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	Transcript	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Tuesday, June 1, 1965, Pages 3, 5, 6, and 8		4	6/01/1965	C

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11/17/2014

Initials

1965

Tuesday, June 1st WND

Lucy's graduation day -- red-letter, great day in our lives.

I routed poor Jean Louis out at dawn for a shampoo and set at the White House, my hair stiff as an African bushman's from a week spent with ABC and constant spraying and from riding windblown on fast boats.

And then at 10 o'clock ready for the Cathedral, ushering Mattie, Tony and Diana into one car so that they could be right behind us, with a split-second departure of Lyndon, Lynda Bird and me. Caught between sympathy for him and impatience because of the importance of the day, I fretted nervously, but we were only five minutes late.

And then into the great grey Cathedral, Lynda and I seated on the front row and Lyndon escorted to a chair below the pulpit. On the way in I had passed, to my great delight, Willie Day, Helen and Gene. Luci had not forgotten them, but I had been sad to meet Zephyr, boarding the elevator just as I left the White House, looking ashen and being helped by the arms upstairs to lie down. She was ill, all dressed for the graduation, but didn't feel like going. I am worried about Zephyr.

The ceremony was all pomp and display. What a beautiful instrument is the voice of Dean Sayre, Frail, scholarly-looking

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Tuesday, June 1st (continued)

Bishop Creighton was there, and also solid, masculine Bishop Hines from Texas.

The class filed in. Luci looked lovely in a long-sleeved white dress, lace, that she had designed and Lucinda had made, her hair black and glossy, her face angelic, uplifted. When they called out the Cum Laudes, she was not among them! To her great credit, her grades have been better and better each semester for the last year and a half. And that under the shock of the change in our lives. I am very proud of her.

I was proud, too, of Lyndon's speech. He warmed up to it by saying that he would miss the small consolation of knowing that no matter how much homework the night held for him, Luci had brought home more from National Cathedral and by asking their pardon for being a rather solemn old man.

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Tuesday, June 1st (continued)

and then asking the pardon of young and lovely girls for the solemn talk of an old man, he launched into a foreign policy speech. One of the lines I liked best, as he interpolated it, I am sure, when he said very emotionally how happy it had made him when Luci had decided to learn nursing and spend her life helping people.

It was a strange speech, delivered on the floor of the Cathedral, not in the pulpit. There was no introduction at all, and at the end no clapping, of course. A robed official -- a sort of an acolyte, I suppose -- with a big mace (so little I know of church hierarchy and vestments) started to lead him back to join us. Lyndon walked away from him. I had a dreadful moment when I thought he was probably going over and shake hands with all the assembled sixty girls -- but what he did was go over and kiss Luci, and she looked like all the angels had descended from Heaven and formed a ring around her.

Then he sat with us for the rest of the ceremony -- impressive, thrilling, patriotic. So bound up was I in the pomp and circumstance it was hard to realize that this was the end of five years of NCS for Luci. End -- and the best.

Outside, Lyndon made surprisingly agreeable talk with Dean Sayre, extolling the virtues, most sincerely believed, of the faculty of NCS -- Miss Lee, Miss Fry, all of them -- what they have done

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Tuesday, June 1st (continued)

for the girls, what they have meant in their lives. Then we went to the Greens and congratulated graduates, standing in line a while with Miss Lee, hugged and kissed Helene. Her lovely Mother and jovial Father were beaming too. Walter and ~~V~~anetta Washington were there -- their daughter had been one of the cum laudes, and so had Marlana Johnson, the only two Negroes, I believe, in the class.

I saw some of Lynda's old graduates -- Jennifer Urquhart, Mary Anna Howard, and June McElvey's Father -- she's still in Scotland, returning next month. Lynda in a navy dress with white polka dots and a bowler hat looked very sophisticated, very sleek and grown -- I was so proud of her.

But today was Luci's day. Her hair was a raven's wing, and her face was radiant. She had sat up until four o'clock the night before autographing MITERS, their yearbook, and also a little steel engraving of the White House for each of her classmates.

I stayed for lunch. Bishop Hines sat between Luci and me, the Lindows at the same table, another little classmate I don't know who's off to Smith. One of the nicest things I heard all day was Miss Scudder's "We'll miss Luci and we'll miss these big boys, too," she said as she patted one of the Secret Service men on the arm.

Youngsters had swarmed over me for autographs -- I didn't

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Tuesday, June 1st (continued)

mind a bit. The air was full of confusion and emotion, tears and laughter and beaming parents.

Lynda hadn't stayed for lunch. She had gone to join 'Liz for lunch with Herman Wouk, author of Marjorie Morningstar and a book about the Virgin Islands, Please Don't Stop the Carnival.

SANITIZED

Lunch was interspersed with school songs -- someone would give a signal, the girls would rise and in clear, beautiful voices sing songs about school days that were really quite superior, voices and lyrics. I think some of them have a future in musical comedy!

And then the rest of the day petered off into hurry and confusion and overtaxing of my strength. For the first time I realized that I was very, very tired and cross with too many people. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown had both come down from New York to spend the night, the afternoon, whatever it took to wind up small things in the West Room and my office-dressing room and big things in the Reception Room, Lyndon's own office, and the Cabinet Room itself. I had called Mr. Ketchum and Juanita to get some research and information on Lyndon's desk -- it had been his as Majority Leader

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Tuesday, June 1st (continued)

in P-38, made about the turn of the century by German craftsmen in the Capitol itself. It had years of work invested in it. I do not want to change it. And the chairs in his office I found were put there in the time of Theodore Roosevelt, when Roosevelt himself had that wing built -- I do not want to change them. But the "white goods in his office -- God forbid! The three-faced television set, the huge ticker. They look like the cold meat counter at the Safeway and the huge deepfreeze of some very provident farmer. I yearn to get the one Dr. Stanton has had designed by a furniture creator who has researched in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

I am going to love the Reception Room. The red rug, the red Fortuny wing chairs say, Come In, Welcome! Now we are going to do over the ancient black leather sofas with a red Chippendale design that is elegant and fitting. Dr. McClellan from the Smithsonian has provided a Whistler, a Glacken, a Sloane. We have Ruth Carter Johnson's cowboy by Remington or Russell -- they are inextricably linked in my mind. ^{* Ch. Name} ^x Dolores Brown obtained for us Aiding A Comrade ^{could it be Alice Brown?} by Remington or Russell.

I would like so much, though, to get a portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, because he created this Wing, thereby saving us who

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Tuesday, June 1st (continued)

live in the White House from having all the business operation right on top of us.

This whole project -- the Reception Room, his office, the Cabinet Room -- should take weeks, and not harried minutes. I'm fighting for time, maybe a losing battle. It was a torn afternoon -- Bess needed some time to talk about the Arts Festival coming up June 14th that I look forward to with so much apprehension and uncertainty -- Liz to talk about the Virgin Islands and brief me on all of it -- Ashton to get me to sign mail and discuss many small problems and the disposition of rooms to the many, many house guests that are coming for the next five days while I will be gone -- Helen to talk about clothes to take on the trip -- and finally, and more importantly, goodbyes to Lynda. I found myself being very cross with her when she phoned in a casual voice just to chat, and with Luci, who is still riding the peaks. Luci had finished with her saddle shoes. She had said she was going to burn them. I told her I was going to bronze them and save them as one would a baby shoe. All four years through NCS, and never, according to Luci, untied since the first day she put them on!

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Tuesday, June 1st (continued)

SANITIZED

Meanwhile, Stevie and Bill had been excitedly chattering with me about a surprise party they were going to put on for Luci in the Solarium, beginning at 9 o'clock. They had collected a list of her friends -- something between 30 and 45 -- they had some soft drinks and beer and rather clumsy decorations done by themselves alone -- cute little cabaret tables, chairs, and candles out under the stars off the Solarium.

But how to get Luci up there. Luci had decided that she was going to Camp David.

SANITIZED

In true fashion, she was being very late getting ready to go. Very much at home with them, she had decided to go with her hair rolled up in curlers, simply because it "just wouldn't dry in time." She had on shorts and a sloppy shirt. It was 9 o'clock, the guests were coming, Stevie was on pins and needles, everybody was tiptoeing into the Solarium, and Luci was under the dryer in her room.

I had sent Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown to their guest room after we had had a couple of drinks together, wearily, and a steak

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would follow them there.

Lyndon was downstairs having a stag party for General Eisenhower, who had astonished us by opening the door, putting his head in the Fish Room. I had introduced him to Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown. He looked wonderful -- hale and hearty and happy -- and it makes me look forward to retirement. I am so glad that he and Lyndon can be friends. Lyndon too had looked as weary as I had felt -- I with no reason, he with every reason -- so many sleepless nights. Even three tonic days in Texas is not enough to rejuvenate completely.

So Lyndon and the band and some 50-odd men were having a stag party downstairs, and Luci, coerced by Stevie upstairs on some pretext to the Solarium, and all of her friends jumped up shrieking their congratulations. It was gay and fun. Helene and her Mother and Father were there, Ashton and her husband (they were going to be chaperones at Camp David), Willie Day, of course, bless her, a few friends from NCS, pretty little Sharon Chapman, ^{Nathleen}~~Cathlene~~ Carter, home from the University, friends from Luci's days at the Capitol, her long love affairs with the Pages in general.

And then Stevie got up and delivered a small speech. "Because of our great love for you and our interest in your future career, we have decided to buy you equipment to follow your profession." He

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produced a large and very complete Nurse's Kit. And then he said, "Georgetown, in view of their appreciation that you are coming to learn nursing in the Fall, has sent you over a body to work on." In came a stretcher, carried by several of Luci's huskier friends -- a white sheet, covering a body -- the sheet was lifted back -- there was Beth Jenkins! He raised her up, Luci shrieked, they hugged and kissed, the whole room exploded. It will be one of the unforgettable moments in our life.

SANTIZED

-- this is the happy room, a happy night. But I am too weary, so I left them for a massage and an early bed.