

1965

Friday, March 5th

A day for tackling many small needs. This morning two hours in the theatre with Paul Southwick, and intermittently with Lynda, enjoying home-made movies -- I'm the producer -- between 1940 and 1955. That's one thing that has appreciated in value! I enjoy Lynda kicking in her bathtub, aged six months, more now than I did twenty years ago.

And what charming pictures of Luci. Speaking of Luci, my lark is on the wing again, full of song, is well and bouncy, satisfied with life, and Paul, and nursing, and ready to psychoanalyze all families and friends.

I'm dubbing in sound. Perhaps they will be useful to some future historian, if just for four lines. They're probably the most extensive family movies of any First Family!

Lynda and I lunched on a tray, and then in the middle of the afternoon I met Dorothy Territo, Ashton, Juanita and Liz in the Treaty Room for another Library project, this time to assemble photographs of Lyndon's career, lay them out, put captions below them, arrange with the photographer to take a picture of the whole layout, and with the framer to frame it suitably so I can then take it to the Johnson City house for hanging.

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Friday, March 5th (continued)

The third event of the day was at five o'clock, meeting with Angie Duke, Lloyd Hand, Jack Valenti, Bess Abell, Liz and Betty Tilson to discuss the pros and cons of becoming the Patroness or Honorary Chairman of a cultural or educational event put on by a foreign nation. Liz was absolutely against doing any of it. She says she's still got the scars on her back from the Israel bond drive, which caused the Arabs to rise in wrath against me, but probably didn't hurt the 97% vote in this country last Fall.

We finally decided to run them all past the Secretary of State, and if he says it's in the interest of the United States "for you to sponsor this event," then I will do it.

And then we got on the subject of sponsoring local domestic charitable and civic and cultural events, which have become legion and burden me because I feel like a phony if I don't go to the Ball or buy tickets, or have my picture made for publicity purposes, when I have consented to give them my name as Honorary Chairman or whatever. At last, though, I decided to loosen it up a little bit if, on the recommendation of someone whose judgment I trust, like Bess, I am advised to do it, and if they understand that giving of name is limited to that. Last year there were eighty-two such events with which I was associated!

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Friday, March 5th (continued)

This was another late night for Lyndon. It was 10:30 when he ate dinner. By now Zephyr has started leaving it for us for someone to serve, and going home, a relief to my state of mind and no inconvenience to us. Lyndon phones during and after these late dinners, so they are hardly separate from his working day. The press says he spends more time on domestic affairs than on foreign affairs. The reverse is quite true. It's just that domestic affairs lend themselves to solutions, possible progress, so much more. He spends more hours of the day, more brain-power by all odds, on foreign affairs, though obviously it's so much harder to make headway in that field.

Speaking of our Ambassador to Britain, Mr. Bruce, he said: "God Almighty -- I would give anything if I'd had him twenty years ago." He meant, of course, a younger and stronger Bruce. He considers him one of the most brilliant men in government as it is. And of Bob McNamara, "The only man you can find at 7:30 in the morning at his desk is Bob McNamara." He worries about him, too, almost as though he were a member of his family, and has been saying lately that he looked tired and ill.