

Checked
Feb. 9, 1977

Possible people to send days to
Clark Clifford Feb. 6

Marge McNamee Feb. 8

February 2, 1966

Wednesday

Mary Lasker

Lindow

Feb. 12

Ruth Carter Johnson Feb. 14

Mr. & Mrs. Bundy Feb. 20

Mr. Rose Feb. 25

The small jobs of my life would be a devouring

tyrant if I didn't sometimes rebel. Today I did.

I spent the morning at my desk and on calls... Mary Lasker about our beatufication meeting; Roy White about the bedroom project at the ranch; Luci about her wedding plans; Paul Fisher about our movie project. And Mr. West about the overwhelming amount of redecorating that has to be tackled in the White House this spring. Draperies for the main entrance and some chairs covered and probably draperies for the State Dining Room... All the sofas and chairs recovered on the third floor. Delicate, elegant Sheraton sofas in the Green Room to be covered.

Perhaps with something woven to duplicate what's on them. And the East Hall, two chairs and maybe the sofa reupholstered. And then a long talk with Mrs. Lindow about the lovely party she plans for Luci around Valentine time... And then Lynda came in and had lunch with me on trays in my bedroom. Roy White and Max Brooks were arriving any minute for my first appointment of the afternoon. And Lynda said "let's go to the "ational"" "Let's see Hostile Witness, I hear it's read good." I said "Let's." I jumped into a dress, walked out, said "Dear Max and

Roy will you forgive me if I dash off? Will you come back at 5:30? " And so ^{with} that delicious feeling of stealing from the cookie jar, Lynda and I went to see Ray Milland in a courtroom thriller which turned out to be an exciting afternoon entertainment. And something we liked all the better for doing it together.

Between terms is one of the happiest times of the year for me. To have your daughter for a little while and know that it is for a little while, to enjoy every minute. If only we could carry through that feeling to every day of life. Mr. St. ^{man} Meir? came when we returned to the White House. And Bess with her gentle salesmanship and Helen with her downright disapproval of the fact that I am pretty thrifty about the clothes I buy, tried to urge me to buy two or three more dresses, possibly an evening dress. I was in no mood and thinking of the bills that had already mounted up, And then next it was time to see Max Brooks and Roy White. Max's business was to plan a meeting of the principal participants in our Library Project. I gave him three dates, And he set about phoning his group. Dr. Ransom, Bill Heath, Frank Grwin. I would get in touch with Dr. Grover and Clark Clifford and Juanita and Dorothy Territo. And then Roy pulled a most unwelcome burden

out from the dark closet where I had let it lay.
That is, what to do with the ninth floor. ^{of the Federal Building.} We
decided I had better put my hand to it and he is
to meet me on Saturday morning, ^{will} Miss Linke?, and
drawings and swatches and all the hours we need
in the Treaty Room. ^{He} I really wanted to accept
Bill Whites invitation to dinner. Lyndon had said
no. I think that the change of seeing a few
friends in different surroundings is restful and
therapeutic. So, not knowing what the outcome
would be, I dressed up and went to his office at
eight, and very gently sidled in and said "Let's go?"
It took forty minutes of waiting while he went
through a tall stack of papers and made phone calls
and talked to staff. And I settled down with a
magazine. And then we went, ^{Arriving} at nine
instead of eight, Trudy and Joe Fowler and Lloyd and
Anne Hand, June's brother and sister-in-law were
the other guests. The four kinsolks are leaving in
the morning for Florida ^{for} two weeks in the sun.
Bill and I wound up by the fireplace in the den for
a good little talk about the Senate, his true love,
and how it has changed through the last few years.
The giant ^{is} gone, only Russell left, and he very
much innured(?) in his ivory tower. We talked about
why it was. I felt that it was three fourths
emph^yma and one fourth bitterness for having tried

for the Presidency [in 1952, [?]was it] and having lost hopelessly because he was a Southerner. Bill felt the same, with the ratio different. More of the bitterness. We both looked so sorry^{our}fully at the prospect of a race between young vital Governor Sanders and Dick Russell. I cannot forget the courage and the zest ^{with} ~~at~~ which Sanders came to the support of Lyndon in my own whistle stop train in the fall of '64. Or Dick's absence in Spain at that time.

And yet our devotion to Dick goes back to our roots.

The White's house is charming. We left rather early — a little after eleven. And on the way Lyndon told me some of the problems of the day. The National Democratic Committee is full of problems and deeply in debt. Arthur Krim has been laboring valiantly to be helpful. Jawahar Nehru had been in to talk about the famine in India about aid from us. And there must have been a moment of laughter when Rube Goldberg came in to present a bust to Lyndon, sort of a ~~Caricature~~ ^{character} of him. # For me there was one nice moment when I saw Howard Taubman's article on "Mrs. Johnson making additions to American art in the White House." A very good picture of the Sully and a complete, well written story that gives me more than my due. And since it is a field in which I have the deepest interest I confess to being glad to receiving a little plaudit for it.