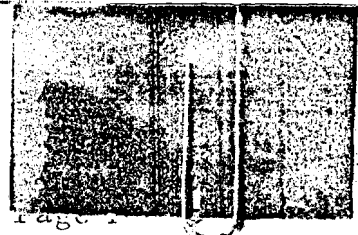


MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, August 25, 1966



It was one of those days of indecision, no achievement, plain stalemate, that leaves me indignant with myself. Not worth living, not worth remembering, certainly, except for one moment at the end of the day.

It began early with breakfast with Lyndon about 7:30, and then I caught an early shuttle with Bess to New York. And with the Carlisle as the base, we looked at clothes with Miss Trez and Adele Simpson and her daughter Mrs. Rains for nearly three hours. Nothing allured me, nothing did I yearn for, nothing did I buy. There was only one oasis of vivid interest. Bob Dowling came up to see me, and for about 30 minutes he talked about the problems of cities. Specifically, he wanted me to come to see Sterling Gardens on October 2nd when Lyndon may make a visit to Congressman Dow's District right close by. He is a marvelous talker. He told me about the big rebuilding project of Pittsburgh, the one that's <sup>Chrysalis</sup> in ~~Crisalis~~ in Philadelphia, right across from the museum, of Louisville and of Sterling Gardens itself, which sounds like a ~~Sullivan~~ <sup>Sullivan</sup> paradise where research laboratories and the University of New York furnish the jobs for people -- where some 500 or so families live, and as many as 400,000 people come to visit their wonderful gardens. He said that when you are trying to sell a project to the city fathers, always go with big pictures -- something that folds up and fills the side of a wall. His vision, the amounts of money he talked in, were terrificly exciting. I gathered unhappily that

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he took a rather dim view of the conference in Washington on urban problems in early September. A view of the pro<sup>who</sup> was watching the professors have a try at something that they have never themselves built but only written about.

This time with him made me wish that I had the brains and the energy to comprehend the problems that face cities, and the mortgage on the years ~~into~~ of the future they would enable me to see what we do about them -- we Americans -- the decade <sup>in</sup> in front of us.

Lynda Bird was at the <sup>Carlisle</sup> ~~Carlton~~ too -- or rather her suitcase was. She was at the Harper's Bazaar~~s~~ being interviewed for a possible job. But I caught a early shuttle before she returned and was back at the White House by 5:00.

At loose ends and bored with my own lack of achievement in the day, I took some exercises as part of my resolution "this is January 1st, let's begin" attitude. And then I went down to the theatre and curled up to watch an amusing movie "The Russians Are Coming". I had seen bits and pieces of it, and this time I got to see almost the whole thing until the last 5 minutes when a call from Lyndon about 9:30 said, "I'm over for dinner -- come join me." I went up. He was deeply <sup>immersed</sup> ~~emerged~~ in some papers with a pretty little package on the table in front of him -- a small valuable looking package. He said, "There is something you will want to open", quite casual like. I assumed it was a birthday present to him.

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The day after tomorrow is his birthday. I opened it, and there was the diamond ring -- beautiful, round, about 4 carats -- a dream of a diamond -- the one I had picked out as the one I would like to have if I could ever have one. I practically dissolved in laughter and tears. I really didn't think with the wedding and all the expense, I would have it before I got out of the White House, if ever. It was a beauty. I loved it. And his very underplayed way of presenting it. Lynda Bird came in. We both tried it on. She talked to her daddy about her job prospects. We went to bed by 11:30. A nothing of a day, except one wonderful event.

I remember all the years I've taken a rather condescending view of women who wanted or needed diamonds, saying something like this: "A diamond is just a shiny rock that advertises that some successful man cherished you. And I already know that, so I don't need it." Now I find myself at 53 very proud to have the shiny rock, delighted with being told that I am cherished and ~~xxxxxx~~<sup>not</sup> sure where in the nugget of truth lies.