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I wish we could do something about these sleepless nights. Lyndon said he slept from 12:30 to 2:30 and then turned and tossed the rest of the night. And yet he gets up and puts in a full day's work.

The day began very sadly. We got a phone call from a doctor at Scott and White that Mrs. Cantarellos had died. We got off the best wire we could and all words are hollow. ^{As} ~~When~~ Lyndon left to go to work he turned to me and said "We've lost the steel fight; we may lose the war. They are going to indict Bobby." There comes a time when there is nothing to do but go ahead grimly, and that's how today felt.

In the morning I went down to see movies, finished a product with voice dubbed in of the 1941 Senate campaign. It is really rather good. I look back on my work of a quarter of century ago and am pleased with myself. Now there is a gargantuan job of putting voice to all of those that I have made in '65, and getting the rest of the old movies in permanent form for the archives. All the talking is already on them, but it needs to be checked for errors and to see if it could be made better.

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When I came upstairs I heard that unaccustomed sound -- a scream in the hall of the second floor of the White House and saw Gloria, the maid, running out full steam from Luci's room followed by Luci who had in her hand a large yellow looking rat! You only *ch tape* saw me jump straight up in the air and dash into another door. By that time Luci was in giggles and coming toward me, and I saw that the rat was quite dead. She said that he was preserved in Formalin. He had a sort of ^z zipper arrangement on his stom~~p~~ach whereby you could open him up and fit in all of his insides. He was part of her zoology course in school. The things she has added to this old house would make a delightful book!

And then I saw a noon paper. It said that the steel companies had settled for ~~\$2x10x~~ \$2.75 instead of the \$5.00 they had demanded! So my spirits couldn't help but lift. If not total victory, at least a measure of success.

I had lunch with Luci and worked with Ashton on my finances and Christmas gifts. Then talked to Stanley about a Chef. It seems it is a rare breed of man and very expensive. Stanley was not too optimistic. It seems that all the ones he had talked to would have to have complete freedom -- that is, no supervision by a food coordinator -- before they would be interested in the job.

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Lyndon came in for lunch after 3, and then, thank Heavens, lay down for a nap. I worked at my desk on the list for the 51ASTRI dinner. And talked with the Speaker and the Chief Justice and the Vice President to settle with them on a date for a dinner in honor of them. It will be the 26th of January.

Today's brickbats were not over. Another one -- the ^{story}~~story~~ in the paper that Airman Nugent gets transferred to Washington -- will not be separated from his fiancée Luci Johnson by military service for the next six months after all. It is quite a run of the mill transfer. He has accepted a job here after he is released, but it ~~shows~~ sounds like special privilege.

But there was one delightful thing in the paper -- a picture of the 5 puppies clam^loring out of a huge basket with Beagle standing sullenly beside them wondering, I expect, how anybody found them so attractive when he was around.

At five o'clock I had a nice interlude. ~~Howard~~ Howard Taubman (?) of the New York Times interviewed me at considerable length about how I felt about art in general, painting, drama, books, and about how my feeling and the President's feelings were reflected in this administration and in the legislation it had helped to pass. I talked about my desires for this house to acquire four or five

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more of the great American painters -- a Copley, a Benjamin West, a George ~~K~~ Caleb Bingham, and ^{Eakins} ~~Aikens~~, an Ennis, and ^{and the} I showed him those we had acquired: the Winslow Homer, ~~one of~~ Sulley, and the Mary Cassatt. We talked of the contemporary ones that had been hung in the west wing where you don't have to respect the dictum about hanging on ⁱⁿ the artist who has been dead for 25 years or more. I have no idea how I sounded to him, but it is a subject I enjoy and love to listen about and to talk about. I tried to explain that I go to the Van Gogh opening and to the Barter Theatre in Abington, and to dedicate the new wing of the Modern Museum of Art, and ^{see} ~~the~~ Traviata at the opera, and have a reception for Thornton Wilder to receive the award here at the White House because I like to. I enjoy it -- not to set an example of the elite; it comes naturally and yet if my doing it ^{and} this does sound presumptuous [^] makes other people want to do it, makes others have the opportunity of being exposed to new joys, new things, then I am glad. It will be interesting to see what he comes ^{up} with from our rather nebulous talk. I kept on thinking afterwards of all the things I should have said.

We had asked the Deasons and the Riordans to come to dinner, and pick up the puppies they had been promised. I worked at my desk until the Deasons arrived about 7:40 and then we sat around the fire in the yellow room. Lyndon joined us a little past 8 and at the

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same time in came Mr. Bryant with a whole basket full of puppies that he promptly dumped out on the floor. They scattered in all directions --under sofas and chairs , chasing tails and biting ears, and tumbling over each other while we shrieked with laughter . Luci quickly picked up hers. She has no difficulty telling her choice. She has a little freckle on her nose. Bill and Marianne selected theirs, and then we went in to dinner. Marianne has the most glowing compliments to pay Luci. She had had an interview with her that afternoon -- a rather long one for a piece she is doing in, I believe, Goodhousekeeping, and now is the time for some good ones. I read awhile in Guns of August and went to sleep before midnight.