

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, June 8, 1964

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This is a light day. I had breakfast with Lyndon before he left for a commencement address at Swarthmore. What a spate of commencement addresses there are!

Then I worked on the mail, and then a little past one Kay Graham came for me, and we went down to the park right off Constitution Avenue, to open an Art Fair, being sponsored by the Washington Post. That is why Kay is interested.

There were two thousand art works done by everybody from grade school children to grandmothers and a good many professionals, framed by the trees, the grass, and threatening storm clouds that looked like any minute there would be a cloud burst.

The large cluster of helium-filled balloons were dancing madly to get loose from their moorings, while Kay made a really excellent little speech, shaking all the while. Surprising that a woman of her poise and accomplishment should be really frightened, but somehow or other it made me feel better!

And then I said just a few words about how these works of art would provide many moments of joy for the nation's capitol to everybody, from knowledgeable art critics to the public who strolled by.

And then I snipped the ribbon that tied the balloons, and away they went up into the trees.

Back at the White House I worked with Ashton, and then for a long, long time on the Radcliffe speech with Liz. Never has a speech gotten

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more effort, been more chopped up, edited, done over, run past more people for their judgement.

And then, delightfully enough, I sat down for dinner with my husband, Lynda, and her two houseguests, a young married couple Gary and Margaret Walk. It's not often that we get the girls to the table with us complete with blessing, conversation and no hurry.

How well Kay Graham is taking over, after the tragic death of Phil. I think she's pushed herself into being a really live part of her business empire, not just a name only deal, and in doing so is having a more interesting life. She is an appealing woman, but unfortunately when you know and like somebody, it makes it all the more painful when the paper picks you apart unfairly, or so you think.

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