

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, December 10, 1967

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Sunday, December 10th, was a romantic, off-beat day.

I woke a little before 9:00, asked for all the papers and a big pot of coffee, and leisurely read and read and read -- reliving every moment of the wedding day.

And then I went to the little cupboard in my office sitting room, and from the green metal box I took out the packet of letters tied with a red ribbon, Lyndon's letters to me beginning in early September of '34 and on up to about November 14th -- eight days before our wedding. And there were a few on up into 1939. In roughly chronological order, I began to read them until I felt emersed in those fall days when I had been doing over the brick house with all of my days and half of my mind and with the other half trying to decide whether to marry Lyndon, while we wrote and he telephoned and we headed toward marriage.

It was a strangely sweet experience, and the young Lyndon and the young Lady Bird were quite real and very close.

I did not get up until 3:00. Then I dressed to go to Diana's party. But Tony and Ma/tiana came, and we went downstairs with Willie Day to see the wedding gifts. Tony had brought for Lynda Bird a silver bowl with a great pattern around the border. A nice size for salads or ice cream. It had belonged to Mother and it had been at the brick house in my childhood.

Fortunately for us all, he had taken a few of the things away in those days. Some silver, some books.

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Warrie Lynn had arranged the wedding presents on shelves -- the silver here, the china there, paintings stacked against the walls -- and it was a fascinating display.

The part I took great pleasure in showing Tony were all the handmade articles from the general public. Handkerchiefs with borders of padding ~~xxxxxx~~ or crochet or wildly embroidered. Blue garters galore. Pot holders from little girls.

It was nearly 5:00 before we left, and I had meant to be at Diana's party at the stroke of 4:00.

It was going full blast, and all of the kinfolks were there, and a group of Washingtonians as well. The Ramsey Clarks, the Joe Fowlers, the Leonard Marks, the Bill Whites. I made a beeline to Elaine, got a drink, sat down on the couch, and we talked and talked and talked, about the Hall place, Edwina, Gus, Bernice, Lucille Thomas -- Elaine and I never come to the end of something we want to say to each other.

And then I went on to Roxanne. Yes, she enjoyed her job relatively, but was looking around for something else.

*She* did not feel close to <sup>*Mary*</sup>~~Minnie~~ Swiss, although she thought there was no anti-American sentiment among the ordinary people of Switzerland or France. She had found someone she was interested in, and in fact she was considering marrying in the Spring. She looked smart and attractive. She has made a success of her life.

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Then I located Aunt Ellen and had another good visit, with the Griffen Tatums on the fringes.

And just as I was going on to find the Bobbitts, <sup>there</sup> ~~and~~ at last I saw them making their departure at the door.

It was one of the most relaxed and satisfying parties I've been to in a long time, partly because I was still flowing from that sensation of obligation finished -- job accomplished.

I had told the White House that there would be no one for supper. So I heartily enjoyed Diana's refreshments, went home a little past 7:00 for the walk slowly through the first floor of the White House. Already, the wedding is confined to history.

A 16-foot spruce tree -- beautifully shaped -- went up today. Van Argie will be decorating it all day tomorrow. And the creche was beginning to be put into place.

Chief Dawson was waiting for me upstairs, and I had a long and delightful massage, and turned out the light at ten.

But there was a strange addendant to this peculiar, tender day. I came wide awake about 4:00 in the morning and decided I was hungry. I went to the ice box and found some sandwiches and a big bowl of Waldorf salad left over from our family dinner after the ~~dinner~~ wedding, and some cookies and a glass of milk. These I took back to bed and got out the other packet of letters -- those that I had written to Lyndon. I do not remember ~~how~~ how they came into my possession. I suppose after we had married he ~~said~~ said, "I've saved these -

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you keep them", or something like that. But there they were in the metal box tied with a blue ribbon. I read them all, ~~every~~<sup>one</sup>, ate my strange, middle-of-the-night meal, felt the sense of the lonely House around me. The Robbs and Phyllis had left in the middle of Sunday. I felt that I was slipping back~~ing~~ in time to the fall of 1934. I remembered everything about the brick house and what I had been doing -- refinishing furniture, recovering it, working with an architect, Mr. <sup>Dewey Somdahl</sup> Somdahl, in Shreveport to plan refinishing the floors, painting, planning for the planting of trees and shrubs later in the fall. I never lived ~~as~~ in any house as long as I lived in the brick house -- 21 years. And it was easy to feel that I was back there. A few outside activities, visiting with Doris, going to the little theatre in Shreveport, the trip to Dallas to a football game, to see Jane or Emily, and the excitement of Lyndon mounting with every letter.

I closed the box -- all finished -- about 6:00 and drifted off to a half sleep, ending one of the strangest, most off-key, but most satisfying days I've lived here in the White House.