

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Ch. book
copy it
Marta?

Saturday, February 1, 1964

Today, Saturday, February 1st, is one of those days that I would just as soon would't happen, because the worries and anxieties of life are finally taking their physical toll - that is in sleeplessness and in peculiar symptoms that overtake me when all of a sudden I've had too much. But it was'nt exactly a day to quit on because it was Marta Miller's wedding day and this morning we had the out-of-town guests here from Texas - oh, somewhere between 30 and 40 of them, for coffee in the East Room. There was Governor Price Daniel and Jean, and the Roland Boyds and the Roscoe Dewitts and lots and lots of kinfolks of ^{the} Miller's. And there was even Dale Miller himself - although Scooter was at home, hard at work. And all of the wedding party, who had just been having a special downstairs tour of the White House. ~~They~~ To have a Wellesley Graduate with honors on your staff, somebody who's pretty and devoted and the daughter of a friend whose done a lot for you, is a big plus in one's life, so it's a small thing at her wedding to have the people that she loves come to the White House which is maybe sort of a ^{big} thing to them.

I went to the wedding this afternoon at St. Alban's, Lynda and Warrie Lynn and I. All the bridesmaids were in blue velvet with corsages made out of green orchids with little touches of blue and the harmony with the stained glass windows at St. Alban's which are all blue and green ^[was] were delightful to look at. Marta was fresh and young and lovely and Dale grinning from ear to ear, and Scooter who came in and sat beside me, had that sort of satisfied look that a mama finally gets when she has done all the appropriate things

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and everything is finally settled. You are hopeful, you've done your best, you don't know whether it's going to work, but there it is. Stu is such a nice clean-cut, tall, handsome, good, just thoroughly kind young man that I think it's bound to be fine for both of them.

Lyndon suggested to Price and Jean that they come on down and join us which they did and then Horace Busby and his wife came, and the Walter Jenkins. Part of us went swimming, part of us sat on the bank. Price discussed politics with that rare, philosophic detachment of a man who has been in it successfully for a great many years, as Attorney General, Senator, and Governor, and has finally been defeated and as far as ^{eyes} I can detect - I mean EYE - has no bitterness in his soul. I really think it's quite an achievement. There is no backward glance, no yearning, and no grudges against those who are successful now. They're up here naturally, what else for, the prayer breakfast.

We had dinner and then very soon afterwards, I had to go to bed because finally there comes a time when I know that I've reached my limit. Incidentally, this is the day that Lynda Bird had a "first", her first cartoon about just her.

A silly looking couple passing the White House saying, "Our daughter, Sharon, ^{refer to it as} ~~the first to be at~~ Lynda Bird's pad." I wonder just quite what kind of a ^{retirement} ~~climate~~

I can go into, to cut down on ~~this shadow~~ some of this chatter?

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It's good right now to have A. W. ^{here} ~~Hare~~ as kind of a back-stop for Lyndon. He got in Thursday night and will be here for several days. He will be trying to wind up our business, sell the house, anything that we need, mostly as a sort of solace and help and guidance to Lyndon. I feel sort of just like leaning right over on him, ^{as} And saying, "Take Over!"