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Initials

1965

Friday, May 14th

I awoke to a darkened room, had no idea what time it might be, turned restlessly, couldn't go back to sleep, but cherished the steady breathing, the quietness of Lyndon, ~~f~~ for a long, long time, ⁼ after what seemed hours, I tiptoed quietly out, headed for my room, only to have him say when I stepped on a creaking board, "Where are you going?" Then I couldn't persuade him to go back to sleep. He turned on the light and, sure enough, it was 10:30! ^{Q.M.} What a blissful, wonderful event!

We had breakfast, and then I took turns working with Liz, Ashton, and Bess, having the feeling that this is a day that had been handed to me -- a new-minted, fresh-invented day, because I had set it aside to go to Texas with Lyndon, we weren't going, so there were no appointments and this was a marvellous chance to catch up on everything that needed doing -- of which there was plenty.

First, there were calls about the opening of the Johnson City house yesterday -- from Liz Odum, from Mariallen, a call from Jessie Hunter. They all sounded like it was a smashing success. Homer's speech, Arthur Waltz's performance, the rising to the occasion of the homefolks in finding cement frames to put together an impromptu sidewalk when it had rained buckets the night before and the yard was squishy.

Ch. ?
name?

1965

Friday, May 14th (continued)

The reaction of the three or four hundred people, quite a few of them tourists, and then afterwards the guest book recorded States as far apart as California and New Jersey. Everything was fine, except because of the rain the night before and the muddy yard they couldn't serve -- the local ladies couldn't -- the lemonade and cookies under the trees.

The stories about it were good, and I, who let them pile up on my desk unnoticed, to Liz's dismay, this time was just like the mother of a debutante -- couldn't wait to get my hands on the clippings, so hoped they would be warm and colorful and lively. And they were.

Then I went down to the movie to see David Brinkley's hour-long show on Washington, a large part of it beautification. What it was all about I never grasped. At any rate it's the prototype of what NOT to do. No central theme, and I had the feeling that he was laughing at my efforts -- mine and Lyndon's -- while at the same time saying they needed to be done. I hope I understand this won't be the last time we'll be laughed at.

Then I worked on correspondence with Ashton, but I was dull and listless and bright thoughts wouldn't come for the welcoming speech for the Conference on Natural Beauty.

Piled-up fatigue must have been taking its toll, because I couldn't get going, although I did get some business settled with Liz on Mrs. Johnson's album, with Mr. Urbano~~sky~~ of Texas Tech on hiring one of his park trainees

1965

Friday, May 14th (continued)

for summer work at the ranch, with Lyndon and then with Buzz about writing letters to the Cabinet and Agency Heads about making their papers available to the Johnson Library in the future. And then a long and interesting talk with Mrs. Mellon about the White House grounds. She is opposed to indiscriminate gifts of plants and trees to it, and so am I, although some we accepted -- Mr. ^{Steichen's} ~~Stykens~~, for instance, had some of his prize delphinium plants brought in this very morning, and I want them and shall accept them. So I asked her if she would please, when she said no to the so-and-so nursery that wanted to give 20 trees that perhaps we didn't have any place for, if they would please kindly -- oh, so much it would be appreciated if they would give them instead to X School in the District of Columbia, which needed them badly. And I will do my best, by letter or invitation to tea or whatever, to make sure that they know that their generosity is appreciated.

She responded by saying that she too would participate in some way in this sort of a program. I hadn't dared ask her, she does so much for the White House.

A long talk with Clark Clifford about the progress of the Johnson Library. He has composed a letter for the University of Texas to send to the head of GSA. That's been two weeks and no answer yet, but many

1965

Friday, May 14th (continued)

people must pass on it. It's a good next step.

About sundown Luci came in to my lovely little combination dressing-room and office. Lovely it is now, pink and ivory -- and she was a pink and ivory little girl, with a pink bow in her black hair and bubbling over with talk --

SANITIZED

She's a very articulate child, and I cherish these talks with her. It must have been all of two hours.

It was nearly ten when Lyndon came over for dinner, bringing with him Bob McNamara, McGeorge Bundy, and ^{Ch. Little} Secretary Vance. Dinner itself was full of telephone calls and plans being made. They are concerned with the Dominican Republic. I do not wish to know too much about them. It all involves a departure tonight or early in the morning of McGeorge, Secretary Vance, and possibly Tom Mann, to talk to Dominican leaders. It's odd to hear people like Adlai Stevenson and many, many columnists

He was
under
Sec. or
Gen.
Sec.

1965

Friday, May 14th (continued)

say that the President, alas, is not as interested in, does not give as much time to, foreign affairs as he does to domestic affairs. Foreign affairs devour his days and nights. It's just that the problems are harder to solve than domestic affairs. True, he takes less joy in them, but whatever bad that happens in them, it's not for lack of trying, for working on the problem.

I went to bed a little past eleven, not even reacting to the excitement in the air and soggy with the willingness to sleep, and happy that Lyndon had at least had his one late morning.