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Initials

SUNDAY JULY 12, 1964 -- page 1

Sunday, July 12th began very early in the day actually. Lyndon woke up at 4 o'clock in the morning or rather about 3:30 and began to pace the halls. He stuck his head in the children's bedroom, found no lovely heads on the pillow, came back and roused me so I went on a search for Lynda and Luci,

**SANITIZED**

I

made it clear that I thought curfew was a little bit before 3:30am, but once in a blue moon how can you mind with children as good as ours? who don't drink or even smoke and have a sense of responsibility that really weighs quite heavily on them?

Then I found Luci who had been cooking tomato soup and sitting around the kitchen table with <sup>for date</sup> **SANITIZED** and then was back in the Queen's sitting room, and he was really quite angry because he said he had been in bed before 12 o'clock every night except this one night and why did we have to get up and start roaming this one night?

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So ~~back~~ to bed and up just in time to make it to the Christian Church - National City Christian Church where George Davis is the Pastor for the 11 o'clock service. At the coffee hour later, meeting a lot of the members, — actually more summer visitors than members, <sup>including</sup> several troops of Boy Scouts on their way to the Valley Forge meeting.

Then back for lunch -- just the two of us -- and then the afternoon in bed reading the paper and watching the opening guns of the Republican Convention on TV, particularly Miller who may be their Vice Presidential candidate.

At six we went to Mary Margaret's and Jack's for a little cocktail party for the staff and met <sup>me</sup> George Bundy, a bachelor now, Buzz also, Doug Cater and his wife, Walter without Marjorie -- she is in Vermont, <sup>I</sup> I have to get this recipe for ladies that take long summer vacations away from husbands, <sup>the</sup> the Dick Goodwins, the McPhersons. We stayed about an hour and then came home where Jim Rowe

Clark and Marnie Clifford, Abe and Carole Fortas, and Walter were going to have dinner with us.

~~The~~ beautiful Truman balcony was dismal with a misty rain blowing in so we sat in the Yellow Room - Jim who had helped manage some of Roosevelt's campaigns, Clark who had been very prominent in President Truman's, Abe who is our adviser in all fields, and Walter on whose desk everything finally winds up.

It is still <sup>"</sup>the Valley of the Black Pig<sup>"</sup> for Lyndon if I can judge his face, and when one of the guests quoted some newspaperman and both guests and newspaperman ardently believed they were telling the truth in saying that Lyndon Johnson obviously enjoyed the job of President and was obviously going to run once because he wanted to be elected on his own, Lyndon threw back his head and laughed. Richard Burton couldn't have done it better.

And I suppose that I was probably the only one who caught the full irony of the situation. I <sup>c</sup>would really believe that Lyndon didn't want any of that at all . Or perhaps Walter <sup>c</sup>would believe it. ~~It~~

It was not the vitally productive evening I would have liked. It is true that we need more young people -- people in their 30s ravening for work with a "charge Hell with a bucket of water spirit" that used to be the trade mark of Lyndon and his boys.

Actually in cold fact, he needs many of the things that Bobby Kennedy has and represents and is able to attract. But, as he himself said, we traveled different paths, and it would take an agonizing wrench of the spirit on the part of either one of us to try honestly to feel close to the other.

So, the day ends with the road ahead not really clearer than it began -- only one day nearer.

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