

1964

Tuesday, July 21st

This is a light week for me and an unbearably heavy one for Lyndon. Liz and Boss have gone to Atlantic City to look over logistics, make plans for press party, the arrival of me and the girls -- everything that concerns me.

I spent the morning working on the mail, stopped by and had a glass of sherry with Secretary Rusk and McNamara and McGeorge Bundy, who were waiting for Lyndon. They have a luncheon every Tuesday -- usually just the four of them discuss all the foreign policy problems.

Then I had asked Nancy Dickerson to come up and have a sandwich with me and talk about clothes. Fresh back from the Republican Convention, she had ideas for me on what I should wear. The most impossible time of the year to try to find something new to stock your wardrobe to walk out feeling armored against the world -- is the time between now and the Convention. We looked a bit forlornly over my wardrobe. Nancy talked about how attractive the young Millers were, in fact, all three of the Millers, and how all cameras turned in their direction when they came in.

About 6:30 Lindy Boggs and Scooter Miller came over from the National Democratic Committee, where they have both been working in the Women's Division, to have a drink with me and discuss the progress of women's organization, speaker's bureau, the Four for

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Sixty-four program, and when I ought to come to the Convention and what should I do when I get there? Lyndon was having a stag reception for the foreign ministers of Latin America, meanwhile, in the Yellow Room.

Lindy is one of the best examples I know of a gentle, pretty, soft-sell Southern lady, who is also highly efficient and very energetic but it doesn't show on top. Scooter's son Mead is working down at the Young Citizens for Johnson, and she is spending full time nearly every day at the Committee. Margaret Price is out of town, which is why we did not ask her to join us. I had phoned and tried.

It was a good session for all of us. It was another late night for Lyndon -- supper about 10:30. This week is being sheer labor. What sympathies I have for him for being willing to endure it, and was it always this hard for each one? Bedtime at 11:30. It doesn't mean sleep -- it means a confrontation with that big envelope marked "Night Reading."