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Our 32nd wedding anniversary, Thursday, November 17th, we awoke in Bethesda Naval Hospital, the fourth stay I can remember there, beginning in 1955 with the long one of 6 weeks.

Ashton came in the morning and I dictated and signed mail -- my room a bedlam -- going out to visit Lyndon several times in the morning. The paper said he "maintained a brisk pace." It seemed intense to me which was only the first day after the operation. President Eisenhower came to see him and stayed 45 minutes. I can only speak from one side of it, but I know that Lyndon really enjoys President Eisenhower, and I think it is mutual. There is nothing that would generate sympathy and understanding of a President like holding the job yourself.

[sympathy and understanding]
Lyndon's has grown for all who have held it.

And later Carl Albert came, still recuperating from his heart attack in September. He seems actually less vigorous than the patient he was calling on -- in fact, was a tentative in his approach to life.

Later in the day Lyndon had a meeting on fiscal and budgetary matters. Fowler and Charley Schultz and Arthur Okun, and Bill Martin -- William McChesney Martin.

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Sometime during the day the pad and pencil disappeared and he was talking once more as much as he liked -- a little hoarse and quiet, but in great spirits and good humor, joking with the doctors until Jim Cain's and Dr. Hurst's laughter rang down the halls and the others are getting to know him too, well enough to laugh with him, and keeping Mary and Marie giggling.

We put on ~~a~~ robes and went into the handsome conference room for hamburgers, a late lunch, with Bob Fleming and Bill Moyers and Ray Shearer and Mary, and then I left to get in two quick games of bowling and a hair comb at Jean Louis. Then I put on one of my most beautiful dresses -- my white ^{Rajah} ~~Rogers~~ silk in honor of our 32nd anniversary. I had just ~~par~~ planned on having Luci and Pat and Lynda and whatever staff were there to share a pretty cake which Ferdinand was making and sending out from the White House, and Liz had asked if we could have the Press in to take our picture. Lyndon agreed.

But when I got back to the hospital I found that he was sleeping and that Hubert and Muriel were waiting to see him. I brought them into ~~to take them into~~ the living room to ~~that~~ with me, Muriel is full of excitement about moving into her apartment.

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While I was talking a message came that Lyndon wanted me to come into the room. We were quite alone, just the two of us. There were six boxes spread out on a table by his hospital bed. He said "I want you to look at those, and pick whichever one you like best." I opened box after ~~box~~ box -- my eyes wide with amazement. They were diamond earrings! I had spent two years selecting a diamond ring, and I had called it my anniversary present, christmas present, and birthday present for years and years. Actually, I had rather hoped I might get diamond earrings sometime before we left the White House. ~~Now~~ Never for a moment did I imagine I would get them both the same season, and I only half made my protestations that they cost too much, and that we really shouldn't.

I selected the ones with ~~pr~~ large pear-shaped drops. They were Liz' preference too, ~~So~~ I put them on, and out we went into the big conference room where on the table was a cake that said "32 happy years", and gathered around it was a cluster of the newspaper women who most regularly accompany me: Helen Thomas and Frances Lewin and Isabel Shelton,) (Wauhatch) LaHay(?) I believe, Marie Smith and Nancy Dickerson -- some 8 or 10 -- and a dozen photographers, and Marie and Mary and Marvin and Bill Moyers, and Dr. Hurst and Jim Cain, and Lynda and Luci and Pat, and the Humphreys.

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It exploded into a real happy time. Lyndon sat down and cut the cake while the photographers flashed away, and I told everybody how happy I was, and Lyndon answered with some lovely compliments, and there ~~was~~ I was in my earrings and nobody said a word -- not even from Helen Thomas! I don't know whether it was from politeness or whether because in all those years that they hadn't seen me wear real expensive jewelry they just thought for sure they were paste!

Everybody had coffee and cake, and Hubert proposed a toast to us in coffee, and then Nancy Dickerson answered with compliments from the Press. Marie Smith gave us a book on White House brides, one for us and one for Luci and Pat, and those two young folks gave me a darling card that said I would receive 50 pounds of blue bonnet seeds which I immediately translated into \$100.00, beaming at their generosity and worrying at their improvidence at the same time.

Lyndon refused his slice of cake, saying "Make mine tapioca," to the hilarity of everyone.

And then the Press had gone, but it was only the beginning of the evening. Planning and executing it all, in about 2 hours time, to my complete surprise Lyndon had invited the Deasons, June and Bill White, Diana and Donald MacArthur, Marnie and Clark Clifford, and Jim and Elizabeth Rowe. The Humphreys

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couldn't stay. We settled down to a good dinner with the children and Marie and Mary and Marvin , and it was the sort of comfortable evening that you savor, want to last long, party because it was so impromptu^{Two}, and the guests all people I particularly enjoy. With champagne^{you} there were toasts, in turn and at length~~th~~, with great warmth, from Bill Deason and Bill White , and especially good one from Diana, and from Jim Rowe and Clark Clifford, and then since it was a group most of whom had long memories of Washington, there were reminiscences about the Senate "great", a good story from ~~Jim~~ Bill White and Jim Rowe about that colorful giant Tom Connally ~~Sx~~ and Senator Haye of North Carolina and possibly the last of his kind Senator Bob Kerr^{- all of which} who made wonderful storytelling. And then a comparison of Press Secretaries, as far back as anyone could remember. I have a feeling Jim Hagerty came out on top.

The toasts I remembered best and loved most were Lynda~~and~~ and Luci's . . I don't know whether I was more proud of the way they could talk or ~~that~~^{that} that was the way they felt about us.

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Then we saw the movie of my last trip in September,
"Faces of the West" and the movie, "President, July 1966."

The guests left a little after eleven, and Lyndon went back to his
hospital bed, and I to my room. What a day for a man who was
just one day away from surgery, and what a day for any wife to
remember as her 32nd wedding anniversary!

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