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9/25/2013

  
Initials

January 20, 1965  
Wednesday

Wednesday, January 20, dawned beautiful, bright and early. The day had come. I began dressing before eight. I began dressing before eight and at a quarter of nine was ready to leave with Lyndon and Luci for the Inter-Faith Prayer Service at the National City Christian Church. Here would gather an invited group to listen to brief prayers for the day and the man and the country by members of many faiths. Dr. George Davis, the host minister, Lyndon's own church, Bill Baxter, my Episcopal minister, the Jewish Rabbi, Gerstenfeld, I believe his name was, who gave a wonderful sermon on that grim Thanksgiving Day of 1963 <sup>when</sup> ~~and~~ we went to an Inter-Faith Service. And - Oh Ecumenical joy - Roman Catholic Monsignor who had accompanied our own Archbishop ~~and~~ Luci from San Antonio. I noted that he did not wear his full vestments. At least he just had on a clerical collar and a black suit. And he did not enter into the pulpit but just stood down where the congregation sits. He was there and he gave a prayer. It was the Lord's Prayer and he dismissed us with it. At least this is a foot in the door. <sup>#W</sup> He had invited the Court and the Cabinet and the principal figures of government and the principal figures of Johnson City - The Moursands and Winters and Stubbs and Mabel Stribling and Minnie Cox,

~~The~~ Jimmie Leonards and everybody like that whom we could think of to whom it would really mean something. All our house guests of course., Martha Bevis from Houston; Sherman Birdwell's of Austin, the Brown's, George R. of Business, and Hank S. of Labor. M. D. Bryant; the Clarks, Edward and William H., Jr.; the Bill Deason's of course and the <sup>7</sup>Dees. In fact, I spent hours trying to think to whom sentimentally this would mean something. And there was not an empty seat. And then, out the door, with many pictures being made and back to the White House.

*Ch. Hays*

~~#~~ And here occurred one of the most hilarious moments of the day. I asked to see the seating chart of the Platform. And Leonard Marks who had accompanied us showed it to me. Bess and I had spent hours putting our portion of it together and I was satisfied that everything was in good shape, until I looked at Row B and saw "Mrs. Fern Baines." I got a slight case of the shakes. I told Leonard "Now I've got Aunt Ovilea Baines and Aunt Josefa Baines Saunders but we just don't have a Mrs. Fern Baines." And I just had visions of an empty seat there on the second row. How would I account for it? Leonard said he had insisted on getting the list typewritten and not in anybody's handwriting. He had it proof-read by Bess and by himself <sup>and</sup> but he just knew it was correct. I said "Well, we'll just say Poor

Cousin Fern, she took down with the pneumonia and she couldn't make it." And you know what, Cousin Fern died.

Wonder of wonders Luci appeared on time looking lovely in her Navy blue and white outfit with the perky white hat and Lynda very regal and handsome in her light blue suit - <sup>with Robbins</sup> ~~Robbins~~ fur hat. And I was very satisfied with my own American beauty ensemble with a bit of sealskin that tied under the chin and the off the face hat. Especially the luxury of the silk lined black gloves and a small and elegant alligator bag which <sup>Mariella</sup> ~~Mary Ellen~~ had given me. We rode down the avenue, Lyndon and I in one car - the one with the bullet proof glass top and sides - crowds already thick along Pennsylvania Avenue - the children in a car rather close behind. I had reminded them to use every moment to look at the people on both sides - to wave at them - to recognize anybody they knew with a special look that would let them know they were seen. Because this would be our only moment of contact with many of them who had come from all fifty states, and then we were on the Inaugural stand. Muriel next to me and then Lynda and Luci and Lucia and Berge and Becky. And Tony and <sup>Matianna</sup> ~~Montana~~? On the front row on the other side, Senator Jordan, Speaker and Mrs. MacCormack, the four Humphrey children and Aunt Jessie and Aunt Josefa. The rest of the kin folks and officials made up a little less than

100 on the Inaugural stands. <sup>JP</sup> There they stretch in front of us, the people we were working for... Thousands and thousands of them... So many of whom we had met face to face in their home towns... Of Dime Box, Texas, or Doland, South Dakota. I looked for a familiar face. And it was a long way back before I began to find them. A. W. with ear-muffs on - Wesley; Melvin Winters; I decided the press had acquired all the front row seats <sup>for</sup> ~~but~~ their families as well as their very numerous contingent <sup>who</sup> ~~they~~ were covering it. The Invocation was by Archbishop Robert Lucy of San Antonio, Long time crusading liberal of the ~~xixixixix~~ vintage of Maury Maverick. He and Lyndon had known each other as long as Lyndon and I had. And there had certainly been admiration on Lyndon's part. The Archbishop has always worked with zeal among the Latin-Americans of San Antonio. And then Miss Leot<sup>y</sup>ne Price sang America the Beautiful. It was a rich voice and a rich song. One of the best moments. Then Rabbi Hyman Judah Schactel<sup>7</sup> gave a prayer. Next Hubert stepped forward - for once his exuberance under wraps. He looked positively stern. I thought there was almost a tremor in his raised hand. Speaker MacCormack administered the oath and then Muriel kissed him. Reverend George Davis delivered a prayer. Then came the moment toward which all the days for the last

year had been heading. The moment when Lyndon would take the oath of office as the 36th President of the United States. This time - the Chief Justice. It had first been mentioned to me by Leonard Marks that I should hold the Bible for his swearing in. We used the Bible his mother had given him when we moved to the ranch ~~of~~ Christmas<sup>1</sup> 1952. I do not know whether the idea originated in Lyndon's mind or perhaps in Liz's or perhaps in Leonard's own. It was a sweet thing for any of them to do. I stood facing the throng between the Chief Justice and Lyndon while he took the oath.

Lyndon's Inaugural address of 1100 words took, so the paper said, 22 minutes to deliver. And how many hours it had taken to write! Even while we were getting dressed to come to the ceremony itself, he had been rearranging a part about liberty, justice and union - Jack Valenti bounding in and out of the room like a rubber ball - taping over certain phrases on the tele-prompter. I don't think I would have interrupted them if the building had been on fire. The line I liked best was the one about always trying. "It is the excitement of becoming, always becoming, trying, probing, failing, resting and trying again. But always trying and always gaining." And I like the symbolism of about, <sup>11</sup>even now, a rocket moves toward Mars, reminding

all that the world would not be the same for our children or even for ourselves in a short span of years. And also I liked the beginning where he put emphasis on the responsibility lying just exactly where it does. On each of us.

Then the Mormon Tabernacle Choir sang.

Lyndon himself invited them to the dismay of the Inaugural officials I expect, because there are 375 bodies and there is hardly room for an extra flea in the Plaza where the Inauguration takes place. They<sup>had</sup> had quite an adventure coming. The fog closed in at the airport at Salt Lake City on Tuesday before two of their jet planes could take off, so they went by bus 400 miles to Las Vegas and got on two other jets and had arrived at 7:00 o'clock this morning. They had certainly provided a happy waiting time for the thousands who congregated in the plaza, because they had given them a concert for more than thirty minutes while they were gathering. Excellent idea. Both for the choir that had come all that long distance to contribute it's exceptional talent<sup>and</sup> for the assembling restless multitudes. My old friend, his bearded Eminence Archbishop<sup>Lawrence</sup> ~~Yavacus~~?. Rose to give the Benediction. And then there was the Star<sup>Sp</sup>angled Banner by the U.S. Marine Band and it was all over.

# Lyndon and Vice President Humphrey were escorted up the steps between the assembled House and Senate and people they had worked with all of their lives. And Muriel and I and all the others in the stand, almost a hundred of us, went inside to the Inauguration<sup>l</sup>~~tion~~ luncheon, at which Senator B. Everett Jordan presided. It was in the old Supreme Court Chamber and I was so glad ~~at~~<sup>that</sup> the order of the Majority Leader not to have anymore luncheons in this historic old Chamber, had been over-ridden by Senator Jordan, in his capacity of <sup>an</sup> I think it is <sup>a</sup> head of the Rules Committee. And it was there that I found out about Cousin Fern Baines! Leonard came up to me and said "what do you know, she turns out to be Hubert Humphrey's married sister. How is that for a political mutation"? He also said that the crowd was the largest in the history of the Capitol. One million, two hundred thousand, according to the Chief of Police, were in the square and lining the parade route. There were attractive silver ash trays with the date engraved as a favor and a delicious luncheon in which I could see Bess's hand because it was Texas heart of filet mignon and ended with the President's delight.<sup>#</sup> Then back in the bullet proof



limousine, like a bubble of glass, we rode down Pennsylvania Avenue, waving at the filled bleachers, the lined sidewalks & in which the first rows were usually little children in snow suits - and the jammed office windows. How amazing that I should come almost face to face with Maurine <sup>Kranston Feiger</sup> ~~Cranston Feiger~~ and this the third time during these three days! <sup>At the Distinguished Ladies Reception, at the Governor's Reception and here.</sup> Well, that easily explains how she could become salutatorian of the class in Marshall High School some 36 years ago, <sup>row three</sup> if in a crowd like this she can make her way to the front/times. I ~~de~~ <sup>have</sup> been glad to get a moment with Leontine Price in Everett Dirksen's office between the ceremony and the luncheon. Her voice is so rich. She is one of the great. I introduced her to as many of the relatives and Senate wives as were within reach. I heard that a lone spectator watching the parade from a balcony on an upper floor of the Justice Department turned out to be FBI Director, J. Edgar Hoover. He has seen a lot of us come and go. We arrived at the White House Reviewing stand about 2:30 and found what an innovation. ~~There~~ <sup>There</sup> was a bullet proof glass barrier in front of us and small stoves right down by our feet! All this time Lyndon, hatless and without an overcoat, had been quite warm enough with his thermal underwear, <sup>on</sup> but now he promptly turned off the stoves because instead of a spartan two and a half hours we had

expected in the piercing cold, it was going to be quite cozy. We had come down the Avenue visiting the Southwest Texas Strutters who ~~had~~ <sup>led</sup> accompany the band, stopped the procession, gotten out and crossed the street to shake hands with three or four of them. When we first walked into the stands we encountered Him and Blanco on leashes, waiting expectantly at the foot of them. And Lyndon promptly took Him's leash from the attendant's hand, I believe it was Mr. Bryant, and escorted Him into the Reviewing Stand, where that happy dog promptly took up his place in Lyndon's big leather upholstered viewing chair. He didn't get to occupy it long. He was soon returned to Mr. Bryant, but the crowd liked it.

There had been quite a discussion as to which band would lead the parade. <sup>Little</sup> ~~Bitter~~ San Marcos Southwest State College Band, Lyndon's Alma Mater <sup>or</sup> the proud orange and white of the University of Texas, and I, ardent University Alumni was beligerently in favor of San Marcos leading. And as it turned out San Marcos was the first of the State or School bands to pass by the President. We had the President of our school, Dr. McCrocklin and his wife in the box with us to cheer and wave when they went by and later when the University went by. ✓ Chancellor Ransom and his pretty little wife. And then there were two and a half hours of 52 bands and

15,000 marchers. Shorter however, than any ~~and~~ Inaugural parade, ~~but~~ in memory, which makes Howard Burris, the Parade Committee Chairman a Diplomat as well as an Executive. Texas had a float that was a replica of the LBJ ranchhouse, with a plastic Pedernales River, <sup>a</sup> toy dog that waved his tail, representing Him. <sup>#</sup> The float I really liked the best was Georgia's. Which was a min<sup>u</sup>ature Lady<sup>B</sup>ird Special. Gaily painted, red white, blue, green a sort of <sup>T</sup>oonerville <sup>T</sup>rolley vintage and out of its windows waved attractive young girls in LBJ campaign uniforms, <sup>M</sup>any of them the daughters of the hostesses on the Ladybird Special, <sup>I</sup>ncluding Christy Carpenter, playing Lucy and Fatsy Derby playing me. There was more jumping up and down than at any Episcop<sup>a</sup>l Church Service to paraphrase Lyndon. Because the flag went by every few moments. Sometimes I had to nudge Lyndon to let him know that it was coming, <sup>a</sup>nd to retire<sup>v</sup>e his attention if a Governor approached in his open convertible. <sup>P</sup>articularly a sensitive moment <sup>when</sup> ~~went~~ Wallace of Alabama or the Governor of Mississippi were about to go by. Because we wanted to accord them the dignity and welcome they were according us by their presence. <sup>#</sup> Some of the far western states had delightful marching units or floats, <sup>o</sup>f bearded buck-skin clad men with boots and big hats and long rifles. Frontiersmen, trappers, hunters, - one of the fun<sup>i</sup>est

was a man being dragged on a frontier type stretcher, behind a horse, with quivering arrow protruding from his chest, laid out cold. As he passed the reviewing stand, he sat straight up and saluted! The audience howled. ~~Isswass~~ There was a brandy keg toting St. Bernard mascot of a Chicago Fire department, marching along in a Texas hat. I heard later that Beagle ~~sat~~<sup>sat</sup> up quite a yapping when he saw him but to no avail. One of the prettiest of the units was the Barbarett's of Santa Barbara, California, strutting past in snow white indian head dress. ~~f~~ Feathers that trailed from their head to their ankles, which had jingling bells around them. ~~#~~ During the parade various people joined us briefly. The McNamara's, while the military units were going by and also General Wheeler. Lyndon signalled Sargent Shriver and his three children who were watching it from the other side. One of the children perched on top of his daddy's shoulders. They came over and sat with us a little, and Margaret Truman and Clifton Daniel came down when the Missouri float went by. Miss Kate Loney, Lyndon's first teacher, who now lives at Rough and Ready, California, was brought in for a few moments. In fact there was quite a parade of governors, labor leaders, VIP's, little and big. ~~~~~ Nationally Known variety and Lyndon Johnson variety. Dale and Scooter were in the front row and they must

have been about ready to breathe a vast sigh of relief, because they had handled this whole big spectacle with great success. White House waiters filtered through the stand, passing snacks and boullion and coffee. Lyndon kept on jumping up to greet friends back in the stands, tall Postmaster General James Farley, always stands out everywhere and avangdist Billy Graham, who had conducted the prayer service at the National City Christian Church this morning. In fact he was the main speaker at the prayer service and a wonderful one. Using a line that Sam Houston had used when he was finally converted and baptized which combined humility with humor. Somebody told him that they had heard all of his sins had been washed away and he said "well, if they were, God help the fishes down ~~in~~ the stream". Billy Graham had been wonderful. Between Lyndon's departures and returns and the Governors going by in their convertibles, saluting to us and we them and the passing of the flags, it was an active two and a half hours and the most remarkable thing of all about the parade is that it was over on time by 5:00 o'clock! Cheers to Howard Burris. Everybody began filing out of the stands to their numerous parties.

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We waved to the crowd across the street and walked back into the White House, gathering up as we went, George and Alice Brown, Wesley West, Homer Thornberry and Eloise. We went upstairs to the second floor and settled comfortably for a drink. And how welcome it was! I soon had to leave them to put myself in the hands of Jean Louie and Eddie <sup>Smy</sup> ~~Sine~~, with whom I <sup>took</sup> turns along with the whole covey of little girls. But later I could hear the voices of A.W. and Melvin and a few others so there was no moment of rest for Lyndon between the parade and the time to get dressed for the ball.

At 9:15 we left the White House with Lynda **SANITIZED** and Luci **SANITIZED** following us and went first to the Mayflower, the most civilized ball of all, because it was the smallest. We greeted those in the President's box and then went out into an area roped off with velvet ropes and danced, changing partners every few seconds. At one point, Lyndon surprised Margaret Truman Daniel by lifting her bodily out of her box to the dance floor and twirling her around the room. They had a delightful picture together. We stayed only about thirty minutes, the first of five stops. A regular marathon! Next, to the Statler-Hilton and then the Armory where there were 13,00 people. Tonight the decorations had all been changed — the blue streamers were enormous bouquets of bright

flowers hanging from the ceiling. The theme was ~~A~~ America the Beautiful and there were landscapes along the wall of scenic America <sup>from</sup> sea to shining sea, mountains, fruited plains, and all. It was a great job. But there is absolutely no way to make regaled and dignified and elegant ~~ap~~ball in which 13,000 humans participate! When we left the box and started down to the dance floor it was like plunging into a University of Texas - Oklahoma football crowd. I really felt dreadful to see how the Secret Service had to push ~~ed~~ against the crowd to make the few feet in which we danced possible. After just a few changes <sup>of partners</sup> we went back up to the box. Lyndon tried to use the microphone to thank everyone. It didn't work. The first goof for three days that I am aware of! He talked without it and then presently it came on with a blare. ~~Next~~ the Shoreham which was full of Minnesotans, where <sup>/At</sup> <sup>we</sup> Hubert planned to return. Each one/stayed about thirty minutes, and then at last the Sheraton Park, where all the Texans congregated. And there, Lyndon made a delightful little speech. "Never before have so many paid so much to dance so little. And one thing you can say for the Great Society it sure is crowded." He had been in fine spirits all evening and changed partners as rapidly as possible, dancing with Muriel, Lynda, any Cabinet wives that were handy and the wives of those who had particularly helped with the Inaugural. I

[1/20/65]

glanced over my shoulder hoping that he would find  
Scooter and Dorothy Marks. I think for a fleeting  
moment I saw them both with him.

SANITIZED

SANITIZED

I was really quite pleased

with my upswept hairdo, which I hadn't worn in twenty  
or so years and <sup>the</sup> yellow satin ensemble <sup>had</sup> only one

trouble. It is much handsomer with the coat on, more  
regal <sup>just</sup> ~~and~~ add about 13,000 human bodies and you have

a Turkish bath! At the Sheraton Park, we saw <sup>in</sup> ~~an~~numerable  
Texans including the Max Brooks, and for a moment,

Lelia Wynn. Leonard was our guardian angel throughout.

And timekeeper. <sup>Adlai</sup> ~~Adlai~~ got just about the biggest

hand of anyone at the Sheraton Park. The Presidential  
Box was filled with notables - give everybody something

to look at and tell about when they got home incase  
they couldn't dance. Like Cinderella we tried to make

it home by midnight, and actually left the Sheraton  
Park just a little past twelve and were back in the

house by 12:30. Grateful that everything had been  
accomplished with dignity and grace and that it was

over.

HM

Ch. Taper