

MEMORANDUM

WHD

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, November 28, 1968

Page 1

Thanksgiving Day. We were up early, in time to leave about 8:30 for services at St. Barnabas -- Lyndon and I and Luci and Elspeth Rostow and Melinda and Helene and Jim and Olivia Jones. Lyndon has the funniest thing about wanting everybody to ride together in the same car with him driving no matter how many of us there are. It often results in nine or so of us in a station wagon with about three people in the back seat with their knees right under their chins.

It was a cool, crisp, sunny day -- just perfect in fact. And the river was roaring over the dam. There had been rains. And a restful Tuesday and Wednesday had made me a human being again. So I was happy to walk into St. Barnabas for one of the last times in front of flanks of cameras, and all the faces above them good natured today, and greet a lot of familiar people, be a part of a service in which I am much more really in tune than the Catholic and Lutheran. I often attend these days with my very ecumenical husband.

And then as we drove back Lyndon said, "How would you like to ask the press by for coffee. They want to get a Thanksgiving picture of us." Not too graciously I said all right. And I phoned home for Mary to put on a big pot of coffee and make some cookies if possible, and asked all hands aboard to have powdered noses and smiles. And so we did close to 11:00, Lyndon and I and Luci and Patrick and Lynda.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, November 28, 1968

Page 2

Lucinda was upstairs asleep, and we decided it was the better part of valor not to brook Miss Glas^c's ire.

We sat in the summer chairs on the lawn under the big live oak and Yuki immediately came and joined us. He wouldn't miss a picture-taking session for anything. And Patrick looked adorable in his Air Force uniform made by Lyndon's tailor to meet his Daddy in Hawaii. And it was an absolutely heavenly picture out there when those two had seen each other.

We sat and sat and posed and posed. And then Lyndon talked to the newsmen and the few newswomen while I kept passing cookies and coffee and telling Helen and Frances what a wonderful trip it had been and how sorry I was that they had missed it.

Everybody was in a kindly holiday mood -- no mean questions, good humor prevailed. Then we all wished each other happy Thanksgiving and they departed, the family -- Lyndon and I and Lynda, Luci and Lyn -- together with Melinda and Helene drove down to the birthplace. And there we had family pictures on the front porch that some day may be used on post cards. And then drove into Johnson City and did the same thing at the boyhood home, sitting in the swing or grouped around rocking chairs.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Thursday, November 28, 1968

Page 3

It was a glorious golden day.

We dropped off Luci and Melinda at Melvin's airstrip so they could fly on in to the big Texas football game. And then we drove back to the Ranch where Arthur and Mathelda Krim joined us for lunch with Daffna, and Jim and Olivia and Marie and Helene and Lynda. All the Rostows were out surveying the countryside today. I think they had gone to San Antonio. It will be so marvelous if they decide to come down and live at Austin and teach and have a part in the School of Public Service. They will make their decision this week about a house and an exact place in the University life.

After lunch there was one of the funniest scenes I ever remember. Lyndon turned the music high and began to show Lyn how to dance, doing a sort of a country jig, a buck and wing, and then little Lyn began to dance himself -- mostly standing in one place and squatting up and down and shuffling his little feet around. It was an hilarious picture. He is so willing to do anything to please.

During the afternoon I went riding with Lyndon and the three Krims and Jim and Olivia over the Ranch and to the Scharnhorst. We are trying to make a final decision about what should be done with one of the Scharnhorst houses in case Yolanda comes to live in it.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, November 28, 1968

Page 4

It was one of those glorious golden days when just to be alive was enough. There were green velvet patches of oaks here and there, the Spanish oak out the picture window, and the dining room is a blaze of red. And on the hillsides the oaks are turning from red to russet -- sumac here and there more brilliant, but some of its leaves have fallen for Fall is advancing. Indeed there are just 52 days until our time in this job is over. It seems like an eternity. And yet, only yesterday when it began.

We got back to the house a little past dark. That now comes early along about 6:00. And Lyndon and Luci and a few others went to Mass. But I stayed to make a lot of calls to Jake Jacobsen and Mrs. Homer Garrison about the Rostows coming tomorrow. And Doris Powell about coming over to Karnack on Saturday.

And then our guests arrived for Thanksgiving dinner -- the whole Rostow family having returned from a long day in San Antonio and aglow with how much fun it had been. Walt and Elspeth and Peter and Ann and Elspeth's elderly mother, Mrs. Davies. And Sam Houston came up on a cane looking old and ill. And Lela Martin, looking also old and ill, but very spritely. And Jessie Hunter and Jesse Kellam and the three Krims and Melinda Bates whom Luci had brought back with her from California. She is a good friend,

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, November 28, 1968

Page 5

Luci. And Melinda is a dear, soft, gentle person to have in the house. And our young bridal couple, Jim and Olivia. And Marie and Helene who had been helpful making out a seating arrangement for our 20 or so guests.

Luci gave an elegant blessing which she has been in the habit of doing since she was about 8 years old. And Lynda added hers. And indeed everyone of us at the table I am sure were thinking of how much we had to be thankful for -- a year of good health, the Vietnamese war at last maybe on the long slow way toward peace, the tax bill passed, and the rain -- though a light one -- put on inflation. Our dollar so threatened just a few months ago relatively stable once more. And personally, Chuck and Pat still all right though far away. And Luci absolutely radiant from her five days and six night["]as she expressed it of R&R. And Lyn and Lucinda in and out of the room adding the new dimensions of another generation.

So it was a great evening. And we fell to on Mary's delicious dinner -- a big platter of turkey. The whole one had been brought in and paraded around the room earlier. And another platter of wild turkey. And the superb dressing that nobody makes any more. And my favorite cranberry salad and sweet potatoes with marshmallows on top left over from my east Texas raising. It is my favorite dish. And winding up with ambrosia.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, November 28, 1968

Page 6

So we ate our happy fill. It was a joyful household.

Sometime during the evening Walt Rostow sat down at the piano and played some Thanksgiving hymns.

And then shortly after dinner, part of the guests went out to the hangar for a movie. And Lyndon and I went back to his bedroom to interview the Wades who are cousins of Mary Davis'. And to my amazement, he hired them before the evening was over while I was just going to think about it, add up our expenses, and talk and talk and talk about whether we ought to hire them or not. And very thankfully we were in bed by 10:00.