

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, December 7, 1967

Page 1

Four years ago today, we moved into the White House.

And it has been one of the most satisfying days of all the preparations for Lynda's wedding. Yesterday and today have been really relatively serene. It's Friday that the crescendo begins.

I was up early and worked at my desk. And then to Ashton's office to go over with Neta some of the details about the Christmas pictures I am signing. For just a few I'm getting everybody's signature <sup>for</sup> of Mary <sup>LASKER</sup> ~~Frank~~ and the Tom Clarks and the Harrimans. Even a thumb print from Lyn whose finger will be dipped into the ink.

In the office, I found Luci working on an album for Lynda. It is one of the most imaginative gifts I have ever seen. Hidden in the binding is a little music box that plays "Here Comes the Bride". And there were pictures, old and familiar, beginning with Lynda aged 6 months. Then Lynda with her Christmas stocking in front of the fireplace at her grandmothers. And on into pictures I have never seen. An adorable one of her and Chuck together high in the air on the Ferris wheel at the Country Fair here on the White House grounds.

Luci had spent hours going through the White House files -- the little tiny finger nail size prints that you look at with a magnifying glass and then select what you want. Many of them were one of a kind, but the captions were what were hilarious. Luci has a freshness, a creativity, that all of the three other Johnsons cannot quite equal. It was a labor of love.

All in all, I autographed an enormous stack. I'm close to being through on Christmas preparations. That is, for the staff and friends. And frantically,

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Thursday, December 7, 1967 WASHINGTON

Page 2

desperately, nothing for those closest to me.

At 12:30, I went to the solarium and found nearly all our house guests assembled. The Robbs and Trenny, and the McAllisters, Warrie and Phyllis and Luci and Pat. Only Sam Houston in his room. I had stopped in for a few minutes with him. He looks remarkably better. He's lost so much weight. Dr. Voss comes to see him often, and he's surely going to get a star in his crown for his kindness to him.

These are such genial, happy times -- this week-long house party. And everyone of the girls searches for things they can do for Lynda -- to relieve her of strain -- to run errands -- to smooth any path.

I continued working in the afternoon with Ashton. And then wary for exercise, went to the bowling lanes where I had three games. I've done well this week. One swim, two -- or is it three -- bowlings, and exercises nearly every night. Then I walked through the whole house.

In the East Room the workmen are assembling a platform altar against the center of the East Wall, flanked by the tall pilasters of Rebecca Harkness' beautiful stage. And there are tall columns rising by the door that would house TV lights. There is a great, red screen down at the south end behind which the wedding cake will be erected on a table on a raised platform. And there are bushels of holly and evergreens and glossy green magnolia leaves being carried around the house to decorate the fireplaces and the chandeliers and the mantels and the toepear trees in pots. Actually, my heart sank when I saw the East Room. We had spoken of getting 300 people in there.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Thursday, December 7, 1967 WASHINGTON

Page 3

With the Marine band in place and the stands marking off the isle, I wonder how we will get as many as 200.

There were clusters of workmen on ladders, setting up or carrying out furniture. Mr. West and Mary giving directions. And Bess doing everything, with a tiny little wire around her neck and tucked into her dress by which she can communicate with ~~xxx~~ all her troops all over this great House. And yet, always / managing to look so calm and relaxed.

One of my experiences in this White House has been working with some great people -- some real executives. Lyndon has his and I have mine. And Bess and Liz head the list.

The tent is going to be beautiful. The pink and red color scheme that I associate with Mary Lasker. And two plastic windows that look out onto the South grounds toward the Washington monument.

Back upstairs, I worked at my desk until it was time to dress for Lynda's supper for her bridesmaids.

I wore a new leisure outfit -- a green silk that Madame Park of Korea had given me, embroidered with the lily of the valley -- the flower of happiness in Korea -- made into a <sup>voluminous</sup> ~~evening~~ evening skirt worn with a pale green blouse.

Lynda had been quite positive about how she wanted this party. Small, intimate, cozy. And it was. Just her seven bridesmaids and Mrs. Robb and I, in the Yellow Room. And she had asked Bess and Liz and Willie Day to come in for a drink before the buffet supper.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, December 7, 1967

Page 4

What a time of individuality this is. The girls had been invited to come in leisure costumes. Lynda wore a black jump suit, slim and graceful, with a black gray and striped coat thrown over it for her entrance.

Warrie Lynn, a wild psychedelic print of shocking pink, a lot of rose and red and black and white -- a sort of a voluminous clown suit.

And little Trenny had on a sheer yellow paper dress that looked like she had made it to wear to a halloween party when she was 7 years old. And her hair was divided into two stiff pony tails, tied with yellow ribbons.

Only Carolyn looked like a conservative, young matron in a sweet and normal leather costume bought somewhere on main street.

Everyone was in a luxuriously relaxed mood as we looked around and saw that we were just us. We could sit down by one person and talk to them while we quietly have a drink and some delicious hors d'oeuvres, shish kebabs, little hot cheese things.

I sat by Mrs. Robb. Lynda brought in a little basket full of packages and passed them around to each of the girls. And one to Liz and Bess and Willie Day. This I love about her. I hadn't known she was going to do it until she had come in to see me this afternoon in my little office. She designed the gift herself -- a small gold bird perched on an arrow that went through a heart. There was a little green stone for the bird's eye and a red stone in the heart. And on the back of the arrow, very tiny, Lynda's initials and the bridesmaids initials.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, December 7, 1967

Page 5

Then we had dinner from a buffet in the Yellow Room, quich lorraine, a big one. And salad and strawberries for desert.

I had taken a little break just before dinner and gone up with Liz and Bess as they were taking their leave / to welcome Mrs. McAllister and to get her settled down. She had had dinner on the plane. She was going to bed. Her husband was out at the rather big bachelor party that Chuck had given for over 50 people -- the ~~Griffman~~ <sup>Grisman</sup>, the ~~Exordian~~ <sup>Exordian</sup> Swordsman, kinfolks. I told Lyndon that it would be wonderful for him to go, but he need~~x~~ not stay more than 30 minutes. I found that he stayed nearly all evening and gave the toast that almost filled up the throat of the young military men that made up most of Chuck's guest list.

The minute we had finished our supers on our laps, Lynda got Paul Fisher to start the movie. All this in the Yellow Room. And the movies were pictures I had made of Lynda and Luci, beginning when Lynda was just a few weeks old -- pink and squirming, wrapped in a blanket, held by her grandmother. And an adorable one where she is sitting on a couch looking at Luci who is just fresh home from the hospital. Going on to the birthday parties, and the halloween parties. And little shrieks here and there -- there's Carolyn, there's Kiki, look at Scott Carpenter kissing Luci -- vacation trips to Ft. Clark, and St. Joe's Island with Millie and I having it up on the beach with a Japanese parasol.

Nobody enjoyed it more than the participants, of course. That is, Lynda and Luci, and I. And occasionally Carolyn.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, December 7, 1967

Page 6

It was just the sort of evening we needed. As for me, it ended early. I made my departure about 10:00. And I think Mrs. Robb followed soon after.

Chief Mills came up. I had exercises and a rub and to bed early.

The papers had found out where Lynda and Chuck were going to live when they came back from their honeymoon. The only amazing ~~x~~ thing about it was that it had taken them all these weeks to find it. We had gotten the feeling that it was a cozy, safe secret. But at any rate, it set some sort of a record I think. A neighbor said that telephone trucks arriving together with the rumors from the high school brought home by the children, had serviced it.

But there was shocking, sad news too. The chef, who had almost completed the 250 pound, 6 foot, 5-tiered, cake had dropped dead last night as he entered the Shoreham Hotel. The same people that carried the news of ~~him~~ his death carried a good picture of him in his tall white hat with Lynda looking at the cake which he had announced, "the highlight of his career."