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MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, April 1, 1968

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What we used to call April Fool's Day, when I was a child, but there was no foolery about today. We had slept well, but Lyndon was up early, and left for Chicago, to address the National Association of Broadcasters, almost as though he had set a course to break a track record.

It was dramatic and even wonderful; he didn't even take a rest after last night. But thereby, he knocked apart a meeting I had planned for the Library that morning.

Dr. Stanton, and I believe Leonard Marks, were going to join me, and Dr. Grover, and the staff here, <sup>with</sup> The photographers, <sup>as per</sup> moving ~~in~~ stills. Atkins, and Okamoto, and Knudsen - and discussing the kind of pictures we should aim at, for the Library.

We were going to, particularly, talk about filming a State Dinner, which Dr. Stanton might do, for the Library only, not for CBS use.

But today, the pictures took a singularly new turn, <sup>an</sup> ~~in~~ imperative importance to fill in the gaps, and a definite time limit.

After Lyndon left, I read just the headlines - LBJ Tells Nation He Won't Run - Restricts Raids on North Viet-Nam - Cathedral Jammed to Hear Dr. King. There were lots of reactions listed; the only ones I looked for were the ones from the GI's. It said 'GI's Express Anger, Relief' - Response Varied From Welcome Relief to Confused Anger.

"Listened to closely by the soldiers from the Viet Cong Delta to the mountain highlands. "The response frequently, initial disbelief. "You've got to be kidding."

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"If he means what I think he means, I'm violently ill."

Seven marines questioned, were strongly opposed to the bombing halts.

"If they send a few of those politicians over here to be shot at, they'd want to use the A-bomb tomorrow."

Lynda and Luci came into my room. They were a little more - what is the word - not reconciled - maybe it's a little more willing to trust to their daddy's wisdom, and to what would ~~were~~ happen to their husbands with him no longer Commander in Chief.

We listened to Lyndon on TV in Chicago. He sounded great; the words were fine and the voice strong and firm. He called on the news media for responsibility, the production, however, was not good. Poor lighting, not enough close-ups; other luncheon guests visible behind him, distracting, not quite identifiable, and this at the National Association of Broadcasters.

Then, I called together a sort of rump meeting, on photography for the Library. We met in the familiar Treaty Room - Tom Atkins, and Bob Knudsen, Liz and Simone, and Dr. Grover, and Colonel Albright, and Colonel Adams, and Bob Fleming. We talked for nearly two hours about the best use we could make <sup>if</sup> for the next nine months, picture-wise - stills and films, to record this administration. We tried to pin it down to get recordings here in the Communications Room - the news shows and speeches, both by the principals in this Administration, and by others affecting us.

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The Project that I've long had in mind ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> is now accelerated ~~in~~ <sup>and</sup> a necessity. <sup>a</sup> A little home done movie, <sup>by</sup> Tom Atkins, of the family quarters of the White House, the dear familiar rooms where we have spent our four and a half years. Especially the West Hall and the Dining Room where Lyndon has held all his Tuesday lunches, and so many Leadership Breakfasts, and so many twelve o'clock-at-night suppers.

And Luci's solarium, where for so many months, <sup>a</sup> a signature picture, done in soap, I think, looked out on the funny antics of all her ~~little~~ friends.

Perhaps my bedroom, <sup>that</sup> that is so lovely now, and I've done so much work here. I do not think Lyndon's bedroom.

And very especially the Treaty Room, where so many projects have been born and nurtured.

We had sandwiches and tea sent in, talked about what we had and didn't have on beautification pictures, <sup>and</sup> and trips. Dr. Grover gave us advice about needs for the future, and we hoped it would be possible to fill in staff, wherever the gaps made folks like Bob Knudsen work all day and all night.

And then, close to 2:30, I went in and worked with Bess. Word from the office said there was a backlog of 2500 telegrams. There is such a full April and May in front of us, <sup>and</sup> ~~that~~ I want all of it carried off with the greatest style, pardon the word. ~~And~~ Bess and I worked on lists and dates.

~~And~~ Then I put on my green turquoise crepe, <sup>and</sup> and my most serene <sup>smile</sup>

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which was not in the least hard, and went over to the State Department for the swearing in ceremonies of Angier Biddle Duke. It was in the John Quincy Adams room, that lovely, dignified room - a lot of press, but oddly, they did not surround me, there was a sort of brief - could I use the word respectful <sup>truce</sup> as I walked through.

There were three Chiefs of Protocol there - Jimmie Symington, outgoing; he made the main speech. Pretty little Sylvia nearby, I thanked her once more for her letter about the Blair House garden, and told her I would be in touch.

~~And~~ In the crowd, I glimpsed Lloyd Hand, they embraced Ann; and then the incoming Chief of Protocol, Angie Biddle Duke - and Robin, lovely as ever, but what a strange beginning! I expect they felt as though the rug had suddenly been jerked out from under them, but they share that with many.

There were brief, humorous speeches, and the swearing in ceremony, embraces all around, especially with Robin, and then I left, feeling that it was a good thing, to have made an appearance today, and nothing could have been more natural, and dear to my heart, than watching Angie sworn in.

Back at the White House, I worked with Bess. Sometime I called Ramsey Clark, I don't remember quite when, to talk to him about writing a Bill to make it possible for Presidential Libraries, to have copies of USIA film, after the term of office of the President had expired. He was

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very willing and said he would do it right away.

And I called Bill White about the oral tapes. Short of assassination, this is the best atmosphere for oral tapes, but it is a wasting commodity and I hoped that Bill could get to work on those he'd been trying to do, of some of the older Senators, — Senator Russell, Senator Dirksen - or maybe some of the retiring members - Charlie Halleck, George Smathers. He said he would get busy.

Then, I went up to the solarium, for what, to me, was really the most necessary meeting of the day. One I didn't want to put off, although there was a poignance in it. I had asked Bess to get it together. So in the solarium, we met - Bess, and Liz, and Simone, Barbara, and Sharon, and Ashton, and Marilyn. And I told them, that quite simply what I would miss when I left this place, was not the big black car, and the lots of servants, or even the flowers every day, and certainly no titles - but working with people as smart, and devoted, and full of ideas as they are. It will like being naked on a desert island, to be without them. And I wanted to fill the next nine months as full as we possibly could, with all our work on Beautification and Head Start, and sharing this house with lovely, imaginative parties. And I wanted everyone of them to stay right here until January 20th, if they could - but I would understand if some good offer came up, and they had to leave me at any time.

Everyone had tears in their eyes - and Bess - the most unflappable person I know, was, I think, the most emotional. Somehow, I was not and I never

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felt anything more deeply. These are such wonderful people.

Then I went downstairs with Liz. We worked on the Texas trip. It makes me frantic to think that it's only four days away, and how much we haven't done!

Last night, Liz was flat, this afternoon, she is already recovering, full of plans, directions, decisions. She took the whole schedule, from Friday morning to Tuesday night, and went through it, hour by hour, planning speeches and clothes, and logistics.

Finally, at nearly eight o'clock, and I had thought of going to a dinner, Liz left and I suddenly discovered how limp I was. There was no compelling reason for me to go to the dinner, so gratefully, I took off my clothes and climbed into bed.

Diana MacArthur had called earlier and said she'd like to come over and give me a facial, something she hasn't done in about four years now, I think. I felt strangely relaxed and content, as Diana worked deftly on my face and back. She was shaken, sad I think, as a lot of people were, but already adjusting to it - and every hour I know it was better.

We had a long visit. It was nearly ten when Lyndon came in and the three of us had dinner. He had had an overwhelmingly busy day and looked very tired. We talked of the mail, and he handed me, silently, a telegram from <sup>Ambassador</sup> Bunker - one of the most beautiful I'll ever read.

Then, Diana left and I decided I might as well live it up. I called in Chief King, and got a massage, and when he had finished, tip toed to Lyndon's

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door. It was dark inside. Lyndon must be already asleep, and I did not know whether to be glad or sorry. I wanted to talk to him and I wouldn't have waked him for the world.

Sometime during the last momentus 24 hours, I remember one thing he had said, about how the service men would feel about him not running. When I was questioning it and fearing that they would be let down, quite quietly he had said something like, "I have given them all I had, my political life."

And so, on this first day out of the eye of the hurricane, I went peacefully and early to sleep.

There was one funny addenda to the day, when I had run<sup>in</sup> to Pat in the hall, with some rather sloppy grey-green clothes, I think he called them fatigues. I said, "Where are you off to, Pat?" And he says, "I've got K. P. today."

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