

# LBJ LIBRARY DOCUMENT WITHDRAWAL SHEET

Doc #	DocType	Doc Info	Classification	Pages	Date	Restriction
	Transcript	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Sunday, October 31, 1965, Page 4		1	10/31/1965	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

Sunday, October 31, 1965

Page 1

It was as quiet a day as I remember at the LBJ Ranch. I woke up early -- before 7:00, but Lyndon was already having tea and looking at the paper. He hadn't slept well. He was feeling low. I for one certainly felt like I had been through an emotional wringer -- pummeled and harrowed and questioned at every turn. I am frustrated and angry because I felt the romance of one young girl was first our private business and second no earth-shaking news of state.

I slipped upstairs and crawled into bed with Lynda and Luci who were still sound asleep. Such is the resilience of youth. And we murmured sweet sleepy things to each other and I told them to be sure and get up in time to make the plane at 9:00. And then I dressed for the day. This was one Sunday we wouldn't be going to church. So it could be my usual ranch clothes -- pants and boots.

I had a cup of coffee with Bill White. He is going to scrap this book. He can't do it this way. Not enough time with Lyndon. He'll propose another one. This has not been the weekend for history. He does not seem distressed. He thinks there are plenty of other approaches. Lyndon stayed in bed. And everyone asked me to say their goodbyes to him.

For Jimilu at least it had been a satisfying and successful visit. I like her so much as a person and as an artist. When I had hugged and kissed and smiled and reassured enough -- the last person was in and

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 31, 1965

Page 2

the plane taxied off, ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> me this was a day to walk. The sun was glorious. And I walked up the runway trying to remember where the Texas star were planted, where the great blanket of mixed flowers -- gaillardia, wine cup, verben<sup>phlox</sup>a, wild ~~flocks~~, everything. Then the blue-bonnets began. I looked at the yucca. I was pleased. They were living. Then I came back up around by Dale's house, warning them ahead of time. I stopped in for a cup of coffee. It was a delightful half hour, and they told me about the exciting social life of Stonewall. They had celebrated halloween the night before with a big dance at the gym preceded by a cocktail party at Lela's. It had been a costume affair of course. And Dale and Jewel had won (I had already heard that from the Secret Service) -- she, dressed in her wedding dress, five months pregnant, and Dale in his tux, followed by Mr. Hodges with his shot gun! And then there was a man who came as a wolf with a very wolffish mask on to which he could twitch the nose and wink the eye. And he had a long and an elaborate tail full of cackle burrs and leaves. He said he had been "running across the country. It turned out he was a wig maker, and this was one of his masterpieces.

Weeze had gone in a potato sack that proclaimed on the front, "It looks like a potato sack, it feels like a potato sack, it is a potato sack." For evening wear, <sup>add</sup> ~~Ed Erman~~ <sup>Ermine</sup> around the neck. It saves money on expensive French models. <sup>"They</sup> We had had an hilarious time and danced

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 31, 1965

Page 3

until after 2:00 and then had a breakfast at Simon Berg's and gone to bed about 3:00. Just think of what we had missed!

Dale and I drove around to the cemetery and the birthplace and talked about where to put out more bluebonnets -- to be sure and let the flowers along the fence rows go to seed before they were shredded -- and putting out more yucca when they were dormant in December or January, and how good the little mottos of sumac were looking at the turn of the road.

And then back home around noon I found Lyndon up and he and Lynda ready to go for a little drive. So the three of us did, with the top down, silent, but communicative<sup>ing</sup> nevertheless. Lynda, so sweet and anxious to help us out. We had asked Dr. Akin to come and have a little private service. And we got back just as he drove in for a brief prayer service, with Lyndon and Jesse and Luci and Lynda and me<sup>me</sup> / Jewel and Dale and Weeze came in for a moment and attended.

And then lunch. How small the table looks with only six of us! And then Lyndon said that he was going with A. W. and Jesse to the Davis Ranch -- did I want to come? I didn't. I wanted to be with Lynda and play bridge. And I want him to learn. He left and we sat in the front yard -- the Malecheks joined us. And just as we were getting into the game, up drove Lucia.

I've become very fond of her this last year since we've been

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 31, 1965

Page 4

working on the houses together. But I was nervously patting my foot waiting to get on with the bridge game while she told us

SANITIZED

And then we had two or three good hands when she left. And then the President called -- would Lynda and I join him at the West Ranch. We would. We cannot say "no" for long. At the end of the hand we jumped into the helicopter and flew to the West Ranch. But no Lyndon. The Secret Service said they would come by car, arriving in about 10 minutes. I walked down the runway and saw exactly what I wanted our runway to be -- clumps of sumac, crimson and scarlet and green on each side the mountains rising in the distance. If only I can get ours in two years to look like this in November. Still no Lyndon, so we started walking down the road as far as the old stone fence -- perhaps a mile or so from the airport. And then A. W.'s Lincoln drove up behind us. It had made a cross-country cut. They had gotten lost. They were sorry. What did it matter. Today is just for the leveling out of everybody's feelings. We drove and looked at deer. It was peaceful. Then we said goodbye to Lynda at the West airstrip. She went home to the University in the little "Hewey". Such a comforting, marvelous child. And Jesse and Lyndon and I

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 31, 1965

Page 5

helicoptered home. Just as we got off the plane Jesse said, "Did he ever talk to Luci?" And I said, "No, not at all". And he said, "Well, speaking from experience I can't tell you what to do, but I can tell you what not to do -- don't refuse to talk about it. That's the way I did, and it didn't work." I hoped he would say this to Lyndon. He did. I do not know with what impression.

We walked in, had dinner -- just the four of us -- the smallest and quietest crowd, the quietest day at the LBJ Ranch I can remember in a long time.

And then I called Luci. All was well with her. It was Halloween. What had she done? Why, of course, she had put on her rubber mask and a costume and she and Pat had gone "trick or treating." She said, "Imagine how I felt, Momma, when I walked into a great big Drug Fair. And the Press had been following me all day long. And not a soul knew who I was." What a perfect end for the day for Luci. And one obvious end -- Halloween, wearing a mask, what else?

It was a sensible release from emotional turmoil, and I went to bed feeling much better about the whole thing.

There had been a book review in the Tribune Book Week of Mrs. Johnson's family album. It was devastating. The reviewer was <sup>a</sup>would-be sophisticate. I suppose he classes himself as an intellectual who doesn't take it for the simple family album Christmas gift that it is.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, October 31, 1965

Page 6

He says it is mildly interesting in praising the Parsons, planters, soldiers, cattle men, frontiersmen and members of the First Family tree -- that the President's introductory letter too generously promises beautiful prose. And then <sup>he</sup> ~~what~~ goes on to say, "That only a mother's love could prompt the author's prose in recalling her famous son's birth." Having finished her description, he says, "We are not told whether a star rose in the East." He goes on to make an <sup>al</sup> ~~el~~usion to the Sammy Glick of the prairie. One thing that I thought was rather perceptive though -- he understands that <sup>line of</sup> ~~the~~ Mrs. Johnson's ~~the~~ about Lyndon's reading where she says, "Paying special attention to the ones that really happened", is a good description of Lyndon. <sup>re-</sup> ~~He~~ calls in fact "No more definitive line of Johnson is in print." And ~~the~~ <sup>he</sup> manages himself to end up on a note of sentiment describing how Lyndon had donated \$4,000 to the Sam Rayburn Library Fund "In memory of my wonderful Mother." "Lyndon Johnson's tears, moving eulogy, and the tremors in his voice that day were real. Philip Wiley might not approve, but it is awfully hard to knock a guy for being that kind of Momma's boy. Oh well, I guess we'll have to have some such reviews from the glossy sophisticates. I hope I'm the only one who reads the "Book Review" pages.

*Finished*