

1964

Sunday, July 26th

This morning we went to the National City Christian Church with Jake and Beryl and their son, Graham McCarroll, and then when we got back we decided to walk around the grounds, with Him and Her on their long leashes racing before us, tugging Lyndon along. At the Southwest Gate some 100 tourists were gathered, and Lyndon said, "Would you all like to come in and walk around the block with us?" while I flinched and I don't know what went on in the minds of the Secret Service Agents. But the guards opened the gate, in streamed the people, and down the road past the fountains we trailed, Him and Her utterly delighted until they found a black Scottish terrier in the arms of the man who owned him. Then they set up such a yipping and barking -- a dog fight on Sunday. on the grounds of the White House is not something I particularly want to be remembered for. So I tried to hold onto Him's collar while the Scottie growled ominously, but in a much more dignified fashion than Him. Her, bless Her, soon returned to her nice juicy bone and, what with wagging her tail and running along acting friendly with everyone, was the hit of the morning. Across we strolled to the Southeast Gate, there was another group of about a hundred. Lyndon ^{asked} ~~liked~~ THEM if they would like to come and walk around with us. I really wish I knew what went on in the minds of the people. All of those who expressed themselves were flabbergasted and utterly delighted. I am not, because it is not in

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accord with the Johnsons who seek quiet and privacy on their boat on the Llano River to no avail.

Then we went to the bowling alley, Lyndon and I and the three Pickles. Lyndon beat us all, and I revelled in the exercise. Philip came down and I am glad that once, finally, we had a sit-down lunch in the Family Dining Room with a daughter, a nephew, and some friends, beginning properly, of course, with the blessing.

In the afternoon we slept and read. Sundays are our day of revival. And looked at Gene McCarthy on television. Handsome, humor and good character in his face, but a little too verbose. I like a few yes and no answers thrown in.

And then in the evening was a delightful escape from the White House. We went to dinner at Betty and Bill Fulbright's. The Restons were there; lovely, silken Phyllis Dillon, the Secretary, and Senator Russell -- a rare pleasure to see him twice in the same weekend. Betty has that knack of creating a special aura for a party. Relaxation with interesting people, and her back porch setting is like being in a summer forest. The Restons had been at the Republican Convention. I asked him to tell me about it, expecting a long bunch of anecdotes and analysis. He said, "Just one thing. Work like Hell." Fortunately, I had nearly finished

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Bill Fullbright's book, Old Myths and New Realities, and was right pleased with myself that I could discuss with him with some sense his views on DeGaulle and China and the minor accommodations of Consuls and Student Exchange that we are increasingly making with the Iron Curtain countries. I never look at Dick Russell without admiration and without thinking of his great talent that I wish were put to more vigorous use. The ring that he wears -- one that he himself put around his neck -- sometime I guess after his bid for the Presidency in 1952, which failed and changed him a great deal, or so it seems to me. Nobody can be more charming or express himself more lucidly, and sometimes more humorously. In describing Dean Rusk, he called him an Adlai with common sense, and in speaking of Hubert he said, "He can find more rabbits to chase when you're hunting bear."

We returned to the White House in time to meet a radiant Luci, fresh from her triumph at Interlochen and tasting the sweet wine of success. She was darling. And the nicest thing about it is that she thought all those youngsters were so wonderful.