

1965

Tuesday, January 5th

I spent all day in the Never-Never Land of clothes. Up at seven to catch an eight o'clock plane to New York with Robin Duke and her daughter, enroute back to Miss Porter's School I think.

All day long in the high suite in the Carlton, ^{the} ~~a~~ tower of the fairy princess. I always feel when I step across the threshold that that is the way to describe it. John Moore came to see me, bringing the yellow ball gown with matching coat and sable sleeves that he is designing and I am buying through Nieman Marcus. The coat is elegant, regal. The dress -- well, we'll have to wait and see. I guess the answer is I'm just not the type for sketches and swatches. I'm a go-in-and-look ~~er~~ on-the-rack, put-them-on-and-wear-them-out type.

And then Kandi Ohno came. I think he's doing some good things for me and I'm so glad through Robin I made his acquaintance.

And then Mrs. Gimble^l of Saks Fifth Avenue -- "Sophie", who designed the red ensemble I am wearing for the Inaugural ceremony itself -- coat and dress. Once more, the coat is young, sharp, and the dress is a question mark.

Adolpho came. We very fortunately through Mrs. Gimble^{el}'s help found just the right piece of red velour to make a hat for the suit. The whole thing has a vocabulary all its own, and the biggest sin seems to be to have the same dress as somebody else and to show up at the same party

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in it. I keep on suppressing a desire to giggle, and I have the feeling I'm going back to being me very shortly. But at least it's a new world to learn, and Robin is so knowledgeable, sharp and kindly about it, although I think her patience even is threadbare at this point.

When I left about four o'clock the downstairs was lined with photographers. I paused long enough for them to get what turned out to be a rather nice goodbye picture, and the next day found that they had been on hand all day waiting for everyone who entered with boxes or exited, asking questions, taking pictures. I guess it's because it's such a sizable industry.

I got back to the White House in time to have a delicious hour with Lynda Bird. She was playing a record from Mary Poppins. I curled up on the bed and listened. There was a line that went, "A Spoon Full of Sugar Goes a Long, Long Way, Take a Half a Helping Every Day," all about a successful English family with a rather stern father who didn't have time for their two children, and how the two children were growing up rather lonely, until a Fairy-Godmother-like Nanny named Mary Poppins came into their life with this philosophy: "Grind, grind, grind at the grindstone, while childhood slips like sand through a ^{sieve} ~~sieve~~." And suddenly up they've grown, and then they have flown, and then there's no time for you to give."

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Well, I'm betwixt and between. Lynda and Luci are not neglected enough for me to get a guilt complex, I believe, but I indeed have lost some of the joy -- "A Spoonful of Sugar Makes the Medicine Go Down" -- that will be one of our passwords, Lynda's and mine.

Then we went out into the hall, and who should we see there with Daddy but Bob and Margy McNamara, quietly ensconced on the sofa having a drink. I was just delighted to see them. Lyndon had apparently kidnapped them and brought them over for a quiet dinner, just the four of us. Lynda came in and joined us, and I let them see, but not her Daddy, the most hilarious picture of the year -- the beautiful Christmas tree in the White House and by it, Charlotte Ford, recently chosen as one of the best-dressed young women in the United States, elegant, simple, and Lynda Bird, five feet ten, in loafers and long socks, a red wool Merrimeko that looks like a MuuMuu, and a great big beautiful smile. Proud as I am of her, and amusing as the picture really is, I don't know whether I can let her send it out to Charlotte. There was another of her, similarly dressed, by the crêche. She said, "But, Mama, I didn't have time to change. The photographer was there and he couldn't wait."

We sat down to a quiet dinner and the talk ranged the field from Lyndon's recent meeting with a group of labor leaders. He felt very

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unhappy that their conversation with him had not been about Medicare and poverty and training and education, the things that he thought their constituency would want them to talk about, but about ^{an}int~~er~~necine wars -- who was going to be head of what union, and rather minor appointments affecting labor. It was a frustrating and disheartening sort of meeting. It seems that McDonald is in danger of being pushed out of his union command by ^{al}Mr. Ab~~er~~. To me, Reuther is the most interesting one on the horizon in labor, and I gathered from both McNamara and Lyndon that they consider him at once the most formidable adversary and the ablest and, I think secretly perhaps the most likable. Meanwhile aging Mr. Meany on his cane clings very durably to his power.

Margy and Bob had had a very wonderful time skiing, but Bob did not look rested enough. I suppose the slings and arrows are inevitably getting through to him.