

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Flag Day,
Sunday, June 14, 1964

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We awoke to read all about Lynda's adventures in the Islands. She had laid a wreath at the Arizona Memorial in Pearl Harbor, and the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, at Punchbowl. (How well I remember that dramatic spot.) Then the Lieutenant Governor had taken her to St. Andrews Episcopal Cathedral. Then it was a day of Island hopping, with a visit to KAUAI Island, beginning four days of deep sea swimming, /fishing and sightseeing.

Saturday night she'd been to the Polynesian Cultural Center, and watched a performande of Polynesian dancing and singing, and there was a delightful picture of her, almost six feet tall, leading by the hand, a little person named Tommy Hammenaneema Kienanetineteti, aged four, clad in a grass skirt.

It sounded, in the papers, like her speech had gone pretty well. She spoke of the new generation and our generation. "Ours is a new idealism that places great emphasis on practical action. She told me on the phone that the crowd was rather disappointingly small, for the speech, but that the sessions of talking, were bright and good.

We went to National City Christian Church with the Hodges, Secretary of Commerce and Martha Hodges; and with the Udalls, and it was so very hot I couldn't feel the least bit sorry ^{about} ~~for not~~ having taken Lyndon before, to St. Marks.

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After the service we went to the pool. Once more I didn't swim, but Martha and I walked around the grounds with Doris^{ns}, leaving the lively Lee Udall² in the pool with Stuart, Lyndon and Secretary Hodges.

It's a happy thing to me, how much I have come to like President Kennedy's cabinet. One by one, I have come to feel rather close, and very admiring of them, particularly, of course, the McNamaras.

At lunch, the talk was about the great cross-country highway system, ninety percent of which is paid for by the Federal government, and only ten percent by the State government. And one of the big problems has been, when you draw a straight line across the country, which is the way a cost-conscious engineer would do it, what do you do about a National Park or a Wildlife Preserve, and an historic shrine like the Frank Lloyd Wright house[?] If you go around them, you may spend millions of dollars. If you go through them, you may grossly sacrifice a national treasury.

Secretary Hodges has ruled that every such case has to be decided on its merit; that there can't be any over-all blanket policy that covers everything. And of course, the Department of Interior, with a young and imaginative Stuart Udall at its head, is in a loud voice for preserving the wilderness, the National Parks, the Shrines, many of the jewels of America.

The talk also, was about Stuart's grandparents, and Lee's grandparents. They are both Mormons and I couldn't help but wonder what it felt like to them to be in the National City Christian Church. And their grandparents were polygamists¹. They talk in a detached², but respectful way³, of the part

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the church has played in American life and history.

Mrs. Udall is going to spend her vacation with her six children, in a station wagon, and one child is bringing along a friend. They'll put the luggage on a rack on top, and they are going several thousand miles, from one National Park to another, all across the northwest. ~~The~~ Tetons, the great mountains and forests in that part of our country, with sleeping bags. She's done it already several years. What a pioneer spirit there and I take my hat off to her!

They left shortly after lunch and we lay down for a nap.

And then, about 3:30, a series of TV shows. First, Scranton saying why he has now decided to run, ending a week-long comedy of errors, which included a visit by Scranton to President Eisenhower at Gettysburg. A general feeling, correct or not, that that meant Scranton was going to have his backing for getting into the race. A reversal the next day in the paper, that that didn't mean to say anything against Goldwater's candidacy. The gathering of the Republican governors at the convention in Cleveland, which wound up with the feeling that Goldwater practically had it in the bag. Some last ditch stories about the popularity of Romney, and finally the clear declaration of Scranton that he was going to run.

Watching TV was interspersed with talking with Lyndon, who faces the five next/months with the feeling chiefly, I believe, that ... I wish there was some honorable way out of it. With Viet-Nam and Laos, and Cyprus, with the

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summer's turmoil that faces us, if Civil Rights passes, including the public accomodations portion, and worse, the boiling over if Civil Rights doesn't pass, Will it be months or years before this change is absorbed into our society, and whose hand is wise enough, and whose head and heart to guide it? How can anybody blame him for wanting to be anonymous, alone, and back at the ranch. And yet, caught at this pinpoint in history, what exit is there?

Finally, we got dressed and went over to the ^{Decatur} ~~Cater~~ house, walking across Lafayette Park, to Angie and Robin Duke's party. A dinner dance, very informal they said, and there were the most attractive people in Washington and around.

The ^{Decatur} ~~Cater~~ house itself, forbidding dark red brick from the outside, is handsomely done inside, and the garden was bright with striped tents and balloons, and only about a 95 degree temperature.

The youngest, and gayest, and wittiest, and most articulate were present. Adlai Stevenson, Marietta Trees, the ^{Bill} ~~deVill~~ Blairs, the young Jim Symingtons, Lord and Lady Harlech, from the Diplomatic Corps, the Ambassador of Turkey and Mrs. Menemencioglu.

We stayed just a short while, since we had regretted for the dinner, but had just said we'd love to drop by for a drink.

Robin is leaving the next morning with their children, his, hers and theirs, for a week by the sea. She is among the people, I would like to

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know better and call friend. So capable, ^{light}right without being brittle, plays her role so well and is always gay.

We walked back across the park, having by this time attracted quite a crowd. I can play that I'm invisible when I'm by myself, but I can't play that way when Lyndon's along. The sidewalks were lined with people, waving, speaking, sticking out their hands.

As soon as we got back to the second floor, Lyndon called Secretary Rusk, finding him in his office, and it was about 8:30 Sunday evening. Within a few moments the Secretary was over to see us, handed a wire to Lyndon, saying "Here's a Valentine that was waiting for me." Apparently it was information that Lodge wanted to submit his resignation as Ambassador to Viet-Nam and return.

Lyndon had been asking the question in case this happened, "Whom do you recommend?" He had asked it from McGeorge Bundy, McNamara, and of Dean Rusk. And the answers he had gotten, ^{made} made me think real well of this country - and also made me know that it would be mighty hard, almost impossible, for Lyndon to turn away and walk out at this stage of the game.

Dean stayed only a few minutes and left us to a 9:30 dinner alone, just the two of us. Because it had been so hot in church, I had had Doris Powell moved down into the Queen's Room. She had been out to dinner, in fact spending all day, ^{with} with Corinne Barnes, formerly of Karne^{ck}ck, and Curtis Barnes, and I thought it would be fun for her arrive and find that she had

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been put in a really cool room, the Queen's Room - sort of a crowning event, *for* her stay here in the White House with us.