

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Tuesday, August 23, 1966

WASHINGTON

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It was one of the happiest days at the White House. I slept until 10:30 -- the legacy of the busy days and nights that I wish Lyndon could share. Then I went swimming -- had 30 laps and worked on signing my mail and had a scrambled egg for lunch in my room -- part of my New Year's -- ~~resolutions-in-the-middle-of-August~~ frame of mind. And then I had a rather important meeting at 1:30 in the Treaty Room which I have begun to call ~~my Board of Directors room~~ with Liz and the people from National Geographic -- Bob Breeden, Lonnette Aikman, and Don Crump -- about the new book, "The Living White House."

They had given me the proofs to read. It is delightful, but there is repetition between Mrs. Aikman's text and my ^{new} Forward and Bruce ~~X~~ Catton's Introduction. My ^{new} Forward I can ~~cut~~ certainly cut and will. These 2-1/2 hours we spent on discussing ~~the~~ pictures that would make it better balanced to show the full breadth of the life that goes on here -- all of its activities. I think it will be a better book for the things we cleared up and the time we put into it.

// Sometime during the day I went into Luci's room and there on the mantel was a taped-on card which read, "In this room Patrick John Nugent slept with his beloved wife, Luci Baines, on ^{the} short night of August 18, 1966." It will be ⁱⁿ a reverent successor to other reminders emblazoned on fireplaces in this house. But this one is only with typewriter and gummed tape and destined for the waste basket in a week or two. I am surrounded with gay young folks, staff and children.

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Another example of their humor was a printed card which me^{reached} at the very height of the tension and confusion before the wedding. This official looking document read: "The Park Commission wishes to announce that your backyard has been selected for a game preserve and that the first shipment of 500 buffalo will arrive at your home on Tuesday at 3:45 a.m." This was Lynda's contribution to my ^{piece} piece of mind. I later frowned. //

After the National Geographic meeting, next on the docket was the beauty parlor and then home to dress for the big event of the day -- our party in honor of the three youngs couples who are soon to be married. Hubert and Muriel's son, Robert, and his fiancée Donna Erickson, and Bob and Margy McNamara's daughter, Margy, and her fiancé Barry Carter, and Bill and Jane Wirtz' son, Richard, and the girl he is going to marry, Margaret Ann Hickman. It was a real family party. All the Cabinet except the Katzenbachs and the Freemans, who were out of town. The other trio of parents of the young couples.

First we met in the Red Room -- the three couples and their parents and Lyndon and I -- for a drink and get-acquainted 15 minutes. ~~There~~ ^{an} There is alchemy about the Red Room that gets people together, makes them friendly, makes conversation flow. Then we went into the Blue Room -- Lyndon and I and Bob and Donna and Margy and Barry and Peggy Ann and Dick Wirtz, for pictures of the eight of us. And then pictures of us by foursomes. And then goodbye to the press. And from then on it was a free evening!

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The party was largely rather young Government people -- the Joe Barr's from the Treasury, Jim Symingtons from Protocol, Sheldon Cohens from IRS, young Senator Scoop Jackson and Joe Tydings, young House members -- the Bill Greens and John Tunneys. And all the children of the Cabinet over 16 years of age, a total of about 14 with of course their wives or husbands. That was the very nicest part of the party for me, because I remember all the years when I wished the children were included in more of the festivities here in Washington.

The Arthur Goldbergs were here with their son Bob and his wife. And how happy I was to have Martha and Luther Hodges, looking completely recovered from his operation. And Buford and Katherine Ellington were our house guests. And Luci and Pat were everywhere spreading their own special aura of happiness among the young folks. And Lynda Bird and Warrie Lynn without dates but dancing with all the aides. And the Carpenters and the Abells and the Califanos from our staff were with us. And friends of the three young couples -- we had asked them to send lists. It was a thoroughly gay, relaxed, happy time. I had Bob Humphrey on my right and Bary Carter on my left and Dick Wirtz was at my table. And pretty Mrs. Tydings and Mrs. Green -- very young and gay.

The menu was valentine ring ~~m~~argy in a saddle of lamb, with garden bouquet of vegetables Donna, and the Peggy's flirtation salad, topped off with Cupid glass.

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Barry had been attending the Woodrow Wilson School of Public Service at Princeton, and this led to talking about the Johnson School and my hope that it would be for undergraduates as well and turn out better Mayors and candidates for the House of Representatives and Congress and Governors -- not just school teachers. I was pleased that he saw it that way too.

The tables -- thanks to Bess's inventiveness -- were labeled not just 1, 2, 3. But after famous couples in love: Adam and Eve, Lancelot and Guinevere, Anthony and Cleopatra. I refrained from saying that these choices had sometimes fallen upon tragic days.

With the coffee I began the toast with much sincerity and warmth, if less facility of language, how proud we had been to work with the parents of these young people and because we knew the parents and their caliber, how surely we felt these young people would add a bright page to the future of America.

And then the Vice President took it up. The toasts went round and round. And Richard Wirtz made a very graceful toast to two who have shown us what a happy marriage can be -- the President and me! I seldom have been as flattered. And then Lyndon made a dear, long toast which actually was to his whole Cabinet and what they meant to him. And we all drank to the young folks over and over.

And then we went into the East Room where there were cabaret *tables* around the walls with candles and an open bar and dancing, and I discovered

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that John Connor is the best dancer in town. And as Averell and Marie Harriman danced by, he leaned over and said to me, "No one has ever done more really nice things in the White House for so many people."

I was as pleased as if I had had the ribbons of the legion of honor.

I drifted ^{from} ~~to~~ table to table when I wasn't dancing and talked to the Udalls and the Fowlers and to try particularly to meet the guests of the three honor couples.

And then a little before 12 was the big event of the evening -- the ^{Pia Juana} ~~Pia Juana~~ Brass came -- Bess's big coup -- six instrumentalists led by trumpeter Herb Alpert who were playing out at the Carter Barron and who sounded like a cross between New Orleans Jazz and South of the Border music. They were really quite unique and a great hit and a gasp went up from all the ~~young~~ people when they walked in. And I, the hostess, had that pleasant sensation that this is really successful.

Lyndon left a little past 12:00 and I danced another 30 or 40 minutes and then was upstairs in bed by 1:30, pleased with the whole evening, happy that we had done it, content that I had ~~added~~ added to the warmth and family feeling of those who work with my husband.