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Lyndon slept little. In the morning he said he thought just as long as he could about Vietnam, and then he thought about the Budget for awhile, and then he thought about poor Bobby Baker. Sometimes I think the greatest bravery of all is simply to get up in the morning and go about your business. The Paul Reveres are riding all over the world. Hubert has just returned from a 5 day trip to four countries, Goldberg to see the Pope and DeGalle and Wilson, Harriman faring on and on, country after country. That imazing man -- so impervious to time. Mann just back from Mexico. But there are no flashes of hope. There is, I believe, a feeling in the country that we are doing all we can, sort of a tour de force peace offense that leaves no door unknocked on.

I asked Lyndon if he would go swimming with me. He would, and so I had about 30 laps in the pool. He swam along and told me all the things that awaited him in this week -- budget decisions, state of the union message, and the dreadful decision if nothing, nothing, comes of the peace offensive, when to resume the bombing. And then I went to Jean Louis' for everything, came back to the second floor and had a sandwich and worked on my desk all afternoon. The Christmas "thank yous" going down rather satisfactorily after a long session with Patsy. Ashton is in the hospital.

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Then about 3 I went in the dining room -- Lyndon was just home for a bite of lunch with Hubert who had been reporting his to him on his trip. Hubert is ~~as~~ usual elated self. The papers have been taking some little digs at him lately, giving the impression that he is not the formidable front runner for succession to the White House that Bobby Kennedy is.

The rest of the afternoon I talked to Liz and worked on Christmas "thank yous" and then about 7:30 the Bill Whites and the Clark Cliffords came to dinner. We had a fire in the lovely yellow room and a good talk. Lyndon was very late. It was almost 8:30 before he joined us. We had a while to discuss the Johnson library and also because Marny has married off three daughters in the handsomest fashion I got her to talk to us about planning weddings. Then Luci came in and sat cross-legged on the hearth ~~and~~ in front of us, and all ^a ~~the~~ glow, ^{— they} told us her plans [^] began to sound like an extravaganza -- twelve bridesmaids, all the people from all of her life, beginning with her baby doctor. She is so happy, so elated. I wish I could match her enthusiasm without flaw, but I can't help thinking about the problems -- the guest list; how can we possibly keep a rein on it; the gifts -- in the climate of today there is no place for \$25,000.00 pearl necklaces as, so the newspapers say, Alice Roosevelt Longworth received from some Chief of State -- the Japanese Emperor I expect.

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The paper was full of stories of former White House weddings. The greatest of all was Alice Roosevelt Longworth's. Then there was Eleanor Wilson's and a niece of the Wilson's. Luci Baines looked up at her Daddy and said "I hate to tell you, Daddy, but it is going to be formal. I want the longest train I can find on my white wedding gown and morning suits for the men." I could have done without that statement, remembering the Inauguration, but I was glad to see her laughing and happy. Her cute little friend, Sharon Chapman, was with her -- very sensibly ^{quiet} ~~quite~~ and ladylike.

We had a pleasant dinner -- Lyndon quite amusing and relaxed in spite of all the things I knew were on his mind. People are necessary to him. Solitude is unbearable. Though he often says "Let's just go somewhere together," ^{out} ~~in~~ seems ^{rather} ~~very~~ ~~plain~~ plaintatively ~~the~~ to want it, to miss it -- ^{he} ~~he~~ actually is happiest in a group. It could not have been a pleasanter one than us six. It was an early night to bed. As I passed by the window in the big oval room when all the lights were out, the Christmas tree was gone. It could hardly have been a better one, one of the best we will have to remember!