

LBJ LIBRARY DOCUMENT WITHDRAWAL SHEET

<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	11/15/1964	C

Collection Title Lady Bird Johnson's Diary
Folder Title Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, November 13-21, 1964 [Book 13]
Box Number 2

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.

9/25/2013


Initials

1964

Sunday, November 15th

Dawned grey and wet, with only intermittent sunshine, making it much more possible to leave Texas. We slept too late to go to church. About nine o'clock I went in and joined Ed Weisl, Sr., Dr. Stanton, and Don Cook at the dining room table for breakfast, and Mr. Tom Watson. A quartet of more attractive men it would be hard to find anywhere in America. Ed Weisl, probably our oldest friend among them, sage, warm, emotional, with a roster of friends in the world of finance, New York, the entertainment media, and legal circles that it would be hard to equal anywhere, and our adviser through the years when, as Lyndon says, we need to do some "heavy lifting."

And handsome, blonde, always young-looking Dr. Frank Stanton, an interesting combination of successful business executive, tough-minded enough to bring CBS to the top of the heap, and yet ^{the} a flair ^{of} for the artist and the scholar that always keeps me thinking he's got one foot in one world and one in another. Very imaginative, and a potential pioneer in his own TV field, somewhat restrained by practical knowledge of the balance sheet. Lyndon would love to have him as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare if Mr. Celebrezze leaves, and I think he would be an illustrious addition to the Cabinet, but I do not think he will do it. Too many breaks with his business life, and ~~him~~ ^{Ruth} doesn't want him to.

1964

Sun day, November 15th (continued)

And then Don Cook, pinchhitter in our lives off and on during about two decades, who has gone from a very modest position in the SEC to being head of one of the largest business firms in the United States. Now in New York with an apartment that looks out over Central Park, he is leading a very rich intellectual life, partaking of the cream -- the concerts and museums and plays that city has to offer -- and must have a sense of having reached the pinnacle of his business life. He is a highly capable lawyer, first-class brain, and Lyndon hopes very much that he will accept the job of Attorney General. It would give us such a feeling of safety to have that sensitive and important post in the hands of a man of genuine excellence, who is also our long-time friend. But here again, to pull a man away from enjoying what he's worked to achieve all his life to get a fraction of the salary, not to mention "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," is a hard thing, and it takes a quality of patriotism that is rare and tough. I hope very much that Don will do it, but I am not at all sure. Nor am I sure that Winifred, his wife, will be willing for him to.

And then, there is to us the newest of this attractive quartet, and that is Tom Watson, head of IBM. Lyndon is asking him to be Secretary of Commerce, replacing our dear friend Luther Hodges. He was quite close to the Kennedys. We know him very little, personally. He is tall, slim,

1964

Sunday, November 15th (continued)

handsome, patrician-looking. I admire him and like him and think he would be a very substantial, highclass, well-received addition to the Cabinet, but I do not feel in the least close to him. I believe the first priority in most instances of appointments should go to ability, and the second to closeness and loyalty. He was a very good listener and had very little to say, albeit always charming throughout his stay.

We visited in the living room, where we were joined by Eddie, Jr. and Jesse, and sat around talking all morning. Lyndon took Dr. Stanton out for a bit of a walk. At another time he and Don Cook had a chance to talk.

We had Bloody Marys and then lunch a little after one, and at two accompanied our guests out to the airport, where they were leaving by plane for New York. I walked with Don and told him how much I hoped he was going to be able to take the job in the Cabinet. He said, "Yes, this is the capstone" of his career, and I said, "But we can't make it good, we can't make the four years really first-class, unless we've got some good troops." Don said, "We'll find them. We'll have to find a way." I'd like to think that meant one of the generals among the troops would be Don. I do not know. Later on Lyndon told me his guess was -- his bet, let us say -- was that none of the three would take the job.

Thinking back on it, I thought what a good weekend of trying for top personnel it had been. And besides, I never ran into more interesting

1964

Sunday, November 15th (continued)

conversation, ranging from automation and how to spend leisure time to the theory of the land bridge across Bering Straits, over which hordes of Asians came thousands of years ago, divided into four streams, to spread over the continent of North America, and finally converged and mixed somewhere South of the Border Down Mexico Way, and in that mixing produced the richest cultures known on this continent -- Toltec, Aztec, Olmec, and so on.

We left by chopper for Bergstrom, and then took the plane on to the White House lawn. I changed into my black theater suit enroute, and we landed about 6:30 in the dark on the White House lawn, to be greeted by flanks of cameras and by the Cabinet and their wives lined up to greet us, Dean Rusk at the foot of the steps. And then some two or three hundred of the White House staff and their families. To a chorus of "Congratulations, Welcome home, Welcome back, glad you're here," we walked into the White House. Very different from the way we entered it almost a year ago on December 7th, but still no moment of high ecstasy. Lynda, Him and Her and Blanco were close ip in the line, but Luci nowhere to be found. After shaking hands all around, we went to a party for Walter Heller in the State Department, hosted by about 35 top officials, including all of the Cabinet, told him how much we hated to say goodbye to him and

1964

Sunday, November 15th (continued)

we couldn't thank him enough for his years of wonderful work. His wife was there. I understand the reason he feels he must leave is that she is ill and wants him to come home to Minnesota, and he has been offered a quiet and good place where he can write. I think it's in connection with the University of Minnesota, and probably on a grant from some foundation. And so for the sake of his family life, he must.

I liked what Heller said later on in a little talk after we had left. "We have had two receptive and restless Presidents, who realized the economy's potential. I have Potomac Fever," he admitted ruefully, and I hope it's so and that he will be back some time down the road while it's still our road.

We brought home with us Jack and Mary Margaret and the Goodwins for a drink, and when the Valentis left to go to the Harrimans the Goodwins stayed to have dinner with us. They were deeply tanned and rested from a stay at Caneel Bay and Puerto Rico. He is one of the brightest minds around here, and I feel we have bridged the gap between us and the "Kennedy men" in his case. That is, I feel he likes us and he likes public service and will stay and be useful.

After hearing them get started on the subject I most want to hear talked about -- that is, a talent search for the best high-class folks to help out in these next four years -- I left and went in Lynda Bird's room, only to

1964

Sunday, November 15th (continued)

find that she'd gone off on a date with Dave, and so curled up on Luci's bed -- she had just returned from a date with Paul -- and talked over the really important affairs of life -- that is, what one's daughters are going to do.

It appears that Luci is really going to join the Catholic Church. She has been taking instructions, she would like very much for me to meet the priest who has been giving them to her, she would like to join it as soon as the priest thinks she is ready. I feel very sad -- a sense of separation almost as though I were saying goodbye to her -- as though she was getting married and going off to live in Timbuctoo. And yet I have never seen her happier, more radiant, and I know that for her religion is a very necessary, deep and important part of life. And this has been coming on for about five years now -- it is no flash in the pan, so I can't say no. How could I make it stick? How would I dare to presume I was right?

She also told me a lot about Paul and his family. He is one of six children, his mother died a couple of years ago, and after a year or two of being a widower, his doctor father remarried happily, gaily and cozily. Luci herself is so bubbly it is a delight. She is a very rich little girl, that is in a sense of loving life and giving the sense of love to others.

1964

Sunday, November 15th (continued)

And she worries about her sister, who she feels doesn't know how to reach out to other people, to give to them, to enjoy them, to love them, as much as she ought. Luci describes herself as a hustler. And so she has been these last few months. They have been among the happiest of her life, and of our life together. I mean in the sense of sharing, conversation, and understanding and enjoyment.

I left a note on Lynda's bed to say I was lonesome -- that there were BEARS -- an expression we used to use when she was a little girl, and to come in and sleep with me. And so later on she came in and curled up in bed with me and we talked over the difficulties of her returning to the University of Texas. A bedroom half the size of hers, shared by four girls, and then everybody sleeps on the screened porch. No privacy. No place to study. And where would the Secret Service men be? And so the sorority house is out in Lynda's judgment as the place to stay. The same would be true of a dormitory. And I myself am doubtful of the idea of an apartment unless you knew the girls with whom you would share it. I am afraid she is a little too dependent upon us, upon the haven and privacy of this house.

SANTIZED

1964

Sunday, November 15th

When I look at the newspaper and it says "President Comes Back from Texas," "NATO, VietNam, Among Problems Crowding Calendar," and I can think of all those that I would add to it, I know why there was no sense of elation as we walked in the door, fresh home from a victory of over 61%, the largest since Roosevelt's election of -- what was it, '36? -- and maybe even surpassing that in terms of popular vote.