

1963

Wednesday, December 18th.

WHD

This morning about 9:30 Eva Adams came over, bringing Gilroy Roberts, a sculptor, to show me a head of Lyndon that he is doing, as far as I -- it's a model, to go on the Presidential medal. That's something that happens to every President. They were bringing it over to get my opinion of it. I thought that the hardest thing of all is the eyes, and I thought the eyes were wonderful, and the brow and the shape of the head (Lyndon has a rather magnificently shaped head) and the ears were just as big as they are and I wouldn't have them the slightest bit smaller. The mouth I didn't really like too much. It has an almost too beneficent look to it, the look I have seen many times and like, but I think for the purposes at hand and for most of his life, there was a certain grimness in it a lot of times, and I suggested a little bit of change in it. And that they did -- and I liked it better afterwards.

Next, I went up to the third floor to see the school. This is something I had been looking forward to very much. That is where the kindergarten and the first grade are held. I think there were about -- oh, between 20 and 30 children, friends of Caroline's. There on that third floor, in that charming, round room, that looks out onto the monument, I went around and shook hands with each child and told them my name and they told me theirs, and the little girls curtsied, the little boys bowed.

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Caroline had on a red Christmasy dress, with some Tyrolean green appliqued things on it. She stood and looked at me the longest of anybody, I think. That child has the most beautiful eyes.

It was almost the last day of school before the Christmas holidays, and they'll be picking up school some place else after the holidays.

I must remember not to be too sorry for Caroline, though, because there's an insulation, something that protects you when you're only six and the griefs of the world happen. At least it was that way with me when my Mother died when I was five.

Most of the afternoon I spent working at The Elms, the tedious, grinding decisions of this goes here, that goes there, and "What in the good Lord's name do I do with that?"

About 6:30 Stanley Marcus came over to have a drink with me. I asked him if he would stay for dinner, and we got hold of Wendy, his daughter, who has been contributing her really very remarkable services to us on a volunteer basis before she goes to join a law firm in Paris. She is a graduate of Harvard Law School and -- I think it's Smith, or was it? -- anyhow, one of the best schools in the country.

The Busbys were there for dinner, and also Bill Moyers, and the Valentis. Stanley and I talked a good deal about the art work in the

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White House, of which he has served on the Fine Arts Committee or the Painting Committee, I can't remember which, that brain has so many infinite ramifications. He told me that he'd been very influential in getting the Audubon picture that hangs down in one of the State rooms. And I was so pleased, because that's one of my great favorites, not only for the -- well, for the man himself, for all he did for America, but the picture I like, except I wondered why he has such sort of a -- fierce eyes, when he really must have had very gentle eyes.