

January 26, 1965  
Tuesday

After a morning of uncertainty it was decided that Lyndon would join me in going home about 2:00 o'clock. Obviously there was no reason for me to stay any longer and he felt well enough to go. The doctors were delighted with his progress and spoke with guarded optimism about the possibility of him going to London. At first they had been adamant against it. He appointed a tentative delegation of Rusk and the Chief Justice. The third member to be decided after it was determined whether or not he himself will go. President Eisenhower is going as a guest of the family. The world is in a strange sort of standstill—  
caught in a moment of remembering and of salute by Churchill's death. And for us here at the hub of government, wheels have slowed down because Lyndon is in the hospital. He walked out just a little before two o'clock. Between an army of photographers, parted like  
by the Red Sea by a carpet that led straight to our car, was a microphone and a few questions. But we kept on walking. In the afternoon I gratefully got to Mr. <sup>Per's</sup> ~~Pierres~~ for a couple hours of repair and then back at the White House for a much needed session with Liz, Bess and Christine. Poor Christine, for her sake, she ought not to get sick right on top of the Inauguration. Letters have risen to about 800 a day as if that weren't

enough, Luci Baines' announcement, not made by her of course, but the fact that she is taking Catholic instructions, has produced another minor ~~freedom~~<sup>freedom</sup> of letters. Liz, who takes a dim view of it, was surprised and relieved to see that there were only 40 of them to me, nearly all forty of course, against it. But not cruelly so, she said. I must read a sampling. The net of the meeting was that we are making progress but a long way from solving the correspondence section. A private office for Christine, some ~~partitions~~<sup>partitions</sup> to introduce a little privacy and order will help and we hope that will take place within the next month. In turn Lyndon had a long meeting with Jack, Bill and Buz which I joined in later. I am increasingly impressed ~~by~~<sup>by</sup> Bill Moyers' performance. His swift, clear answers, his ability to stick to what's <sup>the</sup> important thing, to keep on its track and usually get it done. And I am sad because he looks so frail and pale. On nobody ~~has~~<sup>have</sup> the last few months been harder than on George. His ability to stand it much longer I wonder about. He is like a stag at bay, with a pack of reporters sometimes when you watch a press conference.