

1964

Saturday, September 5th

In the middle of the day I had a long walk around the grounds with Lynda and Carolyn. It was a day of home and family and desk. It's so wonderful for Lynda, having Carolyn here, particularly when she, Lynda, seems a little sad and droopy to me.

We sat down to lunch in the dining room, the three of us, and then we went over to the bowling alley, where I played a horrible game, not much comforted that Carolyn did worse. She is so happily married.

In the afternoon there was a long siege of dictating, autographing (one of the duller jobs in the world) and cleaning off the desk. The big news was from Luci. I tried to telephone her in New Orleans and did talk to Wendy. She had been met at the airport by several hundred youngsters. Signs, "It's in the Bag for Johnson" and "Dixie Goes Democrat," and then later, at the launching, there were a thousand people who stood in the rain to watch her swing the bottle of champagne on the S.S. LOUISE LYKES. Some day she and I are going to have to have our trip on one of these freighters. The headline read, "Luci's Last Summer Outing is a Smash." A rather cute picture of her and champagne flying all over.

In the early evening Lyndon and I went to the birthday party Mary Margaret gave for Jack, his 43rd, and I expect in the last 9 months he has aged a couple of years at least. It was Kennedy staff

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plus Johnson staff plus a few newspaper people -- a very select and delightful group, with a witty toast by Dick Goodwin, and one in poetry, done by Liz Carpenter and sent over from the hospital where she had had an operation and, Les said, "done this for him under the effect of sodium pentothal." Jack occupies the most sensitive and potentially the most explosive job around Lyndon. It will be very difficult for him to walk the tightrope that avoids jealousy and backbiting, but I believe if anybody can do it, he can. He's full of good will and laughter, and I think the people that come to know him respect him more as they know him better. It was a gay, Georgetown-type party. We gathered up Bill White, the Jack Brooks, Kay Graham, McGeorge Bundy, Nancy Hanschmann and her husband Dick, and Susan Mary and Joe Alsop, and took them home for dinner at the White House, with a short session first out on that loveliest of places, the Truman Balcony.

June White is ready to help me on speeches or campaign writing. Jack Brooks is a possible candidate for taking over some of the heavy lifting in the Texas part of the campaign this Fall. Susan Mary, just back from Spain -- in fact, everybody there was so complimentary of Luci and of Lynda that I beamed.

After dinner Clark Clifford dropped by for coffee. He's one of the hand-holders of this Administration -- at least from my

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viewpoint -- and I talked to him about when and how to announce the Jacqueline Kennedy Garden and about recording White House entertainments to be sold -- the records, that is -- for the benefit of the Kennedy Cultural Center.