

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, July 16, 1965

Page 1

It began early and without any night really before it. The plane was late leaving Dallas, and I was sleepless on it. We reached National Airport a little before 7:00.

As I walked into the second floor of the White House, I paused a moment outside Lyndon's door, wanting to go in and yet thinking the unkindest thing I could do would be to deprive him of any 30 minutes or more of sleep he could get. So I tumbled into my own bed and gratefully slept like a stone until close to 10:00 and then up to put on the black silk dress I had bought in February and never yet worn, having in the back of my mind when I bought it the grim, unacknowledged thought that I might need a black dress for a funeral.

I found Lyndon in the hall deep in conversation with Bill Fulbright. Already the next step lays upon him. I helped Luci find some clothes, and then we were off -- Lyndon and Luci and I -- taking the Senator with us to the National Cathedral.

Bishop Creighton and Bishop Moore met us at the door. And I must admit even in that time and place I thought of their various personal comments about us -- Lyndon and civil rights -- Luci and Roman catholicism. Dean Sayer was not there. But about 2,000 mourners -- and I mean the word literally -- were. There was a lovely sentence -- a cheering sentence -- used by one of those who spoke. "We are vast company, we friends of Adlai Stevenson." Although ~~that~~ it appears over

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, July 16, 1965

Page 2

and over in the stories about him that his life was full of disappointments, I can never really accept that. He enjoyed life too much. He contributed too much for me to really think of him as a man of disappointments.

In the vast vaulted Cathedral, a casket draped with a flag -- no flowers close by -- looked very small and lonely. To me the Cathedral is inescapably cold, and yet there was much that was beautifully fitting -- the Anthem, "Let us now praise famous men", and most of all, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" -- "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord". And that line about "As he died to make men ^{holy} ~~whole~~, let us die to make men free", no doubt falling into each one's heart, with its various shade of meaning.

The eulogy was delivered by Judge Carl McGowan -- one of Adlai's close friends -- I think one time a law partner. And though it lacked the eloquence that Adlai himself had imparted to the memorial for Winston Churchill, there was one line I particularly loved -- "For our biggest stakes we put forward our best."

I know many minds were going back to Adlai standing in the pulpit of that Cathedral so few months ago delivering his eulogy on Winston Churchill. Watching Lyndon next to me -- his face weary, graven, knowing how he had lived with this since the news came on Wednesday and how much funerals drain him. I wished I could reach out my hand and comfort him.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, July 16, 1965

Page 3

And then it closed very appropriately with the "National Anthem", and we were walking down the isle behind the family, seeing fleetingly the desolate face of Marietta Tree and the frankly weeping face of our good friend Anna Hoffman, ^{Bill} Bill Benton, Bill Blair -- the whole assemblage of diplomats. Down in front we spoke to the family. Mrs. Ives was so very sweet saying that Lyndon had done everything from the beginning. I murmured words to the three sons -- Adlai, Jr., John Fell, and their two most attractive wives, and the younger one, Borden. And then we pulled aside to let the family go by and returned to the White House.

I went immediately to bed for a delicious nap of three hours. And then waking up I had a very self-indulgent luncheon of a fried egg, bacon and coffee at 4:30 in the afternoon -- sheer luxury. And then several good hours of work, signing mail and autographing many, many pictures, picking loose ends with Ashton and Liz and a good talk with Lynda. Her name is "Gypsy" on this trip with the Secret Service. Ordinarily her name is "Velvet". Luci's, ^{Venus} "Venice". Mine, "Victoria". I like all of them but mine. And the center of operations at the Ranch is called, "Volcano". I contend that the Secret Service don't ^{lack} ~~have~~ poetry or imagination, although I am sorry about their verdict of me.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, July 16, 1965

Page 4

I sought out Luci who was in the Solarium with Pat. He's found a job in Washington and is spending the summer here, and he and Luci are together constantly. But in a happy fashion -- quite different from her first two stormy romances. She is now on top of the world, a lark, a sprite -- sometimes very intuitive, deeply feminine and quite mature. Sometimes flying off the handle.

Before dusk I walked around in the back yard -- the South Grounds I should say -- and stopped by Lyndon's office to urge him to come home.

On a summer evening the most attractive place in the White House to me is the Truman Balcony. So I settled down there as the light faded and phoned Abe to discuss the usual array of problems I save for him. And while I was talking, Lyndon came in, picked up the phone and asked him if he wouldn't come down -- he and Carol -- and have dinner with us. Since it was after 9:00 it's no wonder that they had already had dinner. But they said they would come for coffee. So the four of us sat out on the Balcony for dinner and talk of serious import. Lyndon went over possible people for Ambassador to the United Nations. He spoke of Clark Clifford -- wonderful negotiator. And surprisingly, of Arthur Goldberg, also a wonderful negotiator. But does anyone ever leave the Supreme Court? Lyndon said of Goldberg that he's the sort of man who would cry if he saw an old widow woman and some hungry children. He feels that quality would be useful in dealing with

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, July 16, 1965

Page 5

underdeveloped countries and poorer nations. We said in unison, "But what of the Arabs?" Lyndon thought we couldn't let anyone dictate to us -- whether a Jew or a Catholic or a person of whatever ethnic background, Negro or what not, -- sat on the Supreme Court or any other Government job.

And then he talked to Abe about a place on the Supreme Court when and if there was a vacancy. It must be Olympus to any lawyer. And Abe was moved, quiet, grateful. Carol was enthusiastic. Carol -- that most professional of women -- believes in her husband like an ordinary house wife.

Before Lyndon leaves this office I would like so much to see that happen. I think it would be a credit to the Court and that we would be the loneliest folks left in time of trouble.

Lyndon asked Abe to come in with him and talk while he started his massage. But it was not long until Abe emerged on tiptoe saying that he had gone to sleep which often happens -- a great armor for him. So we said goodnight with a sense of an emotionally and physically exhausting day.

I thought of some of the things that had been said in the headlines about Stevenson -- "The gentle wit and the political rough house. The greatest, the best loved loser in the whole history of American politics. Adlai -- the magnificent failure." I see no sense of failure whatever.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, July 16, 1965

Page 6

And that word so important these days in politics -- style. One Harvard professor mourner had said he had style, that he had prepared the way for Kennedy.