

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, June 19, 1964

Page 1

At 5:30, with the world grey and cloudy, the phone woke us up. I had coffee and breakfast with Lyndon. The papers don't even come until 6:30 so he did a little more reading on the never-quite-finished, big envelope marked "Night Reading". Had his exercises; he's been awfully good about them now. And then about ten minutes of seven left for the helicopter to go to California, but he got to the door, turned around and came back, leaned over real close to me and whispered, "Get me out of this, won't you?"

Well, I couldn't go back to sleep so I signed all of yesterday's mail, went early to the beauty parlor in order to get ready for a 10:30 TV bit.

It was for the Eleanor Roosevelt Memorial Foundation. There will be a drive for her 80th birthday, which would have taken place in October. Mine is just a reminder of the good that she meant to this country and of everybody's opportunity to join in her work for peace, for cancer research, and for underprivileged children, through contributing to the foundation.

Then I worked on my mail and at 12:30 Marie <sup>Bachinger</sup> ~~Bowringer~~ Johnson and her husband K. T. and their three daughters, on their way to the fair in New York, came up on the second floor, and Georgia Lassinger<sup>ch</sup>'s daughter and her husband, the Greens<sup>k</sup>, who are now actually running the newspaper, (12) <sup>Gilmer</sup> ~~Gilma~~; and Betty Cason, who used to work for Lyndon, and who is now happily married to a man named Hickman and living in San Antonio. She was bubbling and pretty. She was up here representing her church for an

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, June 19, 1964

Page 2

annual meeting - the Christian Scientist Church.

This oddly assorted group sat down for sherry, coffee, and visiting. Marie says <sup>Gene</sup> ~~Jean~~ is more glamorous looking than she's been in 20 years, wears her hair up in a pony tail, looks young, <sup>5</sup> she's having dates with a doctor who, it happens, is a good deal younger than she is, loves her work, survived handily when she was defeated for the House of Representatives (running on the Republican ticket), but, alas, that she was going as a delegate on the Republican Convention. Somehow that makes me sorry, but I am glad to know she's the bubbly <sup>Gene</sup> ~~Jean~~ of old.

In the afternoon I did some necessary shopping, hats and gloves, with Scooter, then desk work.

Then had an early dinner with Jim Cain, Luci and <sup>her father</sup> ~~Jack~~; Dr. Cain giving the blessing. It's such a comfort to have him around.

And then we drove out (this was Luci's plan) to Olney Theatre, to see Lynda Stone is Brutal. Luci loves to do things, together with me, <sup>and her young son</sup> ~~Jack~~. She wants me to get to know <sup>each one</sup> ~~him~~ better. She likes the feeling of having ~~him~~ included in the family. The play, alas, for one who loves the theatre as much as I do, was only fair, and I found that I was soon recognized and lots of heads turning, and some coming up for autographs.

But summer theatre is fun! The two children of Kim Hunter came by, the pretty little girl with long hair, selling lemonade, only they gave us some. She is in her second year at Radcliffe; and the little boy, to tell us all about his adventures with a pet snake, with a black snake, which he had ~~snatched~~ caught

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, June 19, 1964

Page 3

while living here in the woods. Quite a colony of them live out here during the three months of the season.

But the nicest part of the evening was driving out and driving <sup>[back]</sup> ~~out~~ with Jim. Coming back there was quite a storm brewing, lightning flashing all around. Jim truly loves Lyndon and his faith in him is rather frightening, partly because I expect it reflects the faith of a great many people, all of which sits very heavily when you begin to decide what you want to do with your own remaining years.

When we got back to the White House, I said goodbye to Jim who will leave very early in the morning and went in to find two exciting and frightening pieces of news.

Senator Teddy Kennedy had been in an airplane crash, along with Senator and Mrs. Birch Bayh, close to Northampton, Massachusetts and was quite seriously injured. It sounded like a broken back and what else was not known. The Senators had voted on Civil Rights, the vote was 73 to 27, but only six Republicans, Barry Goldwater and five others, voting against it. Then they had immediately caught a plane to go up to the Massachusetts Convention where Kennedy was supposed to be renominated for a six year term in the Senate. Just before landing, flying through a storm (the one, I suppose that I had seen just the hour before). They had crashed in an apple orchard, attempting a landing just short of the airport. The Bayhs were reported only slightly injured.

And the other piece of news, was that Lynda Bird, at the airport to

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, June 19, 1964

Page 4

leave Honolulu, for Los Angeles, had been involved, through no fault of hers, in a wierd tale, a triangle involving a man and his somewhat astranged wife, and her former lover. The wife had decided to go back to her husband, was leaving on the plane with him, the former lover came into the airport, threatened to kill her, had a ticket on the same plane. The airline authorities ordered the plane stopped, searched every piece of luggage. One hour later they let the plane go with its 150 or so passengers, all except the lover, who might have been able to carry out his threats aboard, and Lynda Bird. The Secret Service decided that she had better not ride on it, there might have been some small, overlooked place where he had secreted a bomb, or at least, I suppose, that was their reason. At any rate, the telephone operator told me that they wouldn't let her ride on the plane, that they were going to catch another plane the next day.

" June <sup>Teenth</sup> 10th, June 19th and this is the day that the Civil Rights Bill passed in the Senate. I wonder if anybody but me will remember that June <sup>Teenth</sup> 10th was always celebrated by all the negroes in Texas. Nobody's maid worked on June <sup>Teenth</sup> 10th because it was the day that the Emancipation Proclamation went into effect in Texas, a hundred or so years ago. Nice point of drama, lost in the shades of the past.

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