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Collection Title Lady Bird Johnson's Diary

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Initials

1965

Saturday, March 6th

Dawned pretty and bright. I worked at my desk, then called Libby Rowe to drive around with me to survey the beautification sites that will be the subject of our committee's meeting on Tuesday.

We got out in front of the new Building of History and Technology, one of the handsomest buildings I have ever seen. I made a mental note to check the architect, because always in the back of my mind these days I have the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library. The planting -- large trees, oak, magnolia (not much grass), ground cover of ivy and periwinkle, the long expanse of the terrace with the white marble building as a background, will make a marvellous foil for the outdoor eating place the Smithsonian plans for this summer. Umbrellas, tables, chairs -- what a haven for all the busloads of children that have driven in to see the Smithsonian and for the Mamas who are taking their Saturday tour with a station-wagon full of youngsters.

We walked from the Smithsonian down past the area where the pansies will be planted and on down to the Capitol, with Elizabeth telling me something of the history of the Mall, the "tapis vert" theory that the long impressive green ribbon should remain uncluttered from the Lincoln Memorial to the Capitol. The proposed statuary garden, right in front of Archives, with its big, handsome trees -- I hope no underground parking menaces them. Here there might be outdoor restaurants,

1965

Saturday, March 6th (continued)

fountains, masses of blooming shrubs, maybe some flower-beds, and, of course, benches for those who want to rest and admire the most beautiful two miles of real estate in the United States.

On down to the Capitol, we decided to climb up on the steps, where the Senate Ladies are making noises about setting out their own tables and umbrellas and having tea with constituents this summer. How I hope they do it! It would be the most superb view in Washington, both the view of them from the street below and the view they will get of the long expanse of the Mall, the flag-circled Washington Monument, and the Lincoln Memorial.

We drove past green-leafed gardens, also, about a good two hours, drenching myself with information about plans that have been made, changed, discarded, for the City of Washington.

I returned just in time to have lunch with Robin Duke, Elspeth Rostow, and Lynda Bird. Robin had talked so much about Mrs. Rostow we thought it would be fun to have a quiet visit, just the four of us. She and Robin are both to me the best products of a very different world. Johnson City and Karnack did not prepare me to feel at home with them, but I like them both so much. Mrs. Rostow, sleek, beautiful, so keen of mind, teaches a course to Foreign Service students and businessmen

1965

Saturday, March 6th (continued)

and women who are likely to go abroad. As well as I can gather, it is sort of an intermingling of the economy and the history of our country and its place in the world today.

Lynda's fond hope -- a little flight into independence -- had been to go to Europe this summer, spend about six weeks. I was all in favor of it. It was to be her twenty-first birthday present. And then along comes her Daddy's policy about foreign travel and the draining of the dollar away from this country. How can the daughter of the President, then, embark on a gay trip to Europe in the face of that? So we quietly table it, accept defeat, but determine to do it later.

Luncheon today was sort of a preliminary course in the possibilities of such a trip.

Paul Dresser is in town, enroute to his three years' service duty in Germany, and Lynda is doing her USO bit, having him as a house guest and showing him the town. Late in the afternoon he and Lynda and I went over to the bowling alley, and for the first time I broke a hundred, making the great total of 103! And coming in last of the three of us.

Then to the pool, where I did thirty lengths of the pool alone. Oh, lovely, unused opportunity -- this delightful pool -- but only I enjoy it.

1965

Saturday, March 6th (continued)

Luci is finally feeling well again. She's back at work at Dr. Kraskin's on Saturdays. She says people are so surprised because she knows the work. She's just bubbling. It's hard to put a stop to the spate of words when Luci gets to talking.

Tonight she had the Bettses to dinner. "Pop," as she calls him, Dr. Betts, Paul, his two brothers, the fiancée of one of them, his sister and the young man she goes with. I talked with them in the Yellow Room while Luci fried chicken in the upstairs kitchen. They are a close family, obviously very fond of each other, and full of anecdotes about this or that sister or brother.

**SANTIZED**

Luci took them down for dinner in the downstairs Family Dining Room, and Lyndon and I had dinner on a tray about 9:15, and then I had my favorite Saturday night diversion, Gunsmoke.