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Ambassador and Mrs.
Henry Cabot Lodge

or EMILY LODGE

She Be?

By Flora Rheta Schreiber

yellows to match the yellow rose of her native state, and vivid greens to set off her dark, slightly graying hair and dark skin tone.

In general, her clothes are of two different kinds—for Washington, the required formalities, including hats and gloves; for the LBJ ranch in Johnson City, Tex., cotton blouses or sweaters and skirts. Jewelry she keeps to a dignified minimum—a strand of pearls, a gold bracelet, and almost always earrings and a gold pin in the form of a bird, which is both her namesake and mascot. For, although christened Claudia Alta, she has been "Lady Bird" on all but legal documents ever since a family maid, enchanted with her as a petite, dark-eyed youngster, had remarked, "She's as purty as a little ladybird."

The essence of both the Lodges' and the Johnsons' marriages is to let the husband be the leader. Lady Bird says: "Lyndon sets the pattern." Emily puts it another way: "I'm a great follower-along."

When Lyndon lets Lady Bird know what he wants, he expects her to execute it. Once, for instance, he announced that he wanted music in every room on the Johnsons' ranch. Lady Bird had it piped in. On another occasion he told her he wanted a new lawn for a party that was to take place within three weeks. It was fall then, and to

have the lawn constructed seemed impossible. Yet Lady Bird managed, and Lyndon had his wish.

The Johnson marriage gained in depth five years ago during the Senator's convalescence from a heart attack. "At that time he wanted me to laugh a lot, to be around 24 hours a day, and always to have lipstick on," she says. "During those days we rediscovered the meaning and freshness of life."

They Have Private Lives, Too

A family friend says of the Johnsons' marriage: "They work in close harmony. They are not demonstrative with each other in the presence of other people, but there will always be her solicitous 'Darlin', why aren't you taking your nap?" I remember once when he came home in a lather after some busy days in Austin and San Antonio. Relaxing as he stepped into the air-conditioned ranch, he remarked, "I want to kiss Mrs. Johnson." He looked all over the house until he found her."

Always, as far as her husband's public life has been concerned, Emily Lodge has preferred to stay in the background. During the eight years of his U. N. ambassadorship, however, she has found herself playing an active role. Fluent in French because she attended Paris schools, she has talked easily with diplomats. Much U. N.

diplomacy has been carried on at parties, sometimes two or three a day, and the Lodges also have had frequent gatherings of their own.

Famous among U. N. delegates were their "song fests," at which Ambassador Lodge let go in a sonorous baritone in any of several languages. "As for me," says Emily Lodge, "I only clapped."

As to her husband's campaign for the Vice Presidency, Mrs. Lodge told me she was looking forward to the traveling, meeting people, the handshaking, but "I won't make a speech. Won't is the word. I never have and never will. There's something ghastly about getting up with your mouth open while other mouths are closed."

The Lodges, in their marriage, have always preserved a quiet corner of privacy. "The most wonderful thing about Cabot," Mrs. Lodge told me, "is that he is the *least* boring man. He plays as hard as he works. He laughs easily and out loud, and I like that in anybody. Just to hear him sing makes me happy. He likes Wagner; I prefer Verdi or Puccini. We even have political arguments, but he usually convinces me. And though I'm lazy, my husband makes me walk two miles every night. He doesn't really *make* me, but I know that if I don't go with him, he'll go without me, and I'd rather go than be left alone. But I get even by making him look at the shop windows."

The Johnsons have two teen-age daughters—Lynda Bird, 16, and Lucy Baines, 13. Lynda is a student at National Cathedral School, a private school for girls in Washington. Lady Bird herself is a member of the school's board and of its PTA. Lucy attends a public junior high school.

"The girls made their own decision about their schools," Lady Bird told me. "Lucy preferred a public school partly out of her philosophy of life and partly because of the rivalry with her sister that made her unwilling to be in the same school." In Texas both girls attend a small country school.

Spending part of their time in Texas and part

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