

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, July 20, 1966

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Wednesday, July 20th, began very early indeed. Lyndon woke about 5:00 -- neither of us could go back to sleep, and so we simply talked and talked and talked about each of the children and their problems, about all the troubles that beset Lyndon and about his future, and about me and the things I want to do both between now and the time we leave this house and then for the years afterward. Home and husband, grandchildren, wild flowers, travel, running rivers, hunting for pictographs and covered bridges and outdoor summer pageants. There is so much I want.

We never went back to sleep at all, and rather groggily ate breakfast at 8:00. I think it had been a good cathartic for both of us, though I flinch to think of the days ~~xxx~~ Lyndon must put in with a night of so little rest behind him.

I cleared my desk and then had a 10:45 meeting with Abe Fortas and Clark Clifford, Captain Lanier, Agent Duncan, Mr. Semer from Lyndon's legal department and Bess. The subject of our meeting was where to park the 700-odd guests on Saturday, August 6th. Bess had hoped we could close off Pennsylvania Avenue between 15th and 17th and use it for parking. Some peace organization has already requested from the National Park Service the right to picket in Lafayette Park all that afternoon. The Park Service has suggested two other places for them, but if they are insistent they will give them the permit to picket at 6:00 in the afternoon. And another group has already started marching as of yesterday up and down the sidewalk with

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banners right along the White House fence. This is under the jurisdiction of the District of Columbia -- not the Park Service. SNIK, I think it is, there is something terrificly right about that name, led by Stokley Carmichael has expressed its intentions to picket as close as possible to the Shrine. I have nightmares of Hugh Powell walking across ~~to~~ Lafayette Park and planting his fist on some dirty, bearded jaw. It is a hideous picture to contemplate. But after all we have lived in this house with picketing nearly every day -- for months and months of last year. Only when it is extremely raucous do we notice it. I feel protective for Luci and Pat, disgusted by the whole thing just as a citizen, and not wise enough to cope with it.

I turned to Abe and Clark and Mr. Semer and Captain Lanier, and in the end their advice is to request reserved parking space around the Ellipse and then direct guests the two or three blocks that it would take them to come in by the Treasury entrance. About 95 percent of the guests would come in that way. Only the Cabinet and Court and those few with limousines in through the front entrance. And they, poor public servants, are much inured to picket lines.

There will of course be roving television cameras. But for at least two major periods of the afternoon -- during the arrival, the picture-taking out front, and the receiving line immediately afterward, and thereon the brief interlude of the cake-cutting, the center of activity will be on the South side, and I believe Luci and Pat and the whole wedding will outdraw the picketers. What strange problems that have consumed our hours during the weeks of

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planning for this wedding. ^{1 #} But then it was over and we went on to the business of a fairly happy, girl-next-door shower for Luci -- the widest change of pace you can imagine, ^{to a} Very nice but modest house on Tilden and Massachusetts where Luci has spent so many hours on her own eye treatments and later working with children as Dr. Kraskin's assistant. It was decorated with pink ^{tulle} ~~and~~ and cupids and white candles and doves and all the symbolism of the wedding of any home-town girl. And the guests, besides Dr. and Mrs. Kraskin's family, were Luci's very close friends, her bridesmaids -- Helene, Charlotte, Kathleen, Madilyn ^{Mentalero} ~~Monalara~~ -- people in the White House who have loved and worked for her -- Patsy, Ashton, Liz. Mothers who have befriended her -- Elizabeth Hutchinson, Scooter Miller, ^{Indivert} ~~Helene~~ Lindow. And it took Luci to meld them and make them into one in a crowded, chattering living room. We ate at tables for eight, served buffet. And then all of us sat around on the floor and sofas and the arms of chairs watching Luci who sat in front of a fluffy, pink, bridal decoration with all of her shower gifts stashed around her and opened them one by one. [#] And this was the performance of the day. It almost brought tears of pride to my eyes. For each gift, she had a delighted exclamation, she held it up for everyone to see. A generous supply of small napkins from Lindy Boggs "because I know you will soon be having Democratic coffees". "Everybody knows Lindy," said Luci, "I've had the best time campaigning with her. And I've visited down in New Orleans. The Democratic party couldn't get along without Lindy." And then she held up some dainty blue-flowered towels. "These are from Mammy Clifford. She's one of

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Mother and Daddy's oldest friends. And won't they be beautiful in my new gold bathroom". And when she opened the very simple embroidered pillow-cases I have given her with the initial "N", her delight in her new initial was unabashed and fresh and I felt dismayed that I had actually been to one shower for the child and had not taken a gift -- Mrs. Lindow's. But really it a beautiful performance from beginning to end -- the essence of grace making everybody there feel part of the group, close to her, and feeling that she was simply enchanted with their gift and it was just what she would use and cherish.

The gifts were interspersed with a humorous item here and there.

Dr. Kraskin had a note saying how much he had missed her as an employee this year. But he was going to pay her anyhow. And there was the envelope. And when she opened it, it was play money. And then at the very end, Mrs. Kraskin handed her a poem which was really addressed to me, but asked Luci to read it. "Here comes the bride, and I, her mother, find her ~~more~~ lovelier than any other. I beam at her grace for she is the ^{last} I've dragged through the years to dancing class. Her eyes are starry, her skin is silk, I stuffed her on spinach, carrots and milk. Her sweet smile sparkles as well it ought, I kept her at the dentist although she fought. Her hair is like amber burnished brightly, 100 strokes I saw to it nightly. So here comes the bride, oh bridegroom take her. She's perfect as nature and Mom could make her." And at that point, Luci burst into tears. At that moment everyone in the room loved her.

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And I think everyone felt caught up in the web of a mood that we'd all shared something rather special.

I rode back to the White House with Ashton and Patsy and went into Lyndon's room for a 45-minute rest before his press conference in the East Room. I've begun to think of them as a sort of ~~sort of~~ ^{trial} by combat and I approach them as though I were riding in a ~~tumble~~ ^{tumbrel} to my execution, although of course it isn't really me -- it's Lyndon.

This had been a grueling a day for him as I can remember -- meetings with sub-Cabinet level officers from AEC and AID and Export-Import and NASA and USIA and Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. And then a meeting with members of the mid-west Governors Conference -- Branigin of Indiana, Kerner of Illinois, Knowles of Wisconsin, Rhodes of Ohio. And then a luncheon, stag, for President Barrientos of Bolivia, and now the press conference, full dress with television.

I sat down on the front row. President Barrientos and the Governors were expected to join us and slipped in after it had begun. It was a hit-affair [?] of Viet-Nam and inflation, spiced with one funny moment when the irate male reporter from the "Womens Wear Daily" asked if the President didn't think it was unfair that his paper was barred from the wedding. Lyndon's expression would have done credit to any actor on Broadway. Rather slowly, with an apologetic smile, he said he would prefer to just step aside from discussing arrangements for his daughter Luci's wedding. Later he said

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what he really wanted to say was that aside from wearing a pair of striped trousers and that hot swallow-tailed coat and picking up all the bills, he didn't have anything else to do with it. And I think every father in the country would have had a fellow feeling!

We aren't too ~~smooth~~ smooth in our signals these days. ¹ He did not know that Barrientos had come in, or the Governors, ^{and} ~~but~~ when it was over he strolled out. I followed him and told him about Barrientos. He rushed back into the dispersing crowd and introduced President Barrientos and the Governors and then he gathered us up -- some three or four Governors and the President -- and we went upstairs for a cup of coffee and a little conversation.

In the course of it, Governor Knowles used a very good expression to describe the troubles of inflation as opposed to the other side of the coin -- unemployment, low prices, depression. He said, "These are very pleasant problems we are dealing with." Sometimes it is hard to get a perspective.

At 5:30 Lynda and I went out on the grounds with Lyndon to see the American Field Service scholars -- 3,000 strong -- who had been gathering for the last 30 minutes ^{while} ~~when~~ the red-coated Marine band played lively medlies from its stand under the trees close to President Eisenhower's green. Everyone of them had a camera, and as we came in to "Hail to the Chief", everyone of them shrieked.

Lyndon made a good speech, saying that he was speaking very likely to future Prime Ministers or First Ladies or Ambassadors who ^{would} ~~will~~ return.

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to this country years from now knowing it better for their one year here.

When Lyndon finished, he went into the crowd one way -- I another. And

Lynda -- great credit to her -- in a third. And we shook hands and asked

questions, met students from all over the globe. It's always an ^{exhilarating} ~~accelerating~~

experience. ^{And} But I must say this time they were well behaved and I saw so many handsome, bright young faces.

Next in this very full day, an hour or so of work. Lyndon had gone out on the Sequoia with Ambassadors from African nations. And then I went to the dinner at the Birch Bayh's. The young Paul Rogers were there and Nancy Dickerson without her husband. And Harry McPherson. And to my great delight, the Marvin Watsons who never go anywhere.

We looked at their walls full of pictures -- many of us and of President Kennedy, talked about the trip to Indiana, and Marvella was full of ~~prix~~ praise for Luci and the way she makes everyone leave glowing with a sense that this is special when they have been to one of the parties given for her.

About 10:00 I got a call that Lyndon was going to come out and join us. And sure enough at 10:40 up he came. I feel it would be so good for him, so good for our relations with all the young Senators, if he could get out like this more often. He was relaxed -- a delightful guest. But we left about 11:30 taking Nancy Dickerson with us and Jake. And when we reached "Merrywood" -- Nancy's beautiful home which used to belong to Jacqueline Kennedy's mother, Mrs. Auchincloss, we went in to see all the changes, the view of the Potomac she has cut out. Nancy with her three step-daughters and her own little

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son, a very lively personal career, and the comfortable backing of her husband and financial security, is as happily launched as any young woman that I know. She is dear to my children.

I am glad that I had a minute before going out to the Birch Bayh's to go up to the solarium where Luci was having one of the last in these hurried days of her two and one half years of solarium parties. This one included a shower for Kathleen Carter -- a surprise with, typically Luci, ice cream and four sorts of gooey mix for sundaes -- nuts, chocolate sauce, strawberries. It must have come as a shock to the few middle-aged ladies who had expected Scotch at that time in the evening. Luci never fails to appreciate any participation I give with her friends. It's a sort of attitude that begets more