

Santorini - rock - goes
MEMORANDUM

Samos - wine

Samothrace THE WHITE HOUSE
Washington
Monday, August 1, 1966

Delos

Rhodes

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Kos - old temple

Crete - port of Gile

It had been a wonderful, high, restful weekend. But it ended

on a crushing note of defeat and a climax to joy. So the night had been restless. But I stayed close to try to comfort Lyndon. And I at least woke more fatigued than refreshed. I wrote a note to the Harrimans to go with flowers to their party, talked with Liz and Bess about a foreign press representative, seatings in the front pews. Then I went into the Lincoln Room. There was a magnificent confusion. Priscilla, Miss Treyz, a covey of bridesmaids trying on the pink dresses, being fitted, posing in front of the long mirror that used to be in Alice Roosevelt Longworth's room. Lynda -- how typical -- had done hers promptly, early, first. I believe we accomplished four today.

Jean Louis had been down early doing Luci's hair for her pictures in her wedding dress. We had decided to secure the 1st floor with not even the butlers or maids or passing workmen or signal corpsmen could see that great treasure -- her wedding dress, -- as she came into the East Room for the ~~As she came into the East Room~~ pictures.

And then she too came into the Lincoln Room -- her black hair piled high in a real triumph by Jean Louis. And in front of Alice Roosevelt Longworth's mirror, Priscilla hooked on the train that ~~gave~~ gave the final perfect touches to it. And Helene said on ^a her soft breath, "It is the most beautiful dress I have ever seen, and it is you, Luci".

Checks
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Feb. 21

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Even the closet looked like a wedding. There side by side were 12 ~~white~~ ^{Beige and} white striped kits with pink tissue paper foaming from them. ~~There~~ ^{Their} contents were the wedding shoes and gloves -- final touches for the bridesmaids. This was Stanley's gift.

Luci went down ~~for~~ her pictures. Then I found to my chagrin that so secure was the securing there was not a ~~sole~~ ^{soul} in the kitchen to cook me a scrambled egg -- my diet lunch -- and that dear Lucinda whose table was piled high with ^{" "}must altering for the party at 5:00 this afternoon and for things all the rest of the week, couldn't even come up from the staff dining room in the basement to her sewing machine on the third floor. The Usher and I worked that out.

Then after my bit of lunch, I went downstairs to see Luci. In the ~~golden~~ ^{gold} white East Room, I met a blaze of light. She was standing on a pyramid of rug covered boxes. Okamoto as master of ceremonies was posing her for Mr. Atkins and Bob Knudsen -- staff photographers. I shivered when I looked at the top box on which she was standing. It was not more than 12 inches wide. Direction to move sideways a few inches or to put her foot here or there would have ~~h~~ sent her toppling to the floor. Very quietly I told Okamoto and Luci to proceed gently lest we have a bride on crutches or ripped train. I think the height was to put her close to the chandelier or with the light in her eyes was scarcely less bright than they. Okamoto has a great artistic sense for pictures. Later I heard

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she was on her feet for three hours for a series of pictures.

I went to Jean Louis for a complete remaking -- everything that the beauty parlor could do for me. But on the way out I heard the most hideous, appalling news -- a sniper in the tower at the University of Texas had killed 5 people and wounded 17. It was incredible -- too hideous to believe. I remembered the exact spot where he was -- the 26th floor where there is a balustrade that goes all around the four sides ^{where} ~~while~~ you can see the blue hills of Austin in the distance. He was shooting straight down on to the drag and onto all the campus.

Somewhere -- I don't know exactly where -- I got the word that one of the victims was Paul Bolton's grandson -- Paul Bolton ^{Sonntag} ~~Suntag~~.

The Nugents had arrived at 2:00. I welcomed them over the phone and told them I would leave my car for them to go to the Harriman party in, accompanied by Bess. I would ~~not~~ catch a ride with Luci and Pat because we had been asked to be there by 5:00.

My second most important call of the day.

My first had been to Arthur Godfrey who was leaving within the half-hour to go to Viet-Nam, and I thanked him for his dear, warm, sweet offer to help these young folks on their honeymoon. And I said no.

The second most important one was to delegate to Marvin getting the President to the Harriman party -- I said 6:30 if possible. I knew the strain of the day trying to wrestle some kind of victory from the

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defeat we faced. I remembered the line from "The Man From La Mancha",
"To beat the unbeatable foe" -- the "foe" is just ^(which may?) fate sometimes when you
wear all sorts of names. ch
tape

And then in good time -- and how proud I am that Luci who is always
tardy has been up to ~~now~~ ^{now}, wonderfully on time -- we left for the Harriman's.
There was an obstacle course of cameras and pad and pencil girls outside
of the Harriman's lovely Federal house in Georgetown. We posed in the
doorway -- Averell and Marie, Pat and Luci and I. And then inside,
30 minutes earlier than the guests were expected so that we could have
the presentation of the Diplomatic Corps' gift to Luci and Pat by Sevilla-Sacasa,
the Dean of the Corps. The great package was magnificently wrapped.
And as Luci brought out piece after piece of the silver tea set in old Maryland
engraved -- six pieces in all -- cameras ~~clicked~~ away. She and
Sevilla-Secasa beamed in happy delight. This joint gift has been a wonderful
idea to make every country -- all of the 114 -- feel that they are participating.
But almost it has worked. Only a sprinkling -- a half dozen or less -- gifts
from Chiefs of State which are usually too rich and expensive and bizarre
to accord ^{with} the small apartment and simple life of a young couple starting
out. And which in today's political climate of foreign aid to which
Congressmen are more and more rebellious bring problems in their wake.

There were a few minutes to enjoy at the Harriman's house -- ^{the Van Gogh} ~~van Gogh~~
of roses over the fireplace, ^{CERANNE} ~~landscape~~ landscape, a ^{Gautreaux} ~~Toulouse Latrec~~ woman that
doesn't look in the least cafe society.

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There was [^]big bay window that opened onto the garden and then a table on it with the flowers we had sent that Marie so graciously pointed out. And in front of them was arranged the silver tea set from all the members of the Corps to see as they entered.

The house rambled on and on rather like a country house. There were French doors that gave onto a terrace which was covered with a ~~flowered~~ floral canvas[^] roof in case of rain. And then the garden went down and down into other terraces ^{re}splendent with glossy-leaved giant magnolia trees, the pink and white crepe myrtle bushes, round tables covered with pink cloths, pink flower centerpieces. On the very lowest level, the blue coolness of the pool, with a dance floor and a small orchestra on the other side. A beautiful setting!

Jimmy Symington summoned us to the receiving line -- Ambassador ^{the} and Marie and Luci and Pat, and I stood in it for about 10 minutes and then left it for the rest of the evening for the central figures.

Luci was lovely in her brilliant pink chiffon with the jeweled neck which flowed like a cage, although I can't get used to that two-inch above the knee level.

I had seen the guest list earlier. Nearly everyone of the 114 countries were represented -- a Charge d'Affaires, ^ythe Ambassadors were out of town. Averell told me later that all of the iron curtain countries had a representative there.

Very delightfully Marie had asked the children of the Corps between

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18 and 24 which meant that the Sevilla-Sacasas had five in tow. And I was delighted to meet this more than half of their large family.

It was especially sweet of Marie to have invited all of the wedding party. They loved it most of all.

I glimpsed Betty Beale -- beautiful in a white satin with bows down the back and her hair piled high and touched with white daisies here and there. And little Patty McGuirk ^{Botticelli} looked like a ~~body-souly~~ girl -- fragile, golden hair and milky white complexion and pastel flowered dress. Helene, so poised and gracious in a smart white dress.

And then the prettiest woman at the party arrived with the presence, with the flare, with the manner -- Lynda, in a dark green laced dress, no jewelry, her hair in a great evening hair-do.

Jack Valenti greeted her with a word that she was prettier than many of the movie stars he is now seeing in his new role.

Lynda and Warrie Lynn have clung together during these days before the wedding. She is good for Lynda.

Out of the receiving line I went with George Abell from terrace to terrace, talked with Ahmeds. They ~~are~~ are leaving. I am so sorry. She will come to tell me goodbye. The Deans, who had brought their young son, here from England for a ~~xxxxx~~ summer vacation. The Ambassador from Korea and his wife who had brought their charming, shy young daughter. He had sent Luci the traditional bridal quilt from ~~hese~~ his country.

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And the very articulate Ambassador from the Cameroons in his native costume. I found his country is just about as large as Texas with about a 6,000 population. The Rossides, just in from Cyprus -- to the attractive young Peter Duchins. Yesterday was his birthday. Later on tonight they are having another party for him.

And then a little before 7:00 Lyndon came. I found out what it is like when the President is expected. Som^eone comes in in great excitement, "The President is due in 10 minutes." Another rushes in, "The President is due in 4 minutes." Another, "Time to come to the front door, the President is driving up."

He was smiling and affable whatever it cost him because I know it must have been a hellish day. He stayed for about 45 minutes.

I had a chance to move from group to group telling them what a dear idea they had had to give Luci the silver tea service. How much she would love it, and pass it on down to her children and grandchildren.

Lyndon danced with me, then Ambassador Harriman, and of course the ebullient Dean of the Corps, Sevilla-Secasa.

The Nugents sat at a table at the upper terrace, and everyone thronged by to meet them.

And the Lithuanian Charge' or Ambassador was delighted, I hear, when she addressed him in his native language.

It was nearly 8:00 when we left and I whispered in Luci's ear to gather up her wedding party who were undoubtedly having a very good time,

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but might not recognize that it was the hour to go home.

Jack Valenti had been one of the stars of the evening. He is the father of a new son named John Lyndon. He had been passing out the word that he was named John for a Saint and ~~Lyndon~~ Lyndon for Bess Abell's son.

From the party, we went by the Washington Hospital Center to see Mary Margaret. She already had guests -- the Leonard Marks. She looked well and ~~replete~~ ^{replete} with happiness. And little John Lyndon has certainly been "marked by his daddy" as Lyndon says, "As much chaff - about a half a calf".

Chaff
? "but much chaffing about the name - 'he gets half a calf'"

We were back at Lyndon's office by 8:15 and there I left him with Joe Califano, knowing it would be a late evening. Legislation on the Hill had gone very badly. Congress, so determined to do something about the strike, is going to follow the very brave course of directing the President to use his discretion to end it. It seems to me a cowardly passing on of responsibility. Then Lyndon will be faced with the necessity of signing or vetoing it. It seems like a sharp and skillful knife to insert between the President and labor to excise their support from him. Sometimes I begin to feel that we are being operated on by real pros. But I personally have one armor -- there is nothing further I want. But even that is not quite true, because I want to retain the place in history that I think Lyndon has so well merited in his more than 30 years.

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Joe Califano said that Bobby Kennedy had agonized which way to vote and then had put the responsibility on the President.

I went back to the White House and joined all the young folks and the Nugents in the solarium -- Patty, Betty Beale, Hitch, Sharon, the Rays and their guests, Dr. and Mrs. Aronbach. We've set up a sort of a permanent dining room table for the week up there. It will be loaded at night with ^{Charming} ~~shaping~~ dishes that will stay hot for people as they come and ^{and} go with cold things for lunch. Tonight's beef stroganoff and rice was welcomed by 9:20, and I told the Nugents I just wanted to join them up there because there was no need of them waiting until a possible 11:00 -- very uncertain hours when Lyndon would come. I had heard that he had been joined in his office by people whom I knew ^{was} working on the day's problems, and it would be open-end.

I had made a call to Dollie. Lyndon had called Paul earlier. How ~~he~~ does it -- I've sworn I would never use that phrase -- is beyond me. Dollie said very sensibly "shock carries its own anesthetic". And we don't really know what's happening yet. She said her son, Cristy, realizing that his mother would think he might be on the campus, had phoned her to tell her he was safe and that he and his wife were coming over to her house. And there from their rather high vantage point, they watched through glasses the University tower. They saw the smoke coming from the rifle. Once they saw the figure moving around the terrace. Paul was at the radio station

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at his news desk. He~~ar~~^{Spelce} heard Neil ~~Spells~~, or one of the announcers, preparing to go on the air, calling off the names of the victims -- Paul Bolton ~~Santag~~^{Santag}. He said, "Read that again." His voice was not in control when he spoke to me for a moment, in contrast to Dollie's. He said the sweetest things about Lyndon. "We've gone through a lot together and all I could think of to say to Dollie was, "Someday we will go wild flower hunting and for~~g~~et our troubles." It had been a day of many emotions, bitter taste of defeat in Lyndon's work, happy confusion of Luci and bridesmaids -- ^{? Ch Tape} pink too, arrivals, an elegant party. Then the horror of unspeakable tragedy in a place precious to me, happening to people I know and love.