

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, June 15, 1964

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Ch. w. 1
This was a day to catch up on work with Bess and Liz, ~~to~~ have about five dresses fitted, things that had been waiting for ages, and then to go shopping with Doris, for those little things that you can't do without - purses, gloves, lounging shoes, you can't send your feet out to get fitted for shoes, by Helen or some friend, no matter how willing.

And then in the afternoon, ~~an~~ interview with Mr. Manchester, who has been commissioned by Mrs. Kennedy to do a book on five days, beginning November 21st. He's interviewing everybody who had anything to do, or at least any principal who played a part in those significant five days. I spent two hours with him; it was grueling, it would have been better if I would have been able to play back my own records ahead of time, and get prepared. It was an exhausting experience to re-live, mostly because of the pain involved - everyone - and the shame for your country. But also because you knew the eye of history was looking, and you must try to say what you felt, in adequate words.

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But asked the Joe Alsops and the Clark Cliffords to come over and have dinner with us. I was real sorry that Doris ¹ went out for dinner again, because they were the people I would love for her to have had the pleasure of meeting.

Although it's almost a waste to have both of them the same night because they're both so delightfully articulate and so much fun.

Seems to be a tag on in trans-cripion
I brought a stool from the kitchen, and we climbed up on it and I got a flashlight. First I did this and then Joe, and we looked at the painting, that is probably a John Singer Sargent, of an actress, and examined the signature,

This painting hung in West Hall or Family Living Room

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and then Joe backed off and said, "I'm afraid it isn't a Sargent, the date is clearly 1889, and women didn't dress like that then. That is more about 1905 or 1908, the Charles Dana Gibson period." It had originally - I had asked them to guess who did the picture - been Susan Mary's guess, that it was a Sargent, which pleased me immensely. And I still hope that it will be determined that it was.

It was a great evening for conversation. ^{one of the} Little gems during the evening, ^{was} the betting. Joe Alsop bet five to two that Goldwater would get the nomination. Clark Clifford bet four to one that Goldwater would get the nomination.

One of them said that Scranton is not thinking of this time, but of the future. There must be somebody around to pick up the pieces of the Republican Party, somebody who will ~~inherit~~ inherit the point of leadership, after the ultra-conservatives have had their try and failed.

Joe said the Republicans sure did themselves a disservice when they insisted on passing, during Truman's tenure, the Act which forbade more than two terms in the Presidency. Otherwise it would have kept on running Eisenhower indefinitely, and then when he died they would have stuffed him and kept on running him.

Joe told a story that gave me cold chills when I thought that within a week or so's time, ² Premier Inonu of Turkey, probably Prime Minister Papandreu of Greece, ^{were} both coming to lay their troubles at our country's door. He said that he'd been riding along in a jeep, close to the Russian

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border in Anatolia, with a Turkish ~~s~~argeant at the wheel (he was in Turkey), they were on a mountain road. Suddenly the ~~s~~argeant began to point off a ^{pass} distant ~~park~~, raising his hands from the wheel, ^{gibbering} ~~gibbering~~ and gesticulating in glee. Joe had visions of tumbling down into the chasm, and he said to the interpreter, "What is he talking about?" The interpreter said, "He is pointing at the spot where battle ^{the} was fought a thousand years ago, that ended the Byzantine Empire. He is saying 'that is where we killed all the Greeks that are'."

^{hope} With a quarrel buried so deep, so ingrained in the bones, how can we help to solve the problems of the Greeks and the Turks living together in Cyprus?

Only the conversation was gourmet, not the dinner. Zephyr was off and it was not up to par.

After dinner, Lyndon said he needed some exercise, and we all went walking with him, ^{on} the southwest grounds, with a beautiful backdrop of the Washington monument and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial, all ^{the} away around the circle, passed the fountain, and back up to the Diplomatic entrance. After one round, I thought that Marny, who has some trouble with her legs, might not be enjoying it, so I said, "Let's come in." The men continued for another four, and we went upstairs, where I showed the ladies Luci's room, (Marny had helped me on the very beginning of it) and

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Lynda's.

And Susan Mary talked to me about the debut party, that Alice Roosevelt Longworth had given for her granddaughter, which Lynda Bird had attended. That redoubtable woman seems to have lavished all the love on her grand-daughter, and the closeness that she somehow didn't/achieve with her own daughter. I would very much like for Lynda to help bring her granddaughter into some activity around here. The White House might mean a lot to her.

Lyndon,
They all departed at an early 11:30, and after they'd gone, in talking about the other four laps that the men took around the walk, said Joe had told him, "You're going to preside over the first real defeat of the United States. There's no way out of Southeast Asia into which we were committed or more some 10 years/ago." His elaboration wasn't complete. I suppose he meant if he moved out, he would lose face and the communists would move in. And if he stayed in, it would mean American boys, it would mean all those letters that tell of the death of an American soldier, and could it ever possibly end up in a significant victory?

Well, I can't say the evening did anything to solve Lyndon's dilemma - or to salve his path for the days ahead, although it was a thoroughly delightful social evening.

I went to bed thinking about the good conversation I had with Lynda Bird and reading that she'd made a big hit, rubbing noses with Tonga and Maori children at the Polynesian Cultural Center, and then at the Island of Maui, she'd gone skin diving in the waters of Kanopalee, and a big luau at the

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Maui beach home of a sugar plantation owner, Mr. Keith Testa. She told me they'd had such delicacies as pig's entrails, and things that grow on rocks; and then she'd had a three mile boat trip up the ^{the river} to a fern grotto, where she planted a five foot coconut tree in a ceremony at the Cocoa Palms Hotel, and attended a dinner for young folks. The paper said that flower leis had to be removed a half a dozen times, whenever they got up over her nose. She's taking life at the tide, that little girl, and I'm glad she is. This is part of what I wanted her to get out of being the daughter of the President, as well as all of the good hard work I expect out of her.

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Days to send to
Doris - all days of
her visit not in book
June 10 - June 15

Days might use
June 8
June 11