

'WELCOME TO SOUTHWEST'

Humphreys Hailed by Neighbors

By ISABELLE SHELTON
Star Staff Writer

Kids, dogs, bikes, Negroes, whites, and even one woman from India. They all were on hand by the hundreds yesterday to welcome "neighbors" Hubert and Muriel to their new home—an eighth-floor apartment—in Southwest Washington.

The Vice President, who confessed to one group that he had resisted leaving his suburban Maryland home, and "put on a big mad" at his wife for two or three weeks, couldn't help but have been impressed by the warmth and enthusiasm of the greeting he received.

The somewhat austere architectural lines of the Southwest Redevelopment Area seemed to melt as the people came out of their town houses and high rise apartments and low-cost public housing units, hands outstretched and faces wreathed in smiles.

"Welcome to Southwest Washington, Mr. Vice President." If he heard it once, he must have heard it a hundred times.

The ebullient Vice President, who attracts children the way sugar attracts flies, must now realize that there are plenty of neighborhood small fry to replace his young Chevy Chase pals, who used to follow him around as though he were the Pied Piper.

He lost no time in going to

bat for the youngsters. Impressed at the sizeable area of a muddy lot he was told soon would be a playground in the Greenleaf Gardens public housing project, he asked

about permanent night lighting.

It wasn't provided for in the plans, he was told by an official of the Greenleaf Recreation Center, a D.C.

Recreation Department project.

It should be, he told a center official firmly. Lights "double the useable hours" for play areas, he said, and he urged

the official to request them immediately. He knew just the name of the D.C. Recreation official who should be approached, and asked for a carbon of the letter.

He was "wrong" to resist the move to the Southwest, proposed by his wife, Humphrey told one group, "though I hate to make that confession."

In the words of the late Adlai Stevenson, he said, "I was screaming and hollering as she dragged me into the 20th century."

Now, he said, "I love it—and the best part is meeting so many delightful people. We are going to do our part to be good neighbors."

He has "some eccentric habits," such as taking walks at 1 a.m. if he hasn't had time earlier, Humphrey confided.

He urged his new neighbors to come up and talk to him when they run across him. "Don't wait for me always to talk first."

Like wives the world over, Mrs. Humphrey, who spends her days there, seemed to be way ahead of her husband in establishing rapport with the new neighbors.

Several women commented cozily that they had seen her at the neighborhood grocery store. "I was there Saturday night," she responded to one.

"Ah, Saturday night at the Safeway!" said the woman.

When Humphrey called on his wife to talk briefly, as he did at each stop, she told one

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group, "I'll see you at the Safeway!"

"Oh, Mommy, be careful!" said the Vice President, apparently concerned that his wife had singled out one grocery store over others, and unaware that there are no others in the area.

"It's the only one we have," Mrs. Humphrey explained, unperturbed.

"I was making a plug for more shopping centers," she continued, laughing, "but I should have learned long ago that when a girl has won her point (about the moving), she shouldn't say anything more."

The welcoming party was held at three different locations (to make it within walking distance for everyone), and refreshments were served at each. The appointments were as varied as the conglomerate neighborhood.

At the pier where the replica of Christopher Columbus's Santa Maria is docked, a brisk wind off the Washington Channel drove the 400 or so neighbors into a blue-and-white striped tent to eat cookies and drink coffee or hot chocolate from paper cups.

The Lawrence Vineburgs, owners of the Santa Maria, supplied the beverages. The cookies were a gift from that neighborhood grocery store.

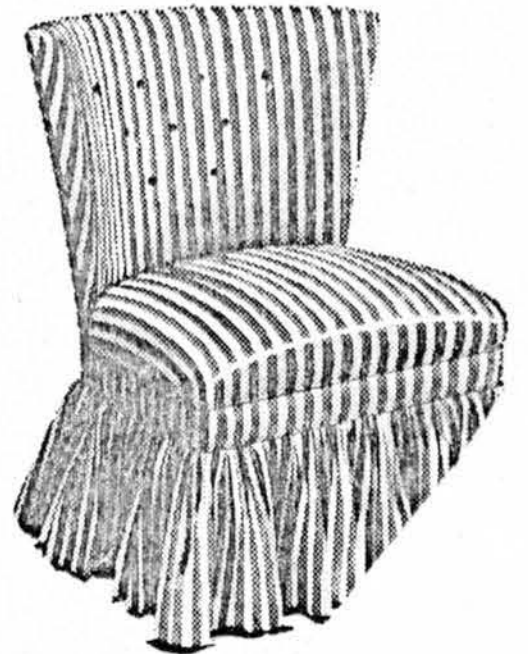
At the Capitol Park Plaza Apartments, the second stop, there were lustrous white and red linen tablecloths, ornate gold candelabra with lighted white tapers, and gleaming silver creamers and sugar

bowls. Coffee was served in gold-rimmed china cups, and pink fruit punch was served in glass punch cups. There was a wide selection of cakes and tiny sandwiches.

Greenleaf Recreation Center

also had linen napery, punch sandwiches and two huge sheetcakes. There also was "hamburger and macaroni goulash"—the entre of a "complete meal for six for \$1.78."

Saucy Slipper Chair



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