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Tuesday, November 17th

I woke up to say Happy Anniversary to Lyndon. Today is our 30th wedding anniversary! But in spite of that fact, a curious pall of sadness and inertia, sort of having come to a standstill and being bound up in gloom, has enshrouded me for quite some days now. It's hard to shake, and how hard to get to work! For that, more than anything, I begrudge it.

I wore my green alaskine, and Lyndon and I went downstairs into the Blue Room about eleven to have our anniversary pictures taken which, incidentally, proved very interesting to the papers, being widely used and even, I think, on the front page of The New York Times.

Just as we returned I saw Roxanne and Patsy in the family dining room with a bowl of yellow roses and a sweet hello and word that they would like to have us come over to dinner in their apartment some time.

Then, just to get the exercise, I walked around the circular driveway of the South Grounds three times. It's not the fun of walking in fields or forest, but I have come to feel fairly invisible, even when I pass the gates where the tourists are.

After lunch, Robin Duke and ~~Candy~~ came for me to try on clothes and plan other clothes. I think one of the reasons for the pall on these days is a story in yesterday's paper -- and it was my dear friend Frances Lewin^a-- that talked about Robin being my official clothes assistant. I simply don't like to feel so naked, I don't like to feel that it is any of their business, and

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of course it makes Robin feel very conspicuous and less useful as she would seek to go privately into some designer's showroom to pick out something for me. So it's almost as though it had killed off the possibility of getting clothes in this very efficient and pleasant manner, and it almost makes me feel that you can't be nice to newspaper people -- and I'm nice to them because I like them -- without eventually arriving at the point where all of your personal life is nibbled away, intruded upon.

In the afternoon I went out to see Marjorie and Walter. It was a strange hour -- very much the same and very different. Walter looks surprisingly young and well. His face was no longer red -- his nose had been sort of bulbous and red, with an acne-type of condition. Now he appeared quite rested and quite relaxed, but somehow too calm and quiet and rather like an inhabitant of Mars, looking down on us strange earth-creatures and our little doings here below. Rather detached and dis-associated.

I cannot measure the suffering he has gone through, but for me it's been one of the two or three most painful things in my life -- more painful than ^{the} death of many close to me.

We talked about the office, and I told him very simply that no army of men could take his place. We talked about others who could do

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this and that. We talked about the children. He said one nice thing that had come out of all this is that Walter is just being a model boy and was spending hours and hours every weekend with him and making good grades and being everything they wanted him to be. On the other hand, the twins were still full of deviltry.

We talked about the election. He said he felt like an anvil had been lifted from his chest when it was clear, about ten o'clock, that Lyndon had certainly won. And we talked about what they had planned to do in the future. I told them I hoped perhaps they might go back to live in Austin, that we would give them a lot out of the nineteen acres, and if he opened an Accountant's office we would want him to handle our private account, the ranch's and so forth, and I could think of two or three other accounts to begin with.

There is no estrangement between us three -- none at all -- but there is a complete understanding that everything has changed, or so it seems to me.

When I kissed them goodbye and came back to the second floor of the White House, Mary Lasker was waiting for me to talk about ways in which the Inaugural might be given more style and flair and grace, and made more memorable -- perhaps with a march or a symphony especially

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written for it. And then she talked about me having the members of the committee for the Kennedy Cultural Center for an entertainment at the White House. I asked Lynda Bird to go with me to join her Daddy for the farewell reception at the State Department for Ralph Dungen, who is leaving for Chile to be the Ambassador. We stayed, to my surprise, about thirty minutes. Lyndon seemed in no hurry to leave. It is the leave-taking of so many capable people that adds to the aura of uncertainty and stalemate all around.

We got an answer from Mr. Tom Watson, to whom Lyndon had offered a Cabinet post, and the answer was no. It was not a surprise to either of us, really. And the answer from Frank Stanton was also a very firm and necessary no. From Don Cook we still have not heard definitely. I think he wants to, I think he's trying desperately to say yes, but his whole financial future hangs in the balance. And I, ironically enough, can understand that best of all.

About nine o'clock we returned from the Dungen reception, and as we got off the elevator on the second floor, violins began to play, the lights were ablaze, the hall was full of my favorite friends. I hadn't in my wildest dream expected anything like this, but a surprise party, a 30th Anniversary party, planned and engineered by Lyndon!

The Abe Fortases were there, the Joe Alsops, Liz and Les Carpenter, Dale and Scooter Miller, dear Justice and Mary Clark, and

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Tom Corcoran -- it wouldn't have been complete without him. And Kay Graham, very much recovered from her own tragedy, and Diana and Donald, and the Leonard Markses, the Jack Valentis. And Lynda and her date Dave, and Luci, dressed up and beautiful, and in and out.

We went in the Yellow Room, where we had drinks while I opened packages -- the most magnificent assortment of delightful presents, ranging from, most important of all, some gold and diamond earrings -- something I have wanted for several Christmases and birthdays and anniversaries -- from Lyndon, an envelope from him covered with travel pictures from far-away places with strange-sounding names and enclosing inside more than five hundred dollars, with a little note that said, "To go to the place of ^{your} ~~my~~ choosing to lie under the sky." And then there was a framed poem by Luci, beautifully em'ossed, recalling all sorts of things, from my Daytona suntan to the box holding Beagle to Christmas Eve s at Maday's. A very creditable job of reminiscence and nostalgia -- she is a very articulate little girl. And a handsomely framed speech that Lyndon made to the Johnson City High School -- I believe it was last May -- and that will be just right to hang in the Sam Johnson house in Johnson City. That was Liz's contribution. And from the Fortases, one of those delightful old things -- are they called stereopticons, or something like that. You hold in front of your eyes a little boxlike thing, and then have a picture of Niagara Falls or Mount

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Everest. And it sits on the parlor table, about vintage 1910, or earlier, as one of the family's prized possessions.

In the middle of the table there was a wedding cake -- thirty pounds, covered with white icing, wedding rings intertwined, doves of peace, yellow roses, and about half a dozen pictures from albums, including the one of Lyndon and me standing on the boat in the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco, one after Lyndon's heart attack in 1955, adorable ones of each girl, us in front of the Taj Mahal, a montage of memories all done up with icing. It was as wonderful a change of mood as could have been conceived and executed. And it worked for the evening -- it was a wonderful, wonderful evening to be remembered. The Strolling Strings making the background for all the happy chatter.

And then in to dinner, with me sitting by Lyndon and Tom Clark on the other side. After dinner there were toasts all around, a particularly delightful one from Tom Corcoran, who quoted some Shakespeare. Tom Clark, Abe Fortas, and several others. And then I answered, speaking for the two Johnsons, and said, "Let's drink to two things: happiness, the sort that's brought to you by friends that are gathered here tonight (a very special galaxy of friends they were), and courage, just the sort of pedestrian courage that makes you get up ^(each) of a day and go on about the

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business, however frustrating and hopeless and endless and imperfect and unsure the course of the day may be." It seems it's the sort of courage Lyndon has been exhibiting this last year -- many days of glory, but many more days of just shoving ahead the best you could. And particularly has this shroud of gloom closed around us the last week. Perhaps it's the repercussions from Walter, perhaps it's the accumulation of weariness from the campaign. I am sure the departure of many able and close friends that we have come to feel that we can work well with has something to do with it.

But tonight was a golden night because of Lyndon's thoughtfulness. So I hope I have sense enough to cherish the moment.