

1965

Saturday, February 20th

Was one of those days that made me know I work better, I live better, in the harness of a schedule. It was a dull "nothing" sort of a day.

In the morning I worked with Ashton on correspondence. In the afternoon, just to get out of the place, I took a walk around the grounds and then back upstairs close to three-thirty for lunch with Lyndon.

The Cecil Burneys were in town, and we invited them over for dinner. The house was quiet. Lynda was in New York seeing Baker Street and afterwards going to a party hosted by Carol Channing, where the guests were show people. Bea Lilly, Sallie Anne Howes, Barbara Streisand. The lure of New York is of course stage.

An interesting bit of news was that Mr. Deitrich is considering donating a Sully. What a feather it would be in our cap to obtain a Sully for the White House. Kara had stayed here at the White House during the campaign, along with the lovely Mrs. Donald Russell of South Carolina, Susan, and a flock of folks, but we showed Cecil the Lincoln Room, the Queen's Room, and we sat around and talked about old friends of twenty-five years ago! L. E. Jones, the Klebergs, the Linkenhogers. Pleasant,

1965

Saturday, February 20th (continued)

but I had that feeling of letting unremitting time trip through my fingers
without either accomplishment or complete enjoyment.