

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, June 21, 1964

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The last day to get a lot of things done before the man that keeps my life busy, returns.

I went into Luci's room and cuddled up by her, but soon saw that she was in no humor to get up for hours and hours, so I went up to the roof for sun, had my lunch on a tray, read mail, and when I was beginning to be thoroughly broiled, came downstairs to get ready for Lyndon's arrival.

I ran into Dean Rusk waiting for the helicopter, as he landed about 5:45. He and McGeorge Bundy came upstairs, for their unceasing conference on Southeast Asia. It now appears that Lodge really is resigning, is returning soon. They reached a decision to send Maxwell Taylor out, with Alexis Johnson as his assistant.

I suggested to Lyndon that we call the Bill Whites to come over for dinner. He said "Fine, and let's call the Valentis, too." So I did - and then I said, "Let's walk around the grounds with the dogs."

Just as we were taking Him and Her out, with that nice Mr. Bryant in the distance, ready to retrieve them when we got tired of them; and Blanco, like a portrait on the lawn, thoroughly patrician and preferring to be alone, - up drove the Whites.

June
~~Jim~~ and I took off our shoes and we walked down by the fountain, where the pink geraniums are making a jewel-like setting for the crystal spray of the fountain, and there the tourists saw us, gathered around the White House fence, and began to wave, so Lyndon strolled on down, with Him and Her,

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and we said hello to a lot of the children. Then he said "Let's call
McGeorge Bundy"

I retrieved him from his car. He had just left the office a short while before, and the five of us had a wonderful swim. How great not to have to think about hair!

Bill is very philosophic about the reviews on his book. I, on the other hand, am angry. If it had been about John Doe, it ought to have gotten good reviews, because of the excellence of the English, that fresh, fluid prose. This is a generation and a media that like style. This book has certainly got style. Instead, it got hostile, bitter reviews; oddly enough, I mind it more for Bill, than I do for Lyndon.

Mary is off attending the wedding of kinfolks, or rather, staying on after the wedding. McGeorge, is to me, one of the most indispensable men in our vicinity. His intellect makes him invaluable ~~man~~, his store of knowledge, and his personality enables that intellect to be used, is at once dignified and firm, and also respectful and gay. One of the most attractive men I've ever met. And with an equally attractive wife.

I'm worried about Bill Moyers. He's getting thinner, paler, and more tense; we must try to get him off on a vacation. ~~_____~~

The California trip sounds like a great success. I can tell it from Lyndon's looks and manner, without reading the paper, although the paper says he raised an estimated million dollars by speaking at two big fund

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raising dinners in Los Angeles and San Francisco. And in San Francisco, he sat in the back of an open convertible and waved at an estimated crowd of 400,000, trying all the while, behind the scenes, to instill a new spirit of unity in the Democratic party, which is badly strained by the Salinger-
*3 believe
Wrong
OK
name*
Princeton Senatorial fight.

I was really annoyed at the Post headlines, which said he called Senator Goldwater a dinosaur. He's not one to call his opponents names and if he were, he wouldn't do it when he's on top, as he now is. That's throwing away your luck.

Lynda Bird, on the other hand, bless her heart, arrived completely exhausted and ready for about 24 hours in bed. Although Lyndon said she had done a good job in Los Angeles with him, and charmed everybody she met.

How wonderful to have all four of us back under the same roof; also wonderful to have gotten that much work done while they were gone.

One of the nice little things of the day, was to see the very good picture in the Post, the Winslow Homer painting that Alice Brown had given me, for the White House. I must be sure to send a copy of it to her.

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