

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1964 - page 1

Thursday, July 2nd, Luci's 17th birthday.

Seventeenth was a very special year with me -- the year when I began falling in love with somebody new each April, and now Luci at 17 is a real beauty and very much more grown up and very much more female than I was at 17.

While Lyndon and I were having breakfast in bed we got her to come in and join us, and I showed her the night gown and robe outfits I had bought - the two from which she was to choose -- and found to my chagrin that the hair piece which was a very private and personal and not to be told to the Press gift had been delivered to her bedroom instead of mine, so she knew all about it. That was to keep her from borrowing mine which she has been doing on all sorts of special occasions.

Later in the day Lyndon sent her a sweet note and a yellow rose, and Luci and Lynda and I had lunch in my bedroom with a birthday cake made by Zepher -- a lemon cake -- with 18 candles on it, one to grow on, which she then cut realizing that she would have to take it down later in the day to be shown to the Press -- for her birthday pictures, <sup>was</sup> ~~which~~ a large hunk cut out of it.

In the afternoon I signed mail and autographed pictures and got Miss Chapowicki to work on my back with its peculiar ~~ache~~ ailment and pondered whether or not the succession of the days events would result in our going to Texas. So I got Helen to pack a bag for me in case we went and one for Lyndon, alerted Lynda to the possibility of our going, and she decided that she had better catch the plane tomorrow -- the back-up plane. There is no question of Luci going because Stafford and Ann Hutchinson are having a birthday party for her tonight and then she has a weekend full of plans.

July is really my month off, and the last few days of June, and one of the announcements of my independence was going out to the Olney with Luci, and there will probably be a lot more of them, ~~bridge, movies~~ bridge, ~~movies~~ movies, plays with Lynda, maybe even a trip to see President Truman's Library.

The story that I like best about Luci's birthday said that she was glad to have a day off to sleep late and "wash my hair". But on the ~~top~~ other hand she said that her job as optometry assistant to Dr. ~~Kraetan~~ <sup>Krasnik</sup> (2) is just as "thrilling and I couldn't ask for anything better," and she plans to become a medical assistant working in cancer research. That is great. I couldn't ask for anything better.

And way there in ~~the~~ the background of the day there is present in my mind, and I am sure in Lyndon's mind, was the fact that it is not only Luci's 17th birthday, but the 9th birthday of his <sup>Lyndon's</sup> serious heart attack. For the first few years he passed those milestones stepping softly with great ~~xxxxxx~~ trepidation. Now we act almost as though it had not been, though Lyndon and I will not forget.

In the middle of the afternoon the big news of the day -- the big news of the last six months and perhaps of a year -- took place. 'Civil Rights Bill passes House. LBJ's signature makes it a law today. The House voted final congressional passage of an historic Civil Rights Bill today and President Johnson arranged to sign it into the law of the land within a matter of hours." The vote was 289 to 126. One of the interesting commentaries came from Rep. Well<sup>t</sup>ner of Georgia, a moderate who two years ago ousted segregationist James Davis from the seat he held for that Atlanta area. Well<sup>t</sup>ner said "he" could have voted no today with tradition and safety," but he declared "I believe a greater cause can be served. Change swift and certain is upon us and we in the South face some difficult decisions. We could offer resistance and defiance with <sup>their</sup> A harvest of strife and tumult. We can suffer continued demonstrations with their wake of violence and disorder, or we can acknowledge this measure as the law of the land

We can accept the verdict of the nation." He added, "I will add my voice to those who seek reasoned and conciliatory adjustment to a new reality."

It is a pretty courageous decision for him.

At sixthirty ~~to~~ there was a ceremony in the East Room, a signing of the Civil Rights Bill, complete with TV, all the <sup>L</sup>eaders of the Congress lined up behind Lyndon as he signed the bill with some several scores of pens, each one could hardly have gotten to do one single letter. Mike Mansfield, Dirksen, Hale Boggs, the Attorney General, everybody in the legislative branch on the enforcement branch who were concerned with the bill were present. It was a very dramatic occasion, and a really magnificent televised statement by Lyndon. An odd thing -- when he finished Hubert Humphrey went up to see if he could <sup>get</sup> the copy that he had read from to keep for some historic purpose, and it had vanished. Milling around in the crowd some of the newspaper women asked me, I think it was a woman representing some Negro paper, what I thought of it, and I said my mind went back to the <sup>bill</sup> ~~year~~ of 1957 and all those night<sup>s</sup>, many, many, many nights, something like 37 nights, ~~when~~ Lyndon had spent on a cot in the Capitol and I had taken hot meal after hot meal, and change of clothes after change of clothes down to him, and so this was just one step in a long chain of steps.

As I had slipped quietly into a seat I had particularly noticed the Attorney General sitting on the front row, and wondered what was going on in his mind, this bill that his brother had sponsored so ardently, had pinned so much hope on, that he himself had pushed, and had finally come to passage, I believe, with <sup>the</sup> earnest dogged help of Lyndon. I watched the Attorney General's impassive face and the very measured clapping of his hands which would not have disturbed a gnat sleeping calmly in his palm.

I left the East Room feeling that I had really seen something start in this Nation's history fraught with much good and much trouble.

And then I began to wonder what happened next?

There were several hours of wrapping up business and a call from Lyndon as though he had just thought of it, "What do you think? We might just get off to Texas tonight." I was all for it. I was every bit ready. Willie Day standing by to chaperone Luci. Bags packed. We had a bite of dinner. And finally at ten-thirty with a high sense of elation, the best sense of achievement I think that we have had in this job because the last week has really been a productive one, the last two weeks, the signing of the Civil Rights Bill, the Foreign Aid Bill, a goodly mass of legislation accomplished.

We got on the chopper on the South Lawn about ten-thirty, Lydon and I, Bill Moyers, Vicki, our Secret Service, and then to Andrews, and then to fly to the ranch. We went in the Jet Star so we didn't have to stop in Austin, but could land right at the ranch. It was a short trip, a good nap, and then with that sense of adventure and ~~youth~~ youth and release, the perfect beginning for a vacation, we landed at the LBJ Ranch about midnight Texas time, and into bed with one of those nights that does not think about tomorrow, a wonderful sense of euphoria, rarely attained.

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