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Thursday, April 30, 1964 whp

Today dawned cold and rainy. Ah, unhappy forecast for Saturday, when the 3000 Democratic ladies will converge upon us, on holepfully the White House Lawn.

The papers were full of Luci. Everything's in apple pie order for Luci. Three pictures of her at the Festival at Winchester. I love the line that said "... starry eyed and thrilled at her first experience at Royalty."

Luci arrived five minutes ahead of schedule - Oh! Surplifise for me! - "this morning, at the imposing white columned brick home of State Senator Harry Byrd."

The first big event of the day was the Congressional Club Annual breakfast honoring the First Lady. How often I have attended it, on the other side of the fence. This time, dear Davis is President. There was a reception before hand for the wives of the Supreme art Justices.

Nearly all of them were there, headed by Mrs. Earl Warren for the seven Cabinet members that came, and for all the members of the club.

Ruth Burleson is chairman of the Breakfast Committee this year, with help from Mrs. George Andrews of Alabama. And Betty Kuchel is Vice President - I imagine that means that she'll probably be President next year.

There were about a thousand women in the familiar ballroom of the Sheraton Park...The red coated Marine band played. The tables were decorated of all things - with bluebonnets. I just wish the light hadn't been so bright in my eyes as I walked down the aisle, because on each side, there were so many

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people I wanted to greet, but I was pinpointed like an insect. In the brilliant glare of that spotlight, as the uniformed aide escorted me down to the head table. I wore my white alask ne suit, with the toast colored, draped silkish hat.

Carrie

Cary was her usual easy self, so capable, so much at home, so devoid of any pomposity in presiding. At the end of the luncheon she introduced me, and my two or three lines went something like this. "Coming here is familiar territory to me, a little like coming to a family reunion. I remember my first Congressional breakfast, in 1938, when your guest of honor was Eleanor Roosevelt, and since then I've been back every time, with a constituent."

That most important word in our vocabulary. And then thanks - and pointing out the bluebonnets.

And on the way out, Barbara Notkes arose in front of me, with a bouquet of real bluebonnets, flown up from Waco.

The entertainment with Rise Stevens singing, had been just marvelous.

What I missed was some contact, one moment, with all the many, many women of the House and Senate, I knew out there in front of me. I'd done it so many times myself, I knew how pleased they were to be there, and how carefully they had used their tickets, very special kinfolks or constituents.

When I got back to the White House, I heard the happy news that Lyndon had driven down to Winchester, to be present at the crowning of Luci Baines. And later on, I saw the picture of him standing on the steps to the high school

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while Curtis LeMay crowned Luci, beaming. Lyndon as tall and straight as Lyndon as tall and straight as he usually is listening to the national anthem in an airport, but this time smiling so sweetly. Once more, he's gone that extra mile, for one of us.

He said, "She's always been a gueen to me."

Everybody had been wondering all along if he'd come. I hidn't. I didn't think it was possible that he would, and I hadn't urged him to.

It was the News, when Luci was asked if she'd ever been a queen before, she said, "No, I've never been anything before."

It's rained all the time, and then cold and I wondered if Luci would come back with pneumonia. Imagine walking in an apple orchard at nine o'clock in the morning, in a sheer organza evening dress, in about 50 degree temperature, misting rain.

I've been delighted to read that she's posed willingly for the many photographers, has gone from event to event, the women's horticultural luncheon, with a sweet word to say; a tea dance at the home of the Richard Byrd's; an appearance at a fireman's parade; dinner at the home of the Frank Arm strongs; an appearance at a teenagers dance, and finally the Queen's Ball at the George Washington Hotel.

By now she knows there's lots of work and some responsibility in being a queen, and I'm beaming to know that she's done it well.

Lyndon's wire to the Apple Blossom Festival officials, was really a classic. It began "Dogged people of Virginia. Intelligence reports that the City

Classic. It begans

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of Winchester is danger of being taken over by new Monarch. I urge all citizens to be on the alert. I've known this ruler all her life. She entered the world with a commanding voice, and has been taking over ever since.

Beware of her bewitching smile; underneath that kid glove is a strong hand.

Past experience indicates the best way to deal with her is with total attention and love. Signed Lyndon B. Johnson'

Well, so much for royalty.

At 3 o'clock, I had a talk with Clark Clifford, about the agenda for the meeting on May 7th, of the Committee for the Preservation of the White House; and especially about how much money we could expect from the White House Historical Association. He asked me if I would feel good if he came to the meeting. And though, he would be an exofficio member, I happily accepted, and then I went down to the movie theatre, where the staff is having a party for Edith Riley, whose been with the White House for 30 or more years, back into the Roosevelt days. Now she's leaving and this was just a little happy goodby, and say "We'll be calling on you whenever we want to know 'What did you do with so and so, and so and so happens, and how was it done in the past?" That's another thoughtful thing that Liz and Bess concoct.

And then the next event of the day, was a reception of in the Blue Room of the Japanese Governors and their wives, something the State Department had asked me to do And thereby relies.

The eleven governors with unpronouncable names, where accompanied by their wives in exquisite native costumes, with their enormous sashes and

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Angie Duke and Mrs. George Ball, represented the State Department.

An exchange visit is sponsored by the governors conference jointly, with the national governors association of Japan and the State Department.

Tall, several-times-governor of Delaware, Elbert Carvell, who'd made several trips to Japan, was their host from the Governor's side of it.

After greeting them, we went into the State Dining Room, and I passed from group to group, bringing out my small store of identification with the Japanese Japanese. In my internation group, there had been a very attractive/lady number two in their Embassy, and at one of the meetings, she had shown us a wonderful movie of the silk industry of Japan. And later, another member had given us a lesson in their traditional art of flower arranging.

Several of the men spoke English, but not a one of the women, I believe.

Later, Lyndon and I and Jack sat down to dinner, and then about 9:30 returned to the Sheraton Park. What a busy place that is. He spoke to the Democratic Womens Conference.

There were some 3000 women in the hall and it took us almost five minutes to walk to the platform. It was almost like a convention scene, with many banners. It seemed to me there was an enormous contingent from Georgia and from North Carolina. When we finally got to the stand, there am ong the old reliables were Dorothy Vredenburg Bush of Alabama;

Dr. Otanisek of Maryland; Doña Felica from Puerto Rica, unmistakable in

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a crowd; and Hilda Weinhert of Texas.

Margaret Price introduced Lyndon, and he talked to them, at first jokingly, and then seriously, about women in government jobs, ending with "I promise this, not because you need jobs, but because your country needs you." And accenting the administration programs which are of the most concern to women, three especially - the unemployed and the underpaid, those threatened by disease and disability, and the millions now trapped in hopeless poverty.

Thank goodness all I had to do was take a bow.