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I was up early and went swimming with Lyndon. I could shout 'hurrah' about his determination for exercise; horse back riding twice this week, walking everyday, swimming everyday. But not I--too much else screams for attention. I must bring some order to this household--outline everybody's duties, responsibilities and days off. And then those thirty years accumulation of possessions from 30th Place, and the Elms, and the White House, dumped off the van in the big storage area up in the pasture ~~smile~~ my conscience and I have to attack it bit by bit everyday. I smile with satisfaction when I find that my blue velvet sofa at right angles to the fireplace in my bedroom facing the two french arm chairs covered in pineapple brocade make a charming group. And the pretty French lamp table between the chairs invite you to sit down and read. I tossed the needlepoint pillow that says, "To avoid criticism, do nothing, be nothing, say nothing.", that Liz, and Bess and Ashton gave me one Christmas on to the sofa. The whole effect is cozy, perfect (?) and I think of that elegant living room with brocade covered walls at the Elms.

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and of that very private little sitting-dressing room that looked out onto the Washington Monument and on Lyndon's office, where these favorite articles have spent their life. The sight is mellow and pleasing to me. That is <sup>the way</sup> ~~how~~ a house should grow--with your experiences, it should speak of your life.

Bernice Berg came and gave me a hairdo and then Dorothy Territo and Helene came and we worked for about six hours at clearing my desk and sending papers and memorabilia to the Archives and dictating mail to Helene. Hard work--thinking, decisions are exhausting. It was also fun, because I was going through the raw material that had made up the last five years.

Late in the afternoon, Lyndon and I went in the helicopter to Austin. Lynda Bird had a bad cold, we were afraid Lucinda would catch it and ~~as~~ hospitable as she is, these were not the sort of guests to bring into Luci's household, so we left them at the Ranch to get lots of rest, I feeling, for the one millionth time in my life, divided and like I wasn't doing my duty by everyone.

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We rode Arthur's delightful little bubble of a helicopter in. What a pleasure it will be to travel over the country in it in the spring.

I had asked Luci if we might invite two good friends over for a drink and to talk some business. She's a delightfully elastic, hospitable, open-hearted child--"of course, anytime, anybody, Mama--I wouldn't have this house except for you all." And so I had called Dr. Ransom and Frank Erwin and they met us at Luci's for a drink and we stayed for a long and pleasant hour or so talking about the University, Frank's prospects as being confirmed as Regent once more (I am so glad John named him), and with detached, unpretentious way, like we were discussing ~~characters~~<sup>figures</sup> in a play, we talked about the Texas political scene, and then about the business that was uppermost in my mind-- how and in what way we could get Dr. Wayne Grover to continue helping with the Lyndon Johnson Library. I very much hope that we will be able to call on him for advice, judgment, direction for several years and he has announced his intention, now that Dr. Newland is aboard, to leave on February 15th, in fact he had intended to leave in December and I persuaded him to stay at least two

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months until we had made the move. Dr. Ransom said and Frank agreed enthusiastically, that the University could retain him as a consultant. His knowledge of the whole field of archives is so rich and deep --he will not, Dr. Ransom said, either live in Austin, or work full time, he has a commitment to a book. But yes, we would ask him to be available on a by the day basis and we wound up the conversation feeling relieved and hopeful. Lyndon gave Frank ~~an awful~~ birthday present. Frank has a penchant for staying in the heat of battle, but he looks continued and at peace.

After they left, there was a 'first' in the Johnson family --the first time Lyndon had been a guest at Luci's dinner table. She had been busily cooking in the kitchen, coming in just to greet the guests--that wonderful quality of being just delighted that they were there and not feeling flurried at all because she couldn't sit with them. She was making a great big smothered steak surrounded by carrots and potatoes, a casserole of bubbly brown califlower, and hot rolls. We dined on her wedding china, the four of us including Helene. Luci said the grace and then served our plates.

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It was as delicious meal as I can remember eating. I was so proud of her and she was proud of herself, and then came the triumph of the evening--a German chocolate pound cake. After not having any desert all week-- we've banned them from the household at the Ranch in quest physical fitness, we could not resist. Patrick Lyndon had been sent to bed by Olga. What a joy to have him and what a joy to say goodbye to him!

Sitting around the table, the thoughts of all of us went to Patrick. How wonderful it will be if the Lord sends him safely home and in April in the years ahead we can sit together around this table.

But never once did we get around to mentioning one important problem that looms before all of us. Luci wants to go to Formosa to meet Patrick who has a week's leave and then continue in a trip of two or three weeks around the world--alone, no Secret Service, no friend. Lyndon does not think she should, neither do I. I for safety reasons, he feels that also but he is keenly aware of all those other 500,000 or so soldiers who do not get to see their wives, but once during that year if at all.

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He feels that Patrick has won his place of esteem in the minds of many people at a very hard price and that he will be sacrificing a bit of the very special feeling of his fellow soldiers and of the people at home for having this self-indulgence, this special privilege of a week with his wife. Luci and Patrick, who have ~~been~~<sup>I think,</sup> as good a daughter and son-in-law as any President could want, as any father could want now want to lead their own lives and the public be damned. We never talked of it, we will in a few days. Can it be that Lyndon, the tough guy who has faced up to so many awful problems, just doesn't want to face up to one more with his sweet and well loved daughter?

And then came another first for the Johnson family. After dinner we went down to the 5th floor at K.T.B.C. where we had not put foot except for Louise's funeral for ~~the~~<sup>five</sup> years of the Presidency and we spent the night in that big comfortable bedroom, I mentally making notes of how we could turn it from its aseptic hotel quality into a warm, lived in place that spoke of us. It was an early night and we relished it. How long will it last? I for one am just taking the days as they happen and now they are good.