

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, March 26, 1964

Oh, marvelous and wonderful! This morning I slept until 10 minutes of 11. It was absolutely and magnificently refreshing, but the moment I woke up, I realized that I had an 11 o'clock appointment with Eleanor Lemair, that I needed to get my hair combed, and that I was supposed to have my picture made for the Florists Association, at a little bit past eleven. So it was scramble, scramble, scramble. . . Getting Miss Lemair and her associate lined up with Ashton, to see the solarium on the third floor, a quick combing with Jean Louis and then a trip down to the flower room, where there was a bank of about sixty Easter lillies, azaleas, and chrysanthemums, together with the head of the Florists Association. They had been kind enough to make me a gift of all these beautiful flowers, and I in turn, was going to give them to hospitals, orphanages and old ladies homes, with a sweet little note, wishing them a joyous Easter.

And then back up, pell mell, to discuss with Miss Lemair, what we could possibly do about the rolled shades in the solarium. The curtains I had already taken down and disposed of and we looked at a possible lot of samples for drapes and slipcovers, none of which were really right.

I had rather hoped to turn it into a sun room, an expanding outdoor room, with green plants right outside the window and perhaps some inside that would give you the feeling that you were partly on the outdoors. But Luci wants to make it a den, a really cozy, enclosed, intimate, cut-off place - and since she'll be in it a lot more than I will, I want her to have

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her choice. There was a lot of talk and discussion and little decision.

And then there was Lynda Bird in New York to talk to. She'd been to see "Barefoot in the Park" the night before, and the night before that she'd seen "Hello, Dolly", and she sounded like she'd been having a marvelous time.

Then there was the ^{renewing} ~~readying~~ up of excitement and it was finally decided we really were, after all, going to Texas! We were going to get off about three. This had been my plan all along. I felt that Lyndon really needed it, that his staff needed it, that they needed a rest from each other, that we needed a change of scenery. I made my best pitch and failed — so I thought, but as it turned out, we left about 3 o'clock, by chopper from the south lawn, taking the Pickles, the Jack Brooks, and the Valentis. Then from Andrews to Austin, arriving before the sun set, glory Hallelujah! And a quick chopper to A. W.'s ranch. There was still a good 30 minutes of daylight left when we got to A. W.'s house, and there he was with car and package. I piled in and had that delicious sensation of playing hookey from school, of being, for a little while, utterly carefree.

We drove over the hills, and looked at the deer - it's been a long time since I've seen the country so green. For once there's been enough rain and to add to it all, there was an almost full moon. We drove until the last ray was gone from the sky and then stopped by the house, where ^{Mari'Allen} ~~Mary Ellen~~ joined us for a little visit.

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Then on to the LBJ ranch for dinner with Mr. Kellam along, looking wan and pale, but every now and then that grin, with that special, delightful lift at the corner of his lips, and his hat on the back of his head, so that you could see that he's still got spirit.

I am sorry to be away from the children at Easter, but Bernice^{is} coming to visit Lynda Bird, and Luci has two term papers to write, so there was absolutely no question of either one of them being able to come, and what I'm hoping from these three or four days of rest^{is} is that Lyndon will shake this cold, which he's had for almost nine days now, and which has been a drain on spirit as well as body - and on the esprit de corps around him.