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was a day of firsts, but it began in the domestic, mundane way that will take up many of my hours these next few months. I awoke to a misty grey day a little past eight and then after breakfast with Lyndon, I went up to Storage A with James and we plowed our way through the sea of furniture, and pictures, ~~and~~ ornaments, and papers and I collected a whole station wagon load of things for the 5th floor and the office. James was to drive Lynda and the baby in a little bit later, and I left with Mr. Edwards of Holt, Rinehart, who had spent the night with us at the Ranch. He had come down to discuss the possibility of publishing my diary. He said he saw it as two books--probably 320 pages each--in chronological order and that the sooner we could publish the better. I suggested possibly the Christmas market. He sounded startled and didn't think we could get it ready by then. He said there is a seven month lapse between the time you give a manuscript to a publisher and the book is on the bookstalls--that I would have to give them the manuscript not later than June 1st. He was quite complimentary and seemed

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definitely interested, but not the same quality of enthusiasm ~~that~~ about the product that Doubleday had shown. We did not discuss price at all, I told him I wanted to leave all that with Arthur Krim.

And then in rapid sucession came the 'firsts'. A few days before, Clarence had asked me what I wanted to do about Secret Service; whenever I came out of the house, did I want an agent notified, did I want one with me. I said no, not at all, around the Ranch, to Austin, most places in Texas -- I did not want one. If I went to Mexico, if I went abroad anywhere, I would be very grateful to have a small contingent, perhaps also in New York or ~~in~~ Washington to a limited extent, but not in my day to day life. I want to be independent! And so this morning when Mr. Edwards and I started into Austin nobody drove me or followed me. Indeed I have been driving for five years all around the country, but not really in town. And so when I struck Austin traffic, that was something of a first and I find ~~that~~ the town has grown so in five years--I have to learn my way all over again--and there's a network of one way streets.

Another first was how to get past entrances

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where it says DO NOT ENTER. I came to the University, I wanted to go in the grounds and park to take Mr. Edwards up. He saw an officer and said "just stop, ~~and~~ tell him who you are." I drove on up to the guard booth at the University entrance and explained that I had a man with me who had an appointment with Dr. Ransom--I did not mention his name or mine. The guard, carefully and pleasantly told me how to drive in and where to park and sure enough there were several parking places into which I slipped with relative ease. It was Mr. Edwards who insisted that I lock the car and take the key. When I have been to the University before, Dr. Ransom, ~~and~~ Mrs. Hudspeth, maybe Frank Erwin, quite a reception committee has always greeted me at the door. This time, on purpose, I hadn't let them know that I was bringing Mr. Edwards in, and so we bravely marched in, lost ourselves three or four times, kept on asking students, none of whom seemed to recognize me, how to get up to Dr. Ransom's office, and presently found it, feeling something like stout Cortez when first he did the broad Pacific scan. I wonder if Mr. Edwards knew what a game it was with me.

Frank Erwin walked me back out to the car and

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I found my way among the one way streets down to the Federal Office Building. Here once more a pleasant guard, who did recognize me, showed me to a parking place in the basement and I went up to the office where Helene and I will be working, adjacent to Lyndon's suite. It is a clean, fresh, roomy, functional office, untouched by personality, with a lovely view of the Capitol. ^{The} first thing I did was to get my desk put at right angles, so I could see it over my right shoulder--the view, and not have it behind my back.

Some of the loveliest things in life are free.

And then I attacked the two feet deep collection of work on my desk. For two and a half solid hours, I signed letters impressed and pleased at Helene's compositions, dictated some, signed pictures. It was far from clean at 2:30 when I was too hungry to do more, but at least I had that virtuos feeling one does after a stint of work and I took Helene with me and we went down to the Driskill coffee shop. Alas, that rather elegant dining room was closed, and had a bite of lunch and several people smiled at me as they passed, as indeed they do on the street. It is nice. And one effusive

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young man came up to me as I paid our check, introduced himself, said he had long been an admirer.

The day is compartmentalized, as indeed days have always been for me and the next cubby hole of time was a trip to the 5th floor where James and problems awaited me. To dispose two of my lovely little french arm chairs, upholstered in brocade that used to be so charming in the broserie at the Elms as companion pieces in the master bedroom. I made a mental note "bring the french ^{lamp} table to go between them, and possibly the watercolor of me above the chest of drawers." And one of the french antique dining room chairs from the Elms with the leather seat was just perfect in my dressing room. Madame Shoumatoff's watercolor of FDR on a table in the living room added immeasurably to the class and warmth of the room. I surveyed an hour's or so work with the keen satisfaction of the born housewife, but also the sinking feeling that I was only brushing the surface.

And then I loaded up Lynda and Lucinda and we started driving to the Ranch, Lucinda being an absolute angel, but I was so thankful that I was there to drive and Lynda to hold her. My whole push for independence does

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not extend to wanting Lynda to drive alone with Lucinda lying on the seat. On business service, I got in touch with Volcano, and we still use the names, Volunteer, and Victoria. I wonder what they are calling Mr. and Mrs. Nixon.

Volunteer was on ~~the~~ the Scharnhorst, I said I would join him there and so Lynda did drive on that brief 8 miles back to the LBJ Ranch and one of the Secret Service men convoyed me to Lyndon and we drove in the setting sun around the Scharnhorst. til dark drove us home.