

1965

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9

Lynda and I went up to the Hill to Wright Patman's luncheon for the Texas Delegation--wives, children, and grandchildren honoring the three new members, Earle Cabell, who unseated Alger, of Dallas, one of the most well savored victories of the Democratic season, the Richard Whites, of El Paso, who defeated Foreman. His wife is a distant Cousin of Lyndon's. She was named Huffman before she married and her father used to be my Daddy's lawyer.—Once again it comes under the "small world" department, And cute little Kika de la Garza from the Valley who took Joe Kilgore's place.

I made it around the room, had pictures taken with everybody, I hope. Loved seeing them all. Think it was dear of Wright to do it because as Lynda says "this town was designed for Congressmen and their wives and not for children and ~~that~~ children seldom join in any family affairs." The Speaker graciously came in and had nice words of greeting to the group and then Lynda and I returned to the White House for a long afternoon with clothes spelled with a capital C.

The official pictures of my inaugural gown which we had at first described as a yellow rose, the simplest of understated jonquil yellow satin dress and matching full length coat with sable cuffs and the red ensemble for the big day--the Swearing-in Day, dress and matching coat in a heavier wool with a

Saturday, January 9 (continued)

tiny bit of fur under the chin. They ^{took} ~~ran~~ innumerable pictures in the Yellow Room, a few on the balcony with the Washington Monument in the background and the chilled wind blowing rain around my shoulders, and then downstairs in front of Martha in the East Room with a delightful interruption by Biddle Duke, at which point we had our pictures made together. Lynda, bless her, obliged in both her costumes, but Luci firmly planted her feet and said "Mother, I have been working twelve years to pass these grades and now I am having my finals and if I take off a half day to do this, I may not even graduate in June." Luci, the lover of clothes! I just hope that she shows up with everything intact at the last moment because after struggling with it for days and days, I am leaving her on her own.

Robin helped us find just the right place to pose and herself took some pictures. When it was over I went to Lyndon's office suggesting people for dinner and to my surprise found him in his small room covered with a blanket, the light out and apparently asleep. It startled me. I think fatigue has finally begun to build up in him. I know for myself I have been sleeping deliciously like one drugged and several mornings have not waked up until nine or even nine thirty. I thought it would be nice to ask ~~the~~ homefolks like the Brooks or the Pickles for dinner. I went back and called them and we had an early, easy pleasant evening

Saturday, January 9 (continued)

with old friends and then I watched Gunsmoke. With the dockworkers' strike pending, you would think Lyndon was carrying the whole economy of the country on his shoulders the way he feels such a responsibility ^{for} of the maintenance of today's prosperity. Perhaps that even more than just sheer hours of work is what made him lie down on the couch.