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Monday, Jan. 10th began very early for Lyndon with the annual 8 o'clock/communion service for the reconvening of Congress at the National Presbyterian Church. I slept through it, and began the day with that typical vignette of White House life -- a meeting with a tour of ladies, the wives of the Scrap Steel and Iron Dealers who were having a convention here in Washington, better known perhaps as junk yard dealers. Our friends, the Dave Novys of Austin, had asked me to do it, and I wanted to because there are some signs that this group of ~~k~~ people are becoming increasingly conscious of their obligation to screen their places of business or support research for new ways to dispose of it in a better or more acceptable fashion. So I would rather enlist them than insult them. They turned out to be very well dressed, ~~risky~~ mostly quite attractive ladies, a heavy percentage of Jewish ladies. I said a few words of greetings in the East Room and then stood at the door and shook hands with all 500. I find it a warm and pleasant experience because it seems to mean something to most of the people meeting that person who wears the title I do now.

Then I went back up and worked at my desk with Liz, lunched with Luci, and continued with Bess on the two dinner lists -- the one for Shastri and the one for the Vice President, Speaker and Chief Justice. Lyndon came over for lunch after 3 o'clock, He is not bringing the crowds of businessmen or newsmen these days

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for lunch, frequently alone or one or two staff members. But life will not be normal until after the state of the union.

All afternoon I worked with Bess and Ashton. Sometime, I don't remember exactly when, the phone rang. It was word off the ticker that Shastri had died. Viewed from a long way off, ~~it~~ he seemed to me to have died at the top of his life's achievement. The very last pictures, of him and ^{here} ~~Lyndon~~ ^{Lyndon} after what seemed a real forward step in the Kashmir dispute. This morning's Post had carried our dinner for him as part of my calendar for the next few weeks. Well, many hours had gone into the list, and we will save it, for ~~like~~ likely some Indian Chief of State will come over in the next few months.

I went to the bowling alley alone and bowled three dreadful games. Then I worked while I waited for Lyndon to come to dinner. It was midnight before he came, bringing Vicki.