

FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1964 -- page 1

Friday, July 31st. Oh, happy augury of the day!
Lyndon was in my room and there was no telephone to alert him when the morning came. The shades were pulled close and we slept until ninethirty. That was as good a present as a diamond ring!

The only hard part of the day for me was lunch with Hugh Sidey and Jean Franklin of TIME for a story they are doing on me. I have never been afraid of the Press, and I think that candor is more believable and more likable, but suddenly it has begun to dawn on me that I don't stand on my own alone and what they say about me may have a significant result on Lyndon, on our Party, on the far-flung ramifications.

So for the first time I am beginning to be uneasy in their presence. We had lunch in my retreat, the Queen's Sitting Room, talked for two hours, and all that I said will come out for good or ill about Convention time.

Then I went upstairs and laid on the roof in a bathing suit in the sun. It has been a gray July and sunshine is hard to come by. Thinking about how wonderful it was for Lyndon to have the rest this morning. The days are so often too long and too tiring.

I couldn't help but remember poor President ~~Journa~~
~~Serenade~~ (?) who at the State Dinner monday night, when I asked him what time it was in his own country, thought for a minute, and said "Madame, it is 4 o'clock in the morning." I hope nobody expects me on a foreign trip, ~~expects me~~ to be sparkling at what is 4 am to me stomach time.

Late in the afternoon I had some friends for tea in the Yellow Oval Room -- Walter and Ann Hornaday, Ann ~~was~~ with a marvelous story of a friend of hers in Dallas who wanted to give to the White House her John Adams punch bowl, her son and her nephew, the Fred Catteralls from Austin with their married daughter and her husband, Blake and Charley Sparenburg and their three children, one of whom -- Luci's friend -- is a luscious blonde, and I was a little annoyed at Luci for not foregoing her trip to the hospital with food and coming in to see her, and Helen Byrd ~~Fallie~~
Sally (?) my roommate from St. Mary's days, her son and three of his friends.

After they left I got Helen to go out on the Truman balcony, and she and I talked for another 30 minutes. Her life, quite simply, has not been a happy one. Often when I meet old friends I feel I must tread very softly on my own

generally very happy path, lest ugly troubles rear their heads. It was good to see her and good to think that maybe I had added a spark of gayety to her day.

Lynda has agreed to go to the New York barbecues for the young citizens for Johnson, one to be given ~~for~~ by Charlotte Ford and one by Mayor Wagner's son at Gracey¹² Mansion.

Luci, bless her, was quick to latch on to the one in Milwaukee and agreed to go to the two in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Today is a ~~gkay~~ // great day for our country!

Our space ship headed for the moon was a thrilling success.

The headlines said "Ranger 7 sends back moon close-ups to end a flawless and historic flight."

Lyndon was so late coming home to dinner -- after eleven -- ~~that~~ that I thought I would have to institute a rule of having all the servants leave at ten, wrap up his supper in tin foil and put it in the warmer, which is the most minor consideration compared to what long hours and late meals mean to his general wellbeing.

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