

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, February 13, 1965

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It was a beautiful day. I began to feel stir crazy. It's quite possible to live within these walls, but I wanted to get out, get exercise, and see people.

I called Margie McNamara, she came down about 12 and we walked around the grounds, where the first faint swelling of the buds is beginning, and the bulbs are up, just a brave inch of green. Then we did a little detour, through the offices of the West Wing, where partitions are going in, and some decorating and refurbishing, by the guidance of Bill Walton, and the prodding of Busby.

We went into the rather dejected looking Fish Room, which has no personality at all, and ought to look like a very distinguished men's club, perhaps the library of one, because it is the waiting room for the President, where everybody who comes to see him gets put, sometimes for a rather lengthy stay, until they go in for their conference. I remember having ~~waited~~ waited here once, with the camel driver from Pakistan, to see President Kennedy. It needs color, probably some rich red, and personality, some interesting, historical objects of art, or some personal mementoes of the present holder of the office.

But alas, there's so much to be done!

Then Margie and I went over to bowl, where Lynda and Dave joined us. And, I broke a hundred - chalking up 101 on the first game! It was good just to stretch muscles. We finished up two games just in time to come back and have an omelet about 2:30.

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No word from Lyndon. I was about to send him over some soup, when I got the word that he had asked for some dessert, tapioca.

What will we do, Zephyr and I, when he eats so much of it, he can no longer stand it?

In the late evening, when I was working in my study, Luci, lovely as the first jonquil of spring, in a yellow lace dress, came in to see me. We had a most precious hour, and it's odd how we have had more of them since we moved into this house, than I remember in all our years together - Lynda's and Luci's, and mine. Luci was not amused, ~~and~~ when I offered her a handkerchief, because the dress was quite low in the bosom. She was on her way to the winter dance at National Cathedral School, solely out of duty, and not out of eager anticipation. But, she said, she planned to make her presence felt, to speak sweetly to everyone of the teachers that she saw, and all of her classmates while she was there - stay a short while, and then leave for more amusing fields. Luci genuinely appreciates what the school has done for her and wants to repay them by show of class spirit, ~~but~~ such as attend this dance, and having her history class over for a special tour of the White House, and I do think that its as much, and perhaps more out of deference to National Cathedral and their understanding and hard work with her, as it is out of her care for/parents feelings, that Luci does not insist in becoming a Catholic immediately. She realizes that it would be an embarrassment to the Episcopal School that she attends, and they have really worked with her.

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My little philosopher said, "I'm prouder and happier with myself these last six months, than I ever have been in my life." And it shows - in her grades, in the companionship she has for me and her daddy, although there are still little raw moments sometime with her sister - or rather I should say a mutual failing to appreciate each other, for their wonderful but different selves.

Lynda, in a new red dress, looking very lovely, was going out with Dave to dinner, and then to see The Roar of the Grease Paint, The Smell of the Crowd. Dave is my ally in at least one respect - he wants Lynda to dress up, and she dresses up for him.

It took two telephone calls to finally get Lyndon off to our dinner date at the Jack Valentis; he had been seeing a series of newspaper men, the Associated Press head, the United Press head, Don Chancellor of one of the networks, whom he found fascinating; and Joe Kraft.

I had been very determined that we should go out to dinner tonight, partly because I wanted Zephyr to get home early, it's been 12 o'clock nearly every night this week, and partly because I'm yearning for some bright companionship, and there was that there.

The Max Friedmans, the Bill Whites, the Carpenters, the Doug Caters, the Ramsay Clarks, sitting around the fire, in Jack and Mary Margarets recreation room.

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And so the week comes to a close with a lull, a sort of truce in the tension in Viet-Nam; the entire American riots erupting, in four or five European capitals.

At my table, we talked about books and plays; ~~Alb~~^{Alb}~~er~~, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf; Tennessee Williams, Hurry Sundown;

It was a pleasant and undemanding day, probably the most memorable part was attending this swearing-in, a little before 12, in the Cabinet Room, of Nick Katzenbach as Attorney General, ^{Whizzer} Twizel White swearing him in, and all his family present, parents on both sides, aunts, uncles, cousins - and Bobby Kennedy and Ethel; and the Ramsey Clarks, his deputy Attorney General, sworn in by his father, Justice Clark - very proud and beaming. And a goodly assemblage of the Clark family, including Bill Clark from Dallas, now running the old Clark law firm.

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