

1964

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25

After a couple of hours of office work I got ready to go to Barbara Boggs' wedding, which was at 12:30, going alone because I thought an hour and a half of High Mass was something Lyndon need not tackle whereas I, looking at it through the eyes of a Mother and thinking how close and dear Lindy had been to us and thinking about my own daughters' weddings ^{sometime} I knew that it would be rather nice to have some of our family there. My old ^{advance} man, Tommy Boggs, met me at the front door and escorted me up the aisle and I went in and sat down by the two grandmothers and then later on had Lindy and then Hale on my right.

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Tape
(12th
Church?)*
They had been doing a land office business in weddings that day! Another one ended just ten minutes before this one was supposed to begin and then another one was going to take place ten minutes after Barbara's was over, but nevertheless logistics aside, it was a beautiful wedding. There were twelve bridesmaids all in bright red and there was Barbara looking so healthy and fresh and radiant, with a wedding veil that was two hundred years old and under which about twenty-five members of her family had been married. I thought about that and that meant something to me, and the young man is Professor of Political Science at Princeton. What better could there be for a daughter of a political ^{by} indoctrinated family of Boggs? There

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Saturday, January 25 (Continued)

was a particularly impressive moment at the end of the ceremony when the Priest said something approximately like this. "You have now entered into the Holy bonds of matrimony from which there is no return. So go forth generously and bravely and fulfill your responsibilities." And there was another nice moment when Barbara went up to the Altar of the Virgin and laid her bridal bouquet on it. # After that I asked if I could take any of the family or anybody with me since I was in that big car and I gathered up the two grandmothers and Bess and Tyler and Tommy and we went on out to the Boggs' house where everybody in the living world had been invited to the reception. Someone told me that they sent out fifteen hundred invitations to couples which meant approximately three thousand people and I don't believe there was a soul that hadn't come and brought his cousin. There was a contingent of about one hundred and fifty up from Louisiana. I met I don't know how many relatives of the Boggs family and about every twenty minutes I kept on getting a bulletin from the Secret Service that // your husband is leaving in about five minutes // and he will be right on out. // And then twenty minutes later the same message over and over again, (in) and a crowd that size, well after awhile there is nothing that you can say so I got a plate of food and Tommy took me upstairs to a quiet room, which must have been hard to come by in that house, and there I did have just a pleasant little quiet encounter with one of the bridesmaids, a lovely girl whose name I don't remember, but had been with Barbara when Barbara had had a year in going out in

Saturday, January 25 (Continued)

what is called the Catholic Missions, and studying to go into countries like--oh like Latin American Countries and I said, "Good Lord, everybody there is already a Roman Catholic." And she said, "Yes, but there is a lot of social service work to be done and that will teach them that we are Christians too." I said, "It is sort of the Church's own version of the Peace Corps, is that right?" "That is about what it is," she said.

And one of the other dear little things about the day was to see Barbara's students. She teaches school, ^{1th} six grade school--girls, I think, in a Catholic school while her husband is a Professor over at Princeton. And they were there with the brightest faces, cutest little girls--obviously loving their teacher so much.

After that, we came home and the rest of the day was sheer self-indulgence for me. I called up Diana, whom I hadn't seen--well really since before November 22nd for more than a five minute conversation--and she and Donald and Cathy came over about 6:45, intending to go on to a Saint Andrews' dinner, but they stayed and had dinner with us. Lyndon came in, and then we went downstairs and I saw a western movie, curled up on a comfortable front seat with Lynda Bird. It was SHANE and it took me back--I was completely engrossed in the days when it was a different America. Movies could become my addiction if I could let them. I finished it just in time to say a swift goodbye to Diana, run upstairs and see the last half of Gunsmoke. My poor dear husband meanwhile had gotten in a black tie and gone out to

Saturday, January 25 (Continued)

the Alfalfa Club, of which he is the President this year and where he had some really delightful and quite humorous remarks to make.

About twelve thirty, he arrived back from there bringing up, of all people, Senator Byrd, Senator Humphrey and a newspaperman of a very liberal stripe. I could hardly keep from saying, "Why Senator Byrd, what company you are keeping these days."