

TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1967 page 1

Tuesday, January 10th was the State of the Union. Not until it is over do you really feel the New Year has begun. It is an obstacle, a mountain to climb, and the days before are tense,

Once I went into the China Room to make note of the dinner services I particularly liked. Sometime this year I must decide on a China pattern for the Johnson Administration. I like the symbolism of the President Benjamin Harrison china with the corn and wheat around the border, spelling the land of plenty, but it is too quaint now. The Woodrow Wilson, the first American china, has a simple elegance in the service plate that will be good for all time I think, as does President FDR's, with its restrained symbolism of his own coat of arms ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ its border of plumes and roses, but Thomas Jefferson I like best of all, but it is Chinese export. And the James Monroe with its medallions so rich in allegory -- ^{so} ~~too~~ imaginative.

Done in the spirit of 1966 something like that would be wonderful. Or else it would fall flat on its face. It would take a daring First Lady. And I like to ~~see~~ the seal in the President Lincoln. It always surprises me there is more of that than nearly any left.

Lyndon practiced in the theatre nearly all morning, it seemed to me, and then had lunch about 1:30pm. I sat with him and then he lay down to rest.

January 10, 1967 - page 2

I worked on the mail with that sense of hanging in time, waiting [^] everything leads up to the State of the Union.

At 4 PM Jim Wright and Mrs. & J. Lee Johnson (Ruth Carter Johnson) of Fort Worth came with the architect, Phillip Johnson, and I had tea with them in the Library while Ruth showed me the model of the big downtown green space that the Carter Foundation hopes to do in Fort Worth. Phillip Johnson had drawn the plans, made the model. If HUD will help provide funds for the land, the Foundation is ready to go with a full block square recreation and green area in the heart of Fort Worth.

Ruth ~~also~~ is a bold daughter of a bold father, imaginative, hardworking, really wonderful citizen. I am so glad John has put her on the University Board of Regents.

And then at five I had a beautification meeting which revolved around Larry ^{Halprin} ~~Holgren~~ who showed us drawings and slides with a wide range of possibilities for Washington -- vest pocket parks, interior plazas, a widened ceremonial street on East Capital -- instant "^{? Change Elysee?} SHAN SILE SA" he called it, a recreation center made out of the old car barn which looked remarkably like ~~Grant~~ ^{Grant} ~~Sherrill~~ ^{Sherrill} Square in its architecture, on a 40 acre amusement park on an island in the Anacosta River right across from the Coliseum.

First we had tea in the Red Room. Stephen Currier who ^{had} ~~is~~ paid for three months of LARRY ^{Halprin} ~~Holgren~~ time to see Washington with a fresh eye and to draw these plans -- someone

laughingly called him a modern Medici. Carol Fortas and Stu, and Mary and Libby Rowe whom I was particularly glad to have since she can't be at the beautification meeting tomorrow and I value her experience and forthrightness.

We talked for nearly 2 hours. It was an exciting prospect, imaginative; it could be a catalyst in the city and many areas, and mostly it does not work in the monumental areas, but in the neighborhoods -- most of them the kind that are subject to urban renewal. The main thing Larry ^{Halprin} ~~Holcomb~~ has done is open the eyes to some of the jewels Washington has in its architecture; many of them dirty jewels to be sure, but need a new setting, but still sturdy, good, but these are mammoth undertakings.

We talked about what we may do, we the beautification committee, ~~may~~ perhaps expose the ideas to public interests through the Press or to Government agencies like HUD or Urban Renewal, but they are ~~involved~~ involved, long term, fraught with controversy for our small David of a committee.

A little past seven Jean Louis came and gave me a comb-out. I was wearing my Adele Simpson ~~dubonet~~ ⁿ dubonet red with a jacket trimmed in pink and Lynda Bird a ^{white} ~~pourre~~ blue, a nice contrast, and chosen for color TV.

Earlier in the day I whispered to Lyndon in the theatre that I would like to ask all the people who were sitting with me to bring their husbands and join us afterward at the White House for a drink and

Jan.
June 10, 1967 - page 4

and some buffet supper. "Fine," he said. He practiced in the theatre until almost 8:30 and then had just a bowl of vegetable soup. Lynda Bird and I were riding up together, separate from him. I like to arrive in time for pagentry. This is 30 years of State of the Union messages I have watched. It would be interesting to make quite sure just how many [^] I doubt that I have missed over three. And from so many different vantage points in the Chamber!

This time, besides Lynda, I had asked the wives of London's chief assistants, especially those who had worked on the speech -- Judith Moyers, Clay McPherson, and Trudy Califano, and Jeanne Kintner, and Libby Cater, and A Elspeth Rostow, and I had asked the wives of the two men who had worked the hardest with him, it seems, in putting the Budget together: Charley Schultz, Budget Director, and Gardner Ackley, the Chief Economic Adviser, and then Diana and Donald.

It was a drama charged atmosphere we walked in to a little past nine. Along the drive to the Capital I saw flag after ~~glax~~ flag at half mast. An old and respected member had died today, Congressman Fogarty of Maryland, head of the subcommittee through which most of the legislation on education and health passes. It will be a severe loss for the Administration. He had died right in his office. So, on the Hill today there had been a death and an expulsion, Adam Clayton Powell, in an atmosphere tense with violence and hatred.

Jan.
~~Kam~~ / 10, 1967 - page 5

I do not remember another explosion in the history of the Republic. Actually there is a committee which is supposed to spend four or five weeks judging his case before it is decided, but it was weighed as an explosion today in the newspapers, and Adam Clayton Powell stormed out on to the steps, surrounded by his supporters, some of whom wore black masks, the papers said, and called the legislators inside the biggest bunch of hypocrites ever elected.

The Capitol was more brilliantly lit with flood lights than I ever remember it, and it seemed to me there were more policemen. The air was charged with excitement composed of many things, including the much blown up Republican victory in November. Another element in this many faceted picture was the seating of the first Negro Senator since Reconstruction Days -- Sen. Brooke of Mass. whose coming in was attended with as much adulation ~~as~~ and excitement as Adam Clayton Powell's going out was with anger.

Among all the feelings in the air, somehow the jovial comradeship of most years was missing.

Lynda and I slipped into our seats early, and in fact, before the House knew we were there. Some of them turned just as we were about to sit down and saw us, and the ripple of clapping broke on out, and all the men ~~also~~ the floor stood. It was a very pleasant moment though I certainly could have made better theatre out of it by arriving about 15 minutes later. I smiled and swept the room with my eyes picking out friend and foe and question mark, and so many

Jan. 10, 19687 -page6

I didn't know.

What a rainbow we were in the front row, Mrs. Schultz² wearing willow green and Mrs. Ackley in a sort of canary yellow, and Jean Kintner in a brilliant red velvet coat, and Judith lovely in pale gold, and Elspeth Rostow the most stunning of all I thought in a pink coat over a white dress. She is such quality.

Some things always remain the same. Fishbait Miller is one of them. His voice booms out. "Mr. President, the Senate of the United States, and in they file."

About 9:20 I rose and ~~claxxx~~ clapped with them, and then a little later the Diplomatic Corps - bigger every year --. This year saw one I only ~~xxxxxx~~ in native dress. He was an African about 6 feet 6 in a black and white striped robe that drew the eye like a magnet.

And then the Supreme Court. Next the Cabinet while the Vice President had nominated a committee and sent them out to receive the President.

And then at 9:31, "Mistah President, the President of the United States," and everybody on the Floor rose and clapped a good long sustained clapping. Lyndon did not lose time in coming down the ~~isxx~~ aisle. He smiled, he bowed. He shook perhaps a hand or two, but mostly eyes straight ahead, and walking up to the rostrum.

And now it was time to begin. The moment of truth toward which so many hours of work and decision had been beamed this last month, and on which so much hinged.

Jan. 10, 1967 - page 7

In tone it was a quiet measured speech, delivered in a time and a chamber of passion. ~~He~~ was determined that this nation could stand firm in Vietnam and pay for it and could move ahead with the war on poverty. "Let us be remembered as a President and a Congress who tried to improve the quality of life for every American." He asked for a 6% sur tax on most income. There was tough emphasis in the paragraph "Let us fight crime," and that got the most applause of ~~about~~ anything. My eyes roved the Chamber. There was loyal, frequent, but I cannot say wildly enthusiastic clapping on the Democratic side, and almost none on the Republican side except about Vietnam where it was pretty nearly in reversal.

Senator Fulbright sat silent, above it all, the whole evening I believe. Bobby Kennedy stoney faced. ~~He~~ clapped once, two or three light claps like a seal in a circus. It was a cold audience.

Once when ~~he~~ ^{Lyndon} reached the line ~~about~~ about conservation and beautification, he raised his eyes to the Gallery hunting me, and I smiled back. As it approached ten-thirty, my eyes went from the clock to the number of pages left. No, he was not going to finish in an hour. It had been nine-thirty-five when he began. It lasted an hour and nine minutes by my watch - and hour and fifteen the papers said, but I am sure that included the clapping before and afterward.

And then it was over and we rose and streamed out. There they were in the Hall, the Ladies of the Press. What did I think of it?

I thought it was a strong speech. It embodied the hopes and the dreams

Jan. 19, 1967 -page8

and the determination of a lot of the American people. To me, the line that it was a time of testing summed it up.

And then the elevator door closed and I was safe and silent. We went to the Speaker's Rooms where it is customary for the leadership to gather. Lyndon was already there. There was a quick round of greetings with the Cabinet, Hale, Mrs. McCormack, and then I was out the door with Lynda following Lyndon. We were headed back to the White House, exchanging our carload of Administrative Assistants, and swiftly back up to the Second Floor. ~~Box~~ The TVs were on and the tables were spread with a delicious buffet. All of my guests in the Gallery joined me with their husbands - the Moyers and Kintners and McPhersons and Califanos and Caters and Rostows the Schultzes and Ackleys and the MacArthurs, and Liz and Bess came too with Tyler and Les and the Bob Flemings and Tom Johnsons and Marvin and his lovely Marian who have leased Senator Kerr's beautiful old home out on the banks of the Potomac that we almost bought. And Jack and Mary Margaret who looks more chic all the time.

Everybody gathered around a TV set. Lyndon in the bedroom with a few of the men. Most in the West Hall. And we listened to the commentators analyze the speech. There was also a program with the Republican leadership discussing it. And then a very articulate highly interesting, mostly savage program, with the historians and economists: Arthur Schlesinger, ^{Comminger} ~~Komin~~ ^{ges} (3) ~~or~~, somebody named Milton Friedman, and Walter Heller.

At one point Walter Rostow came up to me very quietly
and put his arm on my shoulder and said "You married a great man."
long
In the several weeks atmosphere of riding in a Tumbrel
I felt a rush of gratitude for that. Within the House Chamber, here
and on the telephone, there was no charin course of praise and support. It
was indeed a time of testing.

// Everybody was hungry and we filled our plates with ham and
turkey and macaroni and cheese and salad, and a Christmas con-
fection that had been a gift and that I had thriftily incorporated into
the menu. So had the smoked turkey been a Christmas gift. The
training of a lifetime is not easy to toss aside.

And then a little before one everybody drifted off. We were
in bed. We felt like we had climbed a high mountain with great
exertion, but the view from there was foggy. The year had indeed
begun. //

###