

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Valentine's Day, Sunday
February 14, 1965

WASHINGTON

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Luci came bouncing in this morning, to give her daddy a box of peanut brittle for his valentine - no thanks from me. She and Lynda Bird had given me sweet valentines - and I'm delighted that I got one from the Secret Service - who knows you better?

We went to the National City Christian Church, and then when we returned home, Lyndon went to bed. This is a wearying office, with decisions and worry, more so than the hours put in, by all odds.

But I'm restless and have no wish to go to bed. Dave is spending the weekend with us, so about 2:30, ~~he~~ and Lynda and I went to the National Gallery of Art, and spent more than an hour, looking at the drawings of John White, who accompanied the expedition to Roanoke Island and painted all the flora and fauna, and inhabitants, from sand crabs and pineapple, ~~he~~ must have encountered those in some West Indies stop-over) to Indians in war paint.

And the Flemish artists, Rembrandt and ~~Frantz Hals~~; and van Eyck ~~art~~ Rubens. Lynda gave me the benefit of all her art courses, a thumb-nail sketch on each. How glad I am that she likes it! Sources of joy that are free, and imperishable - music and art. I want her to own all such riches.

Every now and then a little flurry of whispers followed me, and glances exchanged between the other tourists, but mostly, I think, I was quite anonymous.

We had asked the Bob McNamaras, and the Bill Fulbrights, and Tom and Nancy Mann, to come for dinner, early at six, because I wanted that

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hard working Bob, ^{to} get home in bed before ten.

A success story is hard to come by in the Foreign field these days, but it looks like Latin America, and I speak perilously and timorously, would just about qualify as a success story, and the chief architect is Tom Mann. Lean, ~~fasthetic~~, a sort of Lincolnesque face, and a bit hard boiled. I believe he's added to the idealism of the good neighbor principals, ^{some} thought realism, and the ability to say no.

During the course of the evening he used the statement, "The policies of Cordell Hull, ^{were} necessary in the thirties, alright in the forties, they were tolerable in the fifties, and they are impossible in the sixties."

Ah, how comfortable the job of Senator looks from this vantage point! Bill Fulbright can disagree with everything that happens in Viet-Nam, and he doesn't have to come up with the answer of what to do.

We had an early, good dinner, roast beef and mushrooms.

Bob McNamara told me the results on one of the beautification letters I had sent to him. A man in Dayton, Ohio had protested that there was a graveyard for junked airplanes ^{bordering} ~~bordering~~ the highway, and it belonged to the Federal government. I had asked Bob if he could do anything about ^{it} ~~he~~ he sent someone from the Defense Department out to see it, had arrived at the conclusion, ^a that it was a ^{un} necessary blot on the landscape, the number of junk planes could be reduced, and they could be put farther from the highway

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where they would be screened by a row of trees. And, furthermore, it was on the way to being done!

Lyndon's liking for him is so evident, that I almost fear that it might make other people gang up on him out of jealousy. He has said, "if I got word that Bob had died or quit, I don't believe I could go on with this job."

It was good talk, ranging over the field of balance of payments, interest, and international affairs. On international finance, when speaking of William McChesney Martin, Lyndon said, "He's done God, I never could manage that. When I was minority leader, I was always figuring what Taft would do. When I was majority leader, I always had to try to work out something the other Senator's would follow me on - and so forth and so on."

*Ch tape
"good?"
don't know
the word*

It was a satisfying evening and early to bed one. By 10 o'clock, the guests were all gone.

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