

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, May 19, 1964

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The day began with desk work with Liz, Bess and Ashton.

Then I walked over to Lyndon's office to greet the King of Burundi, on the lawn. ^{Small} Small, black, uniformed, bemedaled, speaking only French, I believe. The greeting took only a few minutes and then I left Lyndon to talk over with him, ^{whatever} whatever it is he can talk over, while I returned to the main house for a lot of unfinished business. . . .

Discussing with Jim Ketchum, ^{paintings} paintings for the West Wing, how and where to hang them. Telephone Jim Fosburgh and then telephone Ruth Johnson about borrowing paintings - ^{Remington} ~~Rembrandts~~ and Russells for the West Wing. . . .

And wrote Alice Brown, thanking her for the wonderful "Surf at Prout's Neck" by Winslow Homer, gift to the White House; and the ^{Sully} of George Washington that is a gift to Lyndon for all birthdays and Christmases to come; and also the ^{modus operandi} ~~modus operandi~~ of borrowing some Peter Hurds from the Roswell Museum.

And then on my way in to have lunch in my room, I ran into McGeorge Bundy, Secretary Rusk and Secretary McNamara, ^{with} with Lyndon, stopped for a glass of sherry with them. Then lunch. . . .

At 2:30 a meeting with Dick Goodwin on my Kentucky speech.

The big event of the day was the military reception, and thank heavens, the day was beautiful, because there were over 1000 guests, possibly 1200, and it was planned for the lawn. It would have been catastrophic to try to

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move it inside.

We had greeted all the top brass in the Blue Room. Secretary McNamara and Margie^Y; Secretary of Army Ailes, of the Air Force Zuckert; handsome General Taylor; General Green, Commandant of the Marine Corp; and General Curtis LeMay, Chief of Staff of the Air Force; Admiral McDonald, chief of Naval Operations; Admiral Roland, Commandant of the Coast Guard. Almost everybody with their wives.

Then, taking Lynda with us, we had filed down the steps, ^{off} the Blue Room, ^{so} little used, ^{onto} the lawn, to the sounds of Hail to The Chief, where the thousand or so guests were already assembled. There was music by the Marine Band, ^I am sure no other Chief Executive ever used them more, champagne punch and sandwiches served under the red and white striped tents, where there were large red, white and blue bouquets, and then, though there was no receiving line planned, we soon found ourselves shaking hands with as many of the thousand or so as could get by.

There were oldtimers like General Omar Bradley and Mrs. Bradley; John's great friend, Admiral Arleigh Burke; General and Mrs. Cabel^l, whom I know best from the Texas State Society, because they're the parents of Lynda Bird's good friend Ben Cabel^l; handsome young Colonel Howard Burris and Barbara; the only negro General, ^I think he still is, ^{Major} General Benjamin Davis, ^{or} perhaps his son is also a General by now.

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My main feeling was, how little I really know the military, they're a world apart. I've now been through pretty much of the legislative world, the administrative and executive world, and a little bit the diplomatic corps, but the military is still a different world to me.

A goodly contingent of Congressional people, from Committees related to the military, were on hand, though not nearly all. I believe I saw Clark Fisher in the crowd. The Dan Floods, the Gerald Fords, and Republican Ed Foreman of Texas. Senator Goldwater, who is also a General, was not there.

Everybody enjoyed the view, the monuments, the music, and after Lyndon and I had shaken hands for a long, long time, we then began going down the line, which is a much quicker process than standing and waiting for it to come to you, and returned upstairs about 7:30.

Went briefly to a party for Senator and Mrs. Dodd, celebrating their — I think, 30th wedding anniversary, where I got a glimpse of the Jayneways, Elliot and Babs.

Then home to dinner and bed.

And am I ever without that feeling of "It could have been better" because I thought this would have been an ideal time to invite Colonel Frank Kurtz, who has written us that he is coming to Washington. One of those things I thought of too late.

And also I should have checked to make sure that General Sammy Anderson and his wife were invited. He is now retired, living here in

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the vicinity somewhere, and he was the General with whom Lyndon had flown over Leyte and Salamaua, in early 1942.

I was not reassured, by later on, picking up the guest list, and seeing in good black and white, General and Mrs. Samuel E. Anderson, because they didn't come up and identify themselves to us, as I think they would have if they had been there.

And that's the sort of thing, that I really thought a wife could have done, is to remember two old friends like that.