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Paper Clip Removed from 06/21/1968, pages 1 - 7.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

WHD

Friday, June 21, 1968

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Lyn's first birthday -- Friday, June 21st -- a full year. One of the happiest in our personal life and one of the tumultuous and often painful in the public life.

I woke up rather early and went in and had breakfast with Lyndon about 8:30 and did a little work on my desk trying to organize my day. The return from a trip always staggers me. So high is the desk piled. Ashton needs to see me. Bess and I must get to work on the social side of the House. And Liz has to have some decisions.

A little after 10:00 I went to the pool for 30 quick laps. And then back upstairs, got dressed for Lyn's birthday putting on my wet hair an unaccustomed fall which looked frankly what it was. I took a brief stop first with Cynthia to Lyndon's Council on Recreation and Natural Beauty. This is a joint one with all of the Governors headed by Hubert; and the public members, Lawrence Rockefeller is the top one.

Hubert was presiding. I slipped in as quietly as possible and listened to a couple of the reports -- most of them, unhappily, read -- but not Hubert, who has the facility of injecting life and the necessity for action into everything, and considerable humor too.

I sat next to Lawrence. He gave me a ^{PARCEL} ~~partial~~ of the reports of the Committee. The ~~EXXON~~ Electric Power industry seems to be making considerable strides in burying some lines, in screening some facilities.

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I stayed just about 30 minutes, and then rode home with Cynthia and Sharon, had a hamburger on a tray in my room while I read more mail and signed.

Then, a little past 1:00, I went down with Luci and Lyn to the Rose Garden for what Luci had laughingly called his press conference. And there were an amazing number of cameras and some writing press lined up in the Rose Garden.

Lyndon came out of the Cabinet Room. There was a little tiny table and a little tiny chair. And a modest size white cake trimmed with red roses and one blue candle and lots of American flags for a little boy in a red, white, and blue jumper. Around his neck there hung a ridiculous note, his White House pass, his picture, and the information that cleared him to come and go from the White House.

We did not tell the press that the pass had been accompanied by a letter from J. Edgar Hoover himself saying that nothing derogatory was found in the files of the so and so and so against Patrick Lyndon Nugent.

Luci who is never at a loss with the press had plenty to say in answer to their questions. But Lyn had practically nothing; in fact a gay, laughing, funny little boy was silent -- even solemn -- because I think he had slept so late. He has the most ridiculous hours. He doesn't wake up until before 10:00 and sometimes it's 12:00 or later. It just so happens that's the way Luci likes to live too.

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If Lyn was noncommittal and I was just an on-looker, both ~~his~~ his grandfather and his mother made up for it.

He has twelve teeth, Luci said. And he speaks about six words: Momma, dada, una, bye bye, more, won't. And he wears a size tottler three. Lyndon said, "You got a platform. Anything you want to tell them?" And then, "He says, 'no comment'".

And then Lyndon took out his tiny pocket knife and cut a big chunk of cake for Patrick, but he preferred a red rose off of the top and tried to take a bite out of the ^{candle} ~~cake~~.

Luci looked adorable -- all peaches and cream in a pink dress and her black hair shining and so proud of little Lyn.

I slipped in early because I wanted to have just a few minutes with Andre~~x~~ Meyer ~~xxxx~~, who was waiting to have lunch with Lyndon. I hugged him. He seemed really pleased to see me. He had been to Europe since our visit to the Ranch. I stayed just a moment and then left for Mr. Per's. Zephyr sent me a hamburg and coke and I ate under the dryer with my straw bag of mail -- that Siamese ~~xxx~~ twin of mine for work.

I was back at the White House just in time to dress and go down into the Jacqueline Kennedy Garden for a reception for the Delegates to the Conference on the Status of Women.

Esther Peterson met me at the door and took me by the hand, introducing me to everybody as we filed ~~by the~~ through the walks of the garden. There were a few faithful Cabinet wives, Marny Clifford who surprises and pleases

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~~and please~~ me for working at this job. And Jane Freeman who I think comes most often and works most earnestly, make our various groups feel at home and a part of everything. And I think I saw Georgia Clark.

Most of the Delegates were professional women, Club women, social workers -- a large delegation from Hawaii. Also from Alaska. A sizeable sprinkling of Negro women. The Cliff Alexanders were there. Mary Kaiserling, Mary Lord, Katie Lockheim who had just written me a wonderful and sweet letter -- a sort of valedictory. Both the John Macys, Dr. Ellen Winston, Frank ~~W~~ozencraft.

I circled the garden with Esther introducing me to everyone. The weather was very hot, and we had wilted sandwiches and limp cookies, and I felt remiss in having it in the garden although usually this is my favorite place.

I spent about 40 busy minutes and then was back upstairs for the main event of the day, Lyn's real birthday party, which took place a little past 5:00 in the Yellow ~~Room~~ Oval Room with an extraordinary guest list. A Catholic Priest, Father Keifer; a Jewish doctor and his wife, the Kraskins; a family, Mr. and Mrs. Lindow and Helene -- with everyone of whom Luci has the same degree of compatability. No generation gap in her life. Our twice-bridesmaid, good friend, all four of us, Warrie Lynn. And from the Staff, Ashton and Willie Day, and to my surprise and pleasure Simone who had handled the press when the baby was born and whom Luci included with a delightful remark, "Simone just might as well have had him."

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I am sure the Yellow Oval Room has seldom been the stage for such a party. A black and yellow striped tiger, 5 feet tall, standing by the mantel was the first thing that I saw. And then a great pile of packages, and Lyn sitting on the floor by them with all of the guests ringed around him in chairs.

His mother came in bringing a cake she herself had made. Chocolate all the way through. And when she put it down in front of him, I ran for a sheet, finding instead large towels and put them underneath the cake out of respect for the White House furnishings.

Patrick Lyndon eyed the cake for a few moments and then he raised one foot and brought it down "caplop" right in the middle of the cake just like the tar baby while we all fell out with laughter. His poise was in no way shaken and he kept on taking a lot of interest in us and in the gifts and everything while his foot stayed right there.

His favorite among the gifts, I think, were the suckers and the wrappings. On the ^{rubber} canoe, "Heap Big Indian Lyn", it said, that Warrie Lyn had given him. Next was a book with a telephone dial on the outside.

He got lots of adorable things, especially clothes. And with each one as she opened it -- his mother -- said those dear, very personal things that mark Luci as a child of grace.

While I, alas, kept on acting the villain by attacking him every 10 minutes or so with a wet wash rag to get the chocolate off those grubby little hands and the sticky sugar off of his face out of ^{deference} ~~deference~~ to the lovely yellow sofas and the ~~app~~ apricot chairs.

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Luci had a tape which she kept on passing around to the crowd to say a word to Pat in between times describing herself to him the scene around us. And he was all so sweet and cozy.

But there was another very sad note in the House all day long.

SANITIZED

I love every facet of this job, of this House. And I love being with Lyndon and with Lynda or Luci. Of all of us, Luci is the most independent and free-spirited, although the most fragile looking.

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It was 10:00 when Lyndon came over for dinner, bringing with him Houston Harte who is going to be our house guest, and Marie. And I had asked Eloise to join us. She had been out for a cocktail party and returned in time. And we had a mellow, pleasant time reminiscing about Charles Marr who was to three of us present at least almost the most fascinating man we ever knew. And about other old friends of Texas days: Amon Carter, M. D. Bryant.

^{Houston}
~~Lyndon~~ presides over his empire with considerable will and activity and with all a graceful acceptance of the years. He travels, he fishes, he has written some -- a pleasant life. I am glad we have shared a part of it, and I am particularly glad that here in the White House between us -- Lyndon and me -- we have managed to write a postscript to these many long-time friendships with a pleasant interlude here in this wonderful place.

The most unique thing yet of the day was after Patrick Lyn's birthday party when all the guests had left, Father Kaifer held a special mass in the Queen's Sitting Room for Patrick Lyn, with only Luci and Lyn and Warrie Lynn and I present. We covered the center table with a white cloth and put up a little portable altar and went through the service with those two pretty girls kneeling on the floor and Patrick Lyn tottling around and all of our hearts several thousands of miles away with Patrick. Quite possibly another first within the walls of this old house.