

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, November 17, 1967

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Friday, November 17th, our 33rd wedding anniversary. If I were to graph our days here in the White House, I would put a considerable climb-up on this day.

For me, it began unspectacularly with a visit to the doctor's office to finish up the medical exam that I had gotten at Jim Cain's request. And then worked with Ashton. All the time my real interest centering in Lyndon's room which was a bee hive of activity in preparation of a Press Conference that would take place at 11:00. It would be full-scale in the East Room, televised -- the Big Show. It was what I had been wanting. But would it be.

I was ready by the elevator at one minute to eleven when Lyndon came jauntily out in a hurry. Some times I think he wears jauntiness as a cloak -- a badge of courage to face the world, when inside he's just as quivering and unsure as anybody else.

We walked briskly into the East Room and he strolled directly to the microphone. I took a front row seat. And the next 30 minutes were all I had wanted. He had on a ^a livelier mike. He did not deliver a prepared statement, but launched ~~into~~ immediately into questions with a terse, ~~business~~ business-like fashion. Later, the papers described it as a tour de force, the new Johnson, easy and more relaxed. It was a village Lyndon Johnson performance and a foretaste of campaign 1968.

He stamped his feet on the floor to illustrate a tactic, he punched a fist into a palm, he used first expressive phrases, "the time came when we had to put up or shut up. We put up". "All people love peace, but you can't have

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freedom without defending it." ^{And} And with cool ^{rained} sarcasm, "I can't say that this dissent has contributed much."

And then at last what we all feel. "There is a difference between constructive dissent and storm-trooper bullying, howling and taking the law into ^{their} ~~your~~ own hands."

In what seemed like a few moments, it was over. I felt a surge of elation and pride as we walked quickly out of the East Room. This would certainly be a bugle call, a shot in the arm, to our friends and supporters. I think it might serve to ^{bolster} ~~boulder~~ all of those thousands of people who want to be with us, but who are ^{plunged} ~~plunged~~ into uncertainty by the constant barrage of columns and television.

Whatever I might get for my wedding anniversary, this was my real present.

I thought of all his staff and friends who like me had wanted him to go on television. And of what one TV industry man had said, "There is something wrong with the television industry if we can't get this man the way he really is."

It had been forceful, direct, terse, exciting.

I spent the next three hours with Lynda and Bess working on the wedding. Lunch on a tray in my bedroom.

And then about 2:30, I had a fitting with Adele Simpson with ^{her} ~~her~~ ^{MAN} Patsy, who is so funny. Adele gives him instructions a mile a minute, and he with his mouth full of pins looks more and more like he would explode. Finally

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he takes them out of his mouth and says, "Miss Simpson, wait, wait, I'm doing it."

The day had another dear and wonderful event. Lynda and Chuck planned and hosted a little anniversary party for us in the Yellow Oval Room beginning at 6:00. Lynda made up the list entirely.

I put on my new white satin with the glitter and was there at 6:00 promptly. She had asked Bess and Tyler, and Liz and Les, the Jack Brooks and Tom and Mary Clark, and Marny and Clark Clifford, and Abe and Carol, John and Ashton, the Leonard Marks, the Jake Pickles, Mary Margaret without Jack who is in South America, the Bill Whites, and when ~~he~~ she had heard Mary Laska was in town she called her up belatedly and Mary joined us.

Lyndon came in a little late, bringing, as always, a few more folks. Marie, and George and Helen Mahon.

It was an enchanting time with the desk piled high with presents.

Lynda and Chuck gave me, delightfully, a bib with "Lyn's Grandmother" embroidered on it. And for Lyndon, a matching one, "Lyn's Grandfather". But all the other presents were for me. And I had nothing for Lyndon. How did he know how much I loved "Artarito and the Doves" by Henrietta Wyatt? And he had called the Head of Texas Tech to see if he could buy it from them. They had responded by getting in touch with the donor, and between them they had all decided that they wanted to give it to him so that he could make a gift to me.

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A painting is a very perilous and uncertain thing to give. But this one I adore.

Lyndon had also asked Mathilde Krim to find several, send them, let us look at them and choose one. Two had come, and pictures of others. I liked them, but not enough for the amount of money involved. And from the practical standpoint of where we could hang them at the Ranch. This lease will expire. We must not think of these high-ceilinged rooms as a real home for paintings that ~~xxx~~ are ours.

I love the fact that he was making plans to search for something really good. And I shall look and look and look -- probably with Mary.

There were ~~no~~ other delightful things. The front page of the New York Times on the day that we married, November 17, 1933, and I read the headlines out loud. How hilarious they were, how much they spoke of the problems of today -- riots in the streets; TVA, a new kind of war -- and now its hydro-electric projects in underdeveloped countries. So many of the same problems we only note to make us philosophic.

There were other delightful presents. A flower bowl with a message that there were flower seeds to come, from Tyler and Bess.

A picture of the new Supreme Court, from Mary and Tom. But what I wanted was one of him on it.

Art books, from Clark and Marny.

And a pickle fork, their trademark, from Baron and Jake.

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Lynda made a toast, and Chuck -- a poised, manly, quite articulate toast. And then Lyndon, very sweet and rich and fulsome.

A third of a century, it's been, since I left the brick house that November morning, full of uncertainty, and wound up at St. Mark's, more full of change than any similar period in the history of man, I believe. So how lucky we are to have lived it.

About 8:00, Lynda and Chuck left to go to a Benefit for the Womens National Democratic Club, Made Harr -- Lynda in her black-velvet trench coat.

And all the guests melted away, and Lyndon went back to his office. I worked quietly for another hour and a half. And then after 10:00, Lyndon came and the two of us, though strange and unusual thing in our life, had dinner alone. And to bed early. #

