

1965

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7

I slept deliciously late. It seems an easy thing to do increasingly. This is the second day of that diet that I hope will get off two pounds. Liz and I spent the morning talking about the Inauguration press releases. Clothes have assumed a ridiculously inappropriate percentage of time and attention. This was a day at the desk. In the afternoon I spent a good hour with Cynthia Wilson, the new secretary recommended to us by Dewitt Reddick, University of Texas graduate and Phi Beta Kappa, a bright little girl. I think I shall like her. I dictated all of the Christmas thank-yous ^{Lizabeth}~~Lizabeth~~ split and hope she picked up a lot of my phrases.

And then to the theater in a new light blue silk to do a TV clip for the cerebral palsy drive. I had first met the little poster girl -- Donna Marie Lucas, -- six, of Fern Creek, Kentucky, frail, bright eyed, curly haired, not the least sorry for herself. I asked her what sort of pets she had and she said she had a hound dog so I said maybe she would like to see our beagles. After three tries, the TV clip went off well enough, I think. The value of these is something I have not really decided.

I spent the rest of the day over bills with Ashton, state dinner list with Bess, and a long talk with Paul Popple who has inherited the thankless job of allotting our tickets for the swearing-in, parade, gala, ball -- everything on the West side. That is, staff, and friends

January 7, 1965 (Continued)

of every category. I am just about to pray for that twenty inch snow.

At seven o'clock Lyndon came up to the Oval Room with about ten newspaper men -- Eric Severeid and one woman from Mutual I think. All the rest were men and a couple of staff members. And when it got past nine and he wasn't out yet, I was worrying about him and it was so late, he must be tired. And then I met Luci, who had just stuck her head in the door and had gotten introduced to all the men and came out to give me her irreverent opinion of how things were going and her analysis of her Daddy. She said, "don't worry about him, Mother, he is having a wonderful time." You think it is hard work for him, but it is really what he likes to do to relax. Those people couldn't get away if they wanted to. He's got that little sassy look in his eyes, he's got them wound around his finger. Such a merciless way to take people, but he is just totally enjoying himself like a little boy with a toy playing tic-tac-to. She tried not to get interviewed. She said, "Sir, I do not look very good," but he had brought her in and dismissed her, equally as promptly. Well, so much for a seventeen year old, but I know what he is fighting for is the acceptance of a legislative program by the Press and the people, which could either get bogged down or eased off to a good start.

January 7, 1965 (continued)

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Lynda ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ her turn, in between her "grind, grind,
grind at the grindstone" for final examinations had shown the White
House to a visiting group of young Japanese who had won a trip to
the United States for being the healthiest young boy and young girl
in their country. Such a diversity of fringe duties!