

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, February 16, 1964

One of those days we just couldn't do without every now and then in a lifetime. We slept very, very late - too late for church, in fact, waking about 11 o'clock.

Luci Baines is in Buckhill Falls, attending a church retreat, or rather a series of discussions on theological subjects. And Lynda Bird, is in Austin for Carol^{Ann} Kellam's wedding. So here we are, just us, and there was a lot of newspaper reading, and then in the afternoon we went to the vesper services right across Lafayette Park, at St. John's Episcopal Church.

My heart had rather been aching for both children all day long because I know what it's like for Lynda Bird to watch Carol^{Ann} getting married under the circumstances of having just buried her mother one week before. And also for Lynda Bird it means saying goodbye, in a way, to one of her closest friends. And for Luci Baines I am particularly disturbed because Thursday night late, before she left Friday morning on a six o'clock bus, I saw her and she was in tears upstairs, telephone calls, troubles. (It's not easy to be sixteen and to be in the place she's in, and to have a young man that she likes very much, who's hundreds of miles away.) But the little bits I've seen in the paper about her performance at Buckhill Falls had been fine, that she spent one nice evening dancing and that she'd taken an active part in all their latest discussions, but that when the few hours came to go out and do the skiing, she said she had to work on some term papers, so she'd been encased in homework. So it sounds

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like she held her head high and did a good job.

If only one could be insulated against the problems of your husband and your children, perhaps you'd live a lot longer and certainly a lot calmer, but maybe then you wouldn't be any use for them, because I guess it would only mean you don't care.

Bob and Marg~~a~~ McNamara and their son, Craig, about 14, came over about 6:30. We had a good, long swim in the pool, during which the men talked business and I did a lot of turns in the pool and talked with Marg~~y~~. And then we went upstairs for an early dinner and a short movie, and bed.

There was a bit in the paper today that delighted me, by Richard Cole, the drama critic, commenting on the Margo Jones award. And giving me a little credit for shoving the theatre along a bit. I accept it with relish and gratitude!

The most substantive thing about the day, I would say, was me hearing Bob McNamara talk about the way they plan to handle the enormous number of men that are turned down by the Army because they can't read or write or are physically unfit. There's going to be an effort put together by the Army and by civilian management, to take all these young men to camp and offer them medical rehabilitation and retraining in the simple rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic, so they won't be turned back into the economic bloodstream of life with a -- no skills
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and floundering helplessly. That's the best idea I've heard in a long time and I hope I live to see it bear fruition. It's a sort of a -- it reminds me of the CCC Camp days and the NYA days, and it sounds like it could be a practical attack on a very vicious problem.

The most disappointing reading in the day's press, I guess, was the summary about the visit with Lord Hume, the headline reading Disagreement Among Friends. President Johnson and British Prime Minister met for two days of talks here last week, reaffirming agreement on Viet-Nam and Malaysia, and they split on trade with Cuba and credit with Soviet Union. Well, Britain must live by trade and Lord Hume must say so, particularly in a political year when he faces a serious contest which may very shortly cost him the job of Prime Minister, and then his successor will certainly say that they'll live by trade. What way is there out of the dilemma? He could have specified what way the trade had been cut by Cuba, and it has in the last year.

Another article that left me with a rather wry feeling, was Betty Beale's, a terrifically nice article, talking about how this Administration, how both of the Johnson's, had been nice to the press, had treated them like they were human beings, had welcomed them in when they came to cover a dinner, offer them a drink while they were waiting, when there was dancing reporters had been asked to join in, just like anybody else. Can it be that there so cynical that they're trying to bribe them just because we're

*[think we're]**Tape: 160, - 2 am 1964*

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doing what comes naturally and being nice.² I hate to believe the first
line of Betty's column¹¹ It's a well-known Washington adage, that
no matter who occupies the White House, they're damned if they do and
damned if they don't.¹¹