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Initials

MEMORANDUM

WHD
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Saturday, September 11, 1965

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It actually began about 1:00. I had arrived at the White House from the Grand Tetons in Denver a little before midnight to find my husband -- my supposedly sick husband -- to whom I was returning with concern and sympathy -- gone -- gone to New Orleans to survey the hurricane damage of Betsy. He left this afternoon about 5:00. He was due back sometime after midnight. There was nobody at all -- nobody -- that I could ask how he felt and why he went. So I sat down with the accumulated mail and then a book to wait for his return. Along about 1:00^{am}, looking weary, but talking about nothing but the hurricane damage, checking over the Departments even at that hour about whether food was being flown in and medicine and cots and telling ^{about} the man who had rushed up to him and said, "I've lost my baby!" One was 1 year old; one was 4. And Lyndon's face contorted just as the man's had just as though he were about to cry. He said it was horrible. He talked and read until about 2:00, and finally to sleep. So it was nearly 10:00 the next morning when we woke up -- gratefully, wonderfully -- a Saturday of rest to look forward to.

REDACTED

Day by day the press stories from the Grand Tetons had become less and less beautification and more and more Brent Eastman. I almost

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wished I had climbed the Grand Tetons itself to top the Brent story. How cruelly embarrassing for a fine young man who has three dates and shows no particular interest except as a friend. And for a young girl who is essentially sensitive, private and perhaps a trifle unsure.

SANITIZED

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Luci and Helene Lindow are going along with Ann Hand to chaperon and help select clothes.

Luci came in to say that this was the first Saturday night since she was 11 that she hadn't had a date. What a lot of satisfaction that little girl gets from being a girl. For about a year and three months now -- since June of '64 -- she has been totally happy and bubbling. But I for one -- let me count my blessings.

Philip Bobbitt has been our house guest for several days. He's at one of those crossroads in life -- two years ahead of himself in school -- he'd played too much at the University of Texas, and after the first term of making excellent grades, he had stopped working, come to an impasse. Now here he is on September 11th trying to get into either Harvard or Princeton. He's been accepted at Princeton. And he came in to tell us goodbye and thanks for staying here and for the help Lyndon's staff has given him.

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Jack has been counselor and friend and has somehow managed to open the doors to Princeton to him at this late date and at the same time to fire Philip's ambition so that I think he is getting off to it with a good start.

He and Luci gave each other an affectionate hug. And Luci said they had sat up until 2:30 this morning talking in her own private tower room -- the Solarium. Luci has a most intimate rapport with a wide range of people from 8 to 80.

It was a slow and easy day. I did some desk work which only staggered me. And then about 4:30 I lay~~d~~ down for a long and luxurious nap, waking a little before 7:00.

I called Lyndon to see what he would like to do with the evening and he began to name people he would like to ask over for dinner. A Saturday evening at 7:00 is not exactly the ideal time to plan a dinner party to begin within the hour. But we wound up by having the Joe Barrs -- he's the Under Secretary of the Treasury, the Gene Foleys, two young couples from the Departments that Lyndon looks upon as comers and as very able men -- Harry and Clay McPherson who brought their baby, Peter Baxter in a basket -- he's two months old. And also a bag of fresh home-grown tomatos. And to my delight, Mike and Mary Ellen Monroney. Mary Ellen is one of the few people around town who consistently asks me places -- asks us places. And I was delighted

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when it was Lyndon's own idea to ask them. One of the most attractive and social couples in the town. They nevertheless seemed real pleased to be with us on this spur[?]-of-the-moment fashion.

The 10 of us made short work of drinks. Lyndon in his diet means an early dinner, and that is a plus for all of us.

And then we had ~~cap~~ (2) coffee on the Truman Balcony looking out over the lighted fountain with the Monuments and the waning moon above the Treasury. And then went down to the theatre to see "The President's Country" for the first time for our guests and the two dozenth for me.

Peter Baxter McPherson occasionally announced his presence, and somehow he made his way into the kitchen where he was properly loved by Zephyr and all the help. What an amusing contrast this old house sees -- from the ^{most} ~~mestic~~ sophisticated guests to the homey guests who arrive with a baby in a basket and fresh tomatoes for the evening's meal.