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|       | Transcript | Transcript, Lady Bird Johnson's Diary,<br>Wednesday, July 8, 1964, Page 3 [Error in<br>transcript; it says July 7] |                | 1     | 7/08/1964 | C           |

**Collection Title** Lady Bird Johnson's Diary  
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Initials

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1964 - page 1

Wednesday, July 8th, began about ten thirty with and interview with Bill Wise of LIFE who is writing a story on me. I can't stop him from writing it. It cqn be better if I talk with him probably than if he just writes it from other stories he has ~~written~~ read, from speeches I have written and frnm whatever he can cook up in his own mind. It is a calculated gamble, but I think I always come out better if I see them.

I spent about an hour and a half with him. He had done such a marvelous job with Luci<sup>1</sup>. In fact, they wound up friends. after a while I got an SOS from Lyndon that the U. S. Attorneys had brought their wives and were down in the East Room where he was greeting them all and would I join them. I did in a hurry. He had finished his televised statement so I stood in line bewteen him and Bobby Kennedy and shook hands with them, ranging from New York to Mississippi. ~~Onex~~ wondering particularly how those in the South were going to fare these next few months.

Ethel was along with Bobby. I spoke of what a wonderful article that had been -- I meant the ~~wxx~~ one in LIFE ~~WHERE~~ where he had all the children swarming all over him. She thought I meant on the trip to Poland. I guess that is what their mind is on right now.

When I had shaken the last hand I went back up  
Sitting  
stairs once more to the Queen's/Room and if I don't get  
coffee poisoning it is not the failure of opportunity, because  
for about the third time in the day I sat down with someone  
for some coffee, this time Mrs. John Powsley (?) the grand-  
daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt whom I had asked  
to come by sometime and bring her children to the White  
House. She is a daughter of the Kermit Roosevelts. And  
she told me how the night before her wedding she had come  
to a pre-wedding supper here at the White House and she  
told me how at Christmas of '41 when Churchill had come  
for a visit with Franklin Delano Roosevelt and was their house  
guest, her mother, Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, who had remained  
a good friend of the Franklin Roosevelts and was thereby a  
sort of a black sheep among the Theodore Roosevelt descendants,  
sat down to Christmas dinner between Churchill and the Chief  
of the British Air Forces, I believe his name was Portal (?).

Ch name  
him  
She kept on plying ~~me~~ with questions -- military  
questions, how much of this have we got and what if so and so  
happens. Finally the Chief of the Air Forces turned to her and  
said "My dear Mrs. Roosevelt, I cannot possibly answer your  
questions because all of that is secret, but you can ask the  
Prime Minister anything, and he will tell you."

She also told about one of Churchill's daughters during the war who worked in a military office, and when her father asked her something she said "Father, you know I can't tell you because you tell everything you know." She said that when her mother was in the house she had slept in the Lincoln bedroom.

Next I spent several hours working on the mail, worked with Liz, worked with Bess. Lynda came in and sat on the bed and we talked and talked about what she should do with the summer. I think she will probably take 9 hours of work this fall at George Washington and then I wouldn't be at all surprised if she returned to the University in February no matter what happens to us, whether we are here or where ever.

In a way I would be desolated. The nicest thing that has happened to us these last 6 months is having her home. I never knew how much I enjoyed her until she was gone and returned.

Luci I encounter most coming out of the kitchen laden with big platters full of food ~~tht she is taking up to the Capitol~~

**REDACTED**

~~or maybe taking some cookies~~ for the boy who is in the hospital.

Tonight Lynda Bird had her Hawaiian party. She invited all the secret Service men and their wives who were on her detail, the Communications people that went to Hawaii with her. Of course Dave was her date. They moved a lot of the furniture out of the Solarium and sat around on cushions. She wore a bright colored mu mu and an enormous lovely lei and the candle-lit Solarium was decorated with coconuts, a carved god, Polynesian<sup>an</sup> fabrics, and the wonderful album of pictures she had brought back.

My non-alcoholic daughter had Hawaiian punch. I wonder if ~~and~~ that was a <sup>quite</sup> ~~night~~ disappointing even to those good staunch Secret Service men who were off duty and dips served in her Monkey Pod bowl that she brought back. They were a gay cute crowd. They showed the movies. I went in just long enough to meet everybody, and let them know ~~etc~~ there was an interested mama in the house.

And then I had dinner with Lyndon alone. There are more and more nights like that lately, and a fairly early night too. Only about nine ten.

And then I started taking exercises again. The most wonderful thing of all is the fact that Lyndon has been taking exercises now regularly, unceasingly. This is about the 3rd month that he has, and though he picked up some 6 or 7 pounds

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while we were at the ranch, I think he looks splendid. He has had a cold now for over 2 weeks which he caught~~ex~~ from Lynda Bird after she got back from Hawaii, and the antibiotics had had something of a slowing down effect on him. But ~~the~~ I believe the days in the sun at the ranch just about cured the cold.

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