

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, January 28, 1964

Today has been no day of great achievement, but just one of those days of knitting up the tangled skein of family living that must be done.

At 9:30 Lynda Bird and Warrie Lynn, took a group of West Virginia students on a tour through the White House, which is one of those things that I did dearly love to have Lynda Bird help out with.

Then I had a session with Robin Duke and her dressmaker, and couldn't help but thinking of Ed Clark's old line about "Rich folks have such pretty ways !" because the things he showed me were indeed lovely, and she, as a former editor of one of the sleek magazines, I think possibly Vogue, <sup>knows</sup> ~~no~~ so much about it, dresses so well, is so sure in her touch. I looked at them, liked them, am going to buy one or two and hope I can soon get clothes out of my life, for the next three or four months.

Then I had lunch in the room, on trays, with Lynda and Warrie Lynn. She is a gentle sort of little soul that binds up everybody's wounds and tries to pat us all on the head at the same time. This household can use somebody like that.

Susan has been on my mind a great deal lately, especially since her mother called Sunday night, and because I want<sup>ed</sup> to ~~let her~~ know what was happening to her. I had called her up and asked her and her hostess, Mrs. John Hester, General Hester's wife, to come over and have tea with me. I wanted Mrs. Hester to feel that I was grateful for the sweet role she had played in the life of my brother's daughter, and I just wanted to give whatever little prestige and recognition there is, to <sup>coming</sup> ~~come into~~ the White House and

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being thanked, by a member of the family.

<sup>S</sup>usan looked lovely, 25 pounds or so less than she was last summer. She has now made up her mind, and this is about the fifth change in five weeks, to return to school in Louisiana, and she's going to leave tomorrow in a car. And I think dormitory life will probably be the best solution for her, although I urged her over and over to take typing, shorthand, any <sup>tool</sup> ~~two~~ that you can exchange for a pay check.

Her life will be so much simpler if she could just walk into an office and say, "Yes, I can do 120 words of shorthand a minute, and 60 words on the typewriter." And then she's bright enough to compose the letters. But when all you have is just a BA education and no clear spearhead of an idea of what you want for a career, it's bad to have to make a living.

We had a very pleasant hour together, seeing the house and having tea and I left, feeling that I had sort of done what I should about <sup>S</sup>usan, although never, never enough.

In between, I called Mrs. Mellon, Mrs. Paul Mellon, who is responsible largely for the lovely flowers in this house, and it had been my fondest hope that she would come and have tea with me, just she alone, one day very soon. But my timing is not as good as my husband's. She had left only this morning to go down to the - oh, the <sup>W</sup>est or <sup>E</sup>ast Indies, until March, so I asked her secretary to please let her know that I had called. I hope I get around to writing her that sweet sort of letter that what she has done, the love and devotion she has poured into this place, deserves.

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Then Queen Frederika came to say goodbye, in the late afternoon, accompanied by the mistress of the court, Robin Duke, and the young princess.

We sat in the family sitting room, quite informally, and had sherry, and she gave me the most charming gift, a medal that was struck off for her 25th wedding anniversary, showing on one side, the profiles of the King and Queen, with the Greek lettering around it, and then on the other side, the coat of arms of their country, with 1938-1963 on it, the years of their marriage.

Thank heavens she didn't bring up Cyprus with me! Cyprus, unhappily, along with Viet-Nam and Panama, is my husband's diet these days, and that's why I must try to be both strong and humorous, and understanding.

Quite late in the evening, after I had done a good deal more work with Ashton, and a heavily loaded desk, and a long talk with Warren Woodward, Lyndon came in, bringing with him <sup>ph</sup> Dolf Briscoe, and how delighted I was see that man from the wide open, far west, Uvalde, Texas, where a few thousand acres is just a little stretch of country!

And the Jack Brooks. They had already had dinner but they sat down at the table with us while Lyndon and I ate. And then we went down and saw a movie, Seven Days in May, hardly inclined to put Lyndon at his ease, but at least a perfectly delightfully evenings entertainment.

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The pictures about Warrie Lynn moving in, have been delightful. And the stories alright, but not as good as they could have been, if we'd had the real cooperation of Lynda Bird.

Things come out pretty much alright with the Press, I think, if you explain it quite simply, just exactly like you feel about it. And the reasons I want her here, are because I remember, that not in all my life was there a period that I loved more, than my college years and having a roommate and the friends that I made there, the greatest part of college. And wrenching up my little girl, Lynda, and bringing her up here to be my companion and my helper, deprives her of a continuity, <sup>[?]</sup> this friend she's already made, the sorority life - it deprives her of the esprit de corps of the University of Texas, which is something by gosh. And I do not want to deprive her, also, of her best friend. I think it makes good sense, and I - well, if I'd had the time to explain all that, I think it would have been a better story. Or if Lynda had.