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This day began actually sometime in the early ~~hours~~ hours of the morning with a long talk. Lyndon woke up, as he often does these nights, and we talked about the prospects for the years ahead. It is so fraught with danger and with decisions that we cannot see the end of! I am torn between two feelings: one, the healthy one, that I should enjoy each day in this job and live it to the fullest, and the other, that the end of the ~~xxx~~ term is, <sup>like</sup> a light at the end of a tunnel, and my advice to Lyndon is so mundane and uninspiring: stay healthy, laugh, <sup>fine</sup> remember you are as tough as other Presidents who have lived through the same or worst. ~~Through the~~ <sup>It was a</sup> day of bits and pieces, because I woke up sleepy from our long talk. In the afternoon, I went to Mildred's office to work on the children's income tax with Ashton and the man who makes it out. In our out-passed side office ~~expressed~~ Ed Lord (?) absolutely intent, writing on a yellow tablet, and associate Justice of the Supreme Court Abe Fortas. I dared not stop without asking I was sure it was his feelings on the draft of the State of the Union message.

The big event ~~end~~ of the day for me was to go to the reception and dinner of a National Wildlife Federation sponsored jointly by the Sears Roebuck Foundation. I was to deliver 4 of their awards -- a little statuette of a whooping crane and to receive one myself for my interest in conserving wildlife and beauty.

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What a familiar sight. A thousand well-dressed, chattering people in the big ballroom of the Statler Hotel all brought there by their mutual interest for whatever sort of good works it might be or politics or culture. How many of these I have been to over 30 years! But at this one, I felt like a real participant. On my right was a delightful old gentleman -- Judge Lewis McGregor, President of the National Wildlife Federation. And on my left, James Griffin, President of the Sears Roebuck Foundation, with whom I quickly got into conversation about the scores of Sears Roebuck stores in ~~shops~~ shopping centers over the country, and my delight that those being built lately incorporating good landscaping into their parking lots. The one in Austin has quite a lot of trees. He took the ball and ran with it. At one of their big stores in Chicago when the day's business is over they use a huge parking lot to supervise play for all the neighborhood children. It is in a low income part of town where there are not enough playgrounds. We talked about their work in cooperation with garden clubs, their art program that Vincent Price is working on. It was an opportunity I had looked forward to to ~~thank~~ thank Sears Roebuck and hopefully to urge them on.

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Stewart Udall was the Master of Ceremonies and Secretary Freeman the main speaker. I think of them as the beautification twins. General Electric won an award for imaginative engineering, unusual research, and successful development of ~~equipment~~

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equipment and techniques to preserve America's natural beauty. I asked the award winner just how much was really being done to ~~bury~~ bury transmission lines in new housing developments, and he said it had increased 400 per cent in this last year. A glowing statistic. But I just wished I knew how to turn it into a picture in Austin, Texas! It won awards in various fields, conservation, and water resources, soil, wild life, air, forests, and delightfully enough one in conservationist educator of the year which went to a young man named ~~Johnny~~ Johnny McJohnson of Union Springs, Alabama, most of whose work had been done in 4-H and Future Farmers, and high school age <sup>youths</sup> ~~youths~~. Nelson Rockefeller won the award for dynamic leadership in developing and promoting an approach to water pollution abatement which has set an example throughout the nation. He said the people of his state had voted for the bond issue to pay for it by a 5 to 1 margin.

I passed out my whooping cranes and checks to some four of the winners and then I received mine, and promptly announced that <sup>(the check)</sup> it would be given to landscape the new automobile entrance of the national zoo. I had driven out there the day before with Dillon Ripley of the Smithsonian and their Chief Landscape Architect to decide where best to spend the money.

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Each state had an award winner; Missouri's was our old friend Leonard Hall who stopped by with news of Tony Buford. In Texas was Harry Jersig. There was an excitement about being with a crowd of ~~xxx~~ people and there was a sense of comradeship and mutual purpose and congeniality in this gathering and a tiny little feeling for me of having achieved something. If I could make the entrance to the zoo a prettier spot! All in all it was a good evening and over early. By nine-thirty I was on my way to Bill White's where Lyndon had gone for dinner with just the three of them.

The day had had its quota of annoyances -- three or four stories about gum-shoe practice in the White House. Our effort to reduce the number of chauffeurs from about 100 to down to 60 had succeeded but at the rough price of logging every trip made by everybody who rode in a White House car; who and where to in order to eliminate purely social and personal chauffeuring, and that naturally is abrasive to everybody who has gotten used to the happy ease of stepping into a chauffeur-driven car. The number of telephones have proliferated sometimes far beyond all needs. They too must be cut back with the number of lines actually <sup>re</sup>quired by use and not by status. Nobody likes economizing and the tough guy who gets it done -- in this case Marvin -- gets cut up on all sides.

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It was a happy companionable hour at the Whites in their pretty new home. Lyndon had been reading him portions of the speech, and it is a delight to me to be out for dinner. One of the peculiar restrictions of life in this house is that we very seldom do go out for dinner.