

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, February 8, 1964

Found me doing the usual things of getting together some homemade bread and a ham to take into Austin to leave at the Kellam residence for the certainly visiting kinfolks that would be arriving. I went to Hausmann's Beauty Shop and I stopped by the Kellam's residence, I saw Doris Wildenthal, Jessie's sister, & Louise's sister, Lib and her husband, Cover, and pretty little Mary that's been almost living with Louise; lots of neighbors and Esther^{Farmer} ~~Farmer~~, Jessie's red-headed secretary from way back in NYA days - one of those people that you know's sure to be there at a time like this.

Across one end of the room, was a table spread with white satin and loaded with beautiful wedding gifts, for the wedding that will take place one week from today, and what words are there to describe the presence of these two events so close at hand? But the house was so full of sympathy and people that I decided the best medicine for Jessie would be sunshine and the hills, so I asked him if he wouldn't go out and spend the night or at least just spend the afternoon riding around with us. And then I called the Don Thomas⁴⁵ and all three of them agreed to. We met at the airplane after repeated delays and flew out to the ranch, joined Lyndon, whom we had a hard time getting off of the phone but we ^{prised} ~~prised~~ him loose. We all got in the car with a 'package' and set out to drive around on what seemed almost an endless pursuit of a piece of land that was alleged to be for sale, but I finally decided that nothing but an Indian guide could have found ^[it] for us. When we did find it,

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Page 2

I can see why the man left and why it is for sale. And I certainly hope we don't wind up getting it... But the hills, the sunshine, were good medicine for us all.

We came back to find the McGeorge Bundy's and the Walter Jenkins arriving on a fast plane from Washington with a lot of business and a lot of love - at least from the Walter Jenkins'. So we sat down and had dinner and then the usual walk to Orfale's, which is not participated in by me because instead I had a date with my favorite Saturday night 10:00^{o'clock} man, Marshall Dillon.