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	Transcript	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Saturday, February 6, 1965, Pages 2-3		2	2/06/1965	C

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**Collection Title** Lady Bird Johnson's Diary  
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Initials 

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, February 6, 1965

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This was a late morning, with breakfast in bed with Lyndon, and then up ~~at~~ in time to do a little studying in preparation for an 11 o'clock date with Tom Watson, of IBM, and his consultant for design, Mr. Elliott Noyes. Between them they are responsible for the new face of IBM across the country. ~~It's~~ many attractive buildings, so often on the outskirts of town, clean and sharp lined and well planted, that bespeak their product. This is modern, efficient; the idea is that the building itself should be an advertisement, should reflect what they have to sell, a sort of corporate oneness.

I spent two delightful hours with these very attractive men, learning how a big business sets out to make good design work for it - and also picking up the names of many of the great in today's architecture - <sup>miss</sup> ~~Nice~~ Vanderow, <sup>Pai Edward</sup> ~~Pai~~, <sup>Ch. sp.</sup> ~~Derrell~~ Stone, Yomasocki. Remarkable how the orientals, <sup>this</sup> both Chinese and Japanese, shine in ~~these~~ field.

Then, <sup>Ch. sp.</sup> Liz and I conferred about all the things coming up. There had been a ghost of a hope that we would go to Camp David this weekend, with the McNamaras, but he's really not well enough, and the hope faded in the grey weather, and Lyndon's lack of enthusiasm.

Liz and I went for a drive - if I don't get out of this house I'll turn into a mole. I wanted to see, once more, the George Washington Memorial Parkway, a noble entrance to a noble city, and I want to pin the picture in my mind to make use of it, when some of this talk about beautification comes up. And we drove down the Mall, subject of so much of the days plans, <sup>for</sup>

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bringing people to it, for the lights and fountains, and flowers, and blooming trees, and especially benches and maybe even little kiosks, like those along the Seine, the bouquiniste.

And we went out to the National Arboretum, the first time I have been there, and I the inveterate Washington tourist.

Back at the White House, I walked around the south grounds a few times, with an impatient beagle, and then upstairs to finish my desk.

Asked Lyndon one last time, if he would like to go to Bess Abell's party, the Abells and the Martins party. "We're going to have a celebration, that we survive the Inauguration, we're gathering that hardy band, that wears the Johnson-Humphrey band, The Abells and Martins have done the advance, And think you'll enjoy this dinner dance."

Deep in work, he told me to go on, so I drove out for about an hour's stay - so glad to see Bess's mother and father, and so sad to hear that their house had burned down during the holidays. It was fun to see old friends, in a gay setting. The Lloyd Hands, Cliff Carters, Valentis, Busbys, Rowes, Carpenters - I stayed until nearly time for them to sit down to dinner.

And then back to the White House in time for television and dinner with Lyndon, and a reasonably early night.

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