

1964

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23 WHD

Yesterday, January 23, was one of those days there was just too much of--too much erosion against other human beings, too many appointments, too much to do, always that sense of being behind.

The morning began at ten o'clock with a meeting which was supposed to include about five of us but which finally wound up with only Bill Walton, Liz and I to discuss art, so after about an hour and a half preliminary going over the file, we decided to call it off and meet again another day which gave me then a chance to tackle the mountain that is my desk these days, that tyrant that sits there and glowers at me and also to go over with Bess and Liz the things that I thought had not gone too well with the luncheon for Mrs. Pearson and how to make amends on them in the future.

Then at 2:00 o'clock I had a meeting with Cliff Carter, Liz, Bess, Kilduff, standing in for Salinger, and we tried to make some decisions on my own future schedules, what things to accept, what we could afford to do without. It varied as far as from having a reception for young college editors here in the East Room in early February and

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then later a big one for the American Society of Newspaper Editors when they have their annual meeting in April, to how many of the fund-raising dinners Lyndon and I should make it a point to go to. Visits to Kentucky, Michigan, New York for me were discussed, weighed, most of them decided on. I kept on repeating that I wanted to go somewhere into the South, possibly to Georgia or to Alabama on something like-- oh, having to do with the ARA or the HEW or the Accelerated Works Program or some college thing with no illusions whatever about what good I can do for it, but maybe I can center some public interest on the accomplishments of those things and furthermore because I am tired of everybody's acting like the South is a stepchild. I belong to it and it to me, and I intend to say so even if I get a rebuff for it.

I joined Lyndon to go with him to the Sulgrave Club where all the newspaper women in town--four hundred so they thought-- but if the fire marshal had really known how many there were, he would have really had a fit, were doing honor to Liz Carpenter. I had intended to go all along, I certainly wouldn't miss a party for Liz but Lyndon's appearance was a last minute surprise and I think pretty much threw the place into a swivet. He said a few kind words of appreciation about Liz which the dear Lord knows she certainly merits and among them

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said when he looked around and saw how many fans she had and thought about the position of women these days, he thought maybe he better consider her as a candidate for the Vice Presidency. Then I rushed home in time to be here to receive the first of the Senators who are arriving at 7:00 o'clock for another one of those evenings of briefing and dinner. It was informal, business suit, about sixty-three. Kermit Gordon was on hand to tell them about the budget, Secretary McNamara ^{for} ~~and~~ the Department of Defense, Secretary of State Rusk about the state of the world, and someone from CIA to stand in for Mr. McCone.

We met in the Blue Room and got off to what I thought was an easy gala start. It was fun to see my old friends Bethene Church, Grace Dodd, ^{Coy} ~~Cole~~ Stennis, Ivo Sparkman, ^{Sisco} ~~Baldwin~~ Symington. One of the nicest things of all was to see that Senator Russell Long's wife was there with him. She is almost always down in Louisiana and I hate to think of him being up here alone.

As soon as we were all gathered and had glasses in hand, Lyndon announced that this was a part-business, part-pleasure deal and in the true ["]Round Mountain["] fashion the ladies and the gentlemen parted company, the men to go for their briefing, and I asked the ladies if they would like to go upstairs and see what the living quarters were like on the second floor, just as we had done at the other party for

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the Senate a week or so ago. We went up, had the usual tour, and it really gave me a very pleasant feeling when I hear an oldtimer-- one who came here along with us in 1937, Ivo Sparkman-- say that she had never been upstairs before and to see how much they all did seem to enjoy looking at the very lovely public rooms in the part of the house that is our very own.

In the midst of it all, in bubbled Lynda Bird, freshly arrived from the University, hair all done, sparkling, oh, just everything I could want her to be! There was hardly anybody I could introduce her to because she knows them all better than I do.

A little past eight we joined the men downstairs for dinner in the State Dining Room at round tables. Senator Tom Dodd was on my right and he had some interesting things to say about Claire Booth Luce, who will be in town on Sunday. ^{Hale} ~~Mc~~ McGee was on my left and I couldn't have asked for better company. Not surprisingly the menu was chicken, that being the least expensive thing to have, and the wine was one, but one wine was enough for anybody.

The intricacies of the tax bill today are more than I can keep up with, ^{their} defeat, victory, defeat, victory, in an out like cattle in a chute. I really just don't know how Lyndon can reach a moment of peace at the end of the day, but you couldn't have told it to ^(seem?) him. He looks relaxed, happy, successful, even after what must have been a

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rather grueling press conference. He sent me one of those messages which I always receive with a slight cringe asking me to get up and say a few words about Maggie--Senator Warren Magnuson--who came to the--we are fellow members of the vintage of about 1937 and he the oldest ranking Democrat there I believe and he in turn was going to say something about Senator Hruska. It was easy to reminisce about our years together--Maggie's and ours--and I was really very proud of Lyndon's fine and accurate statement about a member of the opposite party. He was all the good adjectives Lyndon applied to him. Then the surprise of the evening was when Lynda Bird got up at her Father's prodding and said she had come from the University where they had the number one team of the nation, to the house where she could listen to the number one people of the nation and a few more pleasant little things, just as poised as you pleased. And then, we went into the East Room, had coffee, the band struck up, we started dancing. I found myself having fun dancing with Stu Symington, which ended all too quickly, passed on to at least a dozen or so others and then gradually folks began to drift away, ending at a very early hour--about 10:30, which is nice enough when you consider you arrive back in your bedroom to find the old giant still here-- all the mail waiting to be signed, and then I am keeping up with my promise to myself to have these exercises at least three times a week so that maybe after about six months I might be a more fit human being. And finally at long last about one o'clock to sleep.