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Monday, July 20th

A little after 12, Bennet Cerf, head of Random House Publishers, and Marie Smith, who wrote the book on me called The President's Lady, came by with Liz to present me with a handsome leather-bound copy of the book. We had sherry, Bob Knudsen took our pictures, Philip dropped by and I was delighted to be able to introduce him to Mr. Cerf. I think he is accumulating names as he goes through the summer here.

Lyndon was having a stag luncheon for the Prime Minister of New Zealand, so presently he went down to it, and Liz took his pretty wife and Marie on to lunch.

A week or so ago we began to survey the lists of these luncheons with more care for including some of the Democratic Governors and the Mayors of large cities, and at this one I was glad to see that Richard Hughes of New Jersey and Millard Tawes of Maryland and Donald Russell of South Carolina were coming. And that durable fixture of the Capitol without whom business could not proceed, Fishbait Miller, Doorkeeper of the House of Representatives. And friend to everybody! Also our old campaign friend from 1960, former Congressman Floyd Breeding. And Paul Porter. And there was Mayor Tate of Philadelphia and Mayor Joe Barr of Pittsburgh.

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In the middle of the afternoon I had an appointment with Mrs. Duncan Phillips of the Phillips Art Gallery. When Mary Lasker had visited her a couple of months ago, she had very kindly offered to lend us for use in the White House a picture or two from the Gallery. I need something to go opposite the Caresse Infantine by Mary Cassat^t, but I don't believe I found it. She had a Georgia O'Keeffe which was too bold and strong and modern, a lovely Monet but I think she would be really ~~bad~~^{sad} to part with it, even on a limited basis, and -- delightfully enough -- I liked some of her own paintings the best of all. But nothing was just what I want. It was fun, though, to see the bright, gay Picnic by Renoir. I believe that's the name of it -- the masterpiece, the best thing in their collection.

Later in the afternoon I had asked all the Texans who came up for the luncheon to drop by and have a drink with me, because I wanted their visit to have more of a personal touch. There was Irv Goldberg and Rhea Howard, a venerable and still-strong friend, C. T. McLaughlin of the Diamond M Ranch, Elmer Parrish, Carlton Smith, Milton Potts, and Jay Taylor, who has been working on a serious cattle importation problem with Lyndon. We sat in the Yellow Room, had a couple of drinks, a lot of conversation about how Texas is going in the coming

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election. Great for Johnson in the Wichita Falls area, Rhea Howard and Elmer Parrish report. Tough as can be in Deep East Texas, says Milton Potts, because of the civil rights issue and the white backlash. Better than it ever has before, said John Ben Shepherd^{part} from the Midland-Odessa area -- and that's a citadel of conservatism I never thought we'd breach. Fine, said Carlton Smith of Waco in an always reliable Democratic district. And oh, alas, poor Irv Goldberg from Dallas, could only say that Cabell had a sporting chance of beating Congressman Alger. He leads a charmed life in Dallas, but I would say it would be pretty poor pickin's for such as us in Dallas.

At seven was the big event of the day -- the American Field Service reception -- 3,000 young people from some 57 countries of the world who have been studying in the United States for their senior high school year. They had been dispersed all across this union in 47 of our States. Lyndon and Luci and I arrived on the South Grounds when they were already seated in front of the shell. The United States Marine Band had been giving them a concert of a travelogue in music. It was planned as a delightful program, beginning with The Sidewalks of New York and going on to Mardi Gras and The Land of Plenty and Oklahoma and Tumbling Tumbleweed and Cowboy Rhapsody, representing all parts of

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our country. Such an imaginative and appropriate idea on Bess' part but, alas, the weather didn't cooperate. It rained off and on, off and on, all afternoon, so finally at a letup Bess ushered us out there in a great hurry, after they had only done two of their numbers. We walked up on the stand and Lyndon made an excellent speech to them -- short, warm, well-tailored to the occasion. Men may try to tell you that peace among nations and neighbors is not possible, that old rivalries and struggles can never be laid aside. When any tell you that, you tell them of America. Here people with the blood of your own ancestors in their veins have forgotten and overcome and laid aside divisions of the past. We live together in 50 States as one people, one people united and indivisible. If such unity can be accomplished here, it can be accomplished everywhere. I was real proud of it. It was a touching moment when he called to the stand Stephen Galotti, Jr., the son of the man who had been Director General of the American Field Service for nearly 20 years until his death last week. He gave the young man a Presidential Citation honoring Mr. Galotti.

And then Lyndon said, "Let's go down and walk through them, shall we?" I'd been expecting this moment with a mixture of dread and pleasure, because I knew the Secret Service was remembering that this was the same group last year that had so swamped President

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Kennedy that he had lost a tie clasp and a shoe, so it was reported, and had been kissed, mauled and clutched. With Lyndon in the lead and me next, we started right in the middle of them and, like the Red Sea waters, they divided, everybody with an outstretched hand or a camera. We shook all the hands we could reach. We asked a lot of questions. I was glad that some of them had been going to school in Mississippi and Arkansas. It was all terribly good-natured and nice. Not a single unpleasant moment, unless it was for the Secret Service men. No place for high heels. The only trouble was that when we finally got to the other end of the crowd and waved goodbye to the last of them, the redecoated Marine Band -- in dismay, I guess -- had left their posts and departed, and the rest of that wonderful program was never heard.

This is Lynda's first day at work in McGeorge Bundy's office. Forty hours a week and no salary -- she doesn't like that latter. She reads cables, gets them to the appropriate officials, files. She said she would find it terribly engrossing for the first two or three days and then get bored as heck.

After the grounds were peaceful, I walked around, all alone, except for my Agent trailing me. The grounds are one of the things I will remember

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most lovingly from this place.

And then, a call from Lyndon to say, "Come over, and let's go meet Governor Ellington, who is going to have dinner with us." By that time it was after nine. We went down to the Southwest Gate, and the two of us walked up and down until finally, rather late, Buford arrived, and we went inside for a ten o'clock dinner. He is enjoying his job working for the L&N Railroad, speaks happily of his home -- he and Katharine travel a lot together. Ann is married to a Catholic, a young man who is still in school. Buford said he had behaved very badly about it himself, but now he's reconciled -- thinks he's a wonderful young man.

He told us a howling story of why he didn't run for the Senate in Tennessee -- enough to raise the hair on the back of your neck -- about the power of certain portions of our government and how necessary it is that they be in the hands only of just men.