THURSDAY, JANUARY 9

Thursday, January 9 was one of those black days that you had just as soon scratch out of your calendar. The main event of the morning was to go down and have a TV interview with Nancy Hanchman of NBC who was wrapping up the week that was with Mrs. Lyndon Johnson—a thirty minute program that is going to be aired on Sunday. When I got into it, because the week did look so good—such a bright kaleidoscope of things happening, I was happy to agree to it without quite realizing that it involved sitting down and having a real genuine interview which was necessary.

But that morning, I was unprepared, bone tired and just plain didn't want to. I know it is going to show through in the finished product which took place in the library downstairs with Nancy who couldn't have been sweeter and tried more to save me and help me.

Then the rest of the day I read ream after ream of Ruth Montgomery's book on me. She has been most considerate in asking me to look it over, correct it for errors and even if there were some things I would hope that she would not use to point those out, and on that basis I have done it. It's a lively, interesting book. Sometime, somewhere, I hope someone will write one with more depth about Lyndon and me.

This afternoon at 4:30 there was a reception to open Blair

House which is the project of Robin Duke. Robin and Mrs. Rusk and I stood in line and received the plumbers and the painters and the paperhangers, everybody that had worked on Blair House and I was so pleased that Robin seemed to know every one of them and what they had done and gave me a thumbnail sketch as they went by. And then I met Mr. Katzenbach whose wallpapers I have drooled over for years and Mr. Scal amandre whose fabrics have been a delight and some of the head people of Lord and Taylor who have very generously contributed what is called the Queen's Suite on the second floor.

This house has been brought to a very lovely state of elegance by Robin Duke and her Blair House Fine Arts Committee and all of the donors on the project and I am sure it must have taken a lot of headwork and footwork on Robin's part and it's a great tribute to her that she has done it so elegantly. I, too, as a temporary resident of this great white building here am glad that the visitors—Chiefs of State from afar—have such a lovely guest house to stay in because otherwise of course, they would be right next door to me up on the second floor. I am afraid though at Blair House there is going to be one small missing link and that is one dining room chair that won't have its needlepoint on top of it on time. All of the ladies of the Cabinet, including me, agreed about two months ago to do a needlepoint chair seat for the dining room at Blair House. We had a whole year to do it in, but at the rate I am

progressing, mine doesn't look like it is going to be there on time.

If this day has been a black day I guess the reason is that it is just a sort of climbing down off the mountain--the release from the tension and getting rid of the State of the Union that has made it so. If it is that way with me, what must it have been like with Lyndon?