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1	Transcript	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Pages 4-5		2	08/01/1967	C

Collection Title Lady Bird Johnson's Diary


Folder Title Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, August 1-26, 1967 [Book 47]

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Initials

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WASHINGTON

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The work of the day was a 10:00 meeting about the Library with Max Brooks and Gordon Bunshaft and Horace Busby and Mr. Drexler and Dorothy Territo. Juanita was still in the hospital. We sat in my "Board of Directors" room -- the unhappy Andrew Johnson's Cabinet Room. I have grown quite fond of it. It's seen the start of a lot of projects with me, and a deal of the hammering through.

The meeting lasted 4-1/2 hours. I had briefed myself for it the night before with a notebook full of material from Buz -- memos that had passed between him and Drexler -- a long personal one from him. And the observations of a University of Texas student on the Library. She's the member of our winning "College Bowl" team and is spending the summer as an intern in Buz's office.

The whole subject was exhibits -- how do we tell the story of the decades and the man -- what will the student, the tourist, see when they come into the Lyndon Johnson Library.

Lynda came in and sat with us briefly. I want her to become agrounded in this -- absorbed in it. It was necessary for us to agree on an outline today of the things that we wanted to say. Mr. Drexler had brought a proposed outline -- history, what the United States was like during the decades in which the President worked in it -- the President and the people -- gift objects -- temporary exhibitions. Especially being on a campus it must be kept relevant and up-to-date. Orientation, which

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seemed nebulous and barely a skeleton to me. And yet a time schedule, a review and preliminary script and review of script and design concept. And then the final design next March. Buz had elaborated on this, and to my thinking had gone much more into the depths with more understanding. I am not sure we are on the right track in our choice of an exhibits man, and it concerns me and I am incapable of judging. Actually we are racing against time. If the bids are let in October the Library may be completed in the Fall of '69 or in the early winter of '70. And exhibits must keep pace with, must be planned hand in glove with the architecture of the building.

We drank ⁱⁿnumerable cups of coffee. Dorothy took notes and occasionally phoned Juanita in the hospital. And once when I went out into the hall I glimpsed the Tuesday luncheon meeting at the west end -- Rusk and McGeorge Bundy and Nitze for McNamara who is away on a vacation, God bless him. And George Christian. I ordered sandwiches and cookies and more coffee for about 12:00. And it was approaching 2:30 when we broke up. Each of us had had some amplification or clarification of Drexler's ideas to make. And I was reasonably reassured that we were making a start. Drexler and Buz were to spend the rest of the afternoon working further on their script, and then in two weeks they would get down to it in earnest after Buz has finished a vacation.

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Next, I took Dorothy and Dr. Grover out onto the Balcony, and we talked about responses to our letters to the friends and Government officials. They are already coming in -- many of them dull and unaluminating. One of them a jewel from O. J. Weber with two illustrations of the way Lyndon had treated him as an employee. And they were dear and precious. They spoke across the years.

I talked with Mr. Bunshaft also out on the Balcony about Mary Lasker's proposal for two fountains that would frame the view to the Thomas Jefferson Memorial. He looked at me askance like I was trying to be an architect, and said, "Really, you have to think about it as a part whole, and there's a drawing of the whole and I'll see that you get it and we'll have to see how that fits in." He all but patted me on the head and said, "There, there little lady." I tried to convince him that I was all in favor of an overall plan. But I was also in favor when we had an eager donor of finding an esthetic and happy and quick use to put their gift to -- not just freeze them out.

I spent the afternoon working at my desk and with Ashton and calling ~~friends~~ Frances Lewine whose father had just died, and going down to the State Dining Room to look at the new drapes. They are beautiful.

When Lyndon woke up from his nap, I said, "Let's go swimming." He quickly assented and I had 30 laps, and he went to his office and I

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went over to the EOB to bowl with Warrie -- a really rotten game.

And then back upstairs to work.

// I often wonder what happens to my desk, to my correspondence, to my infinite little problems when I have a solid day full of appointments, because if I don't have many I still never seem to get to the end of the desk work. //

// It was nearly 8:30 when Lyndon came in, and I was in a filmy dressing gown and all ready for a quiet dinner at home. And he said,

"What do you say let's pick up some chili and go out to Bill White's and have dinner. "

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SANITIZED

It is hard to say "no" to him when he is enthusiastic about something. And when what he is suggesting is sweet. So I changed in 3 minutes time into a dress shouting over my shoulder my objections to us taking the baby. They were not heeded. But I did take out the insurance of asking Miss Gfeller to come along in another car right behind us. And out we set -- Lyndon carrying little Lyn and I at about a quarter of nine to go visiting. There followed one of the most interesting performances I have ever been ^{a party} ~~aparted~~ to.

We walked in with Lyn -- the best ice breaker in the world -- and Bill and June and Vicky and Cia were all lined up to greet us. And somebody brought us a drink and took the chili out of our hands and went to head it up. They had already eaten dinner. They were just going to

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sit with us while we had dinner.

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Somewhere at some comma or period in the story we all kissed Lyn goodbye and sent him home with Miss Gfeller. And later we went into the dining room and had our chili with crackers while the four Whites sat around. And Lyndon said, "I just wanted to come out and see you because this^{is}/one of the few houses I can invite myself to at 9:00 at night and bring my own supper." And we all laughed. And it was that kind of bitter-sweet evening that good friends can have in time of troubles. //

It was 11:00 when we were back at the White House, and he wanted me to go into his office with him to take that last look at the ticker. He is never separated from the events of the day. It rolls out at him in great white sheets, and he absorbs it all while I happily know only what intrudes upon me with irresistable demands.

Luci and Pat are staying at Mary's house, going to the theater, out to dinner. I am so happy for them. And then on to the Bahamas sometime this week. Just when -- I don't really want to know. And I understand Luci's reasoning for not wanting to tell. In the climate of today with bitterness and riots, as easy and happy a little soul as she is, she does not want to advertise the time when both she and Pat will be on a plane. Some nut might put on a bomb.