

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 13, 1964

Page 1

This was one of the most restful, peaceful days you just must have every now and then.

I spent the morning doing that necessary thing, going through the clothes closet, deciding what I could give away and where it would be best suited to give. Whether to the Alabama tenants or to St. Barnabas Thrift Shop, or to somebody who works for me, like Helen. And also, seeing what I needed in the way of shoes, purse, hat, gloves to match up with everything else, so that I can get it all ready and then forget it until September.

Clothes will never be a major interest of mine, but Lyndon has taught me that you "never sell for what you're worth," unless, on the first appearance, you look at least competitively well with those around you.

It was such fun to have Doris[~] here, and really the first time I had talked to her. I had promised myself the afternoon off, and there's nothing I would enjoy more than getting in a car with Doris[~] and Scooter and driving off across the beautiful Virginia countryside, to Gunston Hall, that I had visited with Lyndon's mother probably 15 years ago.

So about three o'clock, we went out there; saw George Mason's beautiful old pre-Revolutionary home, with the beautiful panelings, with the ladder in the library designed and built by Thomas Jefferson... The pineapple, symbol of welcome, hanging from the ceiling in the hall... Boxwood walk, unexcelled anywhere in America that I have seen, that leads down to the view of the

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 13, 1964

Page 2

Potomac. And delightfully enough, all along the way, nobody seemed to recognize me. It was only that I got a call from Lyndon, just as I was about to walk out the door, that took away the sense of being utterly independent and all by myself.

He was wanting to know who I had asked for dinner that evening. It was Congressman and Mrs. Joe Pool~~e~~ of Texas; and also Walter Rogers; and the Bob Caseys of Houston; and ^{Lindley}~~Bennie~~ and Eloise Beckworth; and he had asked Jake and Beryl Pickle; and Marge and Walter Jenkins.

Scooter was full of news of the Democratic National Committee, and all the people that we know that are getting divorces or having babies; I've missed her and was so glad to have a visit with her. And best of all a good, long, quiet time to talk with Doris.

We got back just before our guests came, Doris and I took the first group down to the pool and discovered that we ^{two}~~too~~, along with Mrs. Joe Pool~~e~~, were the only ones that werent going swimming. Then we walked around the grounds, looking at the trees - - the smell of the magnolias is heavenly right now. And I was wondering if the willow oak that I had seen at Gunston Hall, so handsome, ^{was} what I would want Lyndon to plant here on the White House grounds. Passed the fountain where the little dogs stand up on their hind legs and drink their fill. So cute they are!

The garden that is to be named for Mrs. Kennedy, is progressing beautifully - a new sprinkling system has been installed and new turf

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 13, 1964

Page 3

spread. Soon there will be a little summer house, where one can have tea - and a bronze plaque that will dedicate it to her.

We sat down with our Congressional Texas friends, easy and homey, and fun to talk to, at a beautiful table. I enjoyed explaining about the china. We began with the Hayes administration service plates.

After dinner, we had a movie planned. First, Mr. President and then The Unsinkable Molly Brown.

And I got double use of the evening because I was supposed to call to make arrangements for Sunday. I excused myself from the movie, missed Mr. President, and had the delight of seeing about three fourths of Gunsmoke, and then going downstairs to find The Unsinkable Molly Brown only well started. Cuddling up in the chair, and seeing that gayest story of the waitress who married the silver mine king. And took over Denver society.

It was a thoroughly, self-indulgent day, much enjoyed, and one of the best parts was that I could share it with Doris.

And then to bed before one o'clock, feeling actually, rather shame-faced that I had not gone down on the south lawn to greet the volunteer workers for the National Symphony Orchestra, ^{and} ~~to~~ to hear the Symphony give a concert, but I feel I've done my duty pretty well for awhile and so I am entitled to a weekend off.

I drifted off to sleep, with happy thoughts of Lynda in the Hawaiian Islands. The picture had leis right up to her nose, if she had on one more

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 13, 1964

Page 4

she would have smothered. She'd been invited over to deliver a speech to a second little White House conference on children and youth at the University of Hawaii, and she was going to stay on for a whole week of vacation - her first trip, really, on her own.

Our friend, Jack Burns, the Governor of Hawaii, will lend a good hand in taking care of her, I think. And at 20, I've just about given her to the world.

#