

Apr. 15 to the Namam
Apr. 16 Daily Boston
Apr. 18 A.W. ? 1965
Apr. 19 - any ^{survivor}
FRIDAY, APRIL 2
Apr. 21 - James L. ...

Apr. 20 - Nancy ...
Ready to give to Library
(except ch. ... down page)
Mar. 21 ...
of ... John ...
Apr. 27 - Auerall Harrison

One of my memories of the White House will always be of convocations in the bedroom, Lyndon propped up in the great canopied bed, five newspapers stacked beside him, and a bale of night reading, making imperative sounding telephone calls. Among those on the other end are very likely to be Bob McNamara and McGeorge Bundy and always coming and going Jack Valenti, light of step and quick with a smile, and smooth, kindly Marvin Watson. This morning they were there and Billy Graham came in, had a second cup of coffee, said his tentative goodbyes. We heard that Carl Vinson had arrived. This is one of the sweet sudden things that Lyndon often does--share this house and this place with an old friend, an old fellow-worker in the vineyard." ^{The Arriver was} This time former Representative Carl Vinson, of Georgia, for fifty years a member of the House of Representatives and much of that time was head of what was the Naval Affairs Committee when we first joined it in 1937 and later became the Armed Services Committee, affectionally called the Admiral. ^{the Chairman} He had retired last year and Lyndon had asked him to come up from Georgia to be our house guest to attend receptions and gatherings at the Capitol in his honor and to be given a party here by us. My first question when I saw him was "who do you want to come see you this afternoon?" Already the Georgia Delegation was on the list and the members who had served with him on the

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Naval Affairs Committee and delightful enough he put on all of his neighbors up and down the street he lived on for so many years, including especially the family of the lady who had been his housekeeper after his wife died, Mr. and Mrs. Snead, their two children, one of whom was named Carl. He had given them his house when he returned to Georgia. What a story book sort of thing to do!

I had lunch with Lynda in my bedroom, she looking beautiful in her pink dress and red coat, excited and enthusiastic about going to New York at 2:00 o'clock to stay at Mary Lasker's house and have dates with Dave, who remains the most interesting young man she knows in spite of quite a few dates. Word began to creep through to me that we were really going to Camp David this afternoon after the reception for Carl Vinson, a delicious prospect.

At 5:30 the Chairman, ^{as} ~~so~~ nearly everyone affectionately calls him, and I went downstairs to receive in the Blue Room. No telling when Lyndon would arrive. Then the Leadership filed by to pay respect to him, the Speaker and Mrs. McCormack, lively little Carl Albert and his diminutive little wife, and graceful Lindy Boggs with Hale, and, of course, the Georgia Delegation led by Herman and Betty Talmadge, but absent the star Dick Russell and white maned Mendell Rivers. He and I will never get through reminiscing about our whistle stop in Charleston, South Carolina last fall. He succeeded to Mr. Vinson's place as Chairman of the Armed Services Committee. It was an interesting receiving line well recorded by TV and

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the newspapers, including Mr. Vinson's nephew, Lt. Colonel Wilbur Vinson and his wife and lots of nice ladies with southern accents, many from Georgia, who kept on saying "He was our boss for 30 years., I worked for him for 18 years." He had included all of the staff, bless him! It meant something for them to see him again and to be here at the White House and it meant something for me to be able to share it with them, and Georgia Court of Appeals Judge Bobby Russell of Winder, Georgia, the Senator's favorite nephew who is out here at NIH with what we believe must be cancer. It chilled me to see him so young and a ~~heritor~~^{inheritor} of such a fine name, so many cute children, able enough to use the political future that lay before him, but looking very thin and gray. Once more I especially loved Lyndon when later in the evening he met him and said "You just go on out to Camp David with us. Tell them out there that you will be back tomorrow." He hesitated--I could see he wanted to, but he said "no, I had better get on out there and not interrupt these tests I am taking." We talked about what a wonderful place NIH was and he used the expression "you know I think they are right on the verge." Neither he nor I said of what but we both knew that he meant a discovery about cancer, possibly a cure.

The high point of the evening was the arrival of the Snead family, mother and father and little crew-cut Carl, bashful and rather silent, and his proud and outgoing twelve or so year old brother, Tillman, and all the neighbors up and down the street. In fact, it was a delightful reminiscent evening.

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The Sterling Coles were there. We had known him well as the outstanding Republican on the Committee when we joined it in 1937, and I kept on meeting veterans of my Whistlestop train through Georgia. Lyndon tried to persuade Mr. Vinson to go with us to Camp David, but no, the helicopter was too much of an innovation for him. He had actually come to Washington on the train! Without a doubt the most impressive thing about the evening to me was seeing a man who had held great power for many years, ~~his~~ ^{his} life in the House totaling 50 years, had said goodbye to it of his own accord and had no backward look. His face, his manner, all showed a happy man, grateful for returning to the scene where he had labored, for a day's celebration, but no regret at being separated from it. ~~He~~ [#] He left with his adopted family a little before seven and I stayed until the last lingering guest had departed. Lyndon, who can make a big impression in a few minutes, had gone back much earlier to the office to mop up the day's work. He came back to get on the helicopter, grabbing up both dogs at the last minute as he and I boarded it. ~~Just~~ [#] Just before we left there was a discordant note in the happy cacophony of our departure. I glimpsed McGeorge Bundy at the entrance. Lyndon asked him to get on. He rushed into the helicopter, thrust the copy of a speech in Lyndon's hands and said "I am awfully sorry, nobody could predict that he would say anything like that." It concerned a speech that Prime Minister Pearson of Canada had made at a University in Philadelphia in which he apparently had told us how to conduct the war in Vietnam. We flew off and arrived at Aspen Lodge a

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little past 8:00 to spend the weekend with the Busbys, the John Chancellors, the Valentis, including little Courtenay Lynda, Marianne Means, Emmitt Rardon. The problems did not reintrude and we had a festive dinner and then the happiest thing that could happen, Lyndon went off to sleep while we watched a movie. It is a treasure for him to go to bed early.