

# LBJ LIBRARY DOCUMENT WITHDRAWAL SHEET

Doc #	DocType	Doc Info	Classification	Pages	Date	Restriction
	Transcript	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Saturday, October 9, 1965, Page 4		1	10/09/1965	C

---

**Collection Title** Lady Bird Johnson's Diary  
**Folder Title** Lady Bird Johnson's Diary October 3-31, 1965 [Book 27]  
**Box Number** 3

---

**Restriction Codes**

- (A) Closed by Executive Order 13292 governing access to national security information.  
(B) Closed by statute or by the agency which originated the document.  
(C) Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in the donor's deed of gift.

11/17/2014

\_\_\_\_\_  
Initials

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, October 9, 1965

Page 1

My second hospital day.

I slept until about 9:30 -- the deepest, most refreshing sleep.

I must have slept 10 or 11 hours like a thirsty man in the desert who finds a spring.

And then when I went into Lyndon's room, he was in fresh pajamas and he was pink and brown. His color was so good in comparison with yesterday's gray. Jim said he looks like he's just back from Palm Beach.

On Monday in New York for the visit of the Pope knowing full well what faced him he had taken a couple of hours off in the morning to order over a whole rack of clothes by two designers for young people, wanting to buy things for Lynda and Luci -- possibly some for me. Donald Brooks and <sup>Go</sup>Jeffrey Beene had sent over an assortment and with great pleasure and much modeling Lyndon had chosen a half dozen or more dresses for Lynda, several for Luci. And Luci walked in with her eyes all stars and emerged with an evening ensemble that had been meant for me. He had asked that these clothes be brought down for a fitting on Saturday. I had reminded him that Lynda Bird wanted to come up on Saturday, but did he think it best. Yes, he did, for the clothes were at the White House. So in the morning Lynda Bird went down for fittings, and I joined her about 1:00.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, October 9, 1965

Page 2

The White House was a shambles! The rugs in the second floor hall were gone and in my bedroom and the drapes were down -- everything was being cleaned. Mr. West was taking advantage of our absence for painting and puttying and window washing -- even putting in bullet proof glass in the bedroom windows of the President -- all the usual and unusual things of a well run household when the family is gone for a few days.

One of the nicest things this morning had been to see Lynda Bird's head on the pillow. When she woke up we talked about her article for National Geographic. She was quite pleased that they had decided to expand it. She had written reams of text. They had used a few sentences. Now they are making it several pages of her text.

With a shy sort of pleasure, she offered to show me her notes of the summer. And I read them with pride and increasing respect for her use of language, for her ability to feel and react to the variety of experiences -- <sup>that</sup> her trailer trip through the Southwest and then the Northwest <sup>had</sup> ~~that~~ afforded her.

The suite at the hospital is quite a busy place -- Dr. Burkley, Dr. Hallenbeck, Jim Cain, Willis Hurst, Dr. Young, a coterie of Navy doctors that I don't know so well. And Jack Valenti -- almost always there. Bill Moyers -- in and out on precision timing. Jake Jacobsen -- gently in the background. Marvin, Vickie, other secretaries.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, October 9, 1965

Page 3

Paul and Ken. Miss Chapawicki in charge, <sup>to</sup> with the happiness of everyone. It's a busy place. It is sometimes a funny place. There are jokes. I hear that the press has been ensconced in the psychiatric ward. Asking what had happened to the people in the ward, someone replied they had been given press cards. Somebody else said Lyndon on being rolled into the operating room had asked the surgeon to use 50 scalpels so he could give them away as souvenirs.

But for the first time the winds of fear blew through it for me -- sometime in the afternoon of Saturday -- when either Jim or Willis told me that Lyndon's fever was 100.6 -- not unusual they reassured me. I went in to watch them dress his wound, for the first time I saw it. It was fearsome -- like black chicken tracks all across his abdomen. It must have been 15 inches. Thank God for the 20 pounds that he had lost. His spirits were all right. He said, "Do you reckon Dr. Hallenbeck left his scissors in there?"

They were searching for any possible cause for the fever. But the wound looked fine, everybody agreed. They thought it was just a natural reaction of the body to being cut upon.

In the afternoon Dean Rusk called and talked to me. He said he was just back from New York and that he had talked to ever so many envoys at the United Nations -- all of them with warm messages hoping for the President's recovery, from Gromyko on down he said. Gromyko

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, October 9, 1965

Page 4

wished especially to be remembered to the President.

Lynda Bird went out in the evening for a date

SANITIZED

His fraternity had rented a barge on the canal. She looked very gay  
and cute.

SANITIZED

But I want

most of all gaiety for her at 21.

Often I just sat by Lyndon's bedside -- sometimes holding his hand and looked at the stack of telegrams.. Surprising how many of them were from strangers. And I would read him the ones that were the most touching or humorous or from old friends.

Sometime during the day Luci told me though it was too soon to judge, she thought it was quite possible that she might not make it as a nurse. ~~But~~ If she didn't like it after a year or so, she wasn't going to keep on. Oddly, she keeps on mentioning with pride that her best grade is in English -- in writing. She has a rare gift of expression, and I hope I have been silent about my own opinion that what she shows an aptitude for is either the stage or writing. For all her strange and charming maturity she has a complete intolerance for advice from parents.

Lyndon was ready to go to sleep or to try well before 10:00.  
And so I went in to watch "Gunsmoke".