

1963

Friday, December 20th

Today was just a sort of a run-of-the-mill day.

By 10 o'clock I was out at The Elms, meeting a man from the storage company, to quickly run off what went to the White House storage, what went to warehouse storage, to make innumerable decisions about the things in my life that I loved. Once there was a moment when I opened the closed<sup>t</sup> door to find in it only one garment, a little Girl Scout blouse, probably size six or eight, Luci's or Lynda's, and I said, "Some little Girl Scout somewhere would be delighted to have this." The moving man quickly spoke up and said, "I know one that would -- my little girl." So I handed it right to him. I hope she enjoys it.

Then I left in time to have a quick sandwich and be downstairs in the movie room at 2 o'clock to see the USIS production Mr. President. Very dramatic, pretty in color, beautifully done, I would say about 1/3 on the passing of President Kennedy and 2/3 on the accession of the new President. I -- oh -- the music, the history, the drama -- it was great. It is going to be sent to 110 countries, they tell me, and in God knows how many languages, and it is a matter of reassurance to the world of our continuity of our form of government. And for that I am sure it is wonderful. But I couldn't help but begrudge a little the lack of domestic continuity. What we are going to do for the people of this

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Friday, December 20th (continued)

country. What we are going to try to do, that is, but I guess that will come along later.

The afternoon was a lot of office work and signing some of my high stack of mail.

And then about six I just decided I would go for a swim in the pool by myself. After about 30 laps in that delicious warm pool with the beautiful paintings all around, contributed, I understand, by President Kennedy's father and done by a man named Lamont -- and lovely vacation islands, sort of a place that the scene depicts -- I think maybe it is the Virgin Islands.

Then -- and it looked like we would never be joined by Lyndon -- I finally tried to retrieve him to come over and have some dinner. He said no, he just had to get back and get on the phone and talk to the recalcitrant Congress, so back he went to his office and his telephone, and I went upstairs to have a very hurried dinner, quite late at night, about 10:15, with just the Valentis.

About 12 o'clock Lyndon came in and I fixed him some oysters and two helpings of dessert, and "darn reducing" and we ate at the kitchen table in the White House. What is more, I felt like asking him, "Who do you think you are, <sup>--</sup> Majority Leader?" #