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Collection Title Lady Bird Johnson's Diary  
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9/25/2013

Initials

January 31, 1965  
Sunday

It was our first time out to a public event since coming home from the hospital. We went to the Red Mass at St. Matthews, a traditional service that began some 700 years ago, or so, in England where prayers are <sup>said</sup> for all the leaders of the government, and the priests all wear red vestments. It was very colorful and impressive. — The first time I have heard the Mass, <sup>clearly</sup> rarely in English, but not all. Lyndon and I, Luci and **SANTIZED** were escorted to the front row. A great deal of the Cabinet and Court were there. How interesting to think of the progress <sup>here</sup> the Ecumenical movement has made in this brief span of time. I looked over at Luci, the only one of us who really knew what was going on. When to rise and kneel and why. And she was holding a Rosary, a fact that I expect was not overlooked by our friends of the press.

Being in St. Matthews, and I think it was the first time we had been there since the funeral service of President Kennedy, I couldn't help remembering ~~back~~ the solemn ritual and pageantry of that day - all in Latin and incomprehensible to me and then suddenly the presiding Arch-Bishop, a close friend of the family, cried out in English almost as though ~~as~~ it were wrung from him in <sup>naughty</sup> naughtiness, that one dramatic line "Oh Jack, may the angels attend thee, may the Saints watch over thee"! Arch Bishop O'Boyle came down and

greeted us when the service was over and escorted us out of the church.

Back at the White House, Lyndon spent most of the day in bed. We had our lunch in bed on trays and then he turned out the lights. Such willingness to rest means he is not quite strong yet, not quite himself. Sometimes though for a man of his temperment, it means you have time to worry, and work is his antidote to worry. Surprisingly enough, it was I who really took a nap. And then when we woke up we called the Jack Brooks, and the Bill White's to come over and have an early dinner with us. Jack brought us some venison sausage. The conversation got around to George Reedy and the bad time the press is giving him and his briefings. Lyndon said, "They think a press secretary is there for them to rape." It is true if you read the briefings, you get the impression that he is something like a bull in an arena and when they smell blood it makes them lunge in and stick him more. I must say though, that a sense of perspective requires me to see that this is an easy time with the press. For us there have only been pin pricks.

We discussed Bobby Kennedy's relations with the press. Someone said he has the most instantaneous by obedient portion of the press of anybody around town time.

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A ~~codery~~<sup>terse</sup> that respond like a chorus - one after another, some variation on the same theme. [Kraft, Bartlett, Evans, Mary MaGrory, and she has the most talented pen in town.] The conversation got around to Albert Thomas. He has been sick. Everyone knows it ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> cancer. He thought of not seeking reelection and then ~~he~~ decided to do it and it was a wise choice, I believe. Becasue he is the sort of man who had better die working. He/~~was~~<sup>is</sup> a hard man on his opponents and does his home work superbly as anybody who crosses swords with him will find out. Even being sick has not made him less formidable. Jack Brooks said about him with a mixture of affection and admiration, "He will be mean enough on his dying day to rise up and say 'no.'"

Close  
EM

It was an early to bed night. Probably a good thing. It may be the last <sup>for</sup> some time. Becuase looking at the calendar for next week the tempo picks up. A visit into the children's room brought diametrically opposite feelings. Luci had been in to see me and I followed her back to her room sensing that cool withdrawl, I don't want to talk about it, attitude that sometimes means with her there is something she ought to talk about. Or really wants to talk about. And she did. ~~SENITIZED~~ had failed his organic Chemistry. That meant he would have to take a repeat next summer which, <sup>would</sup> cost him a lot and would also cost him the opportunity of

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getting a job, saving money for his next year of school. A set-back, the frightening possibility<sup>likely</sup> that he might not be up to medical school. Luci was disheartened. She was in tears ~~and~~ before she finished talking and she said "Mother it's so cold and lonely here." She kept on repeating that sentence. She said **SANITIZED** and I wish we had a place of our own." She's <sup>such</sup> like a pathetic mixutre of beautiful young woman and child. And everywhere I look around me my friends children, her contemporaries, are getting married. Years of school before them. <sup>it</sup> On the other hand, Lynda Bird back from Philadelphia, **SANITIZED** greeted me rather airily with "Mother, I am going to the University of Texas next fall. I will need to if I want to graduate from there." "I doubt I can make Phi Beta Kappa, because I have too many B's." But I could tell in her tone that she was going to try hard." And then she said "and I am going to Europe this summer. It will be my last chance. It will be the last time I am free and have your money," she added. "And I want to go. I have studied so much history and I ~~ha~~ never have seen anything in Europe except three days in Italy. I want to go to England and France and Germany and I am going down to Spain to see Robin." I was quick to seal it with approval. I promised her the money, but <sup>I did</sup> ~~tell~~ her that I couldn't promise her that I would go with her. I was so flattered that she wanted me to! But

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that I might just join her for a week or two along the way. Because she hopes to make it a trip of a month or even two months.