

Finished Feb. 20, 1975

WEDNESDAY JULY 1, 1964 - page 1

Wednesday, July 1st began with an upstairs visit with my house guest -- a third cup of coffee ~~while~~ sitting on the bed while I listened to Mary Rather tell about what the children were doing; she herself has to leave this afternoon with Scooter to go up to Atlantic City to try to solve the housing situation -- poor hapless soul -- for the Texas delegates who are coming to the Convention.

Mary has given her life to the children and in the process a good deal of the bubbling gaitly has somehow departed and that I regret, but I am so glad she is ~~h~~ up here to share in a little bit of the fun that is ours because for so long she was partner in whatever we could achieve.

The Frank Erwins had had to leave to catch an early plane so I went on to see the Donald Thomases to have a last cup of ~~acc~~ coffee. Jane was bubbling with her trip to Europe. They are both growing a great deal, she and Donald in their interests, achievements.

Then I went down to the Diplomatic Reception Room to have a picture made for a Salvation Army Benefit Fashion Show which takes place in the fall. Then there was mail to sign and then a dash out to try to find a birthday presdnt for Luci Tomorrow is her birthday. And then back to receive Mrs.

Possible days
if not already
in Book:

July 4

July 12

July 16

July 17

July 23

Mercer Cook, the wife of our Ambassador to Senegal.

Her husband has formerly been our Ambassador to some other African country, and is about to be transferred, and she was going to leave in a few days. I had met her on my trip to Senegal, my very first out-of-the-country trip with Lyndon after he became Vice President in April of 1961, it was.

And then, Robin and Angie gathered us up in Lyndon's office and off we took to the reception given by the President of Costa Rica and Mrs. Orlich in the Pan American Union Building, which was beautiful, hot and stuffed with people; impossible to have really fruitful conversation when it is body-to-body as far as you can see.

We bade our hosts goodbye on the front steps of the charming Pan American Union Building, went back to the White House for a quiet dinner -- just us -- and then down to the movie theatre with Lynda to see the Night of the ~~Angx~~ ^{Anguana} which had been shot in Puerto Villarte ~~(in)~~, the spot my brother Tony described as ~~The poor man's~~ ^{The poor man's} Acapulco, starring one of the most talked about men of the day, Richard Burton, and Ava Gardner, and written by Tennessee Williams whose plays have fascinated me if at times revolted me for the past decade.

Lyndon cosily went to sleep in the big chair and pretty soon we said "Go on upstairs and go to bed where it is more comfortable," and Lynda Bird and I settled down to commiserate with the lost souls which Tennessee Williams has a unique ability to portray for a couple of delightful hours, one of the fringe benefits of this place on which we have a temporary lease.

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