

1965

Mother's Day, Sunday, May 9th

We slept late, with a sort of tacit agreement that we would skip church, and how few we have skipped since this heavy obligation fell upon us.

Lynda Bird gave me two darling little books, Springs of Humor and Springs of Joy. Luci had already given me a tiny bouquet, with a sweet little message on it. We all sat down at the table and had a gourmet breakfast, revelling in the grits and the hot cakes and the bacon and a fried egg. How funny that a fried egg is my idea of luxury!

The ~~bright~~^{day} was bright and clear, a blessed gift in this cold, grey Spring. We all went bowling, long enough to get good and tired. Then we walked. Then everybody lay down for a nap or for reading, getting up in time to watch Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman of Thailand on MEET THE PRESS. Calm, authoritative, articulate, it couldn't have been better if we had written it. He said categorically that the United States was on the way to winning in Vietnam.

Some time during the day Bill White told me, in a rather diffident, almost embarrassed manner that he wished I would tell Lyndon how much he approved of everything he was doing in the Dominican Republic and Vietnam. Our relationship -- Bill's and ours -- though it couldn't be closer ^{is} reined in by a very distinct

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Mother's Day, Sunday, May 9th (continued)

sort of dignity and respect. We don't try to write his columns, and he doesn't try to color the President's policy, or quote us.

I rounded up two or three of the guests for a little more bowling, and then we had dinner, which was actually a combination lunch and dinner, and left for the White House.

Lyndon had given me \$50 as a Mother's Day present and said, "Go and get whatever you want. That's what you'd rather do anyhow." Actually it is, but I don't want him to know it, and I like it better when he spends the time to go out and get me whatever it is that he wants me to have. However, I know exactly what I'd like to do with this. I'd like to put it in with some more to buy trees for Johnson City! The plans for them, drawn by a Mr. Myrick, are on my desk. Live oaks between the courthouse and the postoffice.

It was a quiet, pleasant, soak-it-up rest, sort of day. One big piece of news in it was that Gwen Cafritz would give \$80,000.00 for the new sculpture garden which is part of the beautification program. It is to lie between the Smithsonian and the National Gallery. We must start putting together some packages that will appeal to people who wish to be this generous. Playgrounds in low-income districts, cherry trees for everybody around the Washington Monument, and a statue in the outdoor garden.