

1965

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8

A desk day, a problem day. The State Department suggests that Prime Minister Pearson, of Canada, visit us at the ranch next Friday. In other words, that we spend the weekend immediately before the Inaugural at the ranch! I can envision all the multitudinous last minute problems of speech revision and clothes changes, household logistics, twenty-one or so house guests and then the problem of what to do about repeating the series of Congressional receptions this year...Can't have quite the same format for the women. If the men have an hour briefing, I will have to come up with something new besides a private tour of the second floor living quarters for all of those eight or ten groups of Congressional women and then the West Hall must have a quick SOS treatment.

Mr. West and I got together. He produced a small rug to cover the worn out spots in front of the handsome desk secretary, took off the slip covers and send some to the cleaners. Others wouldn't live through it, switched chairs around, ordered some new glass curtains so we will just make it through the Inauguration before there <sup>have</sup> ~~has~~ to be some real changes in the west hall.

A session (with <sup>one of the staff</sup> ~~Blair Whitehead, the Librarian~~) who was leaving to be married -- opening Pandora's box a bit on relations between various White House personnel. <sup>have</sup> I spent a reasonably successful

Friday, January 8 (Continued)

life in business and as a wife studiously avoiding learning about inter-office rivalries and feuds. Perhaps sometimes I will have to at least take cognizance of them to evaluate and work out the best staff I can.

I worked on placing the books in the center hall bookcase so that any guests coming in could know us a bit from our books, ranging from Mother's old favorites when I was five years old in handsome leather bindings to Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath and my treasured albums of pictures beginning with 1934.

Ch. Tape  
maybe  
Grapes of Wrath

And then a long session with Bess and Liz exploring the possibilities for me to work on, to apply myself particularly to, in 1965. Perhaps accenting Lyndon's beautification program, depending on Stuart Udall as idea man and centering on Washington itself, and certainly something connected with the poverty program, although the first thing that has got to be done about that is to get rid of the title. This they tried to do in naming it the Office of Economic Opportunity. Liz suggests Operation Head Start.

Late in the afternoon I had a hilarious session with Robin Duke and Liz, trying to describe each of my Inaugural costumes, as well as the briefing of the Press. We might as well <sup>have</sup> been trying to write in Sanskrit. Neither Liz nor I knew the vocabulary of the clothing trade, <sup>or</sup> fashion designers. I hope I come out of this with dignity intact.

Friday, January 8 (continued)

Late in the evening approaching ten I went to Lyndon's office hoping that I could get him to come home and eat dinner. He was just finishing a talk with Marianne Means who soon left, but then there was phone call after phone call. I doubt that it is helpful. It is more like nagging, but it is hard to stand by wordless or even selfishly pursue my own pleasures, of which there are many, when I know that wisdom <sup>and</sup> ~~in~~ moderation indicate that he ought to come home and eat dinner before ten thirty. I found that the nice Dr. Gould was waiting for him, along with his nurse, for another check on his throat, determined to get him through the Inaugural in good voice. Dr. Gould commented on what I had told him about Lyndon being a good student and able to pick up anything he was told if he was interested, with extraordinary speed. He said he had never seen anybody learn as quickly how to use and project and save their voice with the very brief session they had had together. I sometimes wonder what Lyndon would have been like <sup>if</sup> instead of being exposed in his youth to Johnson City and a State Teachers College he had been exposed to a sophisticated society of many facets and a school like Harvard.

It was eleven ten before we finally went <sup>into</sup> dinner with Dr. Gould and his quiet, sweet little nurse and then to bed and night reading.