

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Saturday, April 18, 1964

Mrs. Provenson came this morning and she and Liz and I worked on the Cleveland speech. . . About two hours of reading it over, cutting out what didn't go well, trying to make it more vivid, learning it to some extent, so it wouldn't look like I was reading it. It helped - but it wasn't enough; I ought to do about three times this much on every speech - the only one I've really been pleased with was the speech at the Roosevelt Memorial Luncheon.

Berney is visiting Lynda this weekend. He came in yesterday; he'll be here until Sunday afternoon. I know they're going to come to some sort of conclusion this weekend. I'm torn for them both because he's just like a member of our family now and yet I can't think that it's good for them to go on being engaged with Lynda Bird as undecided, as torn by long absences, - she's twenty and she ought to be wildly romantic and utterly delirious with joy about somebody - and maybe about a succession of somebodies - a different one every three months for a good long while. ^{\$} I hope it wasn't too upsetting to the Fulbrights' that we went to their daughter's wedding, (Roberta's (Bozie's)) after all we had told them earlier that we couldn't because we expected to be out of town. But both of us went to the wedding, in the chapel at the National Cathedral, sitting in the second row, right behind Betty and her darling,

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uninhibited two or three year old granddaughter.

Watched the Senator, very correct and debonair, give away Bozie, to the tall, slim young man, who is a relative of Adley¹ Stevenson's. All the bridesmaids were in a sort of spring flower print and the chapel was full of close friends and family - not much Congress. And then to their house for the reception, with my mind going back a bit all the time, to Lynda and Berney. But it was very gracefully done, and I think Betty must be saying to herself something like this "That part's over."

I find it really hard in this job, to be simple and intimate as I have been always before, with friends. We left rather early because we were absorbing too much attention at a bridal party and I went back to work at my study, and Lyndon to his office.

About two and one half hours later, he came over and said, "Let's ask Jake Pickle and his father, (age 87) to come over and have dinner with us." So we called them quickly and they came over and sat at the dinner table with us. The old gentleman would not eat but he was full of sage sayings that delighted Lyndon - and I know it made a highlight in his trip to Washington.

The left early and I settled down to Gunsmoke, and Lyndon to work.