

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, June 18, 1964

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This was a mild, easy day. I had some sun on the roof and lunch with Liz while I worked on mail. . . Decisions about the Michigan trip , a TV appearance, telephone call from the National Geographic to open phonovision for the first time.

And then down to meet John Walker of the National Gallery of Art, to walk around with the John Singer Sargent, of the actress, which he believes to be a Manchini, ^{-[a]} close friend of Sargent, who had a studio right next to his in Rome, and not a Sargent at all.

We decided in the West Hall, on the other side of the door from the Winslow Homer, ^[to hang it] would be a good place, or in the Queen's Room would be, perhaps, the best place of all. Where it now hangs, it is too small for the spot. He is going to look around to find me a larger one for that spot. He agreed, with all the information I have hitherto gotten, that Gardner Cox would be the best person to do the portrait of Lyndon, if and when we can get him to sit.

I called Clark Clifford because the White House Historical Association had been wanting to commission someone to do a portrait of the President and he would inquire about how many sittings and so forth.

Then, work on the mail with Ashton, and a delightful part of the day, a race across the south grounds with the dogs on a leash and Dr. Jim Cain with me, Jim's in town for some of his board meetings, to which he was appointed by President Kennedy, but we asked him to come over, have

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dinner and spend the night, and stay until he left, which will be Saturday.

We talked long and long about Lyndon, and what would be better physically and psychologically - to run for President again, or not. Jim feels that the climate of intense activity in which Lyndon has always lived, is the only one for him, and that he would not adjust to the vacuum of retirement, the near-vacuum rather.

We kept on trying to lure Lyndon from the office, to come have dinner. Stopped by to see him over there, and he promised to bring Jack and McGeorge Bundy, whose wife is out of town.

They arrived at 9:40, with Lyndon having to be back at the office in time to call the Premier of Japan, at 10:00, so it was a quick dinner and for the first time in a long time, I saw the irritation and frayed nerves that I remember from the hardest part of the majority leader days. He's been sublimely patient, calm, understanding and easy going, most of the time, these last seven months. I guess it's almost holding a super-human rein on himself, and a super-human awareness of what he's got to do now, but it was frayed at the edges last night.

At 10:00 in the office, the Fish Room rather, he called Premier Hiota Akata, opening the first telephone cable between the United States and Japan. Then returned for a massage and a talk with Jim, while I discussed with Luci, her adventures of the day, at the Shady Grove Music Fair in Gaithers-

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burg, where she had been hostess to 2000 youngsters from settlement houses and underprivileged communities such as Children's Village, where they saw, under the large tent, Don Ameche and Tana Elge in I Married an Angel, the Rodgers and Hart musical.

The day was full of bubble gum, hot dogs, autographs, and according to the stories in the paper, and Wendy's report, Luci carried her role very well indeed. Being friendly, willing to autograph, and downing a hot dog, pencil in hand, right outside the door of the tent, with regard to the sign that says, "Positively No Food or Beverages Inside."

She had on a denim dress and bobby socks, with her hair down, and her heart in the business, and I think she's the best one of the Johnsons, the females that is, at identifying with the crowd she's in.

When Lyndon's massage was over, I went in and crawled in bed beside him because my conscience was hurting because I was not going to California for the two and a half day hard stint with him.

He looked at me hopefully about two or three days ago, and said, "You're going to California with me, aren't you?" And I had said, "No, but I'll be in Michigan and Minnesota with you." No excuses, just tired, and Lynda will join him from Hawaii, for the Saturday night part in Los Angeles.

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