

1964

Friday, July 24th

This was a man-killer of a day for Lyndon. It began easily enough for me, with an appointment with Robin Duke and her dressmaker, who has the delightful name of ~~Kandy~~ ^{Kandy} ~~Olino~~, a Japanese, to make up some of my Eastern fabrics and possibly a new dress for the Convention. And then a quick trip down to the First Floor to say hello to the wives of the foreign ministers from Latin America that Mrs. Rusk was conducting to the White House. And what a shambles of housekeeping they were seeing, after the mammoth day the household had put in Thursday.

The ^I had lunch with Lynda, curled up on her bed listening to the problems of her job with the cables -- how interesting they were at first and just how plain laborious they are becoming now. She hasn't been feeling very well the last day or two. Not like her, and I am worried about her.

Then a session of work with Liz in my room. And then at 3:30 to watch one of Lyndon's confrontations of the day, a televised press conference. The sort of thing you must steel yourself to go to like you would to a firing squad. I watched it from my bedroom, every nerve aquiver with sympathy. Actually, I thought it was one of the best he ever did. Bryson Rasch used the expression that he had mouse-trapped Goldwater by leaving him nothing to say about his appointment with Lyndon

1964

Friday, July 24th (continued)

later in that same day when he said, "Of course we will talk about civil rights." They asked him if he thought it would be a rough campaign and he smiled and said, "All campaigns are rough." I thought he emerged with his scalp and his dignity. And he practically had to leave it on roller skates to make it over to the mansion for a reception for labor leaders. Between 250 and 300 of them had been invited for a report on the State of the Nation, comparable to the stag luncheons that he had had for business leaders, with a short talk by Lyndon. Sometimes I think it probably wasn't short. And a briefing by the most pertinent Cabinet members.

Later, one of the aides told me that he thought they had set a record for shaking hands. Lyndon arrived late because of the press conference, had to leave early because of his 5:30 appointment with Goldwater, and so had raced through this reception within a good deal less than an hour.

And then, at 5:30, was the second big, demanding confrontation of the day -- his meeting alone with Goldwater. Later, when I asked him, he said the meeting went something like this. "I think you are looking wonderful. You look healthy. This job must agree with you." "When you live in this compound, you have to learn to let it agree with you."

1964

Friday, July 24th (continued)

He said, "I brought up the subject of civil rights. I told him I had to meet with a labor group this afternoon after the press conference. Goldwater said, "What groups have you talked to?" I said, "Preachers, teachers, business groups, labor groups. Now the educators are coming in. We brought some action yesterday against Mississippi people who violated the law." Goldwater said, "What law?" Lyndon said, "The civil rights law just passed." Goldwater said, "I know something about discrimination. I am half Jew." Lyndon said, "I signed the Bill and you voted against the Bill, but the Court is the one who will decide. I intend to enforce it." In the course of discussing the climate of thought in the country, Goldwater said, "Eighty per cent of my people are conservative; about twenty per cent disagree." Then he said -- and here Lyndon felt that he showed the most enthusiasm, the most real response that he had during the whole meeting, "What about this supersonic plane? I want to get a ride in it." He asked how many seats it had. Lyndon said it had two. He said, "Is that right? I thought it was going to have three." Then he said, "Well, good luck to you." And Lyndon said, "Good luck to you." He had, Lyndon said, arrived some twenty minutes early and had been kept in the Cabinet Room and entertained -- in not too relaxed a fashion, I imagine -- by Jack Valenti, and -- according to the newspapers -- the whole into "view

1964

Friday, July 24th (continued)

took only sixteen minutes.

city
Yearning for exercise later that evening, I got Lynda Bird to go over to the bowling alley in EOB, and I did the best I ever have -- 117 to Lynda Bird's very good 147 or thereabouts. She doesn't look athletic, but she's competitive and she does well in most everything.

And then, later on, we went over to Lyndon's office, Lynda and I, and found him in the little room. Jack, Walter, Marianne Means. Lynda left in a few minutes and I sat down and talked with them. They had been discussing Vice Presidential nominees -- Rusk, McNamara, Kennedy, Gene McCarthy, Hubert Humphrey, Muskie -- the favorite guessing game of the capital these days. Finally I prized Lyndon loose, bringing Walter and Jack home with him for dinner at ten o'clock. And shortly thereafter, a massage and night reading and, at long last, bed, the nicest part of which this long and eventful day was the news of Luci, beginning with the wire we had sent her: "Dear Luci, three of your fans will be thinking of you. We are all so proud of you." ⁴ Because in the paper today was a report of her two performances at Interlochen on yesterday -- one in the afternoon to about 3600 people, all the students of the National Music Camp and their families, and a night one -- an even more successful one -- to the public, the proceeds of which go to scholarships for this center of music, dance,

1964

Friday, July 24th (continued)

drama and art. The pictures today were delightful. Luci and Van Cliburn, both in camp uniform -- Luci's Navy blue knickers, light blue socks, and light blue shirt -- no glasses, thank goodness -- and her narration delivered with pixie gestures of glee, mock fright, or whatever the passage in Peter and the Wolf called for. This is the point at which I would have shivered with apprehension. ^aAt the end of it she decided to get up and give a little impromptu speech. It was all right, though, because it consisted chiefly of telling everybody in the camp how wonderful they were -- the orchestra, Van Cliburn, the founder, President Joseph Maddy. So Luci gets A for Interlochen.