

SATURDAY JULY 11, 1964 - page 1

Saturday, July 11th, another luxurious, quiet day, breakfast with Lyndon, and then upstairs for another cup of coffee with Becky who is going to leave around noon, and a long family talk about Lucia and little Becky, Sam Houston, all the family and friends. She has really enjoyed this trip and I have enjoyed having her. She looks young and has a lot of style, and this in spite of the fact ~~that~~ of a rather rocky road of physical troubles.

After lunch Lyndon had been anxious for me to meet Dave's parents, Mr. and Mrs. LeFevre (?) of New York state, and his sister and brother-in-law who were down visiting. We had coffee in the Oval Room, each probably pondering what our young folks were thinking about each other, and then when they went sightseeing I went up on the roof in a bathing suit, and lay on a deck chair and read and read -- an envelope full of mail that ~~says~~ says "Read and File" and my two current books, and then down to the pool to swim 20 laps all by myself; then walking around the yard with the dogs; and then a rather early dinner with Lyndon just he and I. He is going through the throes this weekend of what may be the last desperate turning away, <sup>the</sup> desire to escape being the Democratic candidate this fall. The trouble is he

can't find any honorable escape. If we walk off and leave it, there is no place we can go that there won't be ringing in our ears the verdict of good friends, "You let us down, Lyndon," maybe expressed in words, maybe not expressed, but it will be there and it will be bitter.

And the most frightening flag in the wind to me are the occasional letters that come over my desk from parents expressing appreciation to the President for his letter of condolence about their son who was killed in Vietnam. Those I have seen are simple letters, quiet, dignified, sad, some even proud, that it was for their country, but I know what an unbearable weight a great mass of those letters would be.

Lyndon speaks of his office as the cell, a place where <sup>he</sup> can go and work in quiet with relative freedom from an inquiring world of Press.

After dinner we went down to see Thomas <sup>B</sup>Becket with Richard Burton. Lyndon and I both left just a few minutes before ten -- I to see my Saturday night addiction, Gun Smoke, and he to his reading and wrestling.

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