

1964

Wednesday, July 15th

An easy day. An hour and a half in the sun by the solarium, reading The Movable Feast, talking with Bess about a session with Dick Adler, a call to Mary Lasker, who has a letter from George Washington and a painting that she wants to show me when she comes down next week.

And then Philip arrived about six o'clock. I took him over to the West Wing and introduced him to Secret Service, police, and secretaries and household staff along the way, so everybody would get used to the fact that we are going to have another member of the household from now until school begins.

And then I walked around the South Grounds, which is getting to be my most delightful luxury. And then Lynda, Philip, Dave and I went out to see West Side Story, Leonard Bernstein's famous musical. What unlikely subjects they are making musicals of these days! This one concerns the gang wars between the Jets and the Sharks in a very poor section of New York and the tragedy interlaced with humor -- and Officer Krumpky is hilariously funny -- combine to make good entertainment and very superior art.

I can't quite get used to being recognized everywhere, although obviously it is our fault for being so thoughtless as to go in that big black car, and have it drive up to the front entrance at the end of the play. The

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Wednesday, July 15th (continued)

simple thing to do -- the next thing we'll do is to go in a little Mercury and park it as close to the outside gate as we can get, and simply walk out like anybody else. But I can't live in a cage, and I won't give up going with Lynda and Luci and Lyndon a lot of the things I want to do.

We arrived back at the White House about twelve o'clock. Lyndon was looking at the TV. We've been watching the Republican Convention for the last three days. It's obvious they are going to nominate Goldwater any minute. But little past one my enthusiasm played out and I put my head in the pillow.

About 3:30 or 4:00 Lyndon woke up and I do not think that either one of us went back to sleep the rest of the night. He described to me in detail the problems, the pros and cons, the good points and the bad points, of every decision that faces him in regard to this campaign -- every sensitive job to be filled, every spot on the battlefield that needs to be manned. So it was a white night, with about two hours sleep.