

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, April 1, 1964

April Fool's Day !

The first day back from a five day absence, makes you almost think it wasn't worth it. That is, the mail, the decisions, the things to do, are piled up so high on the desk, but the most important thing to do was to get Dr. Taylor to come and look at Lyndon. The coughs and the night sweats are going on and obviously we haven't found the root of the trouble or at least we aren't treating it correctly, but maybe nothing but time will take care of it.

Dr. Taylor changed the medication some, but the gist of it seems to be that it's a virus, and they don't know just what it is or how to get rid of it. And I expect, we just have to live it through.

After an early sandwich-and-milk lunch, I went out to the Elms for a couple of hours, of combing through the first and second floors and can finally say that they are finished!

I arrived at the White House a little late, hurried into my beautiful new yellow dress, (by Galanos); but still was a little late walking to the East Room for the four o'clock reception for the children. This time it's the other half of the Congressional teenage children, plus Luci Baines' sophomore class from NCS, and some of her teachers. And the entertainment was Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew", done by the National Players of Catholic University, Father Hartke's proteges.

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I slipped in late and sat in the back row, and thereby know the people that sit any further back than the probably fourth or fifth row, don't see very well. The cast^t was costumed delightfully, and Kate was really a haughty, scratchy^g shrew, and Petrucio^e a fast talking, fast-courting tough guy.

It was good entertainment though one of my least favorites of Shakespeare.

Luci wore her new white suit with the sky-blue silk lapels and cuffs, and she, once more, extended the welcome and announced the program. I hadn't done my homework well enough so there was an awkward moment at the end, when we were all clapping, when I didn't know whether this was really all of it or not. But nevertheless, I walked on up to the stage, asked an aide in a quick aside, on the way, if this was the end. He said yes, so by the time I had approached the front of the room, I went forward, shook hands with Kate and Petrucio^g, and as many of the members I could reach, thanked them and asked Lynda and Luci if they wouldn't come up, and then suggested that we all go in and have some refreshments.

I took my stand in the Blue Room and greeted all the 100 Congressional children; among them 17 year old Debbie Taft, daughter of Representative and Mrs. Robert Taft, and great granddaughter of former President William Howard Taft. And 14 year old Joshua Javits^s, who had come from New York, and whose mother, the Senator's wife, started a career in Hollywood several years ago, and is now in London for a play to direct. There was one little

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boy from California, who had the LBJ hat pin in his lapel.

Luci and Lynda went straight to the State Dining Room, to cover territory with all the guests, and I think I see Luci ^[w]liking it better all the time, and doing it better all the time. Could be one explanation, ^gis she's growing up before my eyes.

I slipped out about 5:15 and went upstairs for desk work, and finally, as it approached 9 o'clock, I went over to Lyndon's office with the hope of springing him loose and bringing him home to dinner, for the relief of our long-suffering staff.

I found him in his little room with Bill Moyers, Horace Busby, Jack Valenti, and Walter Jenkins. I joined them for a drink and then about 45 minutes later, ^gsucceeded in getting them over for dinner, [—]that is, Jack, Horace, and Walter.

Horace was sworn in today as ^ua newest member of our staff. This time, ^ga full time speech writer, divested of his outside interests, his businessman's letter sold. thI can't express myself too satisfied with today, because I had not thrown myself fully, very well prepared into the reception this afternoon. It could have meant so much to each of the 200 students there and a way for me to help it be so was to study the guest list ahead of time, be well briefed on everything, and be ready to give out.

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Well, barring death or impeachment, there will be another chance.

And something I'm a little bit sorry about, on this April Fool's Day nobody played a trick on me. Can it be that I'm getting old?