

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, June 23, 1964

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This was a mild day. . . Nearly three hours of work with ^{Esther}~~Esther~~ Provenson on the Detroit speech, in the morning. . .

And then, about 2 o'clock, down to meet Mr. and Mrs. James Leonard of Johnson City -Kitty Clyde's children - and their two small children. I asked them to linger and attend the reception for Juvenile Court Judges which I had on the schedule for 2:30.

It took place in the Blue Room, some 400-plus juvenile Court Judges and their wives, or - as the case might be - their husbands, and a large contingent of children, summer, vacation time, everybody was bringing their children - and Juvenile Court Judges must have gotten the idea that families ought to stay together because these families certainly were staying together.

It was no problem at all to add on the Leonards with two children; and the Charles Nashes of Austin, so handsome and attractive and their children.

Later, I worked a little more in the Oval Room, this time standing in front of a podium with a mike, which is much the best way to practice a speech. Mrs. Provenson is trying to show me how to direct my voice clear across the room. Simone, who is competent in the same field, was there, and I expect will sort of pick up where Mrs. Provenson leaves off, when I can't have her help.

Later on, I walked around the south grounds. It's just about my

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favorite thing to do, alone, or with any good company. I want to learn the trees one by one that were planted by the Presidents.

Luci's in seeing a movie; Lynda's out with Dave probably, and Lyndon is very, very late in his office.

But July 4th is approaching, and the back-log of legislation is heavy. With the Republican convention coming up, not too long after the long July 4th weekend, the next seven days must be productive.

I went over to Lyndon's office and stayed for about 45 minutes in the little room where so much business is transacted, and it was after 11 before we got back upstairs to the mansion and to eat.

Barbara Ward, Lady Jackson, was due to arrive about midnight, and the next day I heard it was 2:45 a.m. before she checked in to the upstairs bedroom.

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