

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 17, 1964

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This is one of my days to catch up on everything that's been put aside.

Doris left at 9:45 but not until I had had my second and third cup of coffee with her and about a 30 minute talk. Having her here has been one of the best and most pleasant things for me.

And then I did a tour with the photographers from Life, with Liz, Bess, Zephyr, Ashton - showing what I do on the second floor as a homemaker, with my mail, and the White House photographer did one of me by Alice Brown's gift to the White House, the Winslow Homer "Surf at Prout's Neck", so that we can make a news release about it. We had a bunch of other pictures.

Then a quick Hello to Helen Adams McBerney, whom I had known in Newton, Kansas when I was 13 years old. She was passing through with friends and she had a very special tour of the White House. She brought along some pictures of Julia Bae and Mrs. Adams, now aged 89 but very chipper looking, to show me.

And then back to work on the mail, talk to Liz and to Walter. And long distance to Lynda Bird.

She toured the 13 mile lip of Kilauea volcano on Hawaii Island and had visited the Home of Madam Pileau, who's known as the Fire Goddess. It's actually a fire crater, a circular pit, sometimes as deep as a thousand feet. I was pleased to read ^[that] her guide, the Park superintendent, said she showed a good background in geology and asked some intelligent questions about it.

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Then I did something I've been putting off for six months - went down to Dr. Travel's office and had a thorough, physical going-over, all the tests.

Lyndon, who had been out to Cleveland to talk to the communication workers, came in by chopper in the middle of the afternoon, and while he rested, I took a sunbath up on the roof, right out the solarium, signing mail and dictating while I did it, in shorts and dark glasses. It was a delightful way to combine work and pleasure.

I found Luci and we had a good, long talk about school. She has to read 10 extra books this summer, and she has to do very well on her Spanish, or else she'll be on academic probation.

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And then I began the waiting for Lyndon/come home for dinner. He had the Leadership speaker, Carl Albert, a group of them in the Cabinet Room, and the conference went on and on. And it was 10:20 before he reached home for dinner.

I know a lot of the travail he's going through, and I can't really help him, but how I do admire him for sticking to his exercises, or reading those enormous envelopes full of information from all the departments, labeled night reading. Nearly every night, it takes him until 2 o'clock and so it did tonight.

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