

# LBJ LIBRARY DOCUMENT WITHDRAWAL SHEET

Doc #	DocType	Doc Info	Classification	Pages	Date	Restriction
	Transcript	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Page 2		1	1/13/1965	C

**Collection Title** Lady Bird Johnson's Diary  
**Folder Title** Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, January 1-15, 1965 [Book 14]  
**Box Number** 2

## Restriction Codes

- (A) Closed by Executive Order 13292 governing access to national security information.  
(B) Closed by statute or by the agency which originated the document.  
(C) Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in the donor's deed of gift.

11/17/2014

\_\_\_\_\_  
Initials

1965

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13

Wednesday, January 13 was a desk day, a rather quiet day working on the mail with Ashton, a long session with Liz re plans for the year 1965 and immediate plans for the Inauguration. In spite of all that we have done to make it smooth, I just know we will have forgotten somebody close and dear and will wake up with a guilt complex on Thursday morning.

Jean Kintner came by for a drink at 6:00 o'clock. *we talked of her* A young married daughter, who was just out of one of the top schools, Smith or Vassar, *just a* ~~for~~ debut, *then a* wonderful wedding, *- has just* left for Nigeria with her husband, both in the Peace Corps. What a generation of young folks! Earlier last summer her son had gone to Mississippi as one of their volunteers to register Negroes to vote. Harlem was closer. Jean ~~is~~ *is* bright, smart, one of the *dearably* ~~dearably~~ attractive women I know. After she left, someone mentioned to me, (and I had heard it earlier, and one of the things that I don't like about me is this lessening of efficiency) *that* ~~but~~ it was Ashton's birthday. Lyndon was standing by, he heard it too. In one second he had gone to his closet full of gifts, had gathered up pell mell five or six items from our travels, maybe a book, maybe a medallion, maybe an ashtray. Anyhow a sweet assemblage of things, gone up, given Ashton a kiss, marched out of the room. The whole thing didn't consume more than five minutes and I know it must have left a lasting impression. Swift, generous deeds are typical of

Wednesday, January 13 (Continued)

him, just as are swift, sometimes cutting words. <sup>||</sup> This afternoon he didn't get a nap at the alledged nap time. He went in, but the phone kept on ringing and I saw the light on and after a while I, too, went in. He was bogged down in problems. He said, "I'm too old for this job. Four of our planes have been shot down." He lives in constant concern, <sup>that</sup> somebody somewhere in his periphery will be mixed up, fairly, or unfairly, in some shady business. I'm probably the only living person who would attest, believe, swear that he never wanted to be President. But now that he's in it, he wants history to record a record of a hard working President, a "people-loving" President, and a President who believes that man can solve his problems. And I think the fear that haunts him is a sort of a Harding complex. In more than 30 years we've known, so many folks, we've had so many good friends, somebody somewhere is going to do something wrong or something that can be made to appear wrong and their closeness to us would suddenly bloom and grow in the press, at least, and in the mind of the public and maybe at last on history's page and that is one more of the phantoms or realities that Lyndon is fighting.

I went down to the pool all alone, had 24 laps and then back for a nice little talk with Lynda and with Luci. Both of them are taking their finals, both working like beavers. Luci one minute distraught because SANITIZED is going to flunk Organic Chemistry, or has

Wednesday, January 13 (Continued)

flunked Organic Chemistry, and it seems his medical student career hangs in the balance and then the next day he has another chance at passing it. There's no lack of excitement in Luci's life.

It was 10:30 before Lyndon got upstairs and we had dinner alone and then to bed and night reading.