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Saturday, December 14th WHD

This has been the most restful day since November 22nd. I slept late and read the papers as much as possible. Then I spent several hours with Bill at The Elms.

What a job, trying to sell this house that I filled with love and some taste, I hope, and a great deal of care. It took me about three or four months to get it changed and to get settled there. Now I must try to dismantle it in a couple of weeks, starting with what Lynda and Lucy might want when they get married. I must decide what furniture might appreciate in value and what would depreciate, and what I must leave there in order to effect a good sale for the house and to make it worth what we have to get out of it in order to get our money out of it.

Luci had a handsome young Midshipman from the Academy over, Leroy Bates, and I am so happy to see children and laughter in the house. There were several more young girls over, and they were just running up and down the halls playing, and it made me feel real good.

And then, surprise of surprises -- and I should expect surprises from Lyndon by now -- he picked up the phone, called

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Saturday, December 14th (continued)

the Moursunds and Kellams, and asked them to catch the quickest plane. They arrived about 8 o'clock and spent Saturday night and Sunday with us.

Then for dinner, not forgetting the big business at hand, we had a representative group from the Hill: Homer Thornberry, that attractive gentleman Senator Abraham Ribicoff and his wife, and members of the House: Albert Thomas, the Wilbur Mills, and the Hale Boggses, men who are just about the most capable men imaginable, the Carl Alberts--oh, just Carl, Mrs. Albert was sick and couldn't come, the Gerald Fords--it's nice to have Republicans from the House on our side, and, of course, Homer Thornberry and the Lewis Deschlers.

The talk was about recognizing the Dominican Republic and naming Tom Mann to--I don't quite know the title, but it is an all-over Latin American Administrator. And most of all the current among the men was the tax bill, the tax bill, the tax bill--over and over, emphasized and discussed among them.

And of course I took the ladies around to see our bedrooms and I discovered some pretty interesting things. For instance, that Carl Albert was quite an authority on the Catlin pictures in the hall, the Indian pictures painted more than 130 years ago. And I was so pleased that the ladies had such an interest to see where we really lived.

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And everyone, of course, loved to see the Treaty Room and the chandelier which came from Lyndon's old office, P-38.

So it was a good evening, but what ^{depth}~~degree~~ of friendship you really have and what feelings of warmth it created, remains to be seen. At any rate, the Hill is my Hill, and the people of the House and the Senate that make it up -- so many of the people I care a lot about -- and the whole show. Besides just plain liking Gerald Ford, it is nice to remember that Betty and I came to the 81st Club together. I hope I know there will be a lot more nights like tonight.

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