

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, July 22, 1966

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I had accomplished one of my jobs in New York of getting my own lovely yellow dress for the wedding fitted by Adele Simpson. I am pleased with it. I think when I am an old lady walking on my cane past a show window -- will it ever happen? In the Johnson Library? -- and look up at Luci's wedding gown and my yellow dress and coat I shall beam with satisfaction.

We had not found Luci's going away suit or a dress for her to wear to the Harriman's reception.

Lynda Bird had brought over some beauties, all of which she wanted. Within the last year Lynda has learned how to wear cloth<sup>s</sup> with distinction. She looked marvelous in them. She promised to help Luci decide on hers and Bess had some good ideas. So I left them both to take the 10:30 flight back to Washington remembering Lynda's discussion of the dresses. "I know it's elegant, Mother, but it's not exciting," thinking of something she thought she might get to wear to the Harriman party. And Luci had said, "It's rich and lady-like. But it's not the sort of dress anybody would say 'wow' when you come in." And Lynda said, "For once I want them to say 'wow'". That is the frame of mind she is in now. "If you are going to be a bear be a grizzly" -- it's one of her favorite expressions. It makes me feel uneasy.

Back at the White House I phoned Betty Weinheimer <sup>and found that</sup> [to find] in the first four days it was open the little house where Lyndon was born had attracted 3,891 people from 42 States and 10 foreign countries!

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I lunched with Patsy, and we talked about her own wedding plans. She is going to make her dress. And about Buzz and her continuing working. She will.

I had a session with Liz. In a town where the press colony is some 4,000 people all ravenous, she is being battered and buffeted. She and Bess are the two who will need more than me to melt away on August 7th.

And then at 3:00 was my main meeting of the day for which actually I had come home -- to talk to my court of final review -- Abe Fortas and Clark Clifford -- in the Queens' Room about my current worries. One, how should Luci and Pat go on their honeymoon? By commercial plane? No matter how we disguise their departure from the White House -- in a florist truck or baker's truck, or a red wig and heavy glasses -- on the plane they will be recognized and will be met by a battery of photographers at their destination. How much I wish they could have one, two days privacy! Second, on a plane privately owned by any friend? We thought and thought and thought. I reviewed suggestions to them. It was our final decision -- there was nobody, nobody at all, who could lend us a plane without criticism. Third, <sup>BC</sup>KTG's plane, which we could lease. Nobody would believe it. The comfort of having a private, discreet, <sup>mode of travel</sup> leaving at the hour we wanted, could be quite wiped out by newspaper stories. We discarded that. Fourth, leasing a plane from an absolutely commercial source that has executive jets by the hour or mile. Warren Woodward, my former Vice President in charge of everything is

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working on it. He has two suggestions for me. It was Abe's and Clark's and finally my decision that that would probably be the best thing to do.

Then I discussed with them what Lyndon had said about asking the Attorney General for an opinion on withdrawing Secret Service from his two daughters. Either he has no fear of bodily harm coming to them, or he does not think the Secret Service would be effectual in preventing it in case anybody wanted to injure them. I do not feel that way. ~~X~~ Until he is out of this office and the hate engendered for him among nuts is cooled by his removal from a place of power, I want them to be protected. <sup>well</sup> The Clark\$ and Abe\$ -- the action was both immediate and vociferous. It was in fact even humorous, ~~paraphrased~~ reduced to a clear factual statement. It was that they believed that Lyndon ~~could~~ stand anything that befell him except the tragedy happening to a member of his family to which he felt he had contributed or been in some way the cause of.

One important piece of business we did not get to attend to -- Jim Ketchum has notified me that the Peter ~~Hard~~ portrait of Lyndon has arrived. I intended to show it to these two, as I share so much with them. But nearly three hours were consumed, and they had to leave.

Then I went down to the theatre to see the film that had been made the day Luci Baines and I had met the press in the State Dining room. The networks are insistent on having an interview with Luci and Pat. I am insistent on no interview. Simone and Liz, always resourceful, always trying to be

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helpful, had suggested they be offered any portion of this that we pass and edit. It is good. It will need some editing. Essentially, Luci comes across warm, ~~XXXXXX~~ sweet, eliciting the sympathy and understanding of <sup>the viewer</sup> [watcher] and very pretty.

Quite late in the day after nearly everybody would have made dinner plans or had their dinner, Lyndon called and said <sup>Let's</sup> go on the boat. See if you can get the Cliffords, the Fortas' and the Valentis and the Riordans and the McArthurs and the Whites.

Going on the boat this summer is a bit to him and to me like going to the Ranch and riding across the River on the low-water bridge where you feel like you've just deposited your cares on the other side and drive off free and light as you climb up the other bank, and the same sort of psychological effect by entering the gate at Camp David with the deep, tall, green woods. Such a pure effect of spirit. I think it's the meaning of the word recreation.

The Fortas' were delighted to come on a moments notice and the Valentis and the Riordans and Diana and Donald. And we left the pier at 8:30. But this time our troubles rode with us. I extracted Lyndon and Abe and Jack from the group, and we went into the Cabin and talked about the wedding for quite awhile -- transportation for the honeymoon, the house they would live in in Austin -- there are pictures of it in the Washington Post today -- and goodness knows it looks modest enough to suit the citizen most determined to make an ordinary figure of public servants in higher places. The big flap is

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Ch. Name  
that the Secret Service had asked the people in the other side of the duplex -- a professor named David Robinson -- to leave so that they could rent it. This without any word of explanation or intention to us. Poor <sup>Lem</sup> ~~lyn~~ when I called him was just as distraught as Liz often is these days. He hadn't asked him to move! He just explained the difficulties it would cause to neighbors and suggested that if they found anything else that they liked as well, they -- the Secret Service -- would like to rent his half. That sounds too much like a request to move, and of course the story was soon public property and blown up. Although it was not by the Robertsons but by other neighbors in the little horseshoe street.

It was cool, pleasant, beautiful scenery -- the setting, the company, -- for relaxation. But <sup>relaxation</sup> it eludes us. "Problems come not in single file but in battalions" these days. And I am <sup>reaching?</sup> mentioning a boiling point <sup>?</sup> by thinking we are letting public opinion all get out of focus for us, and to hell with it. I want to enjoy one of the deep, lovely, happy moments of our life and not let it all be cluttered up with nit-picking newspaper stories. And now how to implement that feeling and more importantly how to provide some <sup>balm</sup> ~~bomb~~ that will sooth Lyndon who has really important problems on his mind.

I tried to quote to him what Abe and Clark had said this afternoon. "But it has all been handled so ~~xx~~ well you couldn't have planned it a bit better unless you had arranged it for July, 1968." I am afraid he doesn't see it in that light but rather like a burr in his shoe, because we hardly get through with one problem before the next one puts in its bid. Also, unknown to us without our advice or consent.

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Up at the House of Representatives, Speaker John McCormack and Minority Leader Gerald Ford had written a dear colleague letter to the 433 members of the House to join together in buying a gift for Luci and Pat for their wedding. Carl Albert was to be the Treasurer. Raising his voice loud and clear in dissent was Representative Gross who says, "I'm not going to contribute. I've never met the girl and I've never met the boy she's going to marry."

Poor Luci, alas, was in tears to have caused her Daddy any further trouble, particularly since from the very beginning we have said that this is a family occasion and not a state occasion. And only a very few members of the House as a matter of fact are going to be invited.

When she had gotten back from New York at midnight and after numerous conversations, she had issued a statement, "I have been informed that some of our friends in the Congress were going together to get Pat and me a wedding present. I treasure my ~~family's~~ family's friends in the Congress, but I hope that no contribution will be accepted for any present for us. I only want as personal a wedding as possible in the circumstances in which I find myself. This is a very meaningful time in my life and the good wishes of our friends in Congress is ample joy for us." But when she telephoned Carl Albert before giving out the statement to tell him about it, he would have none of it and said, "Think nothing of it. We are going right ahead with our plans." She could not talk him out of it. And close to midnight was no time to call Speaker McCormack.