

LBJ LIBRARY DOCUMENT WITHDRAWAL SHEET

Page 1 of 1

<u>Doc #</u>	<u>DocType</u>	<u>Doc Info</u>	<u>Classification</u>	<u>Pages</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Restriction</u>
1	Transcript	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Page 7		1	06/21/1967	C

Collection Title Lady Bird Johnson's Diary

Folder Title Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, June 1-25, 1967 [Book 45]

Box Number 5

Restriction Codes

- (A) Closed by Executive Order 13526 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.

9/5/2014


Initials

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 21, 1967

Page 1

It was indeed the longest day of the year. ⁹ I awoke rather dazedly to the noise of people moving around in the house and hush ^{ed} talk with an occasional laugh. I thought this certainly has been a short night and reached for the phone. I asked the operator what time it was, and he said 12:13. Something must be wrong. I had thought it was morning. I asked him again and he said 12:13, and I realized I had only been asleep an hour. And about that time Billy Bailey stuck his head in the door, grinning cheerfully and said, "It looks like we're in business." And quite stupidly I said, "Do you mean it's time to go to the hospital?" "Yes, I think so." ⁹ I got up and went into the kitchen to see if there was anything I could do. And there was Joe Batson who had gone through the ritual of putting on the coffee pot. And Luci was in her room putting on her makeup. So there was plenty of time to dress. And I had a cup of Joe's coffee. Luci was laughing and Pat was not. Yes, her suitcase was ready. I had seen it sitting on a table packed for days. Billy Bailey actually looked ~~delated~~. He and Dr. Thompson had gotten into the habit of taking turns each morning calling rather anxiously -- "How do you feel this morning?" And Luci said they sounded disappointed when she said, "I feel fine."

It was a little past 1:00 when Luci and Pat left in one car for Seton's, and I followed right behind. I remember I asked Jerry Kevett what time it was, and he said, "1:09".

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 21, 1967

Page 2

We went straight up to the 4th floor where Luci was taken to a labor room. Mary Love was there already I believe. And Billy Bailey called Dr. Philip Thompson, the obstetrician, and the other members of the team. And our old friend, Dr. Morgan. The young pediatrician who will take care of the baby, Dr. Philip Kogen. And the anesthesiologist.

Later, I read an hilarious story about what the night looked like from a reporter's standpoint. They had begun to gather at the hospital shortly after 1:00. At first the hospital security guards said they didn't know anything about it. Adding however, "The nurses have been saying all day a baby was coming because of the full moon." Then they began to see the Secret Service everywhere and then Simone Poulaine rushing in. She came up to the 4th floor. And then Stormy Davis with phones under one arm and phone books under the other. He'd saved both a pink phone and a blue phone for Luci's room. And soon they began to ring -- the phones -- Los Angeles wanted to know what was happening in a radio station in Ohio. And the Washington Post was going past its 3:00 deadline waiting on word. And Joe Batson appeared, bringing the mints and gum. I like Joe. Columbia, South Carolina called for news. And then they saw a lot of sisters scurrying down the hall, and they thought that meant something. No, the nurses were going to Mass. But they would pray for the baby and Luci.

I had telephoned Lyndon just before we left the house that we

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 21, 1967

Page 3

were going to the hospital, and as soon as Luci was settled in the labor room I went down to the room that had been assigned to me on the third floor and called Mrs. Nugent, waking her up as I had Lyndon. And then I called Lynda whom I did not wake up. She was out dancing, her Agent said, and I left word for her to call me no matter what time.

My chief memory of the night is the respect, the pride, I felt in Luci. She was going through this with such strength, such character. She really walks hand in hand with life, and she is supported by happiness.

When I went into the labor room, everybody was all smiles, the nurses, the doctors. They looked up at me and said, "She's cooperating beautifully. Everything is going fine." Finally the smile faded from Luci's face. She looked stern -- earnest -- and finally weary. But never frightened or in great pain. Her hair laid like black wings along her pale cheeks.

Sometime after 4:00 I went down to my room to get some rest and actually went back to sleep, leaving word with Jerry Kevett to call me whenever the doctors said to. It must have been about 6:30 when he knocked on my door and I slipped back into my clothes and started back up to the fourth floor.

I must have climbed these stairs two dozen times tonight. Just as I went through the swinging doors on the fourth floor a nurse whom I do not even remember said, "It's a boy." Once more, rather ridiculously, I said, "Do

you mean ours? Has it already been born?" The nurses gathered around and confirmed it. In a moment Billy came out of the room all smiles and said, "Luci has a boy. She's fine. She'll be out in a few minutes. And the

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 21, 1967

Page 4

baby's fine." Without waiting for anymore details, I went straight downstairs and phoned Lyndon, waking him up again. He laughed and said, "A boy? That's fine." And then something joking about me being Grandma. And then I phoned Mrs. Nugent who was very warm and happy and sweet. And Lynda had called me back only a few hours before at the end of an evening of partying and dancing with George in New York. But I wanted her to hear it from me and not the newspapers. And so I woke her up. And all of her inquiries were about Luci. Was I sure she was all right?

A sister came in and brought me some coffee. And Pat went down with cigars and candy, looking tired and happy and needing a shave. Reporters are not his favorite people. He is not as easy with them as Luci is. But this time he met them with good grace -- quite briefly -- and told them that Luci and ^{the baby} Pat were both fine. And that the baby had weighed, surprisingly, 8 pounds 10 ounces. The highest weight any doctor had guessed was 7 pounds. And Luci had only gained 15 pounds in all. It was 21 inches long and had slate gray eyes and blond hair. And then the hall was full of doctors coming and going, and nurses. And smiles and congratulations. And Simone's relief must have been as great as anyone's.

It was quite by mistake that I stumbled into the reporter's room. Simone had asked me to meet them for a minute, and I thought she was

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 21, 1967

Page 5

there waiting for me. But she had taken a detour around to my room to meet with a team of doctors. They all rushed out to meet me -- Dorothy McCardle actually threw her arms around me, which I thought was rather sweet. And there were a shower of excited questions. And my answers that win no Nobel -- "happy and relieved," "glad for Luci and Pat," "no, no, no, I couldn't go on television." With an aside to the girls, "You all know where I'm going -- to the beauty parlor!"

Back up in my room in the third floor, I found Simone and was reassured by all the doctors that Luci and the baby were indeed fine.

It was a little before 9:00 when I left the ~~hospital~~ hospital, undecided ^{what} to do with this day. I had a date to meet Nancy Negley at the Ranch, and I was almost too tired to work, but too excited to sleep. So I drove out the familiar road and met Nancy and we spent a happy half day at our favorite past time repeated two or three times each year -- hanging pictures and arranging furniture, weaving into the spreading complex of the Ranch the things that we buy or are given from Punta del Este to Australia.

We worked at the main house and the trailer and the Cedar House and briefly checked out the guest house. We had a cheese souffle luncheon at 1:00 and then accompanied by a team of James and Mrs. Klein and beginning to feel groggy with weariness we went to the Lewis Ranch. Nancy has such fresh ideas and a very sure hand. Much of the charm

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 21, 1967

Page 6

of my house is because of her.

It was past 3:30 when we said goodbye at the Lewis Ranch, and I drove straight to Larry's in Austin for a shampoo and set, and smiles and congratulations from all his customers. His devotion to her is very warm and firm, and I see it echoed everywhere I go. Luci and Pat had made a place for themselves in Austin. I was the last customer. It was 7:00 when I went briefly back to Luci's and changed my bedraggled clothes realizing that this was the makeup that I had put on shortly after midnight. And then back to the hospital to visit with Luci for an hour.

This morning when I had seen her after the baby was born she had been groggy, and she had known she was groggy. She turned her head on the pillow and said to me, "Hi, Mother." And then she began to babble on and interrupted herself to say, "I don't know what I'm saying."

Now she looked quite herself -- beautiful, happy, bubbling with talk. I do not actually remember when it was that I first went into the room next door and looked at little Patrick Lyndon. Nor do I remember when I first heard his name. I had asked Pat that morning if they had named him. He said, "Yes 'em. We've decided on a name. But we haven't announced it yet." I said, "Well, don't tell me then, because I don't want to let it slip until you've said it." So all day long I hadn't know what the baby's name was until sometime -- I think it was the middle of the afternoon -- Pat had called me at the Ranch and told me, "Patrick Lyndon".

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 21, 1967

Page 7

The doctors came importantly in and out, all smiles and uttering reassurances.

SANITIZED

But all had gone smoothly.

The day before I had gotten the message that Emily Crow Seldon would be getting in this evening for the wedding of her niece -- Lois and Beverly's daughter, Sally. I called the Sheffields -- "Could Emily have a late Mexican supper with me?" She could. I kissed Luci goodbye, and a little before 9:00, feeling practically lightheaded with a mixture of ~~ex~~ weariness and happiness, I drove up to the Sheffield's home where I had attended Emily's wedding some 16 years ago. And there was my old friend from St. Mary's days and University days. And we always step right into the middle of a sentence just as though we had seen each other yesterday. Sam and Beverly and Lois and Sally and young Sammy and a bevy of groomsmen were gathered. But Emily and I quickly departed for El Mats where ^{rather} in the ~~rabbit~~ grubby surroundings we spent a delightful hour and half talking about plays for the last 30 years, arguing vehemently and enjoying ourselves hugely. We covered the subject of grandmother in about one sentence, and then dipped back three decades to talk about Cecille and Helen ^{Bird} ~~Burg~~ and classmates from 1928 to '34.

At 10:30 I went back to Macken Street and gratefully got into bed. Pat was already in. I was sure that I could sleep for 10 hours.

And for me the longest day of the year came to an end. #