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Page 1 of 1

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1	Transcript	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Page 4		1	01/30/1966	C

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Folder Title Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, January 1-30, 1966 [Book 29]

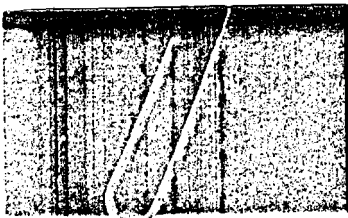
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9/5/2014

Initials



January 30, 1966
Sunday

Lyndon and I went out into a Washington white and silent, blanketed under eight inches of snow. Drifts piled many feet high by the wind. We went to the Red Mass at St. Matthews Cathedral, Luci and Pat went with us, Lynda Bird snugly at home in bed, and heard Arch Bishop O'Boyle compare Lyndon's situation in Asia to George Washington at Valley Forge. And at the end he said, "As you leave this morning, you take with you our respect, our affection, and our confidence" ^{JP} It was a sparse congregation, not more than 200 persons and it usually draws most of the Cabinet, the Court, the heavy contingent of the House and Senate and a big group from the Diplomatic Corps. Only the most faithful, the Speaker of course, and Mrs. MacCormack were there. About forty minutes late, the Chief Justice and Mrs. Warren came in. As we sat on the front row I stared down at the very center of aisle, where there was a legend ^{in Latin} saying approximately this. "Here rested the remains of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy during the funeral Mass. Preceding their removal to Arlington where they await the joyous day of Resurrection." Somehow the pronouns "they" and "their" seem to rob Kennedy ~~of~~ the man of being an individual, a human. And put [?] him ^{into} another stranger ^{and} colder classification. ^{JP} The sermon was on Sir Thomas More. I never knew before that he was a Saint. And it was as good a sermon [?] I ever

heard. And about as interesting a human predicament and human reaction. [#] From the church we went to the Valentis. Lyndon had been talking all morning with Jack about ~~how's~~ ^{Gatto} Gatto in the days that I have been in New York. Little Corey, as she calls herself has acquired a cat, ^{Gatto} Gatto. And ~~she~~ ^{and Gatto} and Gatto have paid daily visits to Lyndon in his office, furnishing laughter and relaxation, often in the midst of most unexpected surroundings, such as Cabinet meetings.

(And ^{Chief of} ~~keeps~~ the staff in full regalia.) ² Sure enough, at the Valentis the snow was piled hip high, the narrow lane about twelve inches wide shoveled much earlier that morning by Jack. It was hilarious to try to walk through. I borrowed a pair of size twelve boots, stepped out of them and plunged laughing into the snow. Inside we had hot coffee and a few moments for Corey to climb all over Lyndon and say "I love Prez", while Luci and Pat and I and her parents were the ardent clappers in the play. Then back at the White House we had an omelet lunch with the children. Then Lyndon lay down for a nap and much much reading of papers and ² great folders of night reading.

^{Lyndon's} ~~Lyndon's~~ ^{Lynda's} guests, John and Vince Loftus, had been coming from Texas in a storm for several days, by car, train, and bus, had gotten as far as Alexandria, about 7:00 o'clock Sunday morning and had been snow bound all day. About 7:00 I went down to the pool.

having tried unsuccessfully to get Lyndon from his office to join me. And then, after I had had about 20 laps, a phone call. ^{He} He was coming, bringing ~~George~~ ^{McGeorge} Bundy with him. And the Bill Whites whom we had invited to dinner, sat on the edge ^{of the pool} and had a drink. I completed the last of my thirty laps and listened to Lyndon and McGeorge. [#] All day there had been the air of excitement that goes through the house when something is afoot ~~that~~, when a decision has been made. We were going to resume bombing, probably would hear something by six or seven o'clock. But in the pool, Lyndon got a call and he came back and said to McGeorge, [#] "bad weather, it will be midnight before we hear." Harrowing though it is, during the time of making a decision, there is a relief or relaxation afterward, still without knowing whether it is right or wrong. It's like the end of physical exertion — you have learned all you can, weighed everything and decided, and then before the tenseness sets in again there is a period of relief. So ~~it~~ it was while we swam.

Bill White and Mac ~~and~~ and I had a scotch and Lyndon, his diet Dr. Pepper, one calorie. McGeorge is the most charming company, one of the most articulate and delightful human beings I have ever met. He and ~~Lyndon~~ have a particular affinity for each other. ~~He~~ ^{She} Lynda

[1/30/66]

- 4 -

came in to show us a white lace bikini, covered by a little girl dress with a great pink sash.

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As we swam we talked of the next day's events. By morning the resumption of bombing would be known. Also, we were going to the United Nations to the Security Council through Ambassador Goldberg, asking them to bring the full weight of their influence and authority to bear on the Vietnam question. I feel that I and millions of other women never quite understood why the United Nations couldn't shoulder more of the burden, couldn't solve more of the problem before now. Patiently Lyndon and McGeorge explained to me, and this is at least what I learned from their talk. That since neither North Vietnam or China are members of the United Nations and since Russia's attitude would be very much of a question mark, the chance of its being a real forum, a real tool toward success was very slim. ^{# But at least} So I think in the eyes of the public it is good that we are going through the United Nations, because we must not leave a stone unturned, a door unknocked on, ^{so} ~~though~~ tomorrow these two big efforts start. We spent much of the afternoon looking at TV shows. One ^{whole} ~~members~~ of Congress ^{were} discussing Vietnam. Hale Boggs, very ably, Senators Mundt, Joe Clarke, Stennis of Mississippi and Senator Morse, quite wildly. [#] So tomorrow a double-pronged efforts begins. Tonight it was warm and pleasant in the

West Hall. — ^{as} Ma and Bill Moyers and the Bill Whites and the Emmett Reardon's. ⁷ Lynda Bird returned from the station having finally rescued Don Loftus and Vincent, his brother, from the snow. They are the first real college types she had dates with. — Good looking, muscular, quiet, John studying petroleum land management, Lyndon in the pool had teased Lynda not to get interested in anybody who is studying petroleum land management. What we needed was somebody that was studying goats. — ⁸ Somebody that can make the Scholarship horse pay! Lyndon was in a high good humor. To be back on a course of action - to have reached a decision, is a release for him no matter how agonizing the situation may be or the course uncertain. [#] The city was still held tight in the grip of the storm. And more snow was promised for Monday. So I called Liz and told her we had better cancel the reception for the hanging of Mrs. Roosevelt's protrait, on Monday afternoon. ⁷ It was a sleepless night for Lyndon. I was vaguely aware when he called the Situation Room off and on during the night and then at 6:00 he was bolt upright with the light on and the radio going. So I heartlessly left ^{for} the snug cocoon of my own bed. It will take years to catch up on the sleep he has lost in the White House! [#]