

1964

Thursday, November 19th

Lyndon issued a proclamation today asking the Nation to observe the first anniversary of President Kennedy's assassination. It was written with some very wonderful words, really: "In John Kennedy's life he drew guidance from history. In death he has entered and enriched it. For history is more than the record of man's conflicts with nature and himself. It is the knowledge which gives dimension to the present, direction to the future, and humility to the leaders of men." I am proud of this writing. "He had one quality which we must now strive to share. He saw the world and its problems in all their fantastic complexity -- a thousand blending shades of interest and outlook make up a challenge where difficulty was piled upon difficulty and danger upon danger. Yet he was unshaken in his faith that man's problems could be solved by man and in his determination to make the effort. We too must have the courage to confront complexity, never permitting it to sever the nerve of action or dull the edge of faith." I think that last line very well describes the sort of person my husband is. And then the force of the proclamation was: "In churches and homes everywhere on November 22nd, let us rededicate ourselves to the pursuit of those ideals of human dignity in which he believed and whose course he so brilliantly illuminated."

This Proclamation -- this day -- had to be handled with some brilliance, and it was very creditable, I thought. It took place in the

1964

Thursday, November 19th (continued)

Cabinet Room, where a bust of President Kennedy, done by Felix de Weldon, was placed, having been commissioned by President Kennedy's Military Aide.

And then in the afternoon we again sought Nirvana. I had very positively and insistently meant to stay in Washington with Lynda and Luci. Everything in me cries out to remain with them, but when Lyndon said for about the second time, "If you could work it out to go with me, I wish you would," I decided to. And so, just about four o'clock, we took off from Andrews in a heavy fog with low visibility, with the Valentis and Goodwin and Secretary Udall and, surprisingly, Sylvia Porter, the fiscal columnist, arriving at Bergstrom a little after six and going on to a party at the Frank & Erwins, given in honor of the Woodwards, where I was very proud to show to Stuart Udall and Sylvia Porter the most delightful people of my most delightful town of Austin, John and Nellie Connally, the Ed Clarks, Ed Rows, Tom Miller, Jr.'s, Jesse Kellam, the Bill Heaths, the Will Davises -- so many folks I look forward to spending more time with when we once more live in the loveliest of all cities.

And then out to the helipad, where we 'coptered to the ranch for dinner with our house guests, Sylvia, <sup>Stewart</sup> Stuart, the Valentis. And I to bed rather early, to find out the next morning that Lyndon had been up until about two o'clock talking to Sylvia and some of the guests, after the usual

1964

Thursday, November 19th (continued)

trip down to Cousin Oreole's. He had been interesting and delightful and amusing, but I wish for two reasons that he had been quieter. One, I wanted to hear Sylvia talk more and also <sup>Stewart.</sup> Stuart. Besides, they'll like it better if they talk more -- everybody likes to hear themselves some. And second, I don't want him to spend himself so prodigally. Even his amazing energy won't hold out forever. And I want him to save it for the toughest times and to pace himself more. But perhaps one can't be the person one is and change radically and within the limits of a little moderate molding I'll have to let him remain the person he is.