

1965

Sunday, January 3rd

How that movie Fail-Safe could possibly have been so terrific I don't know, but for some happy reason I slept late, encased in a kind of cotton wool cocoon while I heard Lyndon talking to Dr. Gould and over the phone to various people from about eight o'clock on, but deliciously relaxed, so that I only really woke up in time to hurriedly dress for church, the National City Christian Church, for which we left about 10:50, ^{with} Marvin and Marian Watson -- such fine people, and I am so in hopes they will find just the sort of place they want to live and will become a part of the official family.

On the way out of church we made plans with Dr. George Davis for a brief service for a few invited friends the morning of Inaugural Day. Then when we got back to the White House, just on an impulse Lyndon said, "Let's drive out to Arlington Cemetery to President Kennedy's grave." We did. The long line of people is shorter now, it is more orderly, but the slight picket fence and the weather-worn service caps are still a rather jarring note to the dignity and permanence that you look for. The view is one for the ages -- straight as an arrow across the bridge to the Lincoln Memorial. Surprisingly, we eluded the press.

We returned to the White House, and I took the Goulds on a tour of the first floor. The crèche was still up, and the Christmas tree, and young, red-haired, bright Mrs. Gould, who used to be his nurse before they married,

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had a wide-eyed interest in everything, as did Dr. Gould himself. For all that he had attended President Kennedy, I gathered that he had not seen much of the White House, at least in the way in which we live in it.

Then Lyndon had a conference with Kermit Gordon. He's lived with the Budget for these last several weeks. And calm, positive Kermit, always well backed with his home work done and his information on his tongue's tip, has become one of the people I admire most. Lyndon has long admired him.

The Watsons, the Goulds, Kermit, Lyndon and I had a late lunch, with Zephyr cooking, including some of that red-hot venison sausage, this year's vintage.

And then I caught up on some desk work while Lyndon took a nap, and we both watched television. Lyndon was constantly on the phone -- in labor, so to speak -- with the State of the Union Message, with Dick Goodwin, Bill Moyers, Horace Busby.

About seven-thirty Clark Clifford came over -- Margy's sick with the flu -- and we read what may be close to the final version of this honed and hammered-out and remolded State of the Union. Clark in his calm careful manner took a few notes -- very analytical. I had a chance to discuss with him, and he with Lyndon, the household problem of utmost importance to me.

Dr. Gould says Lyndon's throat is greatly improved, and he will return tomorrow

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before he makes the State of the Union Message to give it a last treatment.

Lynda Bird came in from New York, and life flows through the house whenever she comes.