

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, July 27, 1966

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Only 10 days until Luci's wedding. No matter if he goes to sleep at 2:00, Lyndon wakes up every morning a little past 7:00. And I stagger out to my room and sometimes fall asleep again as I did this time, deliciously, until 5 minutes to 10:00.

I called Warren immediately. We had a very serious business date. He joined me a little past 10:00 in the Queens' Sitting Room. There was Bob Kohler. We talked for about an hour on Luci's plans for her honeymoon.

Woody had brought an enormous book of airline schedules -- big enough to be global. And in the end after much talk, we asked him to make four reservations -- Luci, Pat, two Secret Service men -- from New York Sunday morning, August 7th, on Pan American for Nassau. Although I keep on talking about it in front of him and even the Secret Service as the destination, I have not even told Helen where that suitcase she is packing is going.

Woody will pay cash and reserve them in the name of some fictitious person I do not even know. And Bob Kohler will pick them up from him.

Then Woody left, and Bob Kohler and I talked a little longer with Luci present about the actual departure. He favors the tunnel that leads into the Treasury ^{and says} to avoid using suitcases that have her initials on them. We talked about just taping over the initials. But we ended by deciding to borrow Bob Kohler's wife's suitcases. What a joint honeymoon this is going to be!

And then I had a multitude of phone calls to make. Rusty Young, about the flowers, ^{for} the Shrine and for the White House. He is writing me up a long

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chart and will bring them over later in the day. ^{Mary Kaffman} ~~Mark~~ ~~Caldman~~ about meals for all the house guests beginning this weekend and extending to the weekend of the wedding -- something cold in a buffet for the night of August 6th because not all the guests will simply melt away to a honeymoon. And as those hour-long programs begin, at 7:00 and 7:30, some of us will want to ^{sit} ~~set~~ around with a glass and a plate and watch the day, probably more accurately than we have lived through it. And mostly to Mary about all the menu for the wedding buffet which we had gone over so carefully on the Truman Balcony. We decided to have the steamship rounds -- nothing equals it to me. To Christine Stugard on some long-neglected office business. I shall begin having staff meetings ^{being a} and ~~having~~ more a part of my own office in September. And to at least three special friends whom I have stashed out to take care of visitors from Texas or New York who will not know many of the other guests and whom I especially want to have a happy time. So many threads go into the fabric of a party, and more by far into this one than any I have ever known. Though truly the greatest responsibility, the most executive management and planning and imagination, is being done by Bess, although ultimately much lends on my desk for decisions.

Then I gathered up Willie Day and Ashton, and we went to the luncheon given by two of Luci's bridesmaids -- ^k Kathleen Carter and Charlotte Sizoo -- for Luci at the Washington Club -- that great relic of bygone days, home of ^c Fissy Patterson, site of many glamorous Washington gatherings in the first quarter of this century.

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To see in a private home, a ballroom with a balcony for the orchestra is almost as bizarre as seeing a pachyderm lumbering down the street. It makes an elegant club. And it was a delightful gathering of bridesmaids, mothers, White House staff friends, school friends. Luci's friendships are not regimented by boundaries of age or belonging to any "set" whatsoever.

There was a champagne toast by Charlotte. And the nicest moment was the presentation of a little white leather-bound book full of little cards on which each guest had been asked on her arrival to write a wish or ~~toast~~ toast for Luci. Most of them were sweet and sentimental. But Betty Beale's was funny: "Roses are red, violets are blue, hurry on to Austin, bring your wardrobe too". She and Luci often borrow each other's cloths.

The day was full of brides. Pretty little Melinda Venable who had been the June bride of LeRoy Bates at the Naval Academy -- Luci used to date him -- Patsy Derby, who is going to be married just two weeks later, and ~~Kath~~ Kathleen Carter, who is going to be married in Austin on August 20th.

Back at the White House Lynda was calling me. She sounded happy. She gave me a description of life at Joe's home -- they rode in a ~~car~~ ^{SURRAY} with a fringe on top -- they layed beside the swimming pool and played bridge. She sounded like she loved it. They were right in the midst of a 52,000 acre ranch, she said.

Mary Davis had called Ashton -- heart broken -- because the new crop of corn was just going to be coming in on August 5th and she did so want to

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come to Washington to Luci's wedding. What could she do about the corn? I phoned Jesse and told him to tell her that if she could manage the ticket and a room not to worry about the corn.

But each day brings its quotas of crises, and there is only one good thing about it -- today's crises blots out yesterday's. This one, coming over the ticker, is that Ethiopia has sent a wedding present valued at \$10,000 to Luci. It is a native costume with some gold bangled bracelets and earrings I am told -- I haven't seen it.

Only yesterday, the Foreign Aid bill passed, but with a very sizeable slash of some \$500 million or so. How some of the Congressmen would love ammunition like this to argue against foreign aid, but what was one to do about it? Of course if you receive a gift from a Chief of State, you accept it and you express your gratitude. Equally so, you don't announce it to the newspapers, but sometimes it slips out by grapevine on the other end of the line. And then you are faced with a direct inquiry -- have you received whatever it is from whatever monarch? It's the most absolutely unpredictable obstacle course.

And anybody planning a wedding in the future in the White House had best read before the decision is made some of the problems faced by their predecessors.

I talked to Helen on packing for Luci. Just one small suitcase and hang-up bag was enough for overnight and was to be placed in the back of a car -- maybe Friday afternoon -- and all the rest to be packed in Mrs. Kohler's suitcases and to be dispatched by the advance Agent whenever he goes down.

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Lyndon was taking the Ambassadors on the boat. So I had an evening with Luci and Betty. We had dinner on the Truman Balcony -- first by the twilight and the half moon, and then by candle light. And then Betty, with great insight, excused herself, and I talked with Luci until 10:00 -- philosopher, analyst, real lover of the world and of people. How I am going to miss her! She talked about the strings that bind her in her life as the President's daughter. "I crave to go to Europe. I would love to go. But I would not love the criticism it causes. And I love to go paddle-boating. And nobody minds if I go paddle-boating. So I go paddle-boating."

Her thesis was that she gets great joy from the simple things that nobody can take away from her. Playing with the puppies, making fried chicken, potato salad picnic for her friends, baby-sitting with Madilyn Mondelaros' little two-year old while Madilyn has the new baby. The essence of it is that Luci loves life. She does not ~~feel~~ ^{feel depressed} ~~depressed~~ or frustrated because of the things she can't do as the President's daughter. Her ability to express herself is so good, if she could only combine it with the discipline of writing it down and perhaps of taking courses in the University on enrichment of vocabulary and technique of writing, ^{her} bubbling, natural talent might bear real fruit. But perhaps part of her charm is its very effervescence -- you might as well try to put moonlight or mist into a box!