

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, February 3, 1964

Today has been one of those good-bad days. Only moderately hard. The main event was Lynda Bird starting school this morning at George Washington, and as I look at the Star and the News, I'm grateful that she almost never takes a bad picture and I'm glad too that they did give her credit for being a straight A student, which she almost is, honor roll and three A's, three B's, ^{best} semester at the University, although here she's just going to take nine hours at George Washington and then another six hours by correspondence from the University. ^{no} ~~No~~ offense intended to all the other Universities in the world but naturally, the University of Texas, from which she hopes, someday, to get her degree.

I read, too, Lynda's first interview with Dorothy McCarden^{le}, probably the kindest of them all, I think - and I'd give it probably an A plus. She somehow manages to say just about all the right things you can and a few of the wrong things. And to wind up with humor - you can get out of a lot of things with humor - and how I wish I knew how to handle it. She makes it real positive she's going to get her school work done first and then laughingly says, "How can daddy sign the education bill if I don't get my school work done"? In other words, it's just a good combination of a job of helping here - such as shaking hands with 495 young Democrats from New York City on Saturday afternoon - and then receiving the 100 high school students here from every state in the union, who were brought because of their high scholastic standing by the Hearst Foundation. And then the gaiety of staying long and dancing

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late at Marta's wedding reception. And she also balances - well, the seriousness of her reading which right now is Will Durant, ^{Caesar} ~~Ceaser~~, and Christ, with the light touch of going out to hear the new ~~Christie~~ Minstrels, with two unnamed dates. I don't believe that bright spirit will ever be harnessed and I don't want her to get ^{to} ~~the~~ feeling harassed by newspaper people, but I just depend on her for having the balance to fit in where I can't fit in, and then to bring me joy. Am I asking too much of a 19 year old?

The big chore of the day was about 4:15 this afternoon when we met college editors, presumably from all over the United States, in the East Room. They were billed to be about 400 of them - it seemed to me vastly more. It was sponsored by the Overseas Press Club, with a rather ~~amorphous~~ group of assistant sponsors, one of whom ^{was} ~~with~~ the Coca Cola Company - and it seems like every other third person I met was one of the sponsors. I would not say it is our most successful activity in the White House. First, we walked into the East Room where everybody was already seated and I went to the microphone and introduced, with a few words, Hal Holbrook, who does an imitation of a well-known newspaper man of long time ago, Mark Twain ^[The] of a Territorial Enterprise. His makeup is fantastically good. It took him three and a half hours to put it on. He came in and was just getting under way real good, when to my horror, into the room walked Lyndon, bounded right up on the stage, stuck out his hand, said, "I've always wanted to meet Mr. Twain, and so now's my chance", ^{he} shook hands with him, turned to

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the audience, said about three or four good sentences, in which he quoted ^{Mirabeau} ~~Marybow~~ Bonapart Lamar, one of the first governors of Texas, about an educated ^{mind} ~~man~~ is ^{the} guardian genius of democracy, the only dictator which free men want, and so forth and so forth, then turned and bounded out of the room. I don't know who was more flabbergasted - me or Hal Holbrook, but I want to say, ^{he} he was a great trouper. ^{he}He came too quick, he took the audience back, and he was really delightful! - Even if I was the only person in the room who clapped when he said - 'We hear a lot about the freedom of the press but what ~~we do~~ we hear about the freedom of the person that the press is interviewing?' It was 20 minutes of wonderful theatre broken by that most remarkable interlude of Lyndon's -. And, incidentally, the next morning Dorothy McCard ^{lar} ~~lar~~ story about it, ^{it}headlined with Twain Did Meet and Was Derailed. [#] Then when the entertainment was over I went into the East Room and Lynda and I stood in line and met them all. The Aide told me the colleges from which each one came. There seemed to be an enormous preponderance of colleges close at hand - colleges on the eastern seaboard. There were very few from the south and not many from the west. If there were only 400 people - I'm not a very good estimator of a crowd - I did not find them as responsive as most groups are, that is, it was only about every 20th person who came by, ^{who}who said, "It's so nice of you to have us here", "We enjoyed Mark Twain so much", or "Thank You". They must be a pretty cynical bunch, at a time in life and perhaps getting into a profession where they think they have to regard the world askance

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and perhaps particularly politics most of all. Well, it will be interesting to see what sort of mail we get from them.

After finishing the line and making a few little forays into the East Room where they were all having refreshments and asked them to make themselves at home, I quickly went upstairs. Later on I had a brief session with Liz and Dick Nelson about it, in which I said, "Next time let's do several of the following things, (1), make sure that guests leave their cameras outside and consider that they are at a party, and not at the zoo, or on a ~~site~~^{sign}-seeing expedition, (2) make sure that of the sponsors, there is a moderate number and that they don't - I really had the feeling that there were an extraordinary number of sponsors along here; and then, lastly, perhaps we are having too many groups too easy, perhaps it would be best for our own budget, strength and appearance in the public eye, even for the pleasure of those who do come, if we had a few less groups. Although I well remember that it's I ^[am] ~~whom~~ is always harping on, "Let's have young people, young people, young people."

Then I took a brief dash out to try to find myself a couple of hats. Successful it was, I think, and returned in time to work on letters and bills with Ashton. About an hour's work between seven and eight or maybe eight thirty. She gets here late but she's leaving awfully late too and I can't help but worry about her because she looks pretty pale and has a five months old baby.

Then I slipped quietly over to the White House ~~then~~^{to} Lyndon's office determined not to raise any objections about how late dinner might be. It was probably eight thirty when I got over there. There was Pierre Salinger, Walter Jenkins,

Jack B

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Jack Brooks, A.W., for awhile, ^{Walter}. We sat around and had a drink and discussed the condition in Texas. At the last minute, after we had hoped so much and really thought it was going to work out, ^[Ellet] John would not have an opponent, he is - Don Yarborough announced, and it appeared it was under the auspices of Labor, somewhere during the last two hours that's possible to announce, - nobody announced against Senator Yarborough so he's getting a free ride. It is not hard to imagine how people, ^{like} Jim Wright and Joe ^{Kilgore} ~~Gargola~~ and John himself, ^{are} feeling tonight. And some of the bitterness that is, no doubt, being directed our way, ^{for} the success of the administration, ^{it} would be so much better if there were no fight, no split, no bloody knock-down, drag-out in Texas in either the Governor's race or the Senator's race. And now it's not happening that way. There is going to ^{just} be one race and that's going to be the Governor's race and though John's going to win it I bet anything, it's going to be an exertion of strength that he doesn't really have to spare right now - and of money and of spiritual effort. This is not a good night for us - or for him. Lyndon called him and talked to him a long time. I'm glad he did - it must have been a hard call for Lyndon to make. It must have been about like climbing one of the Himalayan peaks without your shoes on.

Quite late again - something after 10:30 we had dinner with A.W., Jack Brooks, and I believe Walter Jenkins was with us, and Pierre, too. So this is the end of February 3rd, Monday, which has been one of those days when you look forward to the end of the ten ~~three~~ months or whatever it is that you're in this office.