

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2, 1964 - page 1

This is for Sunday, August 2nd, but more than a month has passed since I recorded because today is actually September 5th and the sharpness of the days events are bl<sup>u</sup>rrred by the passage of time, but I shall record each day and catch up if I possibly can.

We had a late breakfast with much newspaper reading, and then I went to pick up Lou Engle to drive her to Andrews Terminal where the big plane was taking the body of the Senator and the official delegation to the funeral. She and her brother-in-law and Ymelda Dixon and Mrs. Chavez were in the ~~xxxxxx~~ charming little house close to the Capitol where I remember isuch a pleasant luncheon for our 81st Club, not more than a year ago.

Lou was as calm as someone under sedation but very clear spoken. It is evident the harrassing of the Press about the situation as to whether she should resign or not from the race, and the long drawn out living on the rack of seeing him in such pain and such undetermined ending has taken its toll. Perhaps the most poignant little moment was when she was speaking of things she must do right away. She said, Oh, yes, I must get the tags off the car right

away. I am not entitled to them any longer." We talked about her return and seeing her again. I told her how brave all of her friends thought she was, hugged ~~x~~ her and said goodbye at the foot of the airplane, not going in to meet all of those who were attending the funeral.

And then back to find the Wagners returned from mass, and Lyndon sitting on the couch with the Mayor. They were talking, and to my chagrin every few minutes Lyndon would close his eyes and I could see that he was dropping off to sleep. It is a God given gift but not one that I exactly want him to take advantage of when the Mayor of New York is out guest. But the Mayor, God bless him, was a considerate man and never seemed to notice.

Their oldest boy, ~~is~~ is attending Harvard and is making As. His father beamed when he spoke about it. He brought us a picture of his wife, Susan. I remember the party she had for me on Gracey Mansion. I ~~W~~thought it was a very delicate and kind thing for him to do. He would not have brought the picture to someone <sup>he</sup> ~~who~~ didn't consider ~~her~~ a friend.

A little before four o'clock we said goodbye to them on the South Grounds. One of the sons is going to be host <sup>for</sup> ~~at~~ the Democratic young folks in New York when Lynda Bird comes up for a barbecue in a few weeks.

And then at four thirty in came our next and wonderful batch of house guests, the young Bobby Russells from Georgia! Bobby, Senator Dick Russell's nephew has been ill, rather seriously ill I gather but do not know. I think it might be a malignancy of the stomach. He has a pretty little wife, Betty Ann and a half a yard full of children -- five -- ranging from a very polite, sweet daughter of 13 or 14 <sup>I</sup> believe that was Ann, and the next one was Judy, down to a toothless, grinning five year old who would snare the heart of anybody.

We are so delighted to have them because this is to be sort of a break in their summer of apprehension, of I hope. A little weekend ~~from~~ relief from worry about Bobby's illness.

I showed them to their rooms -- the children running in all directions -- and then took them over to ~~thxx~~ see the swimming pool and the bowling alley.

We were accompanied by their aunt Laura Campbell, a most remarkable, beautiful, soft spoken young woman who was a registered nurse and a Godsend for a family like that.

And then I came back in time to join Lyndon for a walk through Lafayette Park to St. John's for vespers, the last chance of the day for Church.

I began by feeling conspicuous and silly and ill at ease as I walk along accompanied by a growing crowd of tourists, ever so many of whom stick out their hands or call agreeting but I would<sup>y</sup> up by feeling I might as well relax and enjoy it, go about my business quite simply, hope they like me, and ~~that~~ know that when Lyndon is not along I will be practically invisible -- one of the nice rewards for not being beautiful and striking.

We returned in time to be joined by Dick Russell for an early dinner sitting out on the Truman Balcony overlooking the South Grounds with Betty Ann and Bob Russell and that lovely Miss Campbell, while the children who had already had their <sup>dinner</sup> ~~breakfast~~ upstairs in the Solarium were ensconsed down in the theatre watching a movie and actually the movie, the bowling alley, the swimming pool, the dogs turned out to be their favorite things about the White House, far and above any such things as the portraits of Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, or the ghosts of greatness and tragedy that stalk

this house.

It is sad, but I am aware increasingly the last couple of years or so that Dick Russell, my hero, the very model of a Senator, is being touched by age, but one of the last few times we were together, I am not sure whether it was dinner tonight, there was a moment when he shed 20 years in a second. I was talking about how much I wished I could see this decade of the 1960's sink into perspective. I hoped I live long enough to see what was boiling up in this period because it might be the dawning of a great new era, one of the fastest thrusts forward that the world has seen since the <sup>Renaissance</sup> Renaissance time.

Senator Russell looked up with the glow of a 30 year old man in his eye and he said "I do, too!"

It was a delightful evening with some of the people I genuinely like best and am most at home with.

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