

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1966 -- page 1 WND

The day of the state of the union. It is full of tension as an opening night. As fraught with unpredictability as a birth. In 1964 we lived through it on the tidal wave of emotion produced by the assassination of President Kennedy, supported by that adrenalin of ~~the combination~~ ^{determination} that such catastrophe pours into your blood.

In 1965 we were on the crest of the unbelievably great victory of the November election, bolstered, assured, the people behind us, a sort of peak in our lives perhaps, and here in 1966 maybe we are in the trough of a wave; ^{Ch. Tapa} ~~patricians~~ and frustrations have set in and now is the time for just dogged toughness.

I kissed Lyndon goodbye and Godspeed. Then we had our breakfast, and the staff began to come into the room -- Jack, Jake, Marvin. The night before I had read the final domestic draft, had written in a little sentence about thrift and commonsense ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ the conduct of the war on poverty, with due respect for spending the tax payers dollar. So, I deliberately wanted to remove myself from the boiling center of things today. I had asked Mrs. Astor who had given \$10,000.00 to the committee for a more beautiful capital to come down and bring her ^{picnics -- her} landscape gardener who had helped her do the two wonderful projects in New York. And, of course, Mary Lasker.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1966 -- page 2

I spent the morning at the beauty parlor, and then at 12 Brook^lAstor, Simon Bryant, Mary, Liz all convened with me for tomato juice or sherry in the West Hall and then we went downstairs for lunch. The fire was burning merrily though the view out to Lafayette Park was gray and bleak. I reminded Brook^l that this was just the sort of day I had come to see her projects in New York, most unfair like insisting on seeing the baby when it has the chicken pox. ^{Parks} ~~Box~~, and flowers and shrubs are beautiful only to those who have imagination in a gray January.

We had a delicious lobster Newburg lunch and talked about Brook^l's projects in Harlem and now the larger one - ^{Ries} ~~Reese~~ -- Then Nash Castro and Walter Washington joined us and we all crowded into a station wagon -- 8 of us counting Liz and my Secret Service man -- and drove down to see the lovely planting of magnolia ^{soulangiana} ~~salengianna~~ (?) on Pennsylvania Avenue down toward Anacostia, and then to Buchanan School where[^] lo and behold[^] the district of Columbia -- I wonder if it could possibly have been prodded by our frequent visits, and Kay Graham of the Post[^] Any- way, ~~there~~ the District had budgeted a sizeable amount for repairs, and crews of workmen were putting in hundreds of window panes portected by heavy screens that unhappily give it an almost jail-like appearance, and painting a[^] repairing woodwork. Walter was uncertain what if anything had been allotted for planting and there does remain

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1966 - page 3

that perfect corner with some trees on it which could be a charming sort of a little playground, maybe within our budget.

Then we drove by Payne School and Chamberlain and Bowen. There we got out of the car and walked around. Lansburg Park -- a new area being developed I believe by District of Columbia, along very modern lines -- the beginning of a pergola, several dozen trees have gone in. It lies in a wide open space with a school on one side, several public housing projects, one named I think for Senator Capper of Kansas, and privately owned apartment houses. A heavy concentration of people, a large promising area of open space just waiting to be further developed. Unfortunately it would run into many thousands to do it right, quite beyond our ability. We drove round and round Buchanan School. We looked at Haynes Point across the river and dreamed of the weeping charries bending into the water. We traversed Pennsylvania Avenue to see Mary's azaleas which do seem to have grown in the 9 short months they have been in, and finally we landed back at the White House with tea in the red room around a fire about 3:30. Brook² had to catch a plane, and time was ~~ruffally~~ ^{really} short. We rather ~~ruffally~~ ^{really} agreed that all each school had in the way of a playground was a mighty fine fence -- a steel mesh hurricane type fence about 9 or 10 feet high enclosing a barren wasteland and often cement 9-- thousands of dollars worth of fence and only 10's of dollars worth of one or two drooping swings and seesaws.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1956 -- page 4

try
Next we thought we ought to take one school and ~~trip~~ to make a good pilot project out of it -- that is, plant it all the way around at least. Up to now we have only been doing the front or the most important side. Putting in playground equipment of the outdoor living room type Brook[✓] has used in her two projects is probably beyond the means of our society. We decided to finish Jefferson School with particular accent on the rather handsome side -- the Colonial front that is the library annex, and I believe we will put in conventional, less expensive playground equipment ~~that~~ there. At any rate, one finished ~~product~~, and Brook^e agreed to ask the draftsman for her projects -- ~~it~~ appears that Mr. Bryant is the designer, the "thinker" -- to come down and give us a proposed plan for one of these areas.

And then, after ~~an~~ exciting half day full of good talk and good projects, and high hopes and little real productivity I went upstairs and tumbled into bed very sleepy and began to sign mail and take the questions and reports from Patsy and Ashton. Patsy had been taken ^{ing} around on a very special tour and tea. ^t The Harry Jersiga from San Antonio whom I had seen the night before. He had won the State of Texas award and had come to the National Wildlife Federation Banquet.

It was nearly 6:30 when Lyndon came in for lunch bringing

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1968 -- page 5

some staff with him. What a day it must have been! We were to go to the Capitol separately -- I going on ahead with Luci and Pat, and the staff wives whom I had asked to sit in the Gallery with me -- Mary Bundy and amazingly enough I heard it was the first time she had ever been to a State of the Union speech in her five years in Washington. How glad I am I asked her. There were so many reasons to-- first, I like them both so much; next he had been one of the Paul Revere Riders for peace in these last few weeks, had worked ^e magnificantly on the speech and last and very sadly he ^will be leaving soon, so this is a part of saying goodbye. I asked Marian Watson, and Trudie Califano and Mary Margaret. I didn't stage manage my arrival well, getting there before the House had actually been called into session -- some five or so minutes before they were probably expecting me and therefore the standing ovation which the First Lady usually gets didn't have the showmanship it might have.

But it is always a night of great drama. First and foremost for me I like to look down at the faces before me -- so many we have worked with ~~and~~ and loved through the years! Dick Russell sitting close to Mike Mansfield on a front row, the comfortable and happy countenance of Hal Boggs, and it was exactly from his direction that I heard the clapping beginning each time, as the evening wore on, and there was a pang -- a sort of salute when my eyes came to young

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1966 -- page 6

Harry Byrd, and not the Senator Harry Byrd I had known so many years. In my Gallery I had asked the ladies to join me who had been covering these 40 countries for Lyndon in this ~~Har~~ Herculean appeal for peace -- Dorothy Goldberg on my right, next Marie Harriman, She leaned over and seemed quite pleased to be there, and said this was the first State of the Union Message she had heard since Truman's time. Next Mary Bundy and then Mary Lasker, then Matianna. She and Tony were to have arrived in town the next day, and I had phoned them to see if they would like to come a day early and be present for the State of the Union. Luci sat by me on the aisle, and Tony beside her, very dignified, and quite distinguished looking, I thought. Behind them were Nancy Mann and Nancy Williams, and behind ~~them~~ them Pat -- then on folding seats in the back the Roger Stevens who^{is} traveling, working, speaking, representing this administration to all the art groups in the country in a tireless, selfless manner.

There is no doubt about it, the State of the Union Message, for better or for worse, ~~xxx~~ is always one of the great shows of the year. Fishbait Miller announces with pomp and ceremony and each in his order files in, diplomatic corps year by year growing more drab and western in their dress -- only one African nation's ambassador this timex could I spot in his flowing native robes. And the Supreme Court and the President's Cabinet, and then finally The President of The United States. And we all rose as Lyndon came down the aisle, walking

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1966 -- page 7.

briskly, smiling to right and left. It is always an endurance contest for me! I wonder what it is like to him? There were some strong reassurances in it. We would go on with the Great Society to carry forward with full vigor the great health and education programs enacted last year. A line I loved ^{to} meet the growing menace of crime in the streets. There were some surprises -- a proposal for a 4 year term for the House of Representatives. It must have been one bit of a bombshell ["] to help nations trying to control population growth by increasing our research and by earmarking funds to help their efforts. ["] One of the best lines was "we must change to master change." What I liked most of all was a clear recital of the enormous effort we have made in the last weeks of 1965 for peace -- ³ 200 private talks for peace in Vietnam ~~with~~ with friends and adversaries. For 20 days now we have dropped no bombs on North Vietnam. Top emissaries have visited 40 countries, including talking to the Pope. We have ~~talked~~ talked to more than 100 governments and informed the United Nations and called upon its members to help toward peace.

Birth control?

The speech had begun with about 7,000 words in its almost final form. It had to be ~~hxx~~ hewed down to 4,000 to compress it within the hour. That is drastic surgery. Even so, I could hear him hurrying too fast in the first portion ^{I thought.} of it. In the last portion the delivery was great.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1966 -- page 8

It was a cold, lethargic audience. It is true there were about 57 applauses. They were not roars of enthusiasm by any ~~xxxxxx~~ means. Almost no participation by the Republicans. After all, this is '66 and an election year. I must say I watched in vain for approval from old friends -- Dick Russell, Senator McClellan, scant occasional expression from Senator Mansfield.

Then it was over within the hour. I breathed a sigh of relief although there is nothing that reassures me it will be an easy year or a good year from listening to the State of the Union or from looking at the Congress in front of me. We went down to the Speakers Office where I met Lyndon and kissed him, wishing I could convey solace and reassurance with it, and we shook hands all around -- the usual first of the year warm greetings. But even so there was a little bit of the hilarious atmosphere missing from that normal social interchange. Or am I imagining?

Then back to the White House once more -- "Round Mountain fashion," That is, the women in one car and Lyndon following in another. Marvin, Jack, Joe Califano, McGeorge Bundy and Jake came in with Lyndon. We all had drinks -- even Lyndon forsaking his diet for a Sootch, thank goodness. We got Zephyr to cut up our steak into small bits and serve it with hot biscuits as an hors-d'oeuvre, and that was dinner, and there was much talk and finally the New Year is really on its way.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1866 -- page 9

I sat next to McGeorge a moment. He talked about the speech. He thought it was great, he said. I was sorry to see any portion of his ~~contribution~~ deleted, ~~but~~ but it had to come from 7,000 to 4,000. He said it is wonderful the way the President has been working this past week, listening ~~to~~ to everybody, considering all problems and sides and alternatives. He said "I was worried about him last fall." I said, "What do you mean? Were you afraid he would die?" He laughed and said "No, death is not in him. I was afraid he would not feel like working as he had been before, but he does. He has just been great."

I went to bed feeling it was not a triumph, not one of the greatest ones, but I was proud of it. And a last thought before I drifted off to sleep was a funny one. We ^{had} had an enthusiastic discussion in the Red Room. Mary, Brook, Walter, Nash and I. We had gotten to talking about the shortages of labor for Park maintenance, and highway beautification and nurserymen and about the shortages of plant material itself. And Mary said with an absolutely straight face "How are we going to get the nurserymen to have enough stock to plant the whole United States?" That's the way it is. Controversy ^s and trivia ⁿ one day and ~~xxxxxx~~ enthusiasm like a sailboat racing before the wind the next!