

January 23, 1966  
Sunday

WHD

# At last we slept rather well. It was a day full of people. I suggested we go to Lyndon's church. Dr. Davis is a comfort to him. And I seek out comforts for him like a mother seeking medicines for a sick child. <sup>a</sup>Angry though I get at him when he reacts to the poison in the newspapers. <sup>b</sup>Barbed words at anybody I love. Lyndon asked Lloyd and Anne Hand and the Woodwards and of course the Grims and Mary Margaret and Jack to go with us. So we were quite an entourage enroute to church. And sure enough the preacher took his text rather personally on the State of the Union with accent on Vietnam which causes me to flinch. And one line was about life, not Vietnam, and went something like this. "It will be a long, long struggle."

# Somehow that put things into perspective to me. Then suddenly Lyndon leaned over and laughed quietly to me and said "you are just like George Smather's brother". That's a family joke. Nobody else would know what he meant. I did exactly. For years Senator George Smathers had been railing whenever any columnist <sup>who</sup> was quite frequently Pearson, took out after him. His banker brother would say "Now, George, you just ought not to pay that any mind, nobody reads it much, it doesn't matter." And then suddenly, unexplicably one day, Mr. Pearson took out after George's banker brother for some

action on the part of his bank. Brother was immediatly furious, distraught. Lyndon said "You can tell me how to handle it, but then when they take out after Tony and Luci it's a different matter." Somehow that released the tensions of the last week and I am once more convinced I shall go on living! Everybody stayed for lunch. Courtney Valenti came down and went through her adorable routine of "I love the Pres", playing with the puppies, climbing all over Lyndon." She is one of his chief sources of laughter and relaxation these days. She and the puppies are <sup>an</sup> unbeatable team.

We watched Senator Russell Long on TV at 12:30. His daddy would have been proud of him. Fresh, candid, articulate, tough, absolutely natural. I thought he was great. Lyndon, in a gesture which is so typical of him, called him at the studio the minute he finished, to congratulate him and to ask him to come over and eat with us. Then Ambassador Harriman came on. Describing his visits to all the foreign capitals in search of peace. With the aura of so many years experience in authority around him. — <sup>2</sup> Aide to about five presidents, I think it is. — I was proud to have him on our team. We called him and Marie also and then Catherine Long, Anne, and Lloyd and I discussed how we could make the teas for the Ambassadors wives more ~~interesting~~ intimate and fun and brilliant. Perhaps I tried to make them

too informal. Certainly I can bone up better when all the biographies <sup>come</sup> ~~are~~ of them. But not when they are crowded in as one event among six in the day. And Woody who truly loves Lynda Bird planned with me on how to make days between terms gayer. <sup>#</sup> Then the guests were gone and I <sup>lay</sup> ~~laid~~ down to read the interminable papers of Sunday. Among them, one of the results of the much badgered security check on tele<sup>phone</sup> ~~thons~~. On the 1924 switchboard, nine operators at peak hours. We handle more than 15,000 incoming and outgoing calls a day on an average. We have got to <sup>reason</sup> ~~reath~~? out the whole thing and must work, work, work on economy and nobody likes economy when it touches them. As a result of our study, of all the contacts in the White House, the amazing total of more than 51,000 unfriendly contacts was revealed. Ranging all the way from abusive telephone calls and letters, 166 picketings stocking up over 300 un-welcome visitors at the main gain, 112 of whom were actually arrested or committed for mental observations. Last and most extra-ordinary seven persons who were apprehended, <sup>^</sup> caught climbing the fence. Of all the things that beset us, physical danger is the last I would worry about. <sup>#</sup> One interesting thing in the paper. The District of Columbia is going to get \$483,000 as a grant for beautifying the urban beautification provision, of last year's National

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Housing Act. Who <sup>else</sup> ~~whose~~ is going to get the first allocation? Pittsburg and New Haven. Mayor Richard Lee is always ready with an efficient list of just what he needs, where he is going to put it and pretty good proof of how it will be dollars well spent. Then I read a Who Done It with complete abandon and went to sleep.

Before I did I had given Lyndon a list of people, any of whom I would like to see for dinner and quickly put in calls and we wound up the delightful group coming for seven. The Tom Manns, next to Tony and Pat, I feel most hurt for and most angry about ~~them~~. John Macys, Tyler and Bess, ~~the~~ Arthur Krims were our hoase guests. Then when I awoke about six I found that Lyndon had added the Vice President. I am always glad. I remember when we were Vice President, I liked for him to be continually reassured of our fondness for him, ~~And~~ our belief in him. Although I remember the hilarious remark that Lyndon made about him once — "If I could just breed him to Calvin Collidge. No explanation necessary. As the guests began to arrive. We were glued to the TV in the little West Hall watching that miracle of Tel -Star <sup>thru</sup> which Dean Rusk was being interviewed by newspaper men in Rome, Paris, Bonn, London — a commentary on human-kind that none of us gave any real thought to <sup>the</sup> the miracle of Tel-Star itself and yet what hope that must hold. If man can do this can he

possibly turn his talents <sup>to</sup> solving disputes short of destruction? Rusk was magnificent. I would like to give him an A-plus and my undying gratitude as a citizen and as the wife of the President in whose Cabinet he plays such a part. Even managed to get ~~some~~ <sup>two</sup> little note of mild humor when some correspondent handed him a double barreled question about Rhodesia and South Africa and he said "If you don't mind I'd like to take my crises one at a time". <sup>#</sup> I tip-toed out greeting each new couple and getting drinks while we listened spell bound for what must have been an hour. Then we went into the ~~Yellow Room~~ <sup>Room</sup> and for once dissolved into groups. I asked John Macy and Kermit Gordon to join me on the far sofa and we talked about the Library. Tom Mann came over with us. I told Kermit how ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> had hoped he would be with us on our initial wonderful day in November in the little house where Lyndon was born. What an aggregation of talent! <sup>One of</sup> ~~The~~ great days '65 for me! <sup>(The Library School)</sup> That we all tried to think it into being. Now we have made a step. We have gotten an architect for the Library. This was news to Macy. And the question before us a Director. I sought the <sup>for someone</sup> help in searching their minds in the Academic World <sup>for someone</sup> who is also a great salesman and an inspirer. Macy gave me the names of two more schools that our committee might go to see in order to set up a budget. The Political Science School

in Syracuse<sup>at</sup> the University there and one in Chicago.

# One of the most interesting parts of the evening I spent with Tom Mann. I believe that some day he may have a chair of Latin American-U.S. Relations in that school. He said he loved, next to his own country, Mexico. It seems to me he has at once a very sentimental earthy understanding love of it, coupled with a bold knowledge of all the frailties and short-comings. Of a popular attitude, one applauded in the press, toward the Latin countries, a sort of evangelical do-good-ism. He said when he was a little boy he had lice and white-spots <sup>or</sup> and whatever they are and all the things you get from ~~playing~~ <sup>dealing</sup> with little Mexican boys. He spent his life with them. He had a strange life about which he is quite silent. <sup>He</sup> ~~He~~ knew that he had had three children and that two were dead. And some others I had heard, that one of them died from an ~~amoxic~~ <sup>amoxic</sup> disease contracted <sup>or</sup> one of the South American tours of duty. He is made of tough fibre but a loveable man. They were such interesting people all. These evenings are serving the purpose I wanted. To make our Administration feel more closely knit. More a part of each other. Of course Hubert livens up any evening. Just as they were about to leave, there was talk of sending ~~medical~~ <sup>out</sup> medical teams, <sup>and</sup> agricultural know-how teams, headed by Freeman himself, to Vietnam. Another

and different phase of this/<sup>man's</sup>mighty search for peace. The question is, "are we getting it across to the world<sup>?</sup>". Somewhere in the evening, Lyndon had had a long ~~xxx~~ talk with Arthur Krim. And a disturbing one it must have been. Krim had been analyzing the state of affairs at the Democratic National Committee and they are bad. Heavily in debt. The creditors pressing and who is there to go out and make the fund-raising speeches<sup>?</sup> Always the answer is one more job for the President.

A little vignete<sup>x</sup> of the evening's conversation Lyndon, saying to the men "The thing I want most is a tax bill by April 15 th. " Then he kept on predicting the dire prospects, legislative-wise, for 1966. Measure ~~would~~<sup>would?</sup> after measure were failed. " We will not pass much this year, Kermit Gordon said mildly, " It seems to me, Mr. President, this was the way you were talking in January 1965. " <sup>ff</sup> From the children there is good news. Lynda Bird actually thinks she is doing pretty good in her finals. And she interrupted a telephone call from me to say, " Mama you'll have to wait, there's George calling. " He is part of the wine of life. Exciting and heady. And it is high time she had some. Two bits in the paper today. One that the First Lady never would compete with the best dressed. Another that "the beautiful people" are all heading for Acapulco and then in listing the beautiful people there was Lynda Bird's name! I was mildly

pleased. Luci is happy too. In spite of the press story. (Incidentally she is praying for them. The press people, I mean.) She came down off of Claud 9 long enough last night to bring us in a large box to open up in front of the McNamara's and the Krims and show us the result of her day of shopping. She and Pat had been looking for their silver and china and crystal. Her taste was beautiful. Exquisitely <sup>Limoges</sup> ~~mo~~ge white with a chaste gold border for her formal china. And ~~pat~~ Old Maryland for her silver. Everything except the <sup>Limoges</sup> she assures me will be an American product. She has her heart set on the <sup>Limoges</sup> Hopefully, but uncertainly.