## THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, May 22nd, 1964

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This was a day of sort of back-wash of weariness, because two or three days of normal activity had been telescoped into the day before in Kentucky.

I left Lexington about 9 o'clock, got to the White House about 12, .

considering the difference in time, and luxuriated in a long bath and a rest, and then at 4:30, Bess Beeman and her daughter, Elaine, came in for tea in the Oval Room, and were soon joined by house guest. Jim and Ida May Cain.

I was really startled at how feeble Bess seemed, or perhaps it's only the result of a cataract operation, and the resulting lack of balance and certainty in walking. She is touchingly devoted, and I wish there was more I could do to make her stay glamorous. I gave her one of Lyndon's medallions, beautifully wrapped; we toured the second floor although. I have the uneasy feeling that the Lincoln room and all the footsteps of history, and the portraits of the great, really mean a great deal to her. But Ida May and Jim were along, taking it all in.

And then we went downstairs, walked through the garden and over to

Lyndon's office where Bess sat in his chair, and Elaine took pictures.

Lyndon had to go out to the stag White House correspondence dinner, which reinforces the feeling that there ought to be a President for ceremonial purposes, and then one for thinking, and planning, and working.

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The first, to some little extent, is a substitute role that I try to fill, lacking the aura of office, and lacking his really overwhelming personality. I'm glad that I'd had a chance before I took my nap, in his room, to tell him a little bit about my day in Kentucky.

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If enough people had been with me on that trip to Kentucky, it would have made some votes for the Poverty Bill. I guess that's one of my purposes, to take them there, through the eyes of the press, that goes with me.