

To expect one's life to be free from risk, from the need to meet and overcome problems, is not to participate fully in living. Rather, it is to expect the image of one's mother to be within him everywhere, to shelter him against the temptations and the opportunities that freedom offers. It is man's worst mistake when he trades his personal freedom for the alleged security of government: potentially the tyrant!



Attending Michigan Luncheon

Among the many Michiganders who attended a luncheon at the Statler Hotel in Washington, D. C. last Thursday were Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Murray of Detroit, formerly of Puritan Street, Birmingham. The luncheon was sponsored by the Michigan State Society. During their stay in Washington, the Murays headquartered at the Burlington Hotel.



Former Residents In D. C.

Seen at the Michigan State Society luncheon were Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Lund of Washington, D. C. The Lunds and their two daughters, who attended Quarton School, are former residents of Birmingham. Mr. Lund is a prominent attorney in Washington.



Reporter at Scene

Arriving at the Governor's Reception at the Sheraton-Park Hotel is Genevieve Maxwell of Wing Lake Road. She was in Washington covering the inaugural festivities for the Middle East. She was the guest of Bradley H. Potters, assistant to cabinet secretariat, formerly of Cranbrook, now a career man in White House duties.



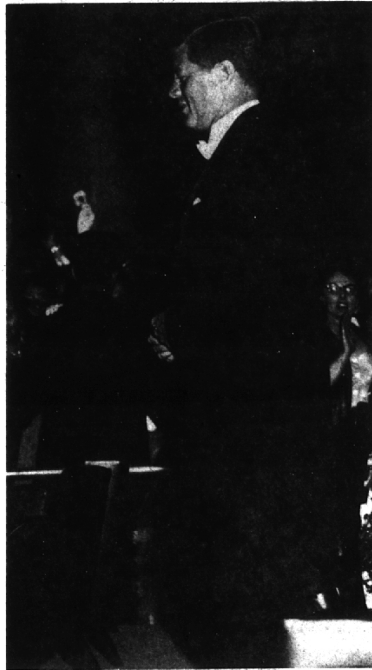
Off to Join the Crowd

Off to the Inaugural Ball at the Shoreham Hotel are (from left) Mrs. Richard Doughton Jr., Mr. Doughton of Knox Street, Birmingham and Shirley Adams of The Birmingham Eccentric.



Guest from Hong Kong

Wearing an exquisite oriental costume at the Inaugural Ball was Catherine Young of Hong Kong. Chatting with Miss Young are (from left) Charles Dickinson of New Jersey and R. Edward Weiner of New York City.



The Big Moment

President John F. Kennedy arrived at the Shoreham Hotel at 1 a.m. for the Inaugural Ball. After shaking hands with many, he turned to the group and remarked, "It has been a long day and I'm going home."

Suburban Scenes At an Inaugural

By SHIRLEY ADAMS
Society Editor

WASHINGTON INAUGURAL MEMENTOS FOR SALE . . . CHEAP . . . one ripped ballgown, a pair of water-stained satin slippers and seven pairs of shredded hose.

Arriving in Washington last Tuesday for the Inaugural festivities, I was caught in a whirl of confusion. Press credentials had to be picked up, appointments had to be kept and events had to be attended. I thought that I had everything planned and was quite organized—What a dreamer.

TUESDAY evening was very relaxing. I arrived in Washington at 7 p.m. and was met by my charming hostess, Mrs. Richard Doughton Jr., of Knox Street, Birmingham, and Washington, D. C. Because there were no events scheduled, I stored my energy for the hectic days to come. (Editor's Note: They did!)

The following morning I called Inaugural headquarters to inquire about my credentials, only to find that 5,000 other people were also calling. After two hours of dialing, I finally got through. I picked up my press sags, put on my "track shoes" and was ready to cover many miles on foot.

THE FIRST inaugural event that I was initiated into was a reception for Vice President and Mrs. Johnson at the Mayflower Hotel. What an initiation! More than 3,000 young Democrats were there having themselves a ball.

As the crowd pressed around the Kennedy's table and shoved bits of paper and programs at them which they autographed, there were such comments as "I'm going

to get it (his autograph) if it kills me.

I DIDN'T stick around long enough to see if that person achieved his goal. Souvenir of the event: one bruised foot and a pair of battered nyons.

THURSDAY—While reading the morning newspaper, I noted that the weather forecast was snow and windy. I took the weatherman's gloomy report with a large grain of salt and dashed off without my boots to the Governor's reception. I paid for my optimism by vainly trying to flag down a cab for three hours in the midst of the weatherman's predicted storm.

Because of the storm, I was unable to attend the Inaugural concert or the gala show that evening. Taxis were at a premium, as I had discovered earlier, and traffic was practically at a stand-still. Apparently, I wasn't the only one who was stranded. 30 members of the Symphony didn't show up.

FRIDAY—it was cold. Scarves, gloves and heavy coats were in order for the inauguration and parade.

While attending the parade, I ran into the William Hartman and their daughter of Lahser Road, Bloomfield Hills. The longer we sat, the colder we got. I soon realized that the weather got the best of me when I tried

to take pictures with an exposed roll of films.

The Hartmans stayed on, waiting for their son, who was one of 85 cadets riding with the Culver Military Academy's Black Horse Troop in the inaugural parade. Because of the weather, the parade took longer than expected, and it ended up with a handful of people watching.

FRIDAY EVENING—The last of the events, the Inaugural Ball. Because of the number of people who crowded into Washington to celebrate the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy, five simultaneous balls were held. I was assigned to the ball at the Shoreham Hotel.

The Shoreham was the fourth stop for President Kennedy who arrived minus Mrs. Kennedy at 1 a.m.

FROM THE MOMENT the Chief Executive walked through the door, it was more beachhead than ballroom. Wave after wave of outstretched hands, especially those of smiling, squawling women, and all with one objective in mind—to get a better look at President Kennedy.

It was a pushing, crushing sea of evening clothes. A kind of Fourth of July, V-J Day and New Year's Eve rolled into one.

"I must say you dance better than they do at the other balls," Kennedy remarked to the non-dancing audiences. "You stand there, and we stand here and we look at each other."

BY SOME MIRACLE, I was fortunate for a fortunate, I (See SCENES, 3-C)

Photos by
Shirley Adams



Munching Lunch

Seen at the Michigan State Society luncheon at the Statler Hotel in Washington were (from left seated) Senator Philip Hart, formerly of Birmingham; Governor John B. Swainson and Mrs. Swainson. Standing (from left) were William Barris, Don Laven and Al Lee.



Begum Aziz Ahmel

Catching a second breath at the Governor's Reception at the Sheraton-Park Hotel is Begum Aziz Ahmel, wife of the Ambassador of Pakistan.



Ladybird Glows

Arriving at the Shoreham Hotel Friday evening for the Inaugural Ball is Ladybird Johnson. The Shoreham was the third stop that President Kennedy, Vice President Johnson and Ladybird made during the evening.



Braving the Weather

All bundled up to brave the cold at the parade are Mrs. William E. Hartman and daughter Mary Ann of Lahser Road, Bloomfield Hills. The Hartmans' son Bill rode with the Culver Military Academy's Black Horse Troop in the parade.