

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, June 18, 1965

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It was one of those wild varied days. Actually, I guess you should say it began at about 4:00 when Luci took coffee up to the Astronauts. But not for me -- I was sleeping soundly. But at 8:00 I was eagerly awake because I wanted to see and hear Governor Dewey. He had come down to talk to Lyndon the day before about the crime situation in the District of Columbia. Lyndon is determined to enlist all the can-do men he can find from Republicans as well as Democrats and intellectuals as well as teachers' college boys to help him attack the problems he faces.

Governor Dewey walked right into a whirlwind of activity moving his way along in the tempest of the evening before rather placidly and I think enjoying himself hugely. He looked not a day older, ^{than} and in the political pictures I remember, short, quick, terrifically bright, slightly tart, a little black moustache. I found him very likeable.

He had breakfast on a tray with us in the bedroom. Lyndon was saying "I want to do something yesterday to arrest this evil that is threatening the country. I am excited and frightened at the status quo. The District is right under our nose, and we have got to set an example."

I wish I could remember everything they said because they were very interesting interplay. Dewey was saying, "If the policemen cannot question them you will have practically no convictions." There is

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something about the questioning by the policemen of people they arrest not being acceptable as evidence and I don't begin to understand it. He said, "The courts are living in an ivory tower." I got the impression he took a dim view of the way criminals were let out after serving a minor portion of their sentence.

Lyndon was hammering away at the District of Columbia, ^{as an example} ~~deciding~~ ^{what had happened to the McNamara's daughter} ^{a cabinet member} He said, "I want to take the District of Columbia as a model. Murder will not wait."

I gathered too that Tom Dewey thought that sentences imposed by courts these days were unduely light and easily upset by technicalities.

Finally as he started to leave, they got on the subject of personalities and Lyndon said something very complimentary about Lucius Clay whom he had known and liked so much. He was Sam Rayburn's great friend over a period of the last 20 years. And wouldn't he be just the right man for such and such a job? Dewey laughingly replied, "Aw , Mr. President, now you've just got to leave us somebody. He's just accepted the job as money raiser for the Republican party." Sure enough, later in the day I saw that headline -- new treasurer.

I gathered they hit it off rather well -- Lyndon and Dewey. At any rate, he had seen a lot of business transacted and what I think he had expected to be a 30 minute or at most an hour conference and it had

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turned into about a 15 hour one, including a very short night spent in the Lincoln Bedroom -- the last remaining place to put a house guest.

Next, I had a talk with Simone about the completion of the ABC filming -- the days it would require -- a sort of message that we wanted to extract from it. And that will be largely the job of the script.

And then I went to sleep, right in the middle of the day -- a long self-indulgent nap. Then I woke up to have my favorite lunch about 2:30 of scrambled eggs and worked on the mail, had an interview with Meg Greenfield on the Truman Balcony, talked to Lynda Bird about the news from Arizona about becoming a member of the Apache Tribe at a barbeque for some 2,000 or so.

Luci's new car had arrived -- a green Stingray -- a combination graduation and birthday present. Lyndon is the sort of man who absolutely cannot keep from opening a gift that someone has presented him, nor can he wait until the exact birthday to give his little daughter her present. He asked me to call her out, and we had the car driven up to the Southwest entrance, and Luci came out and she looked at it and she squealed and ran and she hugged him. The look in her eyes was just like when she was about 4 years old and Lyndon had brought her a big box home from a trip down into Virginia. He had set it on

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the living room floor of 4921 30th Place. "Come over Luci and open it up". She looked down and there she saw a little beagle -- aged 6 weeks. And when she raised her eyes to her Daddy's face, not all the angels in heaven ever had a sweeter expression or one more full of joy.

We were going to Camp David, and I had spent part of the afternoon calling the guests -- Trudye and Joe Fowler, Orville and Jane Freeman, the Busbys, the Attorney General and ~~Lidia~~ Lydia Katzenbach, Mary Ann Means and Emmet Riordan.

Lyndon had a lot of trouble getting loose from the office so that there was a long wait between the time the guests began to assemble and the helicopter left for Camp David. I, at least, with a holiday spirit -- ready for a weekend of bowling, swimming and movies and good talk with a group I particularly liked. We had not been with the Katzenbachs much or the Freemans. And I am especially fond of Jane Freeman and want to get to know all of the Cabinet people better. I feel we've known the Fowlers a long time. Tomorrow the Vances are coming up along with the Bill Moyers and the Goodwins.

I had time to get a preview of the dress Luci was going to wear at the party for the 250 diplomatic young people that evening -- white organza with a capelft that looks sort of like angel wings. She was going to wear her hair piled high with an old fashioned curl falling

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down below her right ear. And a pink rose tucked into her hair.

Camp David is always for me a greatest rest of all. I feel a lack of responsibility there even if I am in a way the hostess. The log cabins, the rural setting make it evident that everything is going to be informal. So I just drop my responsibilities off as I enter the woods heading for Aspen -- the big lodge.

I had Joe Fowler on my right and the Attorney General on my left. And it was an evening of good talk and a movie for everyone that could stay up late enough. Alas, I was not among them. My appetite for sleep is somehow overwhelming.