

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Good Friday, March 27, 1964

Today began my first taste of what it's like to return to the ranch in this situation, that is, the Presidency. Somehow before, it hasn't been like this.

After breakfast, around the kitchen table, I caught an early plane into Austin and went to Hausman Beauty Shop. As soon as I took my seat, there was Anita Brewer, of the Austin American Statesman, who said rather apologetically - "I just wanted to come in and talk to you, we think it's just so nice that you keep on doing like you've always done... Be one of us, come to the beauty parlor, when you could have them come to you." And ended up by saying, that she would like to take my picture as I left. This is the first time that I can remember being clearly annoyed at the press.

Not knowing how to ask her to leave, I talked to her about the situation of the press people from Washington, the whole planeload full of them, whom, I hoped, would come to love my hometown as I loved it, and I told her that really I wished she wouldn't take my picture, as I left. So she got up and went to the phone and made a call, returned and said "I told them no picture."

Everybody in the beauty shop came up to get my autograph or to say hello.

When I left, I could sense that there were about two or three photographers outside and I could see the cameras through the shutters, and I played with the idea of going out the back door, or getting the secret service to meet me in a different car out there. A cat-and-mouse game, but what if there was somebody out at the back door - and what if they use that as an excuse to

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write extra barbed stories about trying to elude them or escape them. So I just walked boldly out the front door. There they were, about three cameramen, I got in the car and left, feeling somehow that I had lost my first battle for privacy. My first battle of the beauty shops.

As soon as I landed at the ranch, there was Lyndon, and Charlotte and Jack Brooks, and some of the girls, and we drove into Johnson City, stopped at the old Fort site to show it to Jack, and then on to the Johnson City house. I was rather anxious for Jack to see it because he's got such good ideas about Victorian furnishings.

I realized that a car parked across the street, probably contained a photographer. A. W. joined us there, we talked about the other Blanco Historical Society using the house for historical purposes. Then we drove home together to have lunch.

And then in a helicopter, to the Haywood, with Jack and Charlotte and A. W. And were met there by <sup>Mariella</sup> Mary Ellen, and Neva and Wesley, who are spending the Easter weekend at their ranch. Since our boat had sunk right after we had left January 2nd or 3rd or 4th, we set out boat riding in two boats, one that had been lent to Lyndon after our had sunk, and the other, A. W.'s, equipped with brand new motors, which made it stand up on its tail, and go so fast, that I would have given anything to have been back on dry land.

Once more, I had the uncomfortable sensation of being the center of public gaze, at a time when I wanted to be quite private and relaxed, because as we walked down to the boathouse all of the boats in the vicinity, began

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buzzing up like flies, stopping their motors and just droning along side, waiting for us to get in. We rode down to Mary Margaret's house, with me clutching the sides of the boat, and imploing A. W. to go slower.

At Mary Margaret's, the blue bonnets are a thick blue carpet on her neighbor's lawn, the Major's lawn, and a sprinkling of blue carpet along the highway as we went for a walk. It's about two weeks short of perfection and about 10 degrees too cool. But the invitation to return and live there was alive in every moment!

We choppered back to the ranch in time to show some of the cattle to Wesley, who was in a relaxed, ebullient mood; and Neva, just back from Main Chance, looking beautiful and a real triumph of feminine sanity and comfort and kindness, to her diverse friends. We gathered around the table, about twelve strong... Jack and Charlotte, the <sup>Moursunder</sup>~~Moursunder~~, the Wests, Jesse, Liz, Vickie and Marie. And then coffee in front of the big old fire, burning low in Aunt Frank's well-seasoned fire place.