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1	Transcript	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Sunday, December 12, 1965, Page 3		1	12/12/1965	C

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Initials

Sunday, December 12, 1965

perfect

The end of an idyl, and what a glorious ^{glad} and blue day.

Lyndon early decided to skip church, a decision ~~in which~~ I in no way contested. We piled into the Bronco ~~(to)~~ - Lyndon and I and Arthur and Mathilda and Jesse for a last farewell tour around the Danz Place and Martin, and numerous conversations with Dale to inquire where every shredder and cedar and tractor and employee was, directions to get the ^{moved} foundered bulls off the place so only our "best merchandise" will show. I/

I jumped out ^{at} ~~of~~ the first tank to find that the Blue Bonnets are really coming up thick along the embankment. Lyndon beams at all the work that has been done, but ~~ceaselessly~~ ^{ceaselessly} finds another field that ought to be shredded or seeded or a shed ~~that ought to be~~ ^{painted} our new green which incidently is sprouting ^{up} across the landscape, or washes that ought to be filled in. I know the ranch force and our return will greet the ~~xx~~-convening of Congress /with a sigh of relief.

Okie has been spending his days down here getting some really artistic shots for his own story of a President's Country -- from sunset on the Pedernales ^{to} that view that I always love so much from our own yard [^] to the humble farm lantern that hangs on the back porch in the old Sam Johnson house. --- these things that ^{and} bespeak the country ~~is~~ its way of life.

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The day was so beautiful that we are going to have lunch at the lake. So we helicoptered over about one , stopping to pick up A. W. and landed at what Lyndon called Mount Mathilda where the Krims are going to build a house. Right now it is a rocky hill topped by a windmill and dotted with mesquite and persimmons and cat's claw cactus. How nice to look forward to the time when we will ~~at~~ really live here and have such neighbors and perhaps more.

For the first time I am these last few months assured that Lyndon ~~x~~ can retire. Now if he can only stay well and strong and do a good job until we can honorably buy our ticket home.

We had lunch in the brick-paved patio. The sky was cloudless and the temperature in the 70s. In Florida or Palm Springs, ~~we~~ would be hard put to do better than the Hill Country today., The most delicious charcoal broiled hamburgers -- the smell as good as the taste -- pinto beans and all the trimmings and a cup custard as good as Zephyr ever made. Mary is definitely learning. They are a wonderful couple.

Lyndon has spent these last few days talking ranching and cattle and business with A. W. just as though he were going to put everything on ice for months, as indeed he is, because when we return in January our chance to live this sort of life has practically ended/ for an indefinite period -- perhaps a weekend now and then.

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There is a happy, sad feel to the day. I think even the Secret Service will be a little sad to go back. Lyndon, who sometimes growls at the number of them who attend to him when he sees 5 or 6 riding along in a car, talks about Mexican ^{when} ~~R~~ Generals in a fond and joking ^{ood} ~~m~~ed with them. He calls Clarence ~~a~~ head of the Country Boy Detail. He is indispensable -- knows how to find our way to the most remote pasture -- how to gut a deer and how to get out of a mud hole .

After lunch Lyndon was going boat riding, but I wanted to drive ~~into~~ town to have an hour with Lynda and a hair-do before dinner at the Governor's so I ~~felt~~ left him with the Krims and the Moursunds. Bill Moyers and I drove in along one of the pleasantest roads in Texas.

SANTIZED

But

as of now something else is emerging. With stars in her eyes and

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bells in her voice, I believe she feels at 21 like I did when I was 17, and like Luci apparently has most of her young, ^{and} gay life. It is a joy to me to see her happy and excited. I had a good visit with her, and Dolly dressed ~~by~~ my hair and I put on my beautiful white satin Molly Parnis ~~(S)~~ ensemble, ^{and} was ready when Lyndon came by about six-twenty. Lynda has made a ~~comfortable~~ ^{happy} transition from her big comfortable room at the White House to sharing a small one the size of her bathroom with two other girls and sharing a tiny closet. She is not bedeviled by the need of things. On the other hand I want her to enjoy things --- clothes, elegant places to ~~dine~~ and dance - a plane trip to Acapulco. I believe she can handle them and not they rule her.

We took the Krims and Oveta with us to dinner at the Mansion. This was something I had been looking forward to lovingly. First, because it was John and Nellie and at the Mansion -- a place I had long wanted them to be -- and they ~~now~~ are filling it with grace ~~and~~ and good work. Second, I knew I would see a lot of old friends, and we did. The Lloyd Bentsens, the Merrill Connallys, the Seaborn Eastlands, and June and Frank Erwin. He and John and I found ourselves a seat on a sofa and had a quiet visit about the architect for the Library. Apparently it was a decision that the Governor was supposed to be in on. Somebody has goofed. I never knew it. I simply outlined all the steps I had taken, the evaluation we had made ^{of Harrison and Abramowitz} ~~(S)~~

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and Phillip Johnson and Yamasaki (?), Paul Rudolph and Adolph
~~Gohr~~ ^{Kahn} (?), Bunshaft of Skidmore, Owens & Merrill, emphasizing
clearly that I was -- none of us were really an authority on the
architect, and there was no prototype to follow. ^{John} ~~Don~~ and Frank
were interested and agreeable. It was bad planning not to have
called in the Governor on it sooner.

The Zack Lentzes were there. I hadn't seen them in ages.
Adele and Gene Locke, Nancy and Alfred Negley. She told me my
Christmas tree would be delivered on Tuesday. And the John Peaces
of San Antonio. Harry and Frances Provence. And the Joe Sheehys
of Tyler. Others with whom John had worked ~~with~~ on Lyndon's
campaigns since he, John, first came with us back in '38 or '39.
It was a delightful evening. The Mansion was beautiful. I was so
proud to have the Krims meet John and Nellie and all of our friends.
Young Johnny is taller than his Daddy and bigger. And Mark is still
an adorable youngster. And Sherry B. much like Nellie.

There were no speeches, but nevertheless it was an evening
when nostalgia was just below the surface. I thought of all the years
we had worked together. The aim is quite unspoken or did the seeds
of today lie somewhere in our consciousness, and here was John in
the Governor's Mansion and Lyndon President. It was a great day.
We left a little before ten and were aboard Air Force One headed for
Washington, and I stretched out to sleep and actually slept most of
the way.

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We arrived at the White House door about two and now I was wide awake and read for an hour in bed. ²Of all things, a little diary which I had kept in '29, '30 and '31 - age 16, 17 and 18 and which had remained at the brick house in a cedar chest -- had been sent to me with an unsigned note by some person who had dismantled Daddy's belongings in the old brick store! I squirm appropriately .

Finally Lyndon came and crawled in bed with me at three.

We went to rest for the busy week that lies ahead.