

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 6, 1964

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The day began on an ominous note, at 4:30 a.m., ^{when} with a call - telephone call - from McGeorge Bundy, jarred us awake, - ~~no~~ news at 4:30 a.m. is good, - This news was ² that one of our planes had been shot down over Laos.

It was a rather long conversation, and after that, ² a restless, rolling sleep, with me dimly aware that Lyndon got up and left fairly early.

But I, luxuriously, stay in bed until 10 o'clock - plushy living, if it weren't against the backdrop of that 4:30 conversation.

And then I went out into the West hall, where Lyndon, very thoughtfully, was reading the papers all alone, had both of our breakfast trays brought there, fetched him in some slippers because I heard him sneezing.

And then got dressed just in time for my eleven o'clock appointment with Mrs. Provenson; work on the Radcliffe speech. We worked, ² as usual in my favorite little room, the blue and white Queen's Sitting Room, the most choice feature of which is that it has only one door, so you can't be interrupted too much by people coming and going.

It was 1:45 before we ever lifted our eyes from our work, and then I suddenly realized how hungry I was, ordered a couple of sandwiches from the kitchen, and about that time, in walked Lyndon, handed me something, and I could tell by the look in his eye that he needed to talk to me. So I followed him ² out in the hall, and he did have something that he needed me to get to Walter right away, but much more important, he leaned over and said, "We've got our planes ready to go in. It's everybody's agreement that we can't turn and run. This may mean war."

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Poor, lonesome, beleagured man.

I went back in and had lunch with Mrs. Provenson. Such a nice woman, so satisfactory to work with.

Lynda Bird surprised us briefly on one of her gay departures, ^{on a} date. It seems as if she's always just coming and going these days - it's from a date or on a date. I told her I would like very much for her to have a few lessons this summer, ⁱⁿ speech, and she said, "Perhaps I can work out some time."

The newspapers are full of some cute stories about Luci and her adventures with the pet parade - and crowning The Milk Maid.

My feeling, ^{at first,} about the speech, was that it was an assortment of preaching words, not personal enough, not me enough, not warm enough. ^{Ch} I finally punched enough juice into it, or so I thought, by perhaps getting acquainted with it, getting to live it instead of just say it, that I ended by feeling better about it - at any rate, its had the work of the best hands and mind, and its all I can do, so I'm going to settle ^{for} ~~with~~ it.

After Mrs. Provenson left, I signed mail which was stacked deep on my desk, and then called in Chief Hendricks and had a massage - right in the middle of the afternoon, just as though I were leading the life of Riley - and I'm glad I did because it was the last time I'll see Chief Hendricks, and he's been such a help and such a nice man, so I really got to tell him a proper goodbye.

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Then I recorded for a long, long time. And then went in and sat on the bed with Lynda while she dressed for her next date. I talked with her about Warrie Lynn's coming back sometime this summer, which I'm glad to say she really wants to see happen, but she thinks Warrie Lynn needs to get re-acclimated to San Antonio and to her family.

And called Becky about the possibility of them coming up for a State dinner on the 30th for Costa Rica, or perhaps on July 7th for Italy; and most important about Philip coming up to spend a large part of the summer and work, or just visit. She said, "He's very interested in it, but he's in summer school, and it would be the middle of July before he could."

Lynda Bird's getting very slim, has her hair piled up on top of her head, is full of gay tales of the night before at the French Embassy with Jimmy Pipkin.

Then I called Lyndon and he said he believed he'd just as soon have a quiet dinner and go to bed early. So just the two of us sat down at 8 o'clock for a light dinner, and then he went to make a little speech at Galaudet College for the Deaf, while I did a little more work, and then curled up in bed for the most luxurious of all things - a glass of wine and slipping into the never-never land, the days of the past - Gunssmoke - my biggest self-indulgence.

All of which just proves that you can live with disaster hanging over your head.

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