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Friday, March 19th

Our Lynda is 21 years old. After the storm of last night I awoke early, a bad habit of mine when there is stress. Chores during the morning. Went to the warehouse to tag some furniture to go to Texas. It always gives me an eerie feeling to go to that depository of the leftovers of many Administrations. And then by Brentano's to get a Gift Certificate for Lynda's birthday present, so she can go and buy books to her heart's content, although her real present is, Warrie Lynn's coming and her surprise party. Then to Bolgiano's to pick up zinnia seeds for the ranch, and was easily seduced by a rainbow of varieties. Whoever emerged from a seed store with just the few things they went in to buy?

Back at the White House I had lunch with Abe and an opportunity to talk with him for about two hours on the Library, the Johnson City house, whether we should publish Mrs. Johnson's book, and, most important, whether I should do the TV show with ABC about the beautification of Washington.

Then worked with Ashton and Bess and with Mary V. Busby on arranging the books in Lyndon's office and in the reception room. I was sorry to hear that it was bitter cold in Texas, down to 30, although golden sunshine, and Lyndon had had hardly any rest, both Selma and VietNam erupting during the night.

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Then I had the long delayed -- almost a year -- session with the architect, Donald Drayer, who is designing the closet in the little room that is a combined dressing room and office, my favorite view over Andrew Jackson's magnolias to the Washington Monument, and out the other window, to Lyndon's office.

All day long there was an undercurrent of excitement -- for me, at least -- about Lynda's party, and word that Warrie Lynn's plane was delayed and, instead of getting in at five it was going to be six or seven, and I feared she might not be there in time for the party at nine-thirty.

I went to the Azalea Festival's party for Luci at the Shoreham, where she was to meet her court, a "Princess" from each of the NATO countries -- 15, I believe. She had just finished a news conference and the people in charge of the Festival were rather wide-eyed at how well she had performed. She was really setting out to make them glad they had chosen her Queen! I met dozens of people from Norfolk and had plenty of chance to tell all of them how grateful we were for the 500 azaleas the City of Norfolk had given to the beautification project.

There was a happy moment of reunion when Lynda Bird greeted Mr. Hirshfield of Norfolk -- he had been in charge of the Festival when she was Queen. It will always be one of the highlights

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in her life. The Vice President was there -- how generous he is about being nice to young people -- I appreciated his coming. Luci's guest list was liberally sprinkled with people she had worked with during the campaign last Fall. The young Senator Birch Bayhs, the Jimmy Symingtons, a young girl who had come all the way from Detroit for this party. Her parents had opened their home last October for a gathering of young Democrats. The Lloyd Hands, the Warren Woodwards, of course Willie Day -- lots of people who had helped me raise Luci.

And then presently it was time to go to Luci's party for Lynda at Georgetown City Tavern, a "discoteque", the first time I had ever been to a cafe with that weird descriptive title. It was downstairs, a very small room, very dark, tables the size of a dinner plate, the bar, the dance floor, everything on a Tom Thumb scale. All of us were on tiptoe, waiting for the arrival of Lynda Bird. My coming was well timed. About two minutes later, down the steps with Dave she came into the darkened room, and then to a bursting of flash-bulbs and a concert of cries from all of us, she fell into WarriLynn's arms in the door. That delicious bear hug was worth the price of that round-trip ticket to me!

WarriLynn has the gift of happiness and dispenses it liberally. It was a night of reunion. Luci had carefully combed every guest list she

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could find of Lynda Bird's friends and several of the NCS girls were there -- Jennifer Urquhart and Margo Mickey and one of her favorite teachers, Mrs. Acheson, Stafford Hutchinson, so handsome and attractive, down from Princeton -- or is it Harvard -- and also the goodlooking John Bitar, with whom Lynda is having some dates. The Birch Bayhs, Dr. Travell, Willie Day of course. The Lloyd Hands and Woodie came by later. There were two friends from George Washington, Susan and Sherry. Wherever Lynda Bird is, she always wants her Agents' wives -- she is very fond of them all as families, and several of her favor^{able} Aides with their girl friends. It was loud, crowded, gay, dark -- probably the sort of atmosphere I would have liked at 21, too. But I couldn't help finding it humorous that anyone would prefer it to The White House. Luci emphatically did. She turned thumbs down on having a surprise party in the Blue Room.

We had movies -- my own -- beginning when Lynda Bird was six months old, on up to when she was a fat, chubby little nine-year-old. All the guests properly in stitches of laughter. I sat in a corner making happy reminiscences with Willie Day, Mrs. Acheson, who is right proud of her two students, and Stafford.

The dinner was good, and a little before twelve o'clock I came home, glowing with the warmth of being around a lot of people

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who love each other, particularly Warri@Lynn.

But still vaguely discontented that the great twenty-first birthday party had not been quite great. One thing had been Luci had been utterly delighted with the idea of having a party for her sister, of planning it herself -- and she'd obviously had a whale of a good time. Another thing had been nice -- during the evening Lynda's Daddy had called from Texas, interspersing it, as I found later, between calls to and from Governor Wallace and the Department of Justice.