

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Friday, July 29, 1966

WASHINGTON

Page 1

It was one of those days that begins feeling that Lyndon has slept hardly at all the night before.

I went with Bess into the Treaty Room and there on the big Cabinet table we spread out the chart of the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception -- the sections and pews marked. We worked on the seating for Sections A and B for the members of the family and those closest. Mrs. Lindow came and brought the three gifts that Luci had talked over with me ^{for} Bess and Liz and Willie Day.

Bess' was perfection -- a little charm that said, "For a wedding song who made my wedding sing - L. J. N." "Wedding song" is a code name for Bess with the Secret Service.

Liz', alas, did not turn out right. It was supposed to read, "For Immediate Release - My Thanks to Liz", her initials and the date.

Willie Day's was the most delightful of all -- a little chipmunk. That is what she has called Luci ever since she was born. And the engraving, "To Willie Day - From her Chipmunk - August 6, 1966".

I asked Andre to stay and have a bite of lunch with me in my bedroom which was much interrupted by me going out to greet Luci's luncheon guests -- a party in honor of the next bride, Vicki. A guest list of 30 composed of her friends in the office -- Marie, Yolanda, Mildred, Willie Day, Juanita. And wives of staff members -- Mrs. Jake Jacobsen, the first time she has ever been to a party I think with us, and Mary Margaret and Geraldine Whittington who used to be on the staff, and Ashton and a great many of Simon's family, and some of her roommates.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, July 29, 1966

Page 2

It was a beautiful party. I am overwhelmed at what this staff can do. Rushed as they are, they had produced the most elegant menus -- imaginatively written, incorporating the names of places dear to Vicki and Simon.

And then Luci made a graceful toast with love and good wishes to the bridal pair including the statement that this was the first time she had ever had a party upstairs. This true statement brought the house down with laughter. And the reason is that downstairs her Daddy had over a hundred men for a stag luncheon for Prime Minister Wilson of Great Britain. It's heavy grinding in his mill today -- a 3 or 4 hour talk I believe with Mr. Wilson. And then the airline strike reaching some state of crisis.

I stayed just for a few minutes at the beginning to greet the guests and later to hear the toast. And Andre and I had a quiet, pleasant lunch in between, talking about each other's daughters, about how she ^{funny} had grown up. It had been a very different, exotic, life -- quite removed from mine -- England, the Netherlands, Turkey.

After his luncheon was over Lyndon came upstairs to talk to Luci and me about going to Camp David -- oh welcome thought. He said "I just want to take people that are easy. If you get in touch with the Whites and the Deasons and I'll ask Vicki and Simon -- and Ashton, why don't you go with us? And let's set 7:00 although I think it will be later. I've got a date with or about the airline strike at 6:00. We'll go whenever we finish."

He was in a great mood.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, July 29, 1966

Page 3

There had been some foolishness in the paper about him ordering the cut-away from ^{Sentry}~~Lynch~~-Linden in San Antonio in hot haste. It wasn't true. I was talking to Liz and he gave me an hilarious story to tell her about an alleged conversation ~~that~~ he had had with a reporter in regard to other items in his clothing. Liz reported that she was getting pretty lousy questions herself, one of which when a reporter who had ^{woken}~~woke~~ her up about midnight last night to inquire -- how far away could you hear the bells in the carillon at the Shrine when they began to ring 1 hour before Luci's wedding?

I worked at my desk for awhile. 7:00 passed. I knew the meeting was in progress. But there was no report of what to hope for. I took a drink into the Jacqueline Kennedy Garden and sat under the arbor admiring the pattern and the grace of the clusters of the green grapes. It's ~~covered~~ more than half way covered the arbor now -- the grapevine has. And the zoysia grass, so green and tailored and clipped in this parched and drought-stricken city. And the brilliant ^{Glorious}~~glorial~~ ~~sad~~aisies.

And then I walked around the ~~garden~~ grounds. The two new buildings arising above the level of the White House -- the skyline is changing around us.

At 8:30 when it was still light, I went back in, worked some more and being ravenous I ate my dinner alone. I called Lyndon's office to see what the prognosis was. The word was that there might be a break in the strike. He might be on TV in a little while. I worked with the feeling of mounting excitement. They called that he would be on TV in five minutes. I went into

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, July 29, 1966

Page 4

his room where all the TV sets were on. And there, very calm and deliberate, no drama, no exaltation, flanked by the representative of industry and the representative of the airline mechanics union, he announced that the mediation on the airline mechanic strike had been successful. Agreement would be reached pending a vote by the workers on Sunday on the recommendation of their union leaders.

There was a feeling of high ~~an~~ excitement of the rich wine of success. Both the representative of industry and the representative of labor spoke. I felt that I could almost hear a sigh of elation go up all over the country. I had felt from everything I had heard Lyndon say that he did not consider this a national emergency. It was not crippling out men in Viet-Nam. It was not really impeding the flow of steel or food or necessities. But it was a burr in the general temper of the country. Settling it would bring down blood pressures, calm frustrations, mark up one more star for the Administration.

In a few minutes, Lyndon came in. ~~When~~ When he has just won, excitement pours from him and he wants to do more and more. He said, "Can you get dressed in 5 minutes? I want to go to the dinner for Carl Albert."

I could. I was in my ^{perch} ~~piece~~ brocade and he in a fresh dark suit, and we were in the car in ten minutes and out to the Sheraton Park where we had spent such a pleasant summer in '61. There were about 1,000 people in the big ballroom, ^{So} the paper said, "Oklahoma Indians -- all men and girls in gingham". Mostly what I saw ^{were} ~~because~~ fellow members of the House of

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Friday, July 29, 1966

WASHINGTON

Page 5

Representatives with Hale Boggs and the Speaker and practically a quorum of the Cabinet at the head table.

We stayed 20 minutes. Lyndon was in great form. He gave Carl his unforgettable due, beginning with an analysis of how he really was an intellectual, a Rhodes scholar, a Ph. D., one of the youngest to graduate from college -- the completely unknown side to me. And on top of that he came from Bucktussel, Oklahoma and named later - changed - to Flowery Mound. And according to Speaker Sam Rayburn's philosophy, a man from such a place is bound to have practical sense.

Lyndon told the Oklahomans of the decision to end the strike, and a great cheer went up all across the room. He ended happily, "It looks as though I am going to get both of my wishes tonight: to settle the airline strike so that I could go to Carl Albert's dinner, and then to spend the night at Camp David."

Out we went in a great flurry. Back at the White House our guests were ~~waiting~~ waiting in the Diplomatic Reception Room -- the Gonellas, the Whites, the Deasons. And then we were on the plane to Camp David where Lyndon wolfed his dinner at 11:30.

Such is the luxurious life of a President -- the spirit of release, of freedom, of one battle won, was very high and racy in us, and we were all happy when we arrived at Camp David ~~at~~ ^{near} midnight.

We had a night-cap in the living room, and all departed to our cabins about 1:00