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Tuesday, September 8th

This morning I went to see Miss ~~K~~ Katharine Lee at National Cathedral about Luci's Fall schedule. Luci in her dramatic, determined way -- such a delightful mixture of little girl and clear-eyed adult -- wants to be a part of the campaign, go on the Whistle Stop, be a member of her family at all the receptions, where Daddy says, "This is the one and only time when you ought to have showed up," and at the same time wants to do well in a school where it is so hard for her to keep abreast of the others. She had asked me to talk to Miss Lee about concentrating all of her subjects in the morning as much as possible.

I had a wonderful talk with Miss Lee. They love that little girl there, and they are pulling hard for her. She's going to take a History of Art course. That I look forward to. A science course which -- oddly, her thought -- ought to fit in well with her plan to be a nurse. We worked out a good accommodation, with a little tutoring, between the strange demands of our life and the rigid demands of the school. I feel an increasing fondness and indebtedness to ~~Miss Warrick~~ ^{Mr. Harry} and Miss Lee.

Next I went to the East Wing for a staff meeting. All of the Correspondence Section assembled, Liz and Bess and Ashton and Wendy. Hortense Burton is the main one I depend on in the Correspondence

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Section. I went over an accumulation of do's and don't's -- good letters and dull ones; use the dictionary, find some fresh phrases, warm but not mushy. I don't know how much imprint I made. I have been here 9 months and I still do not feel I have put much of a personal stamp on the mail that goes out from here, except for the three I brought with me and Hortense Burton. Her summaries have proved very useful, dividing our letters, which range from about 800 at the low tide in mid-summer to 1500 per week most of the other months, into illuminating categories, which help me know what people really respond to. Well, at least I tried and if we are still occupying this temporary lease after November 3rd, I shall try to run a tighter ship!

After a quick sandwich in my room for lunch, I lived through a graphic two hours of how brief is fame and life. Marny Clifford and Mary Ellen Monroney and I drove out to Jane Barkley's funeral. Jane Barkley had been found dead in bed Sunday morning, alone in her apartment, apparently of a heart trouble. I had called earlier and talked to her sister and her Mother. It seemed no time ago that she and I, and I believe it was Rosemary Smathers and Betty Talmadge, had played bridge up in the Solarium, and she had talked about the desk of Alben Barkley's that she had given to the White

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House.

The service was in a funeral home, and, though she was a lovely, warm person and the wife of a Vice President and Senator, I cannot say it was a crowded funeral. It rather reminds you of the virtues of living in a little town where, as Lyndon's Father said, "They know when you're sick and care when you die." The Chaplain of the Senate, Frederick Brown Harris, preached the funeral service. Afterwards I expressed my sympathy and Lyndon's -- limp and inadequate those phrases -- to a sweet-faced Mother and to her two young and lovely daughters.

And then back with Marny and Mary Ellen, two of the most attractive women I know, and Mary Ellen and I had a good time talking about the living -- that is, Grace Kerr and her recent marriage.

Next to the beauty parlor and then to a meeting in the Queen's Room with some women who had volunteered to help me in doing research and drafts of speeches. Katie Louchheim, Mrs. Dick Goodwin, Jeanne Rob^T_nischer from Philadelphia, June White, Helen Hill Miller, Jerry Polis. We talked for about an hour and a half, had tea and refreshments, about getting some pertinent facts on

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every one of the towns we would pass through on the Whistle Stop, and I about my general beliefs and what I wanted to say, the impression I wanted to leave behind. Always to me one of the remarkable things is the spirit that moves a person to want to drive several hundred miles and promise many hours of one's time as Jeanne Rob[†]ischer did, just for mental exercise or love or civic interest, to help in a campaign.

Later I signed some mail and went for a walk around the grounds, and then Jack and Mary Margaret came down to join Lyndon and me. It was one of those late nights. It was well after 10 before Lyndon sat down to the table. His strong perseverance with his exercises is not being matched by his willingness to give up second helpings and ignore des^serts, so he is several pounds heavier than he ought to be.

There was a cute piece in the paper that said, "Luci is a boon to LBJ and she doesn't talk issues." All about her trip to New Orleans to christen a ship. And an interview with a young Page named Terrence O'Rourke, who had driven from Houston to catch a glimpse of her at the airport. And several delightful pieces about Lynda Bird representing her Father at the royal wedding of

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King Constantine of Greece and Princess Anne Marie of Denmark in Athens on September 18th, recalling that Lynda Bird had had luncheon with Princess Anne Marie and her sisters, Benedic^te and Margarita, at the Danish Royal family's home near Copenhagen last year, and also that she had fallen in love with Greece on her short visit there two years ago. I want this to be one of the bonuses of cream for Lynda Bird in return for all the useful things she does for us.