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By Saturday, Jan. 22, the barrage of ugly stories about Tony had spread these last few days from the Post to the New York Herald Tribune to the New York Times, an editorial in the Scripps Howard paper, even the ludicrous angle that would have been hilarious if it hadn't been so painful, that is, that he was really an arms merchant in disguise; that he was going to Jordan in some <sup>sort</sup> of plot to sell arms to that country. Poor helpless, hapless Tony, so gentle and vulnerable and decent! <sup>and</sup> then the crescendo about Pat had kept up, snide, nasty little stories, mostly Drew Pearson; more weekends off than anybody in his group, a <sup>g</sup> transfer that put him within 20 minutes of his fiancée.

Finally on Saturday suddenly it all began to catch up with me -- sleepless nights and agonized exchanges of words between me and Lyndon in the bleak pre-dawn hours, and so I felt limp and beaten, I, who was always saying to Lyndon "I am not going to die but once. The thing to do is get up and work, get <sup>enough</sup> ~~it in~~ exercise, see a variety of people, some you enjoy, <sup>soft people,</sup> some new stimulating people, but all I felt like doing on Saturday was to lie limply in bed. I did go to see my old friend Dr. Turchin, <sup>at noon</sup> always our greatest champion, and then came back and worked with Luci a little on her wedding plans, outlining her twelve bridesmaids.

And then I had a milk punch and collapsed in bed and took

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a three hour nap. The luxury of it is impossible to describe, and the reviving effects surpass any medicine. Lyndon had responded to his own deep well of strength early in the morning. I would like to think I had caused it a little bit, and invited ~~few~~ people who are always good for him ~~py~~ psychologically and intellectually to come down and spend the weekend with us - the Arthur Krims who are arriving about 6:30. He phoned me and said that he had also asked the McNamaras. So the six of us sat around for the most pleasant evening. Marge arrived first in the Yellow Room. Lyndon had taken the Krims and the Secretary swimming. For the second time today I take off my hat to him. Just what I wanted him to do. It gave Marge and me a good 20 or 30 minutes to talk about her trip to California for the beauty conference, about head start, the job corps in Des Moines, I believe it is, They are a wonderful couple.

Then the six of us sat around by the fire in the Yellow Room. The Krims told an hilarious story about how as they were getting ready to come down to join us, half angry at their French maid who ~~had~~ had not showed up for the day, ~~and~~ and the door bell kept ringing so persistently, Arthur in the bathroom, half-shaved, with lather on one side of his face and the razor in his hand, finally bolted downstairs to the front door to open it. There stood a gentleman who said "I am as shavacant of the White House."

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May I see Mademoiselle So and So?" ~~Strange~~ <sup>It turns out</sup>, he had been  
their  
~~being the gentleman~~ friend of our maid. What a small world.

And apparently he still claims the house, if not the occupants.

We had a delicious candle-lit dinner. The puppies came  
up to amuse us. I showed Lyndon the Harper's Weekly picture --  
the 1865 Inaugural of Lincoln

balance of this  
on tape transcribed  
by Ruth Mahoney  
m R.

January 22, 1966  
Saturday

Cont.:

which Margy had given us and then about 10:00 we went down to see Thunder-Ball. I gave everybody a loving good night and went instead to curl up in bed and watch gunsmoke. As self-indulgent a day as I have had all year.