

1965

MONDAY, APRIL 12

Monday morning, April 12, came gray and early. There was fog and they couldn't helicopter in so they must drive, leaving at 6:45. I had vacillated all over the compass on going back to Washington, doing my duty, taking care of Susan, staying here doing what I wanted to do--working, walking, lying in the sun. Lyndon had settled it, as he does many things, by saying, "I am not going to have you go back to Washington. I'll take just as good care of Susan as if you were there. You stay here and I will be back Thursday." I blessed him for it, feeling all the time that I was getting more than my share of good things. But I told him goodbye and blithely settled down to having three days of my very own.

The first thing was to say goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Loney. And it was such a sweet parting. She expressed so straightforwardly, so simply, what this trip had meant to her. She had dreamed of it, she said, for fifty years, coming back, seeing all of the school children who had grown into middle age, the countryside she had remembered as a girl and a young woman and to come back in this way--well, it was a dream come true. One more small star in Lyndon's crown.

Lynda Bird sleepily wanted me to cuddle up in bed with her, but the day lay too deliciously before me so I began to plan and telephone. I got Nancy Negley to promise to join me at the Johnson City House a little past ten. I organized my work. Then I set out for three or four delightful hours of arranging the Inauguration exhibit, the life in the

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White House exhibit, hanging the old Johnson City picture^s laughing every time I looked at ^{them} the series of youth pictures and putting under the glass top table the intimate family-life pictures, talking over all the problems with Jesse and the planting. And then Nancy and I took a break for a very late lunch back at the ranch and while here I called the White House and spoke over a telephone that had a speaker attached to the gathered guests in the library.

Marge McNamara and Luci were substituting for me in receiving the painting of dogwood done by a First Lady long ago, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, who ^{had} begun the china collection. Luci was delighted. She said, "Mother, I am glad to be doing something I know something about." She had just finished a term paper on art. Then I attempted to settle with Marvin these difficult problems of substituting for me in choosing colors, fabrics, decorative items for Lyndon's little office with Mrs. Smith and then back to the Johnson City House. It was a long day with a pleasant sense of accomplishment and nobody could be more fun than Nancy to work with and she brought me two little Ondedonk ^{sketches} that I treasure.

The Roy Whites arrived at six with Olga Bredt. Nancy must leave us so we drove back to the ranch, had drinks leisurely in the living room for about two hours. Roy is one of those people ^{who} ~~that~~ is so comfortable to work with because he truly loves my little projects. Olga, I found, had had a date with Jesse. We worked on sketch^{es}, the signposts. And then

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they left and I went to my room to have dinner on a tray and to crawl into bed alone at 8:00--a strange but luxurious feeling. Lynda had gone into town to see Carolyn and Warrie Lynn had spent the night at the Zeta House to talk about returning to the University, with her Counselor. It is good medicine and good sense to be by yourself sometimes. I enjoyed it.