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Thursday, July 16th

Began with hearing Goldwater say on TV in regard to Lyndon, "Yes, I know the fellow." My reaction was chiefly, "I hope Lyndon doesn't use that tone about HIM," because it serves principally as a small fire under one's advocate.

At nine Ken Galbraith came for breakfast -- and that's one that I wouldn't miss. We were in the dining room all of two hours, with a rich fare of conversation. I am not the sort of IBM machine that would hold myself forth as quoting his conversation, but I believe the gist of it is that he considers himself first, a friend of the Kennedy family, but also quite understanding of Lyndon, who clearly stated that his choice of Bobby for Vice President would be ruined in our own section -- in Texas and in the South. They talked of Hubert, and Ken was quite friendly and acceptant toward Hubert. Lyndon urged him to build a fire under any Congressman that he had any influence with to help get the Poverty Bill passed. And before he left, Ken had expressed a willingness, I believe, to write and help out with campaign material and speeches. I like him and feel at ease with him, and can't help believing he likes Lyndon, too, though completely without that moth-to-the-flame attitude that so many intellectuals had for President Kennedy.

Because I wanted Lyndon to see two trees, the willow oak and the Darlington oak (which is the nearest thing to a live oak that will grow in

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this section) so that we can choose what he will plant some day, I walked with him over to the office, and who did I meet over there but A. W. and Wesley. In about two minutes' time Lyndon had agreed to the willow oak, we had chosen two spots from the driveway approaching the Southwest Gate, on up a little sidewalk to his office -- one on the righthand side, one on the left -- for two possible plantings in September.

And then we jumped in the car and rode over to the Ellipse to see the Darlington oak, which Mrs. Grover Cleveland had planted in 1893 -- so much like our own live oak you can hardly tell the difference, except that it doesn't have that gnarled and crooked shape.

I said goodbye to A. W. and Wesley, wishing I could send Lyndon back with them to Texas that night, because tomorrow Lynda and I are going to President Truman's Library and it bids fair to be a quiet weekend.

His next appointment was Paul Hassluck, the Australian Minister for External Affairs, and about forty minutes later when he had finished talking to him, I got a rush call from Lyndon to come join him in his office, and, after saying hello to the Minister, we walked with him out to the limousine to say goodbye, and then we kept on walking for no good reason except Lyndon wanted to. Out the gate and into Lafayette Park, where all the tearing down of old buildings is taking place, that leaves

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Decatur House in solitary splendor at the corner, read the plaque that says it was built by Benjamin Latrobe, Architect of the Capitol and of the restoration of the White House. Probably along the route that Harry Truman took nearly every morning, and passed the bench that Bernard Baruch used to use.

We soon acquired a sort of Pied Piper crowd of summer tourists and people who gather in the park to eat their lunch. A good many children rushed up to shake hands. There was a young girl from Belfast, Ireland, and several mamas who pushed their children forward, really much more interested than their children, I think, to have them shake hands with the President, and some who simply sat on their benches and kept on munching their peanut butter sandwiches as we passed!

Back at the Front Entrance, our retinue of newspaper people melted away, Lyndon kissed me and went to his office, I back in to lunch in my room with Lynda, work on mail, talked to Mrs. Duncan Phillips and make an appointment to see her at the Art Gallery next week, and then down to the East Room to see Luci in rehearsal for Peter and the Wolf, with the Marine Band graciously obliging. And the music itself speaking the story so vividly -- how I do hope Luci will be a child again and catch the excitement of it and be another instrument with the band! She is a very conscientious little girl and

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has been practicing several days now before she leaves for Interlochen next week.

A little after six I met James Roosevelt and his daughter Anne in the Yellow Room. They had just had a very special tour of the White House. Anne is visiting her father from California, and he told me he wanted her to see the White House and I, of course, wanted to hear his memories of the days he lived there. We went out on the Truman balcony in the gathering twilight. Him and Her and Blanco were racing across the lawn, tourists were gathered at the rail, and the swallows were sweeping across the evening sky.

There is something of her grandmother in Anne -- or did I just keep looking for it? She's tall, blonde, sweet-faced, eager. We reminisced of the years from '33 to '45. James told me that when his father was first inaugurated, his youngest brother, then only 16 and at college or school, had a ramshackled car of his own. He went out to some gay, late parties after the Inaugural Ceremonies were over. The President had told him he must come in by 12 o'clock because the gate closed then. He didn't. He got to the gate at 3, according to James. The guard looked at him with a wry and wary eye when young John Roosevelt introduced himself, and finally said, "Well, no son of a President would ever be riding around in a car like that." So John had to go to the hotel and spend the night.

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James says he thinks that's why he's a Republican now.

James also told me that for his father's last Inaugural he did not expect to be present. He was a Marine, stationed somewhere on the other side of the world -- I forget where. His father cabled and told him he wanted him to come. He answered tersely, "When a man is where I am and doing what I am, he doesn't stop just to come to an Inaugural." And then the next thing he knew, he got orders calling him back to Washington. So he came. He had not seen his father in more than three months, and said he was astonished at how he had changed. He looked ill and old. Inaugural Day was grey and snowy and bitter cold. After the ceremony, his father walked in from the South Grounds, chilled, and sat down in a chair. He, James, said, "Father, come on. In just a moment now you've got to go into the reception, you know." His father looked up at him and said, "I can't go. I can't make it. I don't feel like it." James said, "But you've got to, Father. You've got to put in an appearance for a while." He was silent a moment, then he said, "Go upstairs, look in a certain drawer somewhere. I've got a bottle of b ourbon there. Pour me a slug." James went and quickly returned with what he described as half a tumbler full. He said he had never seen his father drink whisky before straight. He turned it up, downed it, and said, "I think I can make it." He went on to the reception for a while.

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Later he, James, questioned McIntyre, all the doctors. They all said that the tests were fine, he was in good health, but James said he did not believe it and he thought they did him a great disservice, although he said that kind of quickly, almost apologetically, as though he hated to cast any shadow on the doctors.

Then we talked about the proposed monument for President Roosevelt, which I dislike so very much. It is called Instant Stonehenge, a series of ~~pillars~~ ^{pillars} starkly stretching to the sky -- or tablet is a better word, with excerpts from Roosevelt's speeches on them. They speak nothing of the warmth of character of the man to me. There must be some other way to make the words live better. None of the four Roosevelt boys like them at all, and James said he was going to go before the Commission and prevent the acceptance of the memorial if he possibly could.

Then I showed Anne all the upstairs rooms, and we had a pleasant time, with me thinking all the while, "What a house of passage!" And all those who have lived here remember.

A little after eight I went over to Lyndon's office to see if I could spring him loose -- not very successfully. We did, however, have dinner at nine, and much reading, and to bed.