

January 22, 1965
Friday

The day began dreary and rainy - we just made it through the Inaugural with sunny skies. This morning I worked with Bess on some important mail. Especially an attempt to return graciously some gifts. Gifts constitute one of the problems of this office. We are perfectly willing to accept all of a friend's time and brain and sweat in our behalf, but gifts of monetary value from any but the closest friend lay uneasy on the shelf. That is one reason why I am anxious to get the library set up as soon as possible and have asked Clark Clifford to get me the letters of association or whatever the piece of paper is called that set up the Truman Library and the Eisenhower Library and the Kennedy Library, if they are available to the public.

* During the morning we had some serious discussion about the filling of posts. After the Inaugural is over the time has come for some changes. Three people were earnestly talked about, for one of the most sensitive jobs, Jack, Bill and I listening and putting in our opinions. Abe was our choice. A.W. is leaving for an REA meeting in Florida and will return by Alabama to visit my land and to decide about planting more pine trees, and try to reassess the present manager. I went down to see Dr. Travell. She has handed in her resignation and it has been accepted. I told her ^{how} much

we had all come to love her - how we needed and valued her and particularly I wanted Luci to keep on being her patient if she settled in Washington. We simply must, as a family, back up Lyndon; in his economy in government program. The White House now has three doctors and it can get along on two. Dr. Travell made it as easy a meeting as possible. She treated me for my cold which is really getting quite obnoxious.

I went to the theatre with Lynda to see The White House Story, a documentary, which we plan to show to the Congressional wives/while/^{Lyndon,} Secretary Rusk, Secretary McNamara, etc. are briefing their husbands. In an least a large part of the ten Congressional receptions we are slated to have, last year we did the second floor so that's out except for the new ~~ones~~^{members}.

Lyndon obviously isn't going to get his nap this afternoon. It's apparently being another hard day of Congressional work. So in the late afternoon, Lynda, Warrie Lynn and I set out by automobile for Camp David on our postponed self-indulgent vacation together, and what nicer companions could there be than Lynda and Warrie[?] We had plans of inviting up the Dukes for dinner one night maybe, maybe ~~the~~ Lee and Stewart Udall to talk on beautification, maybe somebody to play bridge. Rain and fog closed around us and when we

turned off the road up into the Cag^ooctin mountains it looked like we were lost to the world. And then at the door of Camp David, the fire was burning brightly on the hearth and there was a big picture window that looked out over the fog and you felt like humming "oh the weather outside is frightful, but the fire is so delightful"! We sat down to a delicious dinner and then we saw a Walt Disney movie, Mary Poppins, quite f^ey and enchanting. And then I went " to bed surrounded by suitcases full of ^uread and file mail and projects to work on. But I chose instead a metal box full of letters that will some day rest in our library. Letters from Lyndon to me written in September and October and November of 1934, and from me to him about the same time and there were a few from him in succeeding years on up to 1940. Though I haven't ^uread them in ten, or possibly more years, I have kept them. I held on to them somehow through moves from at least sixteen different residences over a period of more than 30 years! I spent about two hours reading them. And the passage of time only makes them more interesting. The importunate young man of 26 was very fresh in my mind and clear and exciting when I turned out the light to go to sleep a little past eleven, on this the first night of my vacation.