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**Collection Title** Lady Bird Johnson's Diary  
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Initials

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, March 26, 1966

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Lyndon had the best nights sleep he's had in a long time. It was nearly 10:00 when we awoke.

SANTIZED

Susan wore a balon bridal veil, darling and elegant, and her father stood beside her and answered the Minister's question when he said, "Who gives this woman in marriage?" "Her mother and I do." All of us like that.

Christ's Church is so impressive that anyone married there in front of God and George Washington and Robert E. Lee must be as permanently married as any Roman Catholic.

My eyes were very much on Trudie. She looked so serene and quiet and acceptant, and so very loving as though "this is all I can do - as far as I can go."

From the Church we went to their home to a reception. Probably a pre-revolutionary home, furnished with delightful antiques, very much the record of their lives together, and warm with pictures and books and a fireplace and windows that open onto the garden.

There were about 100 guests -- Tom <sup>Corcoran</sup> ~~Cophran~~, Joe Fowler said, "This is my oldest friend in Washington." And Loretta Hopkins, their next door neighbors. There were a lot of pictures and gay chatter about your getting in practice for Luci. ~~XXX~~ And then we rode back to the White House about 12:30.

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Abe came to lunch. He always comes at all of the crises of our lives. Quiet and wise and tough and understanding, always humor and compassion and closeness.

*omit*  
**SANTIZED**

*muchore*  
was to work

on my speeches with Mrs. Provenson. I did in the Queens' Room for about an hour and a half. One at the University, San Antonio when the lights are turned *along the Riverwalk* on, and at Ft. Davis -- it sounded pretty good.

I always feel better if I have ~~it~~ worked. Tonight we were going out to dinner. Lyndon had actually thought of going to Camp David. Early this morning he said, "Let's ask the McNamaras." But when I did at the wedding reception Margy had said, "No, we can't. We are having a small dinner." But why don't you come and have dinner with us?" So at 8:00, in black tie and my white ~~and~~ *Sara* ~~serry~~ evening dress we went to the McNamara's. The Katzenbach's, the Walt Rostow's and Barbara Ward, (Lady Jackson) were the other guests.

But first the room was full of young Margy McNamara's friends, home for Spring vacation, two Katzenbach's, her own friend named MacArthur, with two or three more. These students were from the Eastern schools. They looked, I can only say, different from the youth I have known first-hand. The

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most attractive was the one named MacArthur, Margy's date, was going to Woodrow Wilson at Princeton and was interested in politics.

It was a good evening for talk. The McNamara's were as brown as could be -- just back from a place in the Alps where they had skied. Craig's arm still in a cast. The last time it had been his leg. I know the joy they have, being together. The climbing of mountains is what they like most. The next who are on my list for such a week away from the grind are Lyndon and Dean.

Bob McNamara and Walt Rostow <sup>Yezzer</sup> ~~again~~ talking about the time when they were both applicants for a Rhodes scholarship. One had been asked to define "liberalism" and then "Nazism". Another had been asked to make a hog call!

I found myself sitting next to the Attorney General for a good part of the evening. He's interesting to listen to and talking about his education at one of the colleges of <sup>AI</sup> I suppose it is, Cambridge <sup>called</sup> Vallejo. He spoke of how many African students there were there -- a great deal of foreigners, especially ~~foreigners~~ Africans -- and of how once on seeing a movie of a genuine African tribe, rowing along in a dug-out canoe, the audience had broken out impulsively and hilariously into a "<sup>now</sup> ~~roll~~ Vallejo, <sup>now</sup> ~~roll~~".

We talked of Washington and politics and their effect on our childrens' lives. I use Lynda Bird's old statement, "momma, this town was planned for Congressmen and their wives, but not for their children." And he said, "Yes, it's a company town." Interesting expression for our one main means of livelihood, working for the Government.

Lovely Elspeth Rostow talked about their honey moon. The war was just

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fresh over, and they had gone over on some sort of a research study, found themselves living in an old castle in Austria. High ceilinged ~~eloquent~~ elegant rococo, quite <sup>devoid</sup> ~~devoid~~ of comforts. On a diet of cucumbers? <sup>a</sup> And <sup>flour</sup> ~~flower~~ that CARE packages were sending in, <sup>a</sup> And thin, sliced <sup>salami</sup> ~~salami~~, <sup>f</sup> For about three months. This was their introduction, to married life and international politics.

I was looking at Walt with the idea in mind that he might play some part of a role in the vacancy left by McGeorge Bundy. He had been delightful company, full of ideas and very different from us. If these last two years plus have shown anything, they have shown Lyndon's ability to stretch and encompass and work with men very different from him.

As always in such a gathering I am conscious, and I wonder if Lyndon is conscious, of the difference in educational backgrounds of the men he deals with, and of where fate has thrust him. I think a keen awareness of this is a part of the motivation of his bull-like thrust toward education, his determination that more and more people shall have it available, even if they come from <sup>Dime-box</sup> ~~din-box~~ or <sup>Rosebud</sup> ~~Roseboro~~ or Johnson City. If I could have chosen an evening and a set of companions I couldn't have picked a more delightful one! And there are few of them in our life these days. People assume that we are very busy, that we don't go out to small private parties. At least that's what I hope they assume.

My only regret was that I didn't get to talk to, or rather listen to, Barbara Jackson, one of the most interesting women I know.

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