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Initials

MEMORANDUM  
THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, February 14, 1966

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My Valentine was the <sup>1</sup>Lyndon slept until 9 o'clock. There couldn't be a happier gift. I spent the night in my room, and perversely woke before eight, had coffee in the West hall with Jim Cain, Dr. Berkeley, and Dr. Fox, and Marvin and Jake, while we waited for Lyndon to wake up and finish having his medical exam. The results of all the tests were good, the weight of the problems in his head don't show up yet on his body unless it's those deepening lines on his cheeks. He has kept under 200 pounds - we have every reason to be grateful.

Then, when the doctors left, the Nugents came in to have a cup of coffee and say goodby. It turned out to be a long and very interesting talk. I brought up the subject of what Pat and Luci will do on their return from their honeymoon, which alternative - whether to work at the job/<sup>Pat</sup>has gotten for himself - Government Committee on the Hill, and an apartment here in Washington. Or go to <sup>Austin</sup>~~Washington~~ as Lyndon has suggested, finish getting his Master's at the University of Texas, while Luci goes on with school, and while Pat works at least, part time, under the incomparable tutelage of Jesse Kell~~on~~, a privilege whose duration is not known to any of us.

Or, and this is the third alternative, and I, myself, am inclined to favor it. Just pick out University "X", where they have a good business Administration school, where they will be completely separated from family,

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on their own, to make their own mistakes, or their own happiness. To try it for at least one year, learning about life together and responsibility and independence, then always, always hope they will come back to Austin by choice.

Mr. Nugent quickly said that the Washington job would be his last choice. He thought they would be much better off away from the spotlight of the White House and away from a Government job. I was pleased he said that, but he's inclined to favor Austin, and Lyndon very much thinks that Austin is the best solution for them.

Our difficulty is - how long, how supple would be the leash around Pat's neck, as a son-in-law working at KTBC? Would we oversee him too much, blame, or praise, or expect too much? I want their companionship but I want their independence more. If they were off at University 'X', they would have to learn what daddy always used as though it were one word, "the-value-of-the-dollar".

Yesterday, Lyndon had undertaken to find out the whereabouts of the Nugent's older son, who is in Viet-Nam and from whom they haven't heard in a little over three weeks. His discovery was that his Company was directly in the midst of the roughest fighting, Operation Double Eagle. Nothing is known about any one individual. The Marines say they get word of a wounded or killed man to his parents, within 18 hours, so this is one of those times when no news is good news - and you sweat it out.

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Lyndon was wonderful with the Nugents, and the simplicity and straightforwardness, and simple friendliness in which he talked to them about Pat and Luci, and Jerry.

SANITIZED

They were driving to Florida, St. Petersburg, where they have a house trailer, permanently installed in a trailer camp in St. Petersburg, and they spend about six weeks this time of year, enjoying the sunshine and fishing, and playing bridge.

SANITIZED

I worked at my desk a bit and then got involved in that feminine dilemma that seldom happens to me. What to wear! I had agreed to go to the Heart Luncheon, an annual event, to raise money for the American Heart Association that always takes place on St. Valentine's Day, when one of the largest rooms in town, is loaded with chattering women in flowered hats, whose tickets help a good cause, that has struck home to me.

Every year since 1955, I had gone to this, usually taking constituents, and as Lyndon progressed higher in his job, sometimes sitting at the head table as an honored guest; only when he got into the Presidency had I stopped, and today was a lesson to me, in how either I or the event had changed.

In the first place, it lasted three hours. I have not been to a style show in years. I have not sat at lunch for three hours, a public luncheon, that is,

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for a very long time. Fortunately, I was between Dr. Helen Tausig<sup>5</sup>, whose research meant so much for the blue baby operation; and Connie Casey, who had all the latest news from the Womens National Democratic Club, so it was lively conversation.

Besides the style show, the entertainment consisted of a dancer with ~~the~~ remarkable name of Killer Joe Pyro, whose relation with the Heart Association was a little vague to me. When we met at the reception, and pictures were being taken, Liz carefully had several others in the group with Killer Joe and me. However, when it turned up in print the next morning, there the two of us were, alone, in apparently interested conversation.

And then when he got up to entertain, he asked the audience to rise with him and go through all the motions of a dance called "The Swim". My fairly usual amiability was not equal to the occasion. I arose to watch the room full of ladies, in various degrees of cooperation, with Killer Joe Pyro, the dance leader.

Back at the White House, Brent Eastman who had flown up from Austin, and was stopping over for a day or two of sightseeing before going on to England, was having a special tour. I asked him into the West Hall for a cup of coffee, hoping that Lyndon would show up for lunch - it was 3:30 - because I would very much like him to meet Brent. He loved our country - Lynda Bird had taken him horseback riding for three or four hours, in seventy degree weather, the country was green, about like April or May in Wyoming.

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We talked about the techniques of British doctors and what he would probably learn. He said that they are inclined to think that American doctors are gadget happy - too much oriented toward techniques and equipment, and not toward the brain of the individual practitioner.

I cannot fathom the degree of his interest in Lynda, but I hope he continues being a part of her life.

At 4 o'clock was the big event of the day, the Meeting on the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library. Bill Heath had brought with him <sup>and</sup> two other regents, Ruth Johnson and Frank Erwin; and Frank Ikard lives here. So the Board of Regents was well represented - and Dr. Ransom had come also. Both Max and Roy White were here; <sup>and</sup> Gordon Bunshaft. Clark Clifford was my standby; Dr. Grover who had prepared, from his vast storehouse of knowledge, and experience, <sup>the</sup> "program," as it's called - that is the outline of the needs for the Library building, on which Gordon Bunshaft and Max will go to work.

Dorothy and Juanita were with us. We met in the Treaty Room. I now feel that I have two Boards of Directors Rooms - the Treaty Room, which served to bring into being <sup>the</sup> finished product of Lyndon's Boyhood Home; and now, when we're in Washington, is the meeting place for our Library discussions. And the other Board of Directors Room is the West Room of the little house where Lyndon was born.

We met at four, <sup>It</sup> was a three hour meeting. The first big surprise was that instead of the 100,000 square feet which had been originally envisioned

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by the University, that Dr. Grover's suggested layout had risen to 137,000 square feet, that the University was agreeable to it, and most surprising of all, that at a luncheon meeting <sup>the</sup> nucleus of this group here <sup>has</sup> decided to proceed simultaneously with building <sup>the</sup> School of Public Service. This means we must accelerate on two fronts. One, finding a Director for the School of Public Service; two, finding a Director or Archivist for the Library. There should be a board - yesterday - that should help plan the buildings they will work in!

Dr. Grover reported on the space requirements of all the components of the Library; what will be done with this 137,000 square feet. Everybody present was in cheering agreement, although I think the Regents are concerned about the public reaction - the possible additional expenditure.

Frank Irwin reported on the land acquisition - there were some 68 private individuals involved in the 19 acres which the University is purchasing. Agreements more or less amicable, have been reached with all but 12 of these. It now remains for one more hard push to try to reach a settlement with these twelve, or else there will be condemnation proceedings, court cases, necessary unpleasantness. Intertwined with all this is when should we have a release about the location of the Library? In time to take the blast from these condemnation proceedings? It is a secret that can hardly be kept. It is almost a matter of public knowledge now, where it will go, although

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there's been no official announcement.

Dorothy and Juanita talked about the need for the very early establishment of acquisitions committee - <sup>don</sup> motis oparandi, where is money coming from? How can we get a bibliography of all the papers we have, and all those that we need and don't have. We talked of using the space in this 137,000 square foot structure, <sup>that</sup> that will not be immediately needed by the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library, because, indeed, it is planned for expansion. Space to be used by other University-owned, and related exhibits—Latin American Exhibit, Texana Exhibit, perhaps the Walter Prescott Webb materials.

Yes, of course, that would be agreeable to me - I felt it would be to Lyndon, but there should be some sort of written agreement that as the Library expanded, those <sup>are</sup> to be removed by the University in years to come.

We progressed from coffee to scotch, in the course of the three hours. Bunshaft proved to be one of the most humorous members of the group, ruefully announcing that Texans think you can build things before you've even got it thought out.

And Clark Clifford was my anchor throughout.

I asked the Texas visitors to stay for dinner, so a little past seven, <sup>there</sup> there was Gordon Bunshaft and Dorothy, and Juanita, and Clark left, and Dr. Grover. Homer Thornberry came in. He settled the Regents and Dr. Ransom in the Lincoln Room, where he <sup>is</sup> ~~has~~ established as our house guest, and drinks went ~~into~~ them, while I took Ruth Johnson down to see the Mary Cassatt, and then on the first floor to see where we had hung <sup>the</sup> Chandor portrait of Eleanor



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Roosevelt.

Then we discussed the needs of the White House, more paintings of the American great. She told me about their new exhibit of Georgia O'Keeffe. She's one of the most interesting women I know, and when I return to Texas I look forward to finding all the people who do things like she does, and being a part of the life of the state.

I called Lyndon but it was nearly 9 o'clock before he joined us. We had a fire in the Yellow Room. I had a little time for a private talk with Dr. Ransom, and he told me that all the names that I had sent in as possible directors, all except two, had appeared on the list produced by his faculty. His faculty committee, incidentally, going to work at great speed, will be presenting a preliminary program of The School of Public Service by March 1st. Will make visits to all the schools, <sup>that</sup> have similar institutes or schools, between now and May. I asked him to have them stop off and visit with me when they were up in this part of the country, perhaps going to or from Princeton or Harvard.

Max and Roy and I had a moment about the ninth floor, hoped we could put it off. And Frank and I a moment about June, who he says, <sup>is</sup> to her doctors <sup>an</sup> ~~a~~ enigma, a miracle; they do not know how she is living. They have given her more cobalt than anybody's supposed to have. She's alive and happy, and they pray every night, he says.

Lyndon reached into his closed ~~box~~ and gave mementoes to all those who didn't already have them. This morning, <sup>he</sup> had really loaded the Nugents.

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He gets such joy out of giving things to people that he likes, or who themselves express appreciation and delight that he's doing it. He took everybody over to his office except Max and Roy, with whom I needed to talk, and by 12 o'clock, the full day was over, and they were gone.

Target day for completion is May of '69. Nothing is ever done on time. <sup>Would</sup> I ~~was~~ settled for October of '69 and I hope that the last months I shall be very free and very busy, working on the interior and the exhibits.

Liz had put out the announcement of Luci's wedding, <sup>with</sup> today, August 6th, the place, the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. I had given her the go ahead signal, whenever she felt she needed to do, to head off a stream of speculations. The party and the announcement story both set the tone for a family affair, not State occasion.

Now comes the six month's endurance contest to stick to it!