

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, January 13, 1964

WHD

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This morning I woke up to a white world - snow falling outside of our bedroom windows, so thick. The biggest storm in about six years, the papers said... The magnolia trees heavy with snow, the monument barely visible.

Later in the day it cleared up and it was the most gorgeous, white, sunny world, but I know it was lots of headaches for Bess, for instance, who was wondering about the guest list and who would really make it from afar, and especially Liz, who was wondering if the entertainment would get here from Arizona or wherever they were coming from.

Sometime in the morning, I finished Ruth Montgomery's book, which I really found very entertaining. Made the changes that were necessary, got it sent over to her by Liz.

Then I got Mary Ellen Monroney and Marny Clifford to come over, and about 2 o'clock, we began to lay out the luscious samples of fabrics to finish up Lynda Bird's room, and Luci Baines room. Actually, because I value their tastes and love their own homes, I just pointed out all of my favorites to them - chairs, and stools, and braid on the curtains and possible pictures here and there. And we talked the pros and cons and what we could find in the government warehouse, and I left it a great deal up to them.

We pretty much made our choices when Mrs. Hendricks arrived at 4 o'clock, so I got Mr. Arata, the man, the wonderful little man who's been

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here at the White House so many years, and who does all the upholstery, and we really nailed it down, I think. How many yards to order, how long it will take. I think those rooms will be finished and will be charming, except for the lived-in look which the children must impart.

Then about 5:15, I had to say goodbye because I had an appointment with Dick Adler, to discuss the entertainment for Tuesday night - our first big night in the White House.

I'm looking forward so much to having Mr. Merrill sing Verdi - that I know will be wonderful. I confess a little question mark about the Christy Minstrels. I love folk music but the name Hootnanny sort of throws me off. I guess I'm just too old-fashioned for it, but I can just hear my children, Luci especially, saying "Mother!!!"

Mr. Adler is a very charming man, and I know he has the imagination and savvy to provide us with a lot of interesting entertainment for future events in the White House, so I hope that we can remain a good team and help each other on it.

Then I had to shift the gears of my mind when I said goodbye to him, a little later, and meet Frank Malloy, who's coming over to brief me on Italy - its recent politics and history, and economics, and on the ~~Senate's~~ <sup>Sagnis</sup> *Ch ap.* themselves, and impart all those juicy bits of private information that he always knows. He's one of my favorite pipelines to the State Department because everything he tells he always makes so palatable and the briefs

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he leaves are short enough for me to read.

After he left, I got the word, from somebody in the office, I believe it was Bill Moyers, that I could expect Lyndon in about 40 minutes, say about 8:30. He was going to have a bit of a swim first and then would be home for dinner, which just sounded lucky.. But it didn't turn out that way.

About nine, I got the word that he had returned from the swimming pool to the Cabinet Room, which portended no good. And that he was meeting with Rusk, McNamara, McBundy - about 14 of them all told, and after reading and listening about Panama, that didn't sound good.

As the hours went on - 9, 10:30, 11:00 - I began to wonder what I could do about it. But with 14 men of such stature in there, I didn't quite dare do anything.

I got a bulletin from the office about every 30 minutes, that they would let me know when he started to leave. Pretty soon I asked everyone in the kitchen to go home, except two, one to cook and one to serve. I think that must have been about 9:30. About 10:30, I ate my own supper, rather forlornly, on a tray and went to bed at 12:30.

So it was only the next morning that I knew that the meeting broke up around 12:30, and that after a little letting down, and a little talk with his own staff, Lyndon got back at possibly two o'clock for breakfast, and then a rub, and then to bed - too late to talk about.

Ch.  
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This is my problem, this is what I'm going to solve, in some time in the next month or two, if I'm to fill a useful role here where I find myself. My own personal request to the Lord, is that I can somehow be tactful enough, and gay enough, and sometimes even mean enough, to either get Lyndon home at a reasonable hour for dinner and bed, or to get him to come home, bringing with him the components of work, and do it over here in a somewhat more relaxed atmosphere.

It would be to <sup>labor</sup> ~~label~~ the obvious, that on nights like this, I think of seeing Lyndon making his State of the Union speech, and his first speech to Congress, and of the two gentlemen, both gentlemen I love, standing behind him, and of knowing that he must get through the next twelve months as well and hale and hearty and strong as possible.

It would be <sup>also labor</sup> to ~~label~~ the obvious, to say that every time I pass that portrait of President Woodrow Wilson, that it says, "Have a portrait made soon."