

Checked to end - July '72

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, May 1, 1964

May Day dawned cold and drizzly. Oh, poor Luci - Oh poor us and Democrats tomorrow if it's still like this!

About 10:30, I went out to the National Cathedral, to the opening of the flower mart. This year, All Hallow's Guild, had chosen a medieval market theme, and the scene looked like when knighthood was in flower, only poor crusaders were huddled under umbrellas - and lovely maidens in high peaked hats with streamers attached, and long flowing bright dresses, danced around the Maypole, in plastic raincoats.

When I cut the ribbon, which was stretched between red and white jousting poles, the Cathedral bells rang out a medieval tune. ^[bell] Nobody's spirits were dampened, and the Cathedral grounds were thronged with people.

I had called Elizabeth Hutchinson, to see if she wouldn't like to drive down to Winchester with me, because her son, Stafford, is Luci Baines official escort, but her house had told me that she was in charge of the hotdog stand at the flower mart. So I looked around for her, she got a quick substitute, and rushed home, and said she'd join me in about 20 minutes, ready to go to Winchester. Bishop William Creighton escorted me around. The booths were charming, it looked like a scene right out of Camelot. This is the first one Luci's missed in years, and I told everybody how sorry she would be.

Then we started down to Winchester, Elizabeth Hutchinson, Dr. Travel ^[with] and I, in one car, and with the Secret Service in another, Willie Day Taylor,

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who has done more to make that little girl into the sort of girl who could be a Queen, and Marta Miller Ross.

Even misty and chilly, the Virginia countryside is beautiful and the dogwood laced the green hills with white. As we began to get into Winchester, the streets were crowded, what was later said to be 150,000 spectators, getting ready to watch the parade. It had that quaint small-town look, that I love. If only it had been a sunny day!

We went to Dr. and Mrs. Maguire's for lunch, right across the street from the reviewing stand. [She] Maguire's, very hospitably, invited all my folks. Helen and Richard Byrd were there, and State Senator Harry, Jr. and Gretchen, who are Luci's hosts.

Harry, Jr. made me very happy by telling me Luci had delivered a short speech, to a man's service club group and had done very well. He also seemed puzzled and highly amused at the amount of time she spent on fixing her hair. He must have only boys.

There was the attractive mountain climber, Mr. Dyringfurth, Helen's friend, and an assemblage of the Virginia gentry.

Pretty soon the real ^{"Jesse"} Heffie of Virginia came in, or perhaps there, the better word would be "Duke", - Senator Harry Byrd himself - and we sat down to an informal luncheon, with that delicious ham, which is not equaled anywhere else in the world.

Although it was a festive gathering, everyone was bemoaning the weather, not only for the sake of the festival, but also the bees won't work! It turns out

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that the applegrowers, rent their bees. After they have finished pollenizing the orange crop in Florida. They are brought up to Virginia, they keep them a couple of weeks, they operate on their apple blossoms, but for their last eleven days, they had practically constant rain and cold. And though the apple blossoms bloomed beautifully, bees don't work in the rain, and if the bees don't work on the blossoms before they fall off, there'll be no apple crop.

I asked why they rented the bees. What was the matter with Virginia bees? And here I learned something that might be rather frightening - the amount of spraying necessary to protect the apple trees, does something to the local bees. I don't know whether they're ineffective or extinct. It certainly made me think of Rachel Carson's "Silent Spring."

As Luci's float approached, we went out on the front lawn and waved. She did look beautiful in her white dress, All her maids wore, several shades of pink, and their dresses were identical.

The parade lasted about three and a half hours and had about 9,000 participants, but we only stayed for about 30 or 40 minutes, enough to see float after float go by, decorating with everything conceivable relating to apples. Pretty girls in evening dresses, and signs proclaiming the business or the town from which they came. And school band after school band, almost all the youngsters being all white, and in one or two instances, all the youngsters being all black.

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Actress Lucille Ball, with orange hair, and a shocking pink dress, was grand marshal of the parade.

I met as many of Luci's maids of honor or attendants, ^{as} I could reach on the stand, shivering in their evening dresses... Rejoiced to see that at least part of the time, Luci kept my white coat around her.

Did my best to let everybody know how much we appreciated their having Luci as their Queen Shenandoah.

And then late in the afternoon, drove back to Washington, with Elizabeth and Willie Day, leaving Dr. Travel to give Luci a going over, to make sure her aching shoulder, ^{wouldn't} suffer too much from the chill.

When I walked in, Lyndon said, "Let's call Abe and Carol to come over to dinner." Unhappily, at 7:30, they were already having dinner and also a house guest, but did say they would come over and have coffee and talk with us.

They brought a Miss Normandine from Canada, one of Carol's ^{ardent} skiing friends. The three of us went over the second floor. I thought it might be fun for Miss Normandine to see the Lincoln Room, and also I wanted Lyndon to have a chance to talk ^{business} with Abe.

Lynda was out somewhere with Dave LeFevre, which she is a great many nights now.

It was an early night for us, and welcome too.