the existing footings; 2) removing all the interior walls; 3) building a freestanding structural steel frame within the old shell of stone and supporting it with concrete piers set in the same lower stratum of sand and gravel that would support the exterior

possible, the new, he believed, should reflect the old, yet he also felt that he must "restore," in the sense that the house should conform to the taste of the Federal era when James Hoban rebuilt it. For this purpose he spent much time copying or adapting interior detailing from historic houses in the region.[18]

In May 1949 Winslow took his drawings to Williamsburg, where he met with the resident architect of the restoration, A. Edwin Kendrew. Kendrew and his colleague Bela Norton took Winslow through the Brush house, a restored colonial cottage, and the Governor's Palace, a reconstructed mansion, the original of which had been well known to Washington and Jefferson. The palace, built entirely new, must have foreshadowed to Winslow the reconstructed White House. Winslow's visit to the Governor's Palace at Williamsburg seems to have convinced him of the importance of preserving the original White House woodwork and decorations, for they alone would provide the patina of age. A month after his return from Williamsburg he addressed the commission: "There is a matter which I consider to be of vital importance . . . . This is the careful dismantling, removal and storage of all interior and exterior finish materials . . . which are intended to be restored when necessary and then to be reinstalled in the reconstructed building."[19]

He further occupied himself and his staff making measured drawings of the ornamental plaster of the state rooms. He urged the commission to contract with "a local ornamental plaster sculptor to make casts in place of all existing ornamental plaster work that is not easily removable in one complete piece. . . . Much of the ornamental plaster, I have had very accurate measured drawings made, together with rubbings in place."[20]

To some extent, the architect was granted his wish. With pressures from all sides to hurry along, the commissioners attended to matters they thought more urgent than a delicate dismantling. Winslow was the only one involved who had a sincere interest in preserving the old materials; the others were saving not a house but a symbol. On November 3, 1949, at their 13th meeting, the commissioners selected John McShain, Inc., of Philadelphia as the low bidder on the job of reconstruction. Builder of the Jefferson Memorial, Roosevelt's library at Hyde Park, and the Pentagon—the biggest job it had ever handled—the McShain company was held in high regard in Washington. On December 12 a subcontractor, Spencer, White & Prentis, Inc., of New York, began the process of underpinning the stone walls.

The next day, December 13, the dismantling of the interior began, with Winslow supervising much of it. This took a little more than two months, with the interruption of the Christmas holiday. The paneling of

the East Room was pulled away from the wall, numbered, crated, and hauled to storage in a federal warehouse at Seventh and D Streets; window and door trimming, mantelpieces, hearths, chair rails, baseboards, wainscoting, even window sash and reveals, were carefully taken down. It was not easy work; panels split and door frames broke as they were pried from their places, the wood dry and often brittle, the paint peeling away in long strips.

Winslow felt that the oak paneling in the State Dining Room was the most important and saved it until last, only to have the commission turn the work over to the contractor and urge the architect back to his drafting tables. Wood flooring was pulled up, numbered, and crated. Winslow reported to the commission on February 16, 1950, that about half the sash on the first floor and two-thirds of that on the second had been removed, the sockets of the windows covered over for protection. On the 17th the commission declared the dismantling completed, except for some window sash. Little was said about what happened to the materials, for Winslow took the responsibility for storage and moving, assisted toward the end by Howell Crim.

The commissioners were far more interested in creating relics for sale and distribution from the timbers and discarded plaster decorations than in rescuing anything for reuse. On January 30, 1950, a plan by General Edgerton for the disposal of old materials, using ideas from many sources, had been presented to the President. Truman approved it on February 17, and a quantity of relic "kits" became available. Kit number one, for example, cost $2 and contained enough pine to make a gavel; kit number two, the same price, offered pine in sufficient quantity to make a walking stick; kit number four provided a small piece of sandstone and a square nail; kit number ten contained "one brick, as nearly whole as practicable." For $100 enough brick or stone could be bought to face a fireplace. "The entire operation," the commissioners wrote in their final report, "was designed to be self-supporting and it turned out to be so, by a considerable margin."[21]

The Vessel Is Emptied

The demolition and rebuilding of the White House within stone walls was a remarkable achievement. Hoban had built his walls on a shallow stratum of clay and gravel, and over 157 years some shifting had taken place. He had made the foundations for the interior bearing walls only half the width of the walls themselves, and they had become more heavily burdened than the external shell. The outside sandstone walls,

and of estimates of the costs yet to be incurred shows that it will not be possible to complete the project satisfactorily within the present appropriation. It is estimated that additional funds to the amount of $225,000 will be required. The over-run is principally attributable to the effects of the Korean war. Costs have risen rapidly during the past year. . . . when the effects of the war became evident the Commission had the entire project reviewed and the specifications modified to reduce costs by every practical substitution of materials and simplification of work that would permit savings without very serious detriment to the quality needed in this special project." The funding was achieved with little difficulty, but on July 17 Crim was given the unhappy task of telling Truman that he would not be in the White House by Christmas. He "reluctantly" told him that March 1952 was his guess, and it proved correct.[46]

Entering the autumn of 1951, the White House project employed some 300 workmen, not counting government officials involved in various ways. Most of the plastering was finished, some of it already covered with canvas in preparation for painting or upholstering. The new Doric columns of Westland cream, a lightly clouded Vermont marble, were being put up in the entrance hall; installation of flooring started in September and would continue with constant difficulty for six months. Most of the lighting fixtures sent for repair to Edward Caldwell in New York were delayed. Those for the East Room, originally reduced in scale by McKim, were being reduced again. Ordinary lighting fixtures were being rewired in Washington, and when the chandelier for the private dining room arrived wired and with light bulbs Winslow rose in protest: The chandelier in that room had always burned candles and the tradition should be kept; at the direction of the commission, it was.

The difficulty of getting appropriate marble had troubled the commissioners for many months. It had been decided to replace the East Room mantels with red marble ones of Knoxville marble, in honor of the chairman, Senator McKellar of Tennessee. On November 2, 1951, it was reported that 15 men were working full time at the quarry on the four East Room mantels. Winslow, who had designed the mantels himself, was sent there several times to inspect the progress. He made every effort to save and reuse the Joliet stone flooring from the entrance hall, but the contractor opposed it and most of it joined the caravan to Fort Myer. The marble for the grand staircase was changed after half of it had been cut, and the resulting delay ran into months. Winslow was criticized for this by the commissioners on September 21, although they must have known that he was acting on his chief's orders. Pressure was beginning to bear upon everyone.

Winslow seems to have suffered the most. Had he simply taken orders, his ride would have been smoother, but the drawings were produced in his office, and most of the decisions at the paper stage were his. He had to defend many of his solutions. His frequent stand against the disposal of old materials—which may have been made with the President's encouragement—met with annoyance on the part of the contractor's representatives, who preferred to work with new materials. The commissioners usually took the side of the contractor, although their relationship with him was anything but comfortable.

Through the fall of 1951 the window sash was put into place. Doors were hung inside. By the end of the year the two main obstacles to completion were the lighting fixtures, which were still being restored, and the wood flooring. Most of the latter had not been installed, and that which had needed time-consuming hand finishing. To save time the commission authorized leveling the floors with machine sanders, then finishing the job by hand. On January 25, 1952 the commission was informed that the fine parquet flooring had been installed in most of the rooms of the second and third floors, the Red and the Blue Rooms, and that it was under way in the East Room.

Eighteen painters worked through the winter. David Finley opposed the bright yellow of the old kitchen, now the Broadcast Room, feeling that "a more dignified, severe type of decoration should be used—such as may be found in a gentleman's office or library." He heartily approved the black leather sofa and chairs. But the commission stuck to its decisions on all the rooms, making changes only when they were suggested by Crim, for the President. The work stopped only on Sundays, continuing steadily six days a week.[47]

The President was an increasing presence in the decision-making. Crim had taken Winslow's place as his main liaison, perhaps because of Crim's enormous capacity for organization, perhaps because of Truman's increasing annoyance over Winslow's private life. When the electricians prepared to hang McKim's old lantern in the entrance hall, Truman stopped them, saying he preferred a chandelier. He located one he liked on the second floor, and it was put in the entrance hall. Truman complained frequently about the old gas fixtures from the White House being in the Capitol. He had tried to get them back, with no success; had he been able to, he would have hung General Grant's mighty gasoliers in the East Room.[48]

Furniture in crates arrived daily. By late February it was being unloaded in the house and where possible taken to the rooms where it belonged, according to Haight's inventory. Crim was the final authority

(Hinchliffe/Grossman)
November 21, 1990 1 p.m.
KENNEDY

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: KENNEDY CENTER HONORS
December 2, 1990

Told my grandkids I was thrilled to be meeting tonight with five of the greatest figures ever to thrill an audience. And one of them said, "I didn't even realize the Rolling Stones were in town."

Like Am . -- not melting pot, but vibrant, enriching mosaic
--a classic N.E.'s artist fierce indepencence and belief in self
--a xxx creative rebel merging strands of foreign music into unique Am. sound
--a Eur.-trained soprano who defined Am. opera;
--London-born created Am. musicals
--Austrian -- created own style of ...

--classical training and roots with purely Am. spirit -- the daring, exuberance, creativity, etc.

--Am. arts have reflected the diversity of this nation's history -- from the blues of the bayou to the Hudson River school of painting; from
we need to cherish and encourage this great diversity of experience, vision and art. Today we do this by honoring truly American artists -- whose unique experiences and roots have found expression -- have enriched the tapestry of our nation's cultural heritage. This work -- their ideas, talent, and passion -- demands their mind, their heart, and their soul. And ours. They have challenged, amzed, us, made us think and react, helped us to dream and to understand and, most of all perhaps, have helped us to understand who we are as Americans.

--DG: transofmred sound of jazz; king of Bop; gaught self; ballooning cheeks
--his will be the classical music of the future, and the identity by which American culture defines itself.
--there are many who saw that the major contrbituion of American culture is jazz -- the only purely American art form. And it's thanks to the King of Bebop -- thanks to that amazing face with the ballooning rubber cheecks, thanks to that accidentally upturned trumpet bell that's become his trademark

--tributes to Mary Martin and Sammy Davis Jr.

--range from 53 to 93
--Harlem vaudevillian since age 3 =- always ready, always smiling, bigotry -- "You fight with the weapons gGod gives you, and with me it was my talent." And his energy. And his joy.

Good evening, and welcome to the White House -- where for generations Presidents have been privileged to celebrate America's art, here in America's home.

WILDER:
If you were to look next to the name Billy WIlder in a dictionary, you'd see lots of defitinitions. Writer. Director. Producer. And you'd see awards -- like Oscars. But Billy Wilder's real achievement is something much more important. Much deeper, more moving. He's plunged a drill deep down into the American heart, and has captured on film the warmth, the laughter, the love, and the tears that billowed forth in tremendous profusion.

He crafted some of the most familiar, lasting images of the past decades. Images of a peculiarly American humor and xxxxx: Gloria Swanson descending the staircase in Sunset Boulevard; Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon in high heel in Some Like It Hot; Marilyn Monroe's billowing white skirt in The Seven Year Itch.

Wilder: "the best directing is the one you don't see"

"Let Me Entertain You," he wrote, and for nearly 70 years, he has. Entertained us with songsthat captured the pulse of America at that moment -- the dreamlike optimism of Peter Pan's "Never Never Land"; the yearning affirmation of our brotherhood to all in "People"; the unbridled exuberance of "Gypsy," or "Hallelujah, Baby!"

In more than 1500 songs, this British=born composer captured what he observed and loved of the American character, and gave us songs that were mirrors -- reflecting us back to ourselves. And we've loved it. So has the American musical -- an art=form he helped developed -- and so have American musical legends whose careers were made on Styne song: Carol Channging, Barbara Streisand, Ethel Merman, so many others.

KATHERINE HEPBURN:
--from the new breed of men called cowboys to the modern-day explorers called astronauts, the essence of American chara cter has been a searching self-reliance, courageous and curious daring and cheer. One woman captured this spirit on film -- for more than 60 years she has been the essence of all of us -- optimistically naive as a young woman in Philadelphia Story; resilienct like the finest teseted iron in "On Golden Pond". The flashing eyes, carved jaw, and inimitiable voice became the

--he revolutionzized the world of music -- from bebeop to his later tapestry using the lush rhythms of Afro-Cuban, Caribbean and Brazilian music -- astonished the world with his creativity, daring, independence, and vision, breaking all the rules to let something new and escciting and , above all, absolutley American burst out of the mixture and wrap up this whole country in its contagious spell of rhtyhm and expression and emotion and energy.
--vounder of jazz bebop; his improvisation changed course of musicmakking;

KENNEDY:
"I look forward to an America which will reward achievemengt in the arts as we reward achieement in business or statecarft."

"If art is to nourish the roots of our culture, society must set the artist free tof llow his vision wherever it takes him.
For in serving his vision, the artist best serves his nation."

--"Roosevelt and Lincoln understood that the life of the arts ... is very close to the center of a nation's purpose--and is a test of the quality of a nation's civilization."

--pleasure, honor; joy; enrich
--illuinate the basic human truths which give us purpose
--define our society -- and open up new personal worlds
--we seek peace in song; expression in music; understanding in films

--East room -- over the years Am. arts in Am.'s home
--cultural life of nation -- more than the beauty and pleasure -- the definition of self, of our nation, putting into words our general and personal struggles and dreams, and that fabulous, unique American spirit -- daring everything, dreaming everything, reaching for everything

STEPHENS:
--RS: the Carmen of America; said boobey as Carmen
--first song, age 15, "I Dream I Dwelt in Marble Halls"
--first artist to be Mgr. Dir. of Met
--devote self to careers of others Ams.
--travel country searching for new artists
--mixed European training with unrestrained American passion to create a white-hot Carmen -- a truly American Carmen. And truly American movies -- The Chocolate Soldier; Going My Way.
--great American tradition of unselfishly passing on -- director of Met's National Comapny;

symbol of the American spirit of outspoken independence and fierce deterimination. She was rewarded with Oscars and with our adoration, but you always sensed that she -- like America itsle f -- cared less what others thought about her than with how it felt to be jst who she was.
--"I think there is a magic in man. His spirit, his attitudes toward his fellow man, his capacity for love and for infiinite service, is, for me, a thrilling thing."

MARY MARTIN:
--she carried us along with her and made us soar in a glow of delight -- a magic that didn't need wires; a joyous star, a gracious woman, the best of what we could be.

DOUG GAMBLE

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Nov. 12/90

TO: STEPHANIE LAUDNER
2 Pages

Gilda Radner
Stephen
Steven
Styne
Wilder

KENNEDY CENTER HONORS (Beth Hinchliffe)

I TOLD ONE OF MY GRANDKIDS I'D BE COMING TO THE KENNEDY CENTER TONIGHT TO SEE FIVE OF THE GREATEST PERFORMANCE FIGURES EVER TO THRILL AN AUDIENCE. HE SAID "I DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE THE ROLLING STONES WERE IN TOWN."

WHEN I FIRST WALKED IN TO MEET THE FIVE HONOREES, I OVERHEARD SOMEONE TELLING THEM THAT TIME WAS TIGHT AND THERE WOULDN'T BE TIME FOR AN AUTOGRAPH. BUT I ASKED THEM FOR ONE ANYWAY.

I'VE BEEN DOING SO MUCH TRAVELLING LATELY, I FEEL LIKE I'VE SEEN MORE AIRPORTS THAN O.J. SIMPSON.

I JUST RETURNED FROM THE PERSIAN GULF, EUROPE AND MEXICO, AND WHEN I LEAVE THE THEATER TONIGHT I'LL BE GOING DIRECTLY TO AIR FORCE ONE AND OFF TO SOUTH AMERICA. MY FIRST PRIORITY IS TO FIND PEACE AND UNDERSTANDING IN THE WORLD, AND MY SECOND PRIORITY IS TO FIND MY LUGGAGE.

I'M ALWAYS READY TO TRAVEL. SOMEONE ASKED TO BORROW MY PEN TODAY, BUT WHEN I REACHED INTO MY POCKET I PULLED OUT MY TOOTHBRUSH.

MORE...

KENNEDY CENTER HONORS RECIPIENTS

		Dates	Place of Birth
1990			
Dizzy Gillespie	13	Oct. 21, 1917	Cheraw, SC
Katharine Hepburn	83	Nov. 8, 1907	Hartford, CT
Risë Stevens	77	June 11, 1913	New York, NY
Jule Styne	84	Dec. 31, 1905	London, England
Billy Wilder	84	June 22, 1906	Vienna, Austria
1989			
Harry Belafonte	62	Mar. 1, 1927	New York, NY
Claudette Colbert		Sept. 13, 1903	Paris, France
Alexandra Danilova		Nov. 20, 1904	St. Petersburg, Russia
Mary Martin		Dec. 1, 1913	Weatherford, TX
William Schuman		Aug. 4, 1910	New York, NY
1988			
Alvin Ailey	57	Jan. 5, 1931 - Dec. 2, 1989	Rogers, TX
George Burns		Jan. 20, 1896	New York, NY
Myrna Loy		Aug. 2, 1905	Raidersburg, MT
Alexander Schneider		Oct. 21, 1908	Vilna, Russia
Roger L. Stevens		Mar. 12, 1910	Detroit, MI
1987			
Perry Como		May 18, 1912	Canonsburg, PA
Bette Davis		Apr. 5, 1908 - Oct. 6, 1989	Lowell, MA
Sammy Davis, Jr.		Dec. 8, 1925 - May 16, 1990	New York, NY
Nathan Milstein		Dec. 31, 1904	Odessa, Russia
Alwin Nikolais		Nov. 25, 1912	Southington, CT
1986			
Lucille Ball		Aug. 6, 1911 - Apr. 26, 1989	Celoron, NY
Ray Charles	56	Sept. 23, 1930	Albany, GA
Hume Cronyn		July 18, 1911	London, Canada
Jessica Tandy		June 7, 1909	London, England
Yehudi Menuhin		Apr. 22, 1916	New York, NY
Antony Tudor		Apr. 4, 1909 - Apr. 19, 1987	London, England
1985			
Merce Cunningham		Apr. 16, 1919	Centralia, WA
Irene Dunne		Dec. 20, 1904	Louisville, KY
Bob Hope		May 29, 1903	Eltham, England
Alan Jay Lerner		Aug. 31, 1918 - June 14, 1986	New York, NY
Frederick Loewe		June 10, 1904 - Feb. 14, 1988	Vienna, Austria
Beverly Sills	56	May 26, 1929	Brooklyn, NY

- more -

1984

Lena Horne	June 30, 1917	Brooklyn, NY
Danny Kaye	Jan. 18, 1913 - Mar. 3, 1987	Brooklyn, NY
Gian Carlo Menotti	July 7, 1911	Cadegliano, Italy
Arthur Miller	Oct. 17, 1915	New York, NY
Isaac Stern	July 21, 1920	Kreminiecz, Russia

1983

Katherine Dunham	June 22, 1912	Glen Ellyn, IL
Elia Kazan	Sept. 7, 1909	Constantinople, Turkey
Frank Sinatra	Dec. 12, 1915	Hoboken, NJ
James Stewart	May 20, 1908	Indiana, PA
Virgil Thomson	Nov. 25, 1896 - Sept. 30, 1989	Kansas City, MO

1982

George Abbott	June 25, 1887	Forestville, NY
Lillian Gish	Oct. 14, 1896	Springfield, OH
Benny Goodman	May 30, 1909 - June 13, 1986	Chicago, IL
Gene Kelly	Aug. 23, 1912	Pittsburgh, PA
Eugene Ormandy	Nov. 18, 1899 - Mar. 12, 1985	Budapest, Hungary

1981

Count Basie	Aug. 21, 1906 - Apr. 26, 1984	Red Bank, NJ
Cary Grant	Jan. 28, 1904 - Nov. 29, 1986	Bristol, England
Helen Hayes	Oct. 10, 1900	Washington, DC
Jerome Robbins	Oct. 11, 1918	New York, NY
Rudolf Serkin	Mar. 28, 1903	Eger, Bohemia

1980

Leonard Bernstein	Aug. 25, 1918	Lawrence, MA
James Cagney	July 17, 1899 - Mar. 30, 1986	Manhattan, NY
Agnes deMille	1905	New York, NY
Lynn Fontanne	Dec. 6, 1887 - July 30, 1983	Essex, England
Leontyne Price	Feb. 10, 1927	Laurel, MS

1979

Aaron Copland	Nov. 14, 1900	Brooklyn, NY
Ella Fitzgerald	Apr. 25, 1918	Newport News, VA
Henry Fonda	May 16, 1905 - Aug. 12, 1982	Grand Island, NE
Martha Graham	May 11, 1894	Pittsburgh, PA
Tennessee Williams	Mar. 26, 1911 - Feb. 25, 1983	Columbus, OH

1978

Marian Anderson	Feb. 17, 1902	Philadelphia, PA
Fred Astaire	May 10, 1899 - June 22, 1987	Omaha, NE
George Balanchine	Jan. 9, 1904 - Apr. 30, 1983	St. Petersburg, Russia
Richard Rodgers	June 28, 1902 - Dec. 30, 1979	New York, NY
Arthur Rubinstein	Jan. 28, 1887 - Dec. 20, 1982	Lodz, Poland

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The New GROVE Dictionary of Music and Musicians

EDITED BY

Stanley Sadie

7

Fuchs–Gyuzelev



10 petits motets (taken from grands motets) in Recueil de mottets à une et deux voix, *Pc*, Rés. 1899, 7 ed. G. Morche, Le pupitre, 1v (1975): Afferte Domino; Beatus quem elegisti; Cantate Jordanis; Cantus dent uberes; Diligam te, Domine; Domine salvum fac regem; Dominus illuminatio; Salve virgo florens; Usquequo Domine; Cantemus Domino by Lalande according to Morche

8 petits motets (taken from grands motets) in Recits et duo de Msr De La Lande et de quelques autres maitres, 1v, bc, MS dated 1765 in *Pn*, Vm[1]3123: Beatus quem elegisti; Diligam te, Domine; Dominus Deus meus; Laudans invocabo; O res mirabilis; Pinguescent specio; Qui tollis peccata mundi; Te decet

Lost works (listed by Bougerel) include the grands motets: Beatus vir qui timet Dominum; Cantus dent uberes; Deus, judicium tuum regi (2 settings); Deus, venerunt gentes; Jubilate Deo; Magnificat (3 settings); Quemadmodum desiderat cervus; and the motets 'sans symphonie': Beatus vir qui non abiit; Benedicam Dominum; Benedic, anima mea; Confitebor tibi; Cum invocarem; Custodi me, Domine; Dominus illuminatio mea; Judica, Domine; Lauda, anima mea, Dominum; Saepe expugnaverunt me

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JOHN H. HAJDU

Gillespie, Dizzy [John Birks] (*b* Cheraw, S. Carolina, 21 Oct 1917). Black American jazz trumpeter, composer and band-leader. He received his earliest training from his father, an amateur band-leader, first studying the trombone but changing to the trumpet. A scholarship to the Laurinburg Institute in North Carolina enabled him to study harmony. In 1935 he joined the Frank Fairfax Band in Philadelphia, and in 1937 he replaced his idol Roy Eldridge in the Teddy Hill Band. He made his first recordings with Hill in May 1937. In 1939 Gillespie joined Cab Calloway as a soloist and occasional composer–arranger, and made more than 60 recordings with the band, among them several of Gillespie's compositions (e.g. *Pickin' the Cabbage*). From 1941 to 1943 he played with Benny Carter, Charlie Barnet, Les Hite, Earl Hines, Coleman Hawkins and Duke Ellington. He took part in the jam sessions at Minton's Playhouse, New York, where the jazz style known as 'bop' originated. *Kerouac*, a piece recorded at Minton's in May 1941, one of the earliest solos in which Gillespie demonstrated a stylistic independence from Eldridge, contains tonal–harmonic resources new to jazz (e.g. whole-tone scales, altered chords, substitute harmonies and 9th, 11th and 13th chords) which Gillespie, more than any other musician of the movement, introduced into the new style.



Dizzy Gillespie

In January 1944, with the bass player Oscar Pettiford as co-leader, Gillespie assembled a five-piece combo that introduced bop to the night clubs of 52nd Street, New York. Classic examples of the mature bop style were recorded in 1945 when Gillespie joined Parker and a rhythm section in a series of pieces most of which he had composed; they show a command ranging from simple swing style riff tunes like *Salt Peanuts* to virtuoso fast tempo pieces like *Shaw 'Nuff*, and ingenious melodic contrafacta like *Groovin' High*. In June 1944 Gillespie was appointed musical director of Billy Eckstine's new band which he made the first bop-influenced big band. His own first band was unsuccessful, but the potential of his performing style was realized in his collaboration with Gil Fuller in a series of brilliant compositions recorded by Gillespie's second band (1946–50). In 1947 Gillespie and Fuller wrote *Manteca* for the Cuban conga drummer Chano Pozo, giving rise to the style known as 'Afro-Cuban' jazz.

After his band broke up in 1950 Gillespie formed a quintet that toured Europe, organized another big band for a tour of the Middle East and South America (1956), and in the 1960s and 1970s visited Europe, South America and Africa. Gillespie's remarkable technique, versatility and sensitive musicianship allowed him to develop a style of harmonic logic and melodic continuity, and led him to be widely regarded as the most significant jazz trumpeter after Louis Armstrong.

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Internal Gills. Internal gills are found in all fishes. They are usually composed of a series of parallel, thin-walled extensions of the epithelial surface known as lamella, but they are occasionally filamentous. The internal gills may be present on one or both sides of interbranchial septa, supported by visceral arches.

In animals with internal gills, water is taken into the mouth and passes through internal gill slits to contact the gill lamella, where oxygen is taken by the blood and carbon dioxide is released from the blood into the water. The water then passes through external gill slits to the outside. In lower fishes, such as lampreys, the external gill slits open directly to the outside. In bony fishes a large flap, or gill cover, known as the *operculum,* covers the external gill slits and allows water to pass to the outside through only a single opening.

The number of gills present in fishes varies from 13 or 14 pairs in certain cyclostomes to 4 or 5 pairs in higher fishes. In some fishes the gills do not provide adequate respiratory surface, and the fish's swim bladder and vascular skin function as supplementary respiratory organs. In other fishes, the gills supplement the excretory function of the kidneys.

CHARLES K. WEICHERT
Author of "Anatomy of the Chordates"

GILL-OVER-THE-GROUND. See GROUND IVY.

GILLESPIE, Dizzy (1917–), American jazz trumpet player and arranger, who became famous as the "King of Bop." John Birks Gillespie was born in Cheraw, S. C., on Oct. 21, 1917. He had some instruction in music theory but taught himself to play the trumpet. Beginning in the 1930's, he played trumpet with a number of famous jazz bands, including Cab Calloway's and Duke Ellington's.

In 1944, with Charlie Parker and others, Gillespie developed the "bop" style in jazz. As long as this style was in vogue, Gillespie was in the heyday. His followers wore berets, heavy spectacles, and goatees, as he did. After the passing of bop, Gillespie continued in jazz in the 1950's as a trumpet player and leader of big bands or small "combos," playing more-traditional and commercial jazz music. In the 1960's he and his quintet appeared regularly at jazz festivals, particularly the one held annually at Monterey, Calif.

DAVID EWEN, *Author of "Panorama of American Popular Music"*

GILLETTE, jə-let′, **William Hooker** (1853–1937), American actor and playwright, who helped popularize realism in dramatic writing and staging. He was born in Hartford, Conn., on July 24, 1853, a son of a U. S. senator. He began his acting career in 1875 and his playwriting career in 1881 with *The Professor.* Gillette wrote 20 full-length plays, chiefly melodramas, and acted in most of them. His best plays are two dramas of terrorism and espionage in the Civil War—*Held by the Enemy* (1886) and *Secret Service* (1896)—and *Sherlock Holmes* (1899), based on the Conan Doyle stories. The plays he wrote after 1905 had little success.

Gillette was an excellent actor within a limited range—the hawk-faced man of action dealing primarily with tense situations. His productions utilized minute detail to create a sense of complete naturalness and won him recognition as a leader in the movement toward realism. He retired from the stage in 1919 but returned in 1929 and acted occasionally until 1936. He died in Hartford on April 29, 1937.

OSCAR G. BROCKETT
Indiana University

GILLRAY, James (1757–1815), English caricaturist, who, along with Thomas Rowlandson, is known as a father of modern political cartooning. Gillray was born in the Chelsea area of London in 1757. First apprenticed to a letter engraver, he later enrolled as a student at the Royal Academy. There he received the formal training that launched his career as one of the most popular printmakers of his day. His early works were chiefly nonpolitical, but after about 1780, Gillray devoted himself mainly to political caricature. During most of his career his work was displayed only at the London print shop of Miss H. Humphrey, were he also lived. He died there on June 1, 1815, following a period of insanity.



Gillray cartoon of 1801 satirizes contemporary politics.

Gillray ridiculed all classes of British society—including the royal family, the court, and the great statesmen of the day—and occasionally turned his bitter satire against Napoleon and the French. Gillray's *Farmer George* series, on King George III, was especially popular. Two companion pieces in the series—*Farmer George and His Wife* (1791), ridiculing the royal couple's frugal habits—show the king toasting muffins and Queen Charlotte frying sprats. Gillray etched his conceptions directly on copper, frequently without preparatory drawings except for the portraits he had sketched on cards. See also CARICATURE—*Early 19th Century;* CARTOON—*Political Cartoons.*

COLTA FELLER IVES
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

GILLYFLOWER, jil′ē-flou-ər, is a common name applied to several different plants, including the carnation (*Dianthus caryophyllus*), the wallflower (*Cheiranthus cheiri*), the dame's rocket (*Hesperis matronalis*), and especially the stock (*Mathiola incana*).

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KENNEDY CENTER HONORS
HINCHLIFFE/GROSSMAN
Dec. 2, 1990
East Room, White House

(Note: the only information in the files not summarized completely here is the short Bios sent over from the Kennedy Center. They are in the pink "Bio" file and I thought they were pretty straightforward stuff. I did, however, pull out quotes and anecdotes where I thought it was important to do so).

EVENT INFORMATION

1) This year's honorees are Dizzy Gillespie, Katharine Hepburn, Rise Stevens, Jule Styne and Billy Wilder. This is the thirteenth year of the Kennedy Center Honors which were first presented in 1978 to Marian Anderson, Fred Astaire, George Balanchine, Richard Rogers and Arthur Rubinstein.

2) The honorees are selected based on recommendations by an Artists Committee consisting of leading figures in all disciplines of the performing arts.

3) The customary format for the President's remarks is: 1) a general opening about the importance of the arts to our country; 2) a tribute to each honoree, individually; 3) a summing-up paragraph in which a final tribute is offered and in which each honoree is again mentioned.

4) This event will take place before the actual award ceremony at the Kennedy Center. The honorees will be escorted in ceremoniously before being seated at a special dais to hear the President's remarks. After the remarks POTUS will shake hands with each of the honorees.

5) The remarks **will** be televised---but **not** as a live transmission. In fact, the taped remarks will be edited so as to give the introduction and conclusion televised priority (in other words---no one's going to see the middle stuff).

QUOTES

KENNEDY

1) Kennedy once described an educated man (individual) as one who "reaches out for the experience which the arts alone provide. He wants to explore the side of life which

expresses the emotions and embodies values and ideals of beauty."

--an excerpt from an article of his printed in the December 18, 1962 issue of Look magazine.

2) "There will always be of necessity, in any society, a mere handful of genuinely creative individuals, the men and women who shape in words or images the enduring work of art. Among us, even this group tends to be enlarged. 'I hear America singing,' said Walt Whitman. He would certainly hear it singing with many voices if he were alive today."

--ibid.

3) "Both Roosevelt and Lincoln understood that the life of the arts, far from being an interruption, a distraction, in the life of a nation, is very close to the center of a nation's purpose--and is a test of the quality of a nation's civilization."

--ibid.

DIZZY GILLESPIE

1) Dizzy once described himself as a teacher, saying "If somebody learns from you, you are a teacher."

2) "There is some [racial] prejudice in jazz, and some of it's reverse prejudice...But music is music--you're dealing with the same notes."

BILLY WILDER

1) Wilder on what he hopes to accomplish through film: "..if I smuggled in a little something that adds to their makeup, to their knowledge, I'm the happiest man in the world. I'm not the man who wrote the Ten Commandments. Just the Ten Suggestions."

--Interview, March 1986

2) Here's another Wilder quote that could roll out of (or into) the previous quote quite nicely: "I have ten commandments. The first nine are 'Thou shalt not bore.' The tenth is 'Thou shalt have the right of the final cut.'

3) **JOKE...**
POTUS: "Billy once said that 'the great agony in filmmaking is that you don't have any try-outs in Boston...' I guess he never tried running for national office."

4) "In certain pictures I do hope they will leave the cinema a little enriched, but I don't make them pay a buck and a half and then ram a lecture down their throats."

4) "Really, I'm rather square. But it's the squares who carry the burden of the world, and the bores who become heroes." (POTUS might rejoin if quote is used at the end: "Well, if that's true, Katharine, if I keep rambling on they might give me an award too.")

5) "That's one of the troubles today--people are afraid to face up to responsibilities. Work is the only thing that every made anybody happy. The notion that work is a burden is a terrible mistake." (Katharine, your work has made us happy)

6) "Show me an actress who isn't a personality and I'll show you a woman who isn't a star."

7) TENNESSEE WILLIAMS **ON** KATHARINE HEPBURN: "She makes dialogue sound better than it is by a matchless clarity and beauty of diction and by a fineness of intelligence and sensibility that illuminates every shade of meaning in every line she speaks."

8) HENRY FONDA **ON** KATHARINE HEPBURN: "Kate is unique--in her looks, in the way she plays, most of all in herself."

RISE STEVENS

1) Speaking about young performers, Rise said: "They must feel love; the stage must be a friend. It becomes a queston of security and confidence and, of course, can be gained only by regular opportunity to perform, suffer, enjoy and grow."
--Interview, LA Times, 7/3/77

ANECDOTES

RISE STEVENS

1) Many today may think that Pavarotti's and Domingo's ads for credit cards and watches were firsts for opera singers. Stevens did a cigarette ad--though she didn't smoke. There was no talk of superstars, but Rise Stevens was one.
--Opera News

2) Stevens: "I will never remember any moment of my career more vividly than the audience roar on opening night [of Carmen] when I pulled down that huge red curtain as I fell after the knife thrust." (is there one way of using this to lead into a line about how the curtain will never come down on the enduring contributions Rise has made to the world of opera?)

3) From listening to her 10 year old daughter sing, Rise's mother decided her daughter had talent as a singer...On

A terrifying murder rocks Boston

NOVEMBER 13, 1989 ■ $1.95

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AND
RESEARCH CENTER



Look who's back: John Travolta

TV's JANE PAULEY

KISS TODAY GOODBYE

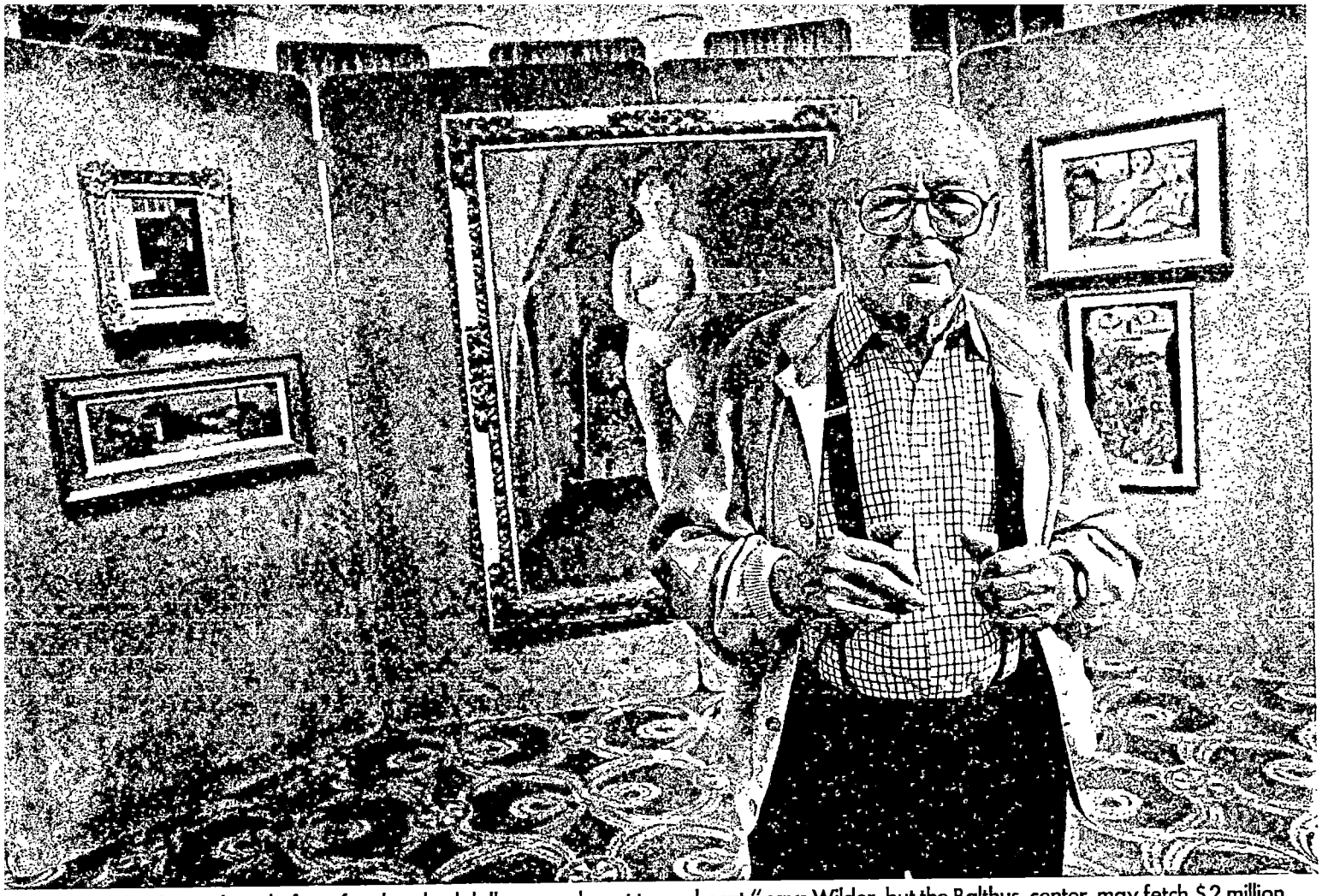
She doesn't blame DEBORAH NORVILLE, but here's how NBC's bungling created their embarrassing 'rivalry.' 'I felt awkward,' says Jane. 'I cried buckets,' says Deborah.



Pauley successor Deborah N...

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"The things I bought for a few hundred dollars are closest to my heart," says Wilder, but the Balthus, center, may fetch $2 million.

ARTS

DIRECTOR BILLY WILDER PUTS HIS LEGENDARY $22 MILLION-OR-SO ART COLLECTION ON THE AUCTION BLOCK

It's magnificent," David Hockney whispered, standing before *La Toilette,* a seductive nude by the 20th-century French painter Balthus. Nearby, Tony Bennett gazed admiringly at *Têtefemme,* Picasso's evocative portrait of his pregnant first wife, Olga Koklova. Elsewhere in the Beverly Hills Hotel's Crystal Room, Walter Matthau, Victoria Principal, Peter Falk, Betty White and Henry Mancini ogled Giacomettis and Calders, Renoirs and Dufys. Amid the swirl of celebrities, the host of the evening, director and six-time Oscar winner Billy Wilder, pronounced himself content. "Amazing," Wilder said. "People didn't just run for the cocktails and for friends to talk about their private lives. They actually talked about the *paintings.*"

Hollywood knows a Big Occasion when it sees one. The two-day September exhibition was the last complete showing—there have been select samplings in Tokyo, Zurich, Geneva and Paris—of Billy Wilder's legendary collection of 20th-century art. Still crowding his apartment and warehouses is an assemblage that includes pre-Columbian and African statuary, Charles Eames chairs, bentwood furniture, postage stamps, patent models, busts of Roman emperors and, Wilder readily admits, tchotchkes. On Nov. 13, Wilder will put 94 of his masterpieces, including works by Moore, Miró, Braque, Cornell, Rivers, Thiebaud and Schiele, on the block at Christie's in New York City. "I wanted to test my willpower," the director says of the auction, which is expected to gross $22 million. "I kept reading about those fantastic sales, those incredible prices. So one day I said to my wife, 'Let me call their bluff.' "

The decision was actually a bit more complex than that, since the maker of such movie masterpieces as *Double Indemnity, Sunset Boulevard, Some Like It Hot* and *The Apartment* has spent 50 years amassing his artworks. "A collection needs to grow with the times, or it becomes like an old suit—you love it, but the moths have eaten it," Wilder says. "It needed new stuff. Unfortunately I found things I desperately wanted, but today there is an additional zero at the end of the price. Besides, you know the cliché about being possessed by possessions. We worried that the people in the apartment above ours would let the bathtub overflow. And insurance—I don't have to tell you. I felt I needed a liberation from responsibility." Wilder also didn't want to saddle his wife of 40 years, Audrey, 66 (whom he has called the widow-to-be), with the huge collection after his death.

The Austrian-born Wilder began buying art as a newspaperman and screen-

Photographs by Tony Costa/Outline Press

writer in Berlin in the early '30s. "I had friends who were art critics, painters, sculptors," he says. "I found out about new names—Braque, Miró, Dali. My financial status was very, very shaky. At first I bought posters, lithographs, a few woodprints." His collecting was abruptly sidetracked in 1933, when Hitler seized power. "I left Berlin the same day as the Reichstag fire," Wilder recalls. "I sold the Bauhaus furniture I had just bought, for nothing. I gave some of my collection to an Aryan friend in case I should ever come back." When he did return, after World War II, the "friend" claimed to know nothing about the works.

Wilder fled first to Paris, then, in 1934, to Hollywood. "I knew 20 or 30 words of English from American talking pictures," he says. "It was too late for me to learn English without an accent. Now, after 50 years, I have a curious accent, which is a mixture of Arnold Schwarzenegger and Archbishop Tutu." In 1938 he co-wrote *Ninotchka*, which starred Greta Garbo, and suddenly became a Hollywood name. With money for art again, Wilder started buying Toulouse-Lautrec posters and in 1940 acquired his first Picasso, a drawing, for $900. "There were very few dealers in Los Angeles then," he recalls. "When I was on location in New York or Paris or London, I would always pick up something. Days we weren't working, I would go on a buying spree 14 hours a day. I bought a George Grosz painting for a carton of cigarettes in 1945."

Wilder's eye for art reflects the spare intelligence and wit of his films. "It's a 'felt' collection," says L.A. County Museum curator Maurice Tuchman. "It's indicative of his literary and poetic instincts. Everything has some humor in it." One movie was even inspired by his art. "I bought a painting by Pierre Roy in New York," he remembers. "There was a black derby and a soft hat, and the sun was shining on the parquet floor. I thought of *Love in the Afternoon* there."

Wilder concedes he will feel sweet sorrow in parting with his masterpieces, some of which originally cost less than $5,000, but he will be there for the auction. "I want to be present at the fight," he says. "Money is of less importance than the inner satisfaction that I was on the right lotto numbers." He will also play artistic father of the bride. "I'd like to give a little advice to the purchasers, if they're not anonymous. 'This Matisse drawing needs to be in the shade' or 'That Braque needs to be watered three times a week.' I had those things for 20, 30, 40 years. Now they'll just have to leave their parents' house and see whether they can stand on their own two feet." —*Susan Reed, Doris Bacon in Los Angeles*

"I never bought a piece of art because I thought I was going to make money," says Wilder, at home in Los Angeles.

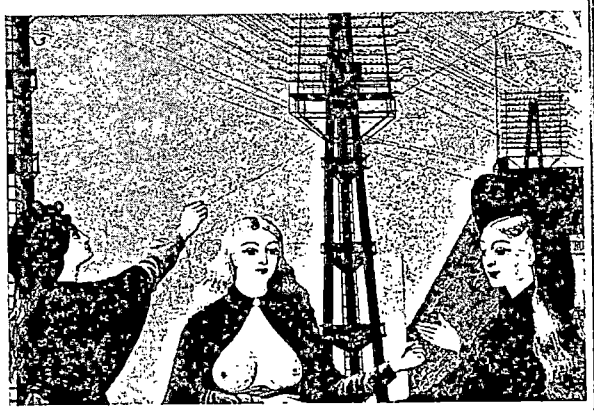


Buste de Femme au Chapeau, a print valued at around $250,000, is one of 12 Picassos that Wilder is selling.

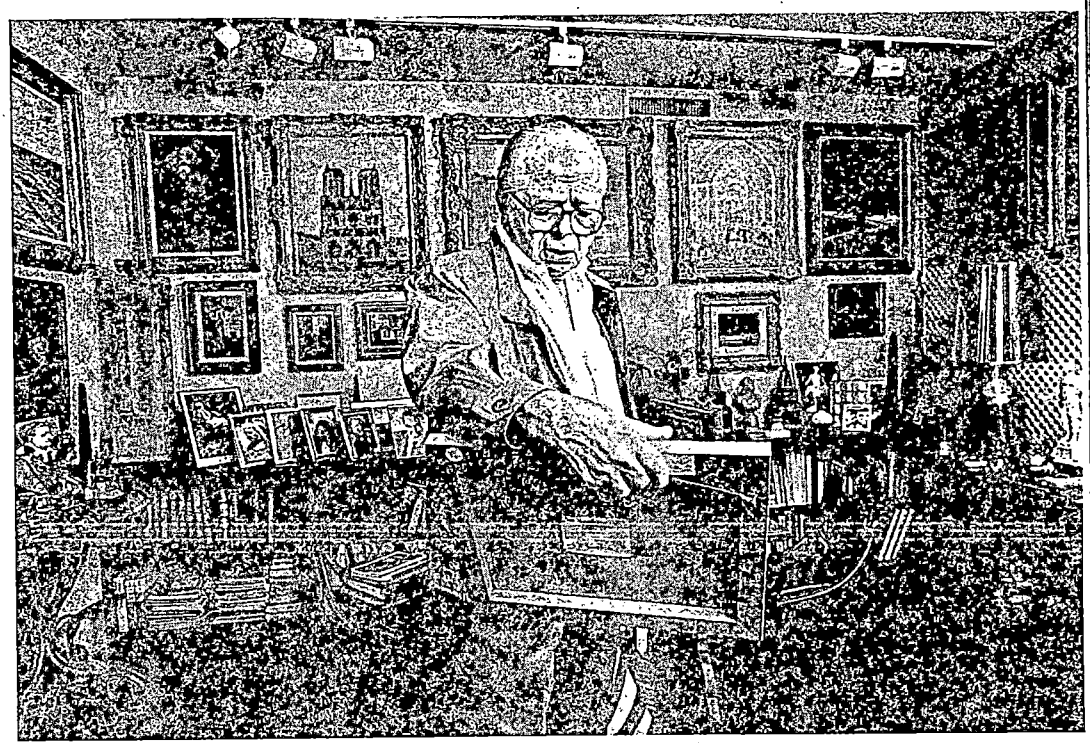


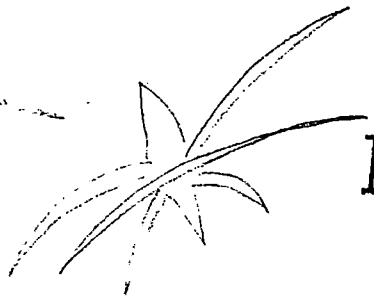
CHRISTIE'S NEW YORK (3)

Giacometti's *Femme Debout II*, among the most valuable pieces in the collection, may bring $1.5 million next week.



Wilder swapped another painting for Paul Delvaux's *Les Desmoiselles du Telephone*, right. It may go for $900,000.





MUSIC AT THE WHITE HOUSE

★ ★ ★

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

Elise K. Kirk



A Barra Foundation Book

1986

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS
Urbana and Chicago



The first President's Palace at Number 3 Cherry Street, New York, as it appeared in the 1850s, shortly before it was demolished. Ironically, Nelly Custis practiced the piano several hours a day in the building that later housed one of the nation's most flourishing piano manufacturers and music publishers, Firth, Pond and Company (formerly Firth, Hall and Pond). *Leslie's Weekly, 1856.*

Philadelphia became the temporary capital, and there the Washingtons occupied the home of Robert Morris, financier of the Revolutionary War, until the president retired from office in 1797. Washington lived on his beloved plantation at Mt. Vernon, Virginia, for slightly more than two years before his death in 1799 at the age of sixty-seven.

Music at the president's home in those early days was an intimate amusement. If a "concert artist" performed for the Washington family, it would have been one of Nelly's teachers, such as Alexander Reinagle, a long-time acquaintance of Washington. Perhaps this gifted immigrant composer ran through some of the tunes from his latest comic opera for the president or tried out one of the fine new piano sonatas he composed in the 1790s. Reinagle was often at the president's home instructing Nelly. Another early "White House artist" was Nelly herself, who was expected to perform for the ambassadors, foreign dignitaries, and members of Congress who came to visit. Once she played for over an hour in an attempt to "attune the souls" of "two homely Spaniards," one of whom she described as "a crazy count."[3]

was familiar with the bands attached to the army regiments that often provided music for social functions during the Revolution. When he brought Charles Lee to Valley Forge, for example, both generals were entertained "with an Elegant Dinner and the Music Playing the whole time." "An elegant band of music" also played André Grétry's quartet *Ou peut on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille!*, most likely a transcription from one of the popular French composer's operas. The piece was played during dinner when Washington met with the Marquis de Lafayette and Comte de Claude Saint-Simon in 1781.[5] The year after Washington left the presidency, the U.S. Marine Band was officially formed on July 11, 1798, but it probably did not function as a social ensemble until it was engaged by John Adams for the White House on New Year's Day, 1801.[6] The musical life of the pre–White House era, however, was linked with the informal joy and ambience of the art in many ways, and its graceful shadow permeated every aspect of the president's spirit and that of his family.

Washington enjoyed music and the theater and was especially fond of dancing. George Washington Parke Custis's *Recollections* noted that the general was conspicuous for his graceful execution of the minuet, a dance associated with European aristocracy and considered old-fashioned by the turn of the century. At a time when some churches called dancing "a pollution of the body," Washington's diaries are filled with accounts of the various balls he attended. During his brilliant inaugural ball on May 7, 1789, he danced with nearly every lady—except Mrs. Washington who could not make the long journey from Mt. Vernon to New York in time to attend. Dancing was also an important recreation at Mt. Vernon where Washington and his family spent two to three months of the year during his presidency. Both Nelly and Tub had dancing lessons, their teacher being the illustrious James Robardet, "lately from Europe" who had "met with the general patronage and applause of the first characters in America."[7]

Whenever he could, Washington attended plays (usually interspersed with music), English ballad operas, or concerts sometimes five or six times a season while he was president and a special box was reserved for him at several of the theaters. In Williamsburg during 1771–72 he often attended the satirical productions of the Virginia Company, whose repertory included John Gay's famous *Beggar's Opera*. With its dialogue and familiar songs, *The Beggar's Opera* (1728) was one of the earliest important examples of the ballad opera, a style of British stage entertainment that flourished in the colonies. On July 10, 1787,

in Philadelphia Washington enjoyed James Townley's "sensational" *High Life below the Stairs*, which was billed as a "concert" to circumvent Pennsylvania laws forbidding theatrical performances. Washington was known to have opposed what he felt were narrow-minded restrictions against drama. In 1789 the bans were lifted in Philadelphia and four years later in Boston.

One of the first musical events the president attended after taking office was a bawdy little ballad opera called *The Clandestine Marriage*, presented in New York City by the Old American Company on June 13, 1789. The president also lightened his cumbrous duties periodically with renditions of *Beau Strategem*, *The Lock and Key* (called "a comic opera in 2 acts"), *The Way to Get Married*, and *Animal Magnetism*, all of which he saw in Philadelphia. The last two works were staged on February 27, 1797, by the Reinagle-Wignell Company at the spacious, elegant New Theater on Chestnut Street. But the general's favorite was William Shield's little comic opera *Poor Soldier*, first performed in London in 1783. Seated in an "elegantly fitted up" presidential box, he watched this production at the John Street Theater off Broadway in May 1789, shortly after taking office. Accounts of the event emphasized that a good time was had by all—with the exception of Pennsylvania Senator William Maclay, "an exceedingly straight-laced Republican, who recorded in his diary that he thought the play was 'an indecent representation before ladies of character and virtue,' and wished it had been one 'that inculcated more prudential manners.' "[8]

Sometimes President and Mrs. Washington would enjoy a fashionable early dinner at 3:00 in the afternoon and then attend a long show beginning at 5:00. On December 4, 1796, they saw such a production at the South Street Theater. The Old American Company presented a comedy called *The Young Quaker or The Fair Philadelphian* by O'Keefe, "after which there was a 'pantomimic ballet' of the Two Philosophers, a Musical Piece called The Children in the Wood, a recitation of Dr. Goldsmith's celebrated Epilogue in the character of Harlequin—the whole performance concluding with a Leap through a Barrel of Fire."[9] However unsophisticated these presidential artistic tastes may seem, they reflected what was available to Americans during the colonial and early national period. Long after their decline in popularity in England, ballad operas continued to thrive in the United States as truncated "afterpieces," and their catchy tunes were performed separately in concerts or played on the pianoforte at home.

As more and more skilled European musicians migrated to the United States after the Revolutionary War, concert life began to flourish in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities as never before. One of the most important immigrant musicians of this period was English-born Alexander Reinagle, a composer, performer, and impresario who dominated the musical life of Philadelphia for over twenty years. Washington, who enjoyed concerts almost as much as theatrical events, attended several of Reinagle's "City Concerts" while in Philadelphia for the 1787 Constitutional Convention. On May 29, for example, he heard works by Haydn and Sarti as well as by the local composers

To: Laurie Firestone
From: John Musilli

In performances at the White House "A Presidents Day Party"

This concert is the last in the series "The House I Live In" (the others in the series were presented at the time of Independance Day 1989 and Columbus Day 1989).

"A President's Day Party", which will take place on February 4 and be broadcast nationally on the facilities of the Public Broadcasting Service on February 14, celebrates Presidents George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

The "house I live in" is of course, the White House, and by extension, the United States, the home to us all. Mention will be made of the fact that George Washington was the only president who did not live in the White House--but all in all the concert is much more of a party than a history lesson.

freedom builds a house that grows ever bigger for all to live in

"Well, Did you Evah"--by Cole Porter gets us off to a rousing start, with its theme "What A Swell Party This Is." (Most members of the audience of the White House and the television audience will remember it from the musical film "High Society" starring Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Louis Armstrong and Bing Crosby.

It will be sung here by all the participants--Marilyn Horne, Jeffrey Osborne, Patti LuPone, Gary Morris and the members of the Dick Hyman trio--backed up by the President's own Marine Corps Band.

The performances bring to this concert songs close to their heart, songs that mean something special to them, and each is introduced to make that connection.

The internationally renowned opera diva Marilyn Horne has long admired the toasting song from "Lucrezia Borgia", and the art song possibilities in Simon and Garfunkel's popular hit "Bridge Over Troubled Waters". "Make a Rainbow" was written especially for her by Portia Nelson; it is about the may types and races of children in the world--and our responsibility to them.

Patti LuPore sang "Anything Goes" to standing ovations for months as the lead in the great Cole Porter musical when it was revived in 1988-89 in New York City. This star of theater, film and television has chosen a set of three American theater standards that promises to bring any party to its feet.

Jeffrey Osmond has been praised as having the "emotionalism of a soul singer with the control of a jazz man." His songs are love songs and songs of happiness.

Gary Morris, with the big open-headed voice of a country music singer, performs on stage and television as well as in concert. His song "Wind Beneath My Wings" has become a national hit. "Bring Him Home" is from "Les Miserables", in which Mr. Morris replaced the show's lead in 1987. Dick Hyman's trio includes Bob Haggart (double bass) and Gus Johnson (drums). They perform two up-beat jazz favorites from the mid-30's: "South Rampart Street Parade" and "Big Noise From Winnetka."

This "Presidents' Day Party" ends with the entire cast singing "America the Beautiful"

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a degree of proficiency. With the possible exception of Adams's and Jefferson's administrations, the White House was never without at least two pianos, often three or four. And while George Washington was one of the first Americans to purchase an American-made piano (from Thomas Dodds in 1789), after 1830 all the pianos acquired by the White House were American-made. For as the century progressed, ingenious Yankee mass-marketing techniques brought top-quality, domestically made instruments into thousands of American homes.

The collections of music owned by presidential families—notably those of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Rutherford Hayes, and Benjamin Harrison—are fine examples of the urban secular styles enjoyed by the amateur American pianist of the time. Every variety of music is among these pages: opera airs, patriotic music, marches, dances, variations, ballads, and rousing battle pieces. To Oliver Wendell Holmes the piano was a "wondrous box," and another quotation from his poem "The Opening of the Piano" expresses the feelings of many Americans: "For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm / She had sprinkled it over Sorrow, and seen its brow grow calm."

Few presidents in history have been as sensitive and receptive to music as Abraham Lincoln. But Lincoln lived in an era during which music was a powerful art that sang presidents into office, marched men to war, serenaded the lonely, and protested society's ills with greater intensity than ever before. From the 1840s through the period of the Civil War, America's propensity for self-expression through song seemed to forecast the nation's moods of more than a century later. Sensitive, ingenuous, and urgent, these musical messages took many forms. Lincoln, often moved to tears by the ballads of Stephen Foster and the Hutchinson Family, was equally affected by patriotic songs, such as Julia Ward Howe's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Grand opera was also a special pleasure for this president, who attended nineteen productions while he was in office, claiming that "I must have a change or I will die."

Opera in nineteenth-century America was more significant and widespread than some historians have asserted. English light operas with spoken dialogue, known as ballad operas, had been popular especially during the colonial period, just as the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan captured the American stage in the 1880s and 1890s. But as early as 1810, New Orleans had a permanent grand opera company, and New Yorkers heard their first foreign-language opera in 1825. While grand opera was expensive to produce, many of the latest French, Italian, and German operas were staged in American theaters only months after they received their premieres in Europe. And although opera was enjoyed as a fine social affair, it entertained Americans outside the theater in countless piano arrangements and transcriptions for concert bands that, from about 1840 into the early twentieth century, drew thousands to the community bandstands. The U.S. Marine Band, the White House "court ensemble" since 1801,

Music At The White House: A History of the American Spirit

Elise K. Kirk

Univ. of Illinois Press

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What They Said In 1982

The Yearbook Of World Opinion

Compiled and Edited by
ALAN F. PATER
and
JASON R. PATER





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(CARLY SIMON)

and-roll and disco, there's a tenseness to the music. With the old songs, the changes are more predictable. You feel like you're coming home when you sing them. The music makes you feel more secure.

Interview/Chicago Tribune, 3-7:(6)5.

Rod Stewart
Singer 1

[Rock music] didn't change the world because of its lyrical or social comment. It changed the world because teen-agers wanted something to grasp hold of, and it came along at the right time. It wasn't a revolution in that we all go out in the streets and overthrow the government, and I don't think any of the writers have managed to do that. Bob Dylan's probably the only one. Bruce Springsteen, maybe a little bit, and a few others. But they haven't changed anything. They've just made us aware of what's going on around us. What rock-and-roll can do is comment on what's going on and hope it will change.

Interview/San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle, 4-18:(Datebook)21.

Jule Styne
Songwriter 2

If I had to write eight songs for someone by tonight, I'd say, "Give me my pencil and my manuscript paper, and I promise you in about four hours I'll have written eight professional songs." Look, you either know how to compose or you don't. I studied classical music and I coached people and I played in bands so I know what sounds good, and all that registers in your brain like a computer. You feed it the information, and when you sit down, the brain executes it for you and something wonderful comes out.

Interview, Chicago, December/ Chicago Tribune, 12-15:(1)14.

Mel Torme
Singer 3

. . . when people ask me whether jazz is coming back, I always have the same answer: The big bands, and jazz, never went away. The audience, to some extent, went away; now they're coming back, and there's so much good music to be heard, it's incredible.

Interview, Los Angeles/San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle, 4-4:(Datebook)25.

Joan Tower
Composer; Winner, Koussevitsky Prize 4

The composer isn't visible. There's no one to identify with . . . Unlike writing, to make music two people are always involved—the composer and the performer. What's happened is the performer has taken over. People go to concerts to hear Horowitz, not Rachmaninoff.

Interview/"W": a Fairchild publication, 12-3:20.

Pete Townshend
Musician, the Who 5

Out on a stage you get affirmation of what you've done. You can see it, you can sense it, whether one song worked, whether people understand it, whether it's touched the spot that you originally intended to touch. Most writers live in a vacuum and they're just names on book jackets. But rock 'n' roll isn't like that; it's reality, not fiction. If you meet somebody like [Bob] Dylan, you know the man better than he knows himself, because rock-and-roll is open-heart surgery.

Interview/San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle, 10-17:(Datebook)17.

Conway Twitty
Singer 6

First I make sure I've got a song a woman will like, because they realize the sincerity in a song, and they're the ones that mostly buy the records. Then I want to make the same song say things that most men find hard to say. Like "Hello, Darling"—most men are too macho for that; they'd say "Hi, baby." But all they've got to do is drop a quarter in the jukebox and play this Conway Twitty song, and at the right point in the song, where it says whatever he's wanting

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An Encyclopedia of Quotations About Music

compiled and edited by
NAT SHAPIRO

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC. GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK 1978

Take a music-bath once or twice a week for a few seasons, and you will find that it is to the soul what the water-bath is to the body.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–94)
Over the Teacups, 1891

If you can sing a song that would make people forget their troubles . . . I'll give you a medal.

President Herbert Hoover (1874–1964)
Said to popular singer Rudy Vallee,
Quoted by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.,
The Crisis of the Old Order, 1957

Black care shall be lessened by sweet song.

Horace (65–8 B.C.)
Odes, 24 B.C.

Who among us has not sought peace in a song?

Victor Hugo (1802–85)
Les Rayons et les ombres, 1840

Music furnishes a delightful recreation for the hours of respite from the cares of the day, and lasts us through life.

President Thomas Jefferson (1743–1826)

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–82)
The Day Is Done

Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us.

Martin Luther (1483–1546)

January 26, 1928, someone named Rise Steenberg (Rise Stevens) sang "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls." **How about a line of tribute by the President to "a great artist who once 'dreamt she dwelled in marble halls.' Not many would get the connection, but it's sure to touch a chord with Rise.

4) She sang successfully at the Met in French, German, Italian and English, music of three centuries and half a dozen styles.

5) Though her own favorite role was Gluck's Orfeo, and the critics most liked her Octavian in Der Rosenkavalier, the great popular success was unquestionably Carmen in the production Rudolf Bing built around her in 1952.

KATHARINE HEPBURN

1) As a child, Hepburn was an expert wrestler, tumbler, and trapeze performer.

2) When she was eight, she made her first public appearance at a votes-for-women rally.

BILLY WILDER

1) Some of the enduring images created by Wilder include: Gloria Swanson as the legendary Norma Desmond descending the staircase at the end of Sunset Boulevard; Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon in high heels precariously running away from killer gangsters in Some Like it Hot; a tarted up Shirley MacLaine walking the streets of Paris with her poodle in Irma La Douce, and, perhaps most memorably of all, Marilyn Monroe surrounded by her billowing white skirt as she cools off by standing on top of a New York subway grate in The Seven Year Itch.

DIZZY GILLESPIE

1) The origins of Gillespie's trademark trumpet: The bent-bell trumpet got its start in 1953 when someone fell on his trumpet stand backstage; Gillespie liked the sound of the alteed instrument so much that his trumpets have been specially made ever since.

PAST/SIMILAR SPEECHES (EXCERPTS)

1) Bush's remarks at the Presentation Ceremony for the National Medal of the Arts (11/17/89):

"Dante once wrote that 'Art imitates nature as well as it can, as a pupil follows his master; and thus it is a sort of

grandchild of God.' Well, as this, 'grandchild of God,' art embraces our values in history, gives meaning to our existence, and illuminates the basic human truths which give us purpose...

"The diversity of art in this nation is truly a product of the diversity of our democracy. The American arts, like a many-faceted mirror, have been a colorful reflection of his nation's history...

"John Berks 'Dizzy' Gillespie is a virtuoso musician, pioneer, composer, and bandleader who has been a pivotal figure in 20th century American music. The founder of the jazz bebop movement, he developed a radical new approach to improvisation that was to change the course of modern music-making. For more than 40 years he has explored the varied music of different cultures. Mr. Gillespie has performed before countless world leaders and has won numerous awards..."

2) President Reagan's remarks at the Kennedy Center Honors, Dec. 6, 1987:

"..tonight we have gathered for the solemn but happy purpose of honoring five Americans who have dedicated their lives to the performing arts. Others give us material goods, enact and enforce laws, provide the countless other services that go to make up American life. But these five--what these five have given us is joy...

"Others have sometimes accused us Americans of having too little appreciation of the finer things--of being too caught up in the practical and the everyday. Yet it was the first President to live in this grand old house who wrote: 'I must study Statecraft..that my sons may have the liberty to study Mathmaticks and Philosophy..in order to give their children a right to study Painting, Poetry, Musick...' And there in John Adams' words we see expressed at the very beginning of our history as a Nation the American understanding that what is beautiful--what is uplifting--is what is most important...

"President Kennedy said that he cherished the ideal of an America 'not afraid of grace and beauty, an America respected throughout the world not only for its strength but for its civilization as well.'"

3) Mrs. Bush's remarks for last year's Kennedy Center Honors:

"It has been said that art is not an end in itself, it is a means of addressing humanity. Tonight we gather in this historic East Room to celebrate five Americans who have devoted their lives to art, and in so doing have enriched

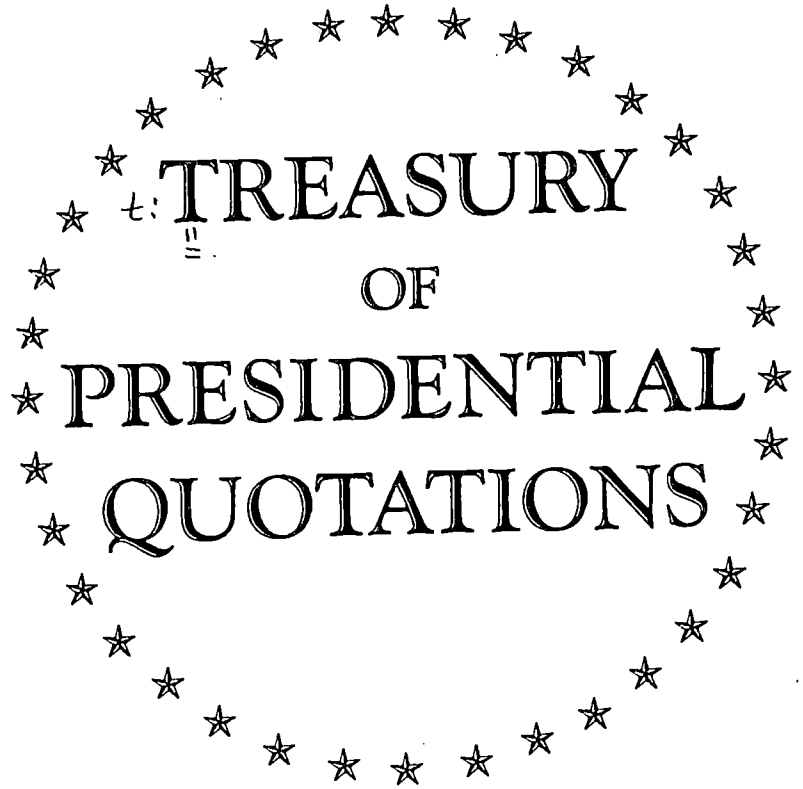
the lives of countless millions in this country and around the world."

DAY IN HISTORY

1) On Dec. 2, 1886, Theodore Roosevelt married Edith K. Carow.

2) The French artist George Seurat was born on Dec. 2, 1859.

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CAROLINE THOMAS HARNSBERGER

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1964

do all the work required while we are at peace, and can rely upon the great body of the people in an emergency to help us fight our battles.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY
At Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 16, 1898; *Speeches and Addresses, p. 172*

10. The army and navy are the sword and the shield which this nation must carry if she is to do her duty among the nations of the earth. . . .

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Address in Chicago, Ill., Apr. 10, 1899; *Works, XIII, 328*

11. There is a popular feeling that an army in time of peace is not maintained and administered to be used for war, and that the army exists merely for show. . . . This impression has led a usually practical and hard-headed people like the Americans to the most absurd military policy. An Army is for war. If there were no possibility of war . . . and we could be guaranteed a continuous peace, we should disband the army; but we have not yet arrived at this happy condition.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
Address at Columbus, Ohio, Apr. 2, 1908; *Problems, p. 82*

12. I am not one of those who believe that a great standing army is the means of maintaining peace, because if you build up a great profession those who form parts of it want to exercise their profession.

WOODROW WILSON
Speech at Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 29, 1916; *Public Papers, IV, 33*

13. I tell you, fellow citizens, that the war was won by the American spirit. . . . You know what one of our American wits said, that it took only half as long to train an American army as any other, because you had only to train them to go one way.

WOODROW WILSON
Speech at Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 6, 1919; *Ibid., VI, 12*

14. I believe in a small army, but the best in the world, with a mindfulness for preparedness which will avoid the unutterable cost of our previous neglect.

WARREN G. HARDING
At Marion, Ohio, July 22, 1920; *Speeches of Warren G. Harding, p. 33*

15. No nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace, or insure it victory in time of war.

CALVIN COOLIDGE
An address, 1925

See also Defense, Discipline, Duty 3, Military Matters, Navy, Neutrality 2, People (The) 7, Preparedness, Republics 16, Soldiers, Union 8, 22, War 44

Arts, The

1. The science of government, it is my duty to study, more than all the other sciences; the arts of legislation and administration and negotiation, ought to take place of, indeed to exclude, in a manner, all other arts. I must study politics and war that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy. My sons ought to study mathematics and philosophy, geography, natural history and naval architecture, navigation, commerce and agriculture, in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry and porcelain.

JOHN ADAMS
1780; *Family, p. 67*

2. Every time an artist dies part of the vision of mankind passes with him.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
1941; *As FDR Said, p. 161*

See also Culture, Education, Public Opinion 1, War 16

Assassination

1. If it is [God's] will that I must die by the hand of an assassin, I must be resigned. I must do my duty as I see it, and leave the rest with God.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Statement in Washington, D.C., 1864; *War Years, III, 559*

2. If I am killed, I can die but once; but to live in constant dread of it, is to die over and over again.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Washington, D.C., 1864; *Abraham Lincoln (Morse), II, 345*

3. Men may talk about beheading and about usurpation, but when I am beheaded I want the American people to be witnesses. I do not want it, by innuendoes and indirect remarks in high places, to be suggested to men who have assassination brooding in their bosoms. . . .

ANDREW JOHNSON
Speech in Washington, D.C., Feb. 22, 1866; *Document, p. 6*

4. I'd rather have a bullet inside of me than to be living in constant dread of one.

BENJAMIN HARRISON
Upon dismissing the White House detectives, 1889; *As I Knew Them, p. 149*

5. No man will ever be restrained from becoming President by any fear as to his personal safety. If the risk to the President's life became great, it would mean that the office would more and more come to be filled by men of a spirit which would make them resolute and merciless in dealing with every friend of disorder.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
First Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 3, 1901; *Works (Mem. Ed.), XVII, 99*

2. Under our scheme of government the waste of public money is a crime against the citizen, and the contempt of our people for economy and frugality in the personal affairs deplorably saps the strength and sturdiness of our national character.

GROVER CLEVELAND
Second Inaugural Address, Mar. 4, 1893

3. The duty of economy is not debatable. It is manifest and imperative. In the appropriations we pass we are spending the money of the great people whose servants we are—not our own. We are trustees and responsible stewards in the spending. The only thing debatable and upon which we should be careful to make our thought and purpose clear is the kind of economy demanded of us. I assert with the greatest confidence that the people of the United States are not jealous of the amount their Government costs if they are sure that they get what they need and desire for the outlay, that the money is being spent for objects of which they approve, and that it is being applied with good business sense and management.

WOODROW WILSON
Second Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 8, 1914; *Messages and Papers (Shaw), I, 74*

4. After order and liberty, economy is one of the highest essentials of a free government. . . . Economy is always a guarantee of peace.

CALVIN COOLIDGE
Speech at Northhampton, Mass., May 30, 1923; *Freedom, p. 350*

5. With us economy is imperative. It is a full test of our national character. . . . I am for economy. After that I am for more economy.

CALVIN COOLIDGE
Speech in Washington, D.C., June 30, 1924; *Foundations, pp. 41, 47*

6. I favor the policy of economy, not because I wish to save money, but because I wish to save people. The men and women of this country who toil are the ones who bear the cost of the Government. Every dollar that we carelessly waste means that their life will be so much the more meager. . . . Economy is idealism in its most practical form.

The wisest and soundest method of solving our tax problem is through economy.

The result of economic dissipation to a nation is always moral decay.

CALVIN COOLIDGE
Inaugural Address, Mar. 4, 1925

7. Economy is the method by which we prepare today to afford the improvements of tomorrow.

CALVIN COOLIDGE
Message to Congress, 1925; *Message, p. 3*

8. Any government, like any family, can for a year spend a little more than it earns. But you and I know that a continuance of that habit means the poorhouse.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
Radio speech, July 30, 1932; *Ibid., p. 663*

9. My interest is in an economy which will be strong enough to absorb the potential of a rapidly expanding population, steady enough to avert the wide swings which bring grief to so many of our people, and non-inflationary enough to persuade investors that this country holds a steady promise of growth and stability.

JOHN F. KENNEDY
In Washington, D.C., Apr. 30, 1962; *Vital Speeches, June 1, 1962, p. 482*

See also Business 10, Government 27, Loans, Money 9, Peace 22, Property 10, Security 5, Wealth 8

Education

1. Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Farewell Address, Sept. 19, 1796; *Writings (Fitzpatrick), XXXV, 230*

2. The preservation of the means of knowledge among the lowest ranks is of more importance to the public than all the property of all the rich men in the country.

JOHN ADAMS
Dissertation on the Canon and the Feudal Law, August, 1765; *Works, III, 457*

3. Education makes a greater difference between man and man, than nature has made between man and brute.

JOHN ADAMS
To Abigail Adams, Oct. 29, 1775; *Familiar Letters, p. 119*

4. The tax which will be paid for the purpose of education is not more than the thousandth part of what will be paid to kings, priests and nobles who will rise up among us if we leave the people in ignorance.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
To George Wythe, Aug. 13, 1786; *Works, II, 6*

5. [Academies] commit their pupils to the theatre of the world, with just taste enough of learning to be alienated from industrial pursuits, and not enough to do service in the ranks of science.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
To John Adams, July 5, 1841; *Writings, XIV, 151*

6. A well-instructed people alone can be permanently a free people.

JAMES MADISON

Second Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 5, 1810; *Messages and Papers, p. 470*

7. Learned institutions ought to be favorite objects with every free people. They throw that light over the public mind which is the best security against crafty and dangerous encroachments on the public liberty.

JAMES MADISON

To W. T. Barry, Aug. 4, 1822; *Complete Madison, p. 337*

8. Upon the subject of education, not presuming to dictate any plan or system respecting it, I can only say that I view it as the most important subject which we as a people can be engaged in. . . . I desire to see the time when education—and by its means, morality, sobriety, enterprise and industry—shall become much more general than at present. . . .

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Political announcement, Sangamon County, Ill., Mar. 9, 1832; *Complete Works, I, 7*

9. The true prosperity and greatness of a nation is to be found in the elevation and education of its laborers.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

Third Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 4, 1871; *Messages and Papers, p. 4100*

10. Aid to education in the States by the Nation . . . seems to be our best chance to bring up the neglected elements in our population.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

To Hon. Guy M. Bryan, Nov. 13, 1884; *Diary and Letters, IV, 176*

11. Learn to know yourself to the end that you may improve your powers, your conduct, your character. This is the true aim of education and the best of all educations is self-education.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

Diary, Oct. 4, 1892; *Ibid., V, 112*

12. Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither freedom nor justice can be permanently maintained.

JAMES A. GARFIELD

Letter Accepting Nomination for Presidency, July 12, 1880; *Works, II, 783*

13. A more constant and active participation in political affairs on the part of our men of education would be of the greatest possible value to our country.

GROVER CLEVELAND

Address at Princeton University, 1896; *Eloquence, VII, 253*

14. How priceless is a liberal education! In itself what a rich endowment! It is not impaired by age, but its value increases with use. No one can employ it but its rightful owner. He alone can illustrate its worth and enjoy its rewards. It cannot be inherited or purchased. It must be acquired by individual effort. It can be secured only by perseverance and self-denial. But it is as free as the air we breathe. . . . A liberal education is the prize of individual industry. It is the greatest blessing that a man or woman can enjoy, when supported by virtue, morality, and noble aims.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

In Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 22, 1898; *Speeches and Addresses, p. 74*

15. Education should not confine itself to books. It must train executive power, and try to create that right public opinion which is the most potent factor in the proper solution of all political and social questions. Book-learning is very important, but it is by no means everything.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Address at Lansing, Mich., May 31, 1907; *Works, VI, 1288*

16. The higher education is well for those who can use it to advantage, but it too often fits a man to do things for which there is no demand, and unfits him for work which there are too few to do.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Inauguration of the Philippine Assembly, Oct. 16, 1907; *Problems, p. 22*

17. The object of a liberal training is not learning, but discipline and the enlightenment of the mind.

WOODROW WILSON

Speech at Cambridge, Mass., July 1, 1909; *Ideals, p. 22*

18. The strength and security of the nation will always rest in the intelligent body of its people. Our education should implant conceptions of public duty and private obligation broad enough to envisage the problems of a greatly distraught world.

WARREN G. HARDING

Message for American Education Week, 1922; *Messages and Papers, p. 9157*

19. Education is for the purpose of bringing to bear the experiences of the past in finding the solutions of the problems of the present.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

Speech at College of the Holy Cross, June, 1920; *Citizenship, p. 330*

20. Education is the result of contact. A great people is produced by contact with great minds.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

Speech at Evanston, Ill., Jan. 21, 1923; *Freedom, p. 243*

21. Upon our educational system must largely depend the perpetuity of those institutions upon which our freedom and our security rest.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT
Message for American Education Week, Sept. 27, 1938; *Public Papers, VII, 538*

22. One of the difficulties with all our institutions is the fact that we've emphasized the reward instead of the service. . . .

I've been trying to work out a federal system of help to education, particularly along material lines—that is, improved buildings and increased salaries for teachers, but I think the fundamental purpose of our educational system is to instill a moral code in the rising generation and create a citizenship which will be responsible for the welfare of the Nation.

HARRY S. TRUMAN
To Mr. Moore, Sept. 27, 1949; *Mr. President, p. 45*

23. The educator must teach that tolerance is better than a bullet; that understanding is something worthwhile and of far greater value to us than is prejudice; that international differences in the realm of trade and finance and national pride are not so great as to avoid the establishment of . . . the regimented clusters of white crosses that now stand along the roads of Europe.

I see no hope for the world except through education, but I am most optimistic for the world because I believe in education. . . .

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
Address at Boston University, Jan. 31, 1946; *Eisenhower Speaks, p. 72*

24. The Federal role should be merely to facilitate—never to control—education.

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
Special Message to Congress, Jan. 28, 1957; *Public Papers . . . Eisenhower, 1957, p. 90*

25. In a Nation which holds sacred the dignity and worth of the individual, education is first and foremost an instrument for serving the aspirations of each person. It is not only the means for earning a living, but for enlarging life—for maintaining and improving liberty of the mind, for exercising both the rights and obligations of freedom, for understanding the world in which we live.

Collectively, the educational equipment of the whole population contributes to our national character—our freedom as a Nation, our national security, our expanding economy, our cultural attainments, our unremitting efforts for a durable peace.

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
Special Message to Congress, Jan. 28, 1957; *Ibid., p. 95*

26. I believe with Franklin that freedom and free government depend upon an educated citizenry.

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
News conference, Apr. 3, 1957; *Ibid., p. 243*

27. It is unwise to make education too cheap. If everything is provided freely, there is a tendency to put no value on anything. Education must always have a certain price on it; even as the very process of learning itself must always require individual effort and initiative. Education is a matter of . . . self-discipline. . . . Prejudice and unreasoning opposition will more and more give way before the clean flood of knowledge.

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
Address in Washington, D.C., Apr. 4, 1957; *Ibid., p. 266*

28. It is within your power to see that schools no longer produce mathematical illiterates—or students who can identify all the wives of Henry the Eighth, but not the countries bordering Afghanistan—or scholars whose education has been so specialized as to exclude them from participation in current events—men like Lord John Russell, of whom Queen Victoria once remarked that he would be a better man if he knew a third subject, but he was interested in nothing but the Constitution of 1688 and himself. Civilization, according to the old saying, "is a race between education and catastrophe." It is up to you to determine the winner.

JOHN F. KENNEDY
Address at University of Denver, Feb. 24, 1958; *Strategy, p. 208*

29. I ask only that you offer to the political arena, and to the critical problems of our society which are decided therein, the benefit of the talents which society has helped to develop in you. I ask you to decide, as Goethe put it, whether you will be an anvil—or a hammer. The formal phases of the "anvil" stage are completed for many of you, though hopefully you will continue to absorb still more in the years ahead. The question now is whether you are to be a hammer—whether you are to give to the world in which you are reared and educated the broadest benefits of that education.

JOHN F. KENNEDY
Address at University of Wisconsin, June 16, 1958; *Ibid., p. 230*

30. Education . . . is the mainspring of our economic and social progress. . . . It is the highest expression of achievement in our society, ennobling and enriching human life.

JOHN F. KENNEDY
Message to Congress, Feb. 6, 1962; *Public Papers . . . Kennedy, 1962, p. 110*

31. The classroom—not the trench—is the frontier of freedom now and forevermore.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON
Address at New York Institute of Technology, Dec. 16, 1958

32. If we, of this generation, are to assure greatness for our nation, survival for our freedoms and honor for ourselves, we must make provision in our land—and in all lands where men are free—for education of the first class on all levels.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON

Address to University of Texas Ex-Students Association, Apr. 1, 1959

33. Education is mankind's only hope. Education is the imperative of a universal and lasting peace. . . . Education is the key that unlocks progress in the struggle against hunger and want and injustice wherever they may exist on the earth. It is the path which now beckons us toward the planets and the stars. Above all else, it is the well-spring of freedom and peace.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON

Address at University of the Philippines, May 13, 1961; *Story, p. 182–83*

34. Education is not a problem. Education is an opportunity.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON

Address at William Jewell College, Nov. 9, 1961; *Ibid., p. 182*

35. We have entered an age in which education is not just a luxury permitting some men an advantage over others. It has become a necessity without which a person is defenseless in this complex, industrialized society.

Levels of education which were once regarded with awe, have now become commonplace. And jobs which once could be filled by strength and native intelligence now call for a college degree. We have truly entered the Century of the Educated Man. . . .

If we deny a man access to the education to which he is entitled by capacity, we also deny him access to his rightful place in our economy. And, I might add, we also deny ourselves his productive skills.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON

At Tufts University commencement, June 9, 1963; *Vital Speeches, August 15, 1963, p. 644*

See also Arts (The) 1, Books, Colleges, Culture, Desegregation 2, Discipline 3, Discrimination 4, 6, Enlightenment, Government 71, 100, Ideals 8, Ignorance, Knowledge, Language 1, Libraries 3, 4, Military Matters 5, Morality 1, Negroes 1, 12, People (The) 8, 11, 13, Preparedness 8, Prosperity 7, Security 5, Suffrage 2, 3, Universities, Women 3

Effort

1. In this life we get nothing save by effort; far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the great twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Address in Chicago, Ill., Apr. 10, 1899; *Works, XIII, 320*

2. The only life that is worth living is the life of effort, the life of effort to attain what is worth striving for.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

At Groton, Mass., May 24, 1904; *Presidential Addresses, III, 15*

See also Achievement 2, 3, Action 1, Greatness 3, 4, 12, Life 6, Revolutions 8

Elections

1. Believing that the restoration of the civil service to the system established by Washington and followed by the early Presidents can be best accomplished by an Executive who is under no temptation to use the patronage of his office to promote his own re-election, I desire to perform what I regard as a duty in now stating my inflexible purpose, if elected, not to be a candidate for election to a second term.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

Letter Accepting Nomination for Presidency, July 8, 1876; *Letters and Messages, p. 5*

2. You were never more mistaken . . . than to suppose that business men carry elections. A large vote is brought out when all the men in politics are pleased and satisfied and set to work with enthusiasm for the ticket.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR

1878; *Arthur, p. 211*

3. What is the use of being elected or re-elected unless you stand for something?

GROVER CLEVELAND

To a political adviser, 1887; *Man and Statesman, I, 271*

4. If any intelligent and loyal company of American citizens were required to catalogue the essential human conditions of national life, I do not doubt that with absolute unanimity they would begin with "free and honest elections."

BENJAMIN HARRISON

Second Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 1, 1890; *Messages and Papers, p. 5562*

5. If you think too much about being re-elected, it is very difficult to be worth re-electing.

WOODROW WILSON

Address at Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 25, 1913; *Public Papers, III, 62*

See also Ballots, Democracy 22, Peace 20, Suffrage, Voters

Eloquence

1. Borrowed eloquence, if it contains as good stuff, is as good as own eloquence.

JOHN ADAMS

To Benjamin Rush, Aug. 28, 1811; *Writings, p. 163*

See also Public Speaking 1, Speeches

We will build a wall around Cuba—not a wall of mortar or brick or barbed wire, but a wall of dedicated men determined to protect their own freedom and sovereignty.

JOHN F. KENNEDY
At San José, Costa Rica, Mar. 18, 1963; *Vital Speeches, Apr. 15, 1963, p. 387*

See also Territorial Acquisition

Culture **1.** Culture is not a thing produced in classrooms, but by the subtler influences of life and association among men of the finer sort of taste and the higher kind of learning.

WOODROW WILSON
Letter in the New York *Evening Post,* Apr. 23, 1910; *The Princeton Alumni, Apr. 27, 1910*

2. The Federal government cannot order that culture exist, but the government can and should provide the climate of freedom, deeper and wider education, and intellectual curiosity in which culture flourishes.

JOHN F. KENNEDY
Saturday Review; Oct. 29, 1960

3. To further the appreciation of culture among all the people, to increase respect for the creative individual, to widen participation by all the processes and fulfillments of art—this is one of the fascinating challenges of these days.

JOHN F. KENNEDY
"Arts in America," Dec. 18, 1962; *Public Papers . . . Kennedy, 1962, p. 907*

4. When power leads men toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses. . . . I look forward to an America which will not be afraid of grace and beauty . . . which will steadily enlarge cultural opportunities for all of our citizens . . . which commands respect not only for its strength but for its civilization as well.

JOHN F. KENNEDY
Speech at Amherst College, October, 1963; *Life (magazine), Nov. 29, 1963*

See also Arts (The), Education, War 16

Dangers **1.** It may be well that circumstances have occurred to arouse us from our lethargy . . . to the nearness and magnitude of impending calamities. It is comparatively safe to look dangers in the face, and meet them on the advance, but fatal to be appalled by them.

FRANKLIN PIERCE
Letter, Dec. 7, 1859; *Record, p. 6*

See also Preparedness 17

Death **1.** There is a ripeness of time for death . . . when it is reasonable we should drop off, and make room for another growth. When we have lived our generation out, we should not wish to encroach on another.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
To John Adams, Aug. 1, 1816; *Writings, XV, 57*

See also Life 4, Power 31

Debts **1.** Avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen which we ourselves ought to bear.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Farewell Address, Sept. 19, 1796; *Writings (Fitzpatrick), XXXV, 230*

2. I am for a government rigorously frugal and simple, applying all the possible savings of the public revenue to the discharge of the national debt . . . and not for increasing by every device, the public debt, on the principle of its being a public blessing . . . [or] a multiplication of officers and salaries merely to make partisans.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Letter to Elbridge Gerry, Jan. 26, 1799; *Works, IV, 268*

3. I go on the principle that a public debt is a public curse, and in a Republican Government a greater curse than in any other.

JAMES MADISON
To Henry Lee, Apr. 13, 1790; *Complete Madison, p. 336*

4. I am one of those who do not believe that a national debt is a national blessing, but rather a curse to a republic; inasmuch as it is calculated to raise around the administration a moneyed aristocracy dangerous to the liberties of the country.

ANDREW JACKSON
To Dr. L. H. Colman, Apr. 26, 1824; *Life (Bassett), p. 346*

5. Our country, which exhibits to the world the benefits of self-government, in developing all the sources of national prosperity owes to mankind the permanent example of a nation free from the blighting influence of a public debt.

JAMES K. POLK
First Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 2, 1845; *Messages and Papers, p. 2253*

6. It is against sound policy and the genius of our institutions that a public debt should be permitted to exist a day longer than the means of the Treasury will enable the Government to pay it off.

JAMES K. POLK
Message to Congress, July 6, 1848; *Ibid., p. 2441*