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Another one of those days when we woke up in the middle of the night and were sleepless for awhile talking. The greatest balm would be 9 straight hours of sleep. Lyndon and I went, just the two of us, to the National City Christian Church. It was ^{so} bitter cold but bright winter day, and then we hurried home in time to see Hubert Humphrey on Face the Nation, a rather subdued Hubert but a plus I thought, articulate and dignified. Lyndon had ^had asked Jack Brooks and the Jake Pickles over for dinner, and we had Mexican food, with Luci and Pat sitting with us telling us what it is like to be in boot camp, and now here ^{at} Andrews. I use ^{the} the prerogative of every voter and asked my Congressman -- ^{he} he had spoken to the Mayor or the Governor or DeWitt Greer of the Highway Department about planting the bluebonnet seed at the Austin Airport, and about working on the entrances to Austin, particularly the one that comes in from San Antonio over the lovely rolling country where you have a view of the Texas Capitol in the valley below you. He had and he would ^{again} again he promised me. During lunch Lyndon did two of the things that endear him to me. He asked Jack Brooks what he thought about him, Lyndon, offering Clark Thompson a job perhaps on the FDIC or as an Ambassador. There is no doubt Clark has been a liberal often supporting this administration and the Kennedy one when one hardly expected it, and ^{my} the heart is warm to ~~know~~ know that Lyndon is thinking about what he, Clark, is facing now, and wants to

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help him. Then he said to Jack Brooks who was going into the re-districting of Texas Congressmen with some bitterness, his barbs aimed mostly at John. Lyndon said quite calmly, "Now, Jack, you ought not to get mad at John. I don't think he planned this. It just got by him in the last night of the session." I doubt if he affects that peppery young man, but I hate to see the energy of our young ~~comes~~ ~~become~~ dissipated, cutting each other up.

The one thing that I long for Lyndon to do is leave a good imprint, to leave some teaching to the younger men in the Congress with whom and in the government ~~in which~~ he works.

Later on I interviewed a chef, Monsieur Moussier, and then went bowling with Liz. Four games. My ~~best~~ ^{best} score was ~~148~~ 149. Then back upstairs to read and rest a bit. Lyndon had been taking a nap and telephoning. And then it was the nicest time of the day -- a dinner I had planned to be just a quiet informal kind of talk dinner with several of the couples I enjoy most: the Freemans, the Udalls, the couple I do not know well and want to, the David Bells, and I was particularly glad that the Humphreys were coming. We had not seen much of them quietly lately.

The old line that was used on us increasingly in late '62 ^{and} throughout '63 -- ["] ~~what~~ ⁷ ~~ever~~ ["] became of Lyndon Johnson? -- has now been changed ~~es~~ slightly to read ["] ~~What~~ ⁷ ~~ever~~ ["] became of Hubert Humphrey, ^{and} appears increasingly. We both hurt for him, I think. We see it.

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Front page and editorial page. It has been bad lately. Lyndon passes me a paper, an Alsop column or Kraft column, Rowland Evans column, Pearson column, all a sort of conspiracy of ^{Let's} cut him up. My best ^{antidote} ~~anecdote~~ is not to read them. It saves energy for doing something ^{useful}. The Valentis came with Courtney, and she and the puppies were the stars of the evening. Luci brought in Pat and introduced him all around

Muriel and I talked about what a busy spring and summer we would have with two weddings coming up, about the big reception she wants to give for us, that is, the Congress to give for us ^{on} the west terrace of the Capitol. ^{Lee} ~~She~~ and Jane and I talked about a tea to gather together past speakers and possible speakers so that we could say yes to some of the great flood of invitations, beautification gatherings, that keep on coming in. Trudy Fowler has agreed to be the chairman.

And I had a chance to listen to David Behl -- a most attractive and knowledgeable man. I asked him what were some of the success ~~xxx~~ stories at AID. He said first and foremost ^{Jain} ~~Twain~~ ~~Twain~~ which we "had buttoned up and left." Then Pakistan where every dollar he believed had been well spent. And Korea, although 10 years ago you wouldn't have believe ^{it} it could be. AID in the Dominican Republic sounds like a ~~show~~ horror. He also talked of Tony and his trip, one positive result of which was to get freight rates lowered on the handicrafts which they

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ship from Peru by a sizeable amount, and an increased effort with some promise of success to find markets in Europe as well as in the United States.

And Stewart and I talked about how we might set about developing a park across from our house; maybe a trip this spring with some good designers. He spoke of Nat ^{Owings} Owens, and I thought that was shooting too high. And of something I really long to do -- go down the Rio Grande on a raft through the Big Bend Country. I found for the first time that most of the land for the Big Bend Country had been purchased by private subscription because of the enthusiasm and plain bull-dogging of Amon Carter. Until recently it has been the policy of the government not to purchase land for national parks but just to accept land for maintenance that has been purchased and donated by citizens.

Lyndon in his rocking chair was a relaxed and amusing host. Everybody talked. It was a happy evening. We do feel we are a little closer to the ~~xxx~~ administrative team because of it. I know that I at least feel fonder of and closer to them.

Earlier in the day I had talked to Cactus Pryor about the documentary on beautification in Austin itself that he is trying to put together sometime during the spring. He was up here to emcee a ^{Touchdown} ~~touchdown~~ dinner at which ~~20~~ 25 people made speeches. Poor ~~Hubert~~ Hubert arrived to deliver his words about 12:15. Cactus in an introduction

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said that Everett Dirksen was to oratory what Richard Burton was to sex! One reality to the day -- in the beauty field -- was a rather stark, modernistic looking picture in color on the front page of the Star magazine section of the row on row of cherry ~~toes~~ trees planted on the Washington Monument Grounds, and one interesting prospect for the future was a request from Look to do a story on the wildflowers around home, the whole country side and the little I have done.