

1963

Saturday, December 21st

WHD

I believe I am about to catch my second wind.

*Check
name -
believe it
"Lally"
Quanta Roberts
will know*

At 10 this morning, ^{"ell"} Sammy Price came over with loads of samples of chintz, pretty things, and we explored Lynda and Luci's bedroom and the possibility of a little sitting room for Luci and decided what would go pretty with what, and looked into the room here in the White House where they keep the furniture and had various pieces moved up, remembering always Lyndon's watchword -- economy, economy -- because I mustn't buy anything if anything we already have might do.

I think we found some delicious things but I have to look at them over and over and then decide.

Then there was lunch on a tray and a quick talk with Dr. Stanton, whom I hope very much to be able to persuade to come down and help us out in some capacity. Our pool of the high calibre brains like his is not too deep and wide and we do need him, so I gave him the best sales talk I could.

Then to the beauty parlor and then on to the inevitable picture-taking, this time a family picture in the family sitting room for what was called the birthday picture.

And then a change of clothing and in the Oval Room, that beautiful yellow room, for lots of pictures that I think will be used by the Saturday Evening Post.

1963

Saturday, December 21st (continued)

It was about that time that I got the shattering news. Congress had thrown some road blocks, they were not going to adjourn, we were not going home Sunday, and in other words things were in just about as bad a state of inactivity in regard to the legislative matters as they could be.

I had some feeling of the amount of effort Lyndon must have put into trying to make that a productive day in Congress, his old home, so I went over to Lyndon's office, knowing full well there wasn't anything I could really do, but just with that same instinct that leads you to call on a friend when they are sick, and knowing this is a bad time for Lyndon and wanting to pat him on the back.

He told me to call the Bill Whites to come over and have dinner with us and have a swim first. I did, and went back, and pretty soon the Bill Whites joined me around the pool. We had a drink there and discussed Bill's book on Lyndon which, hopefully, will come out in the middle of summer, possibly within the next six months.

And then Lyndon had a little bit of a swim and dinner at 10:30, which was not unusual back in the old days when he was the Majority Leader.

Then we went down to take another look at the film, Mr. President. And so to bed.