

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, May 29, 1964

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It began very late in the day, with breakfast about 11 o'clock with Lyndon. And then he went out and lay in the hammock by the swimming pool, for a much longer time than he thought, because, although it was an overcast day, he was completely barbequed, red as a lobster, before he knew it.

About noon, Dorothy Parker and Mary Griffith arrived and I tried on clothes for several hours, wound up by buying five dresses, almost all on sale, which will carry me happily through the summer, except maybe for a cotton suit capable of jumping in and out of helicopters and trudging up mountain sides, and it's also bright and colorful - and that's hard to find.

They're such sweet people and so interested, it will be hard to do without them in my life.

I slipped off after awhile and got about 30 minutes in the sun. Eloise and Homer Thornberry, they and their three children drove by - I mean from El Paso on the way into Austin. They'll be present for all the University of Texas activities. Eloise was bubbling with plans for moving to Austin.

Very late in the day, we had lunch, Dorothy Parker, Mary Griffith and I. Lyndon had left long before, ~~for~~ with A. W. to go riding around all the ranches.

And then, about 5 o'clock, I started doing what I like best. Went for a ride to the Lewis place, with Liz and Bob Massey of the Saturday Evening Post, who is trying to put down my thoughts and my words into an article

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for the Post, which will center around my Detroit speech.

The red barn and green roof, and the quaint little house of native stone and weathered wood, <sup>looks</sup> so delightful, <sup>from</sup> what I call the 25¢ scenic drive, where you look way down in the valley to it. It looked like Marshal Dillon might come riding up any minute!

We tried to get in, and to my amazement/<sup>found</sup> that my familiar hiding place for the key, <sup>no</sup> longer held a key... Went around and sat on the rockers on the front porch, and along came a light shower, delightful prologue for more to follow, I hope, because the country is bone dry and the ranchers restless, waiting for rain.

Back at the ranch, we dressed for the Johnson City High School commencement, driving in with Jessie and A. W., for 8 o'clock ceremony, which was actually a dedication of a new High School building just completed by Brooks and Barr, and really a credit to them.

The auditorium was crowded with proud parents, the local folks, and a vast horde of the press. There was a processional, very slow and solemn, 30 graduates in cap and gown; invocation, the Pledge of Allegiance, the Lyndon dedication. I'm real proud that the school building is named The Lyndon B. Johnson High School. And the salutatory address and the class history by Sherry Latham, well known Johnson City name; humorous and delightful, beginning with their first grade, with frequent references to Ava Cox, who was their teacher two different years; the class song and then the valedictory, <sup>by</sup> a very pretty young girl, Cathy Sibley.

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Kitty Clyde Leonard, the superintendent, introduced Lyndon. It was a prepared speech, and a very good one, I thought, but there was some extra warmth and hominess to it. One of the things I liked best was when he asked if there were any of the people who graduated in his class, <sup>present</sup>. Of course, <sup>his</sup> cousin Margaret is dead, and that only leaves four who could have been, and three of them were there! Kitty Clyde herself, of course, being one of them, <sup>she</sup> his old sweetheart. They all stood up - I wonder how it seemed to the press - it was delightful to me.

Then John Moursund, the principal, A.W.'s brother, presented the awards to the outstanding ones - George Croft's daughter was outstanding in several ways, Sandra, and a charming child ~~she~~ was. For the presentation of the diplomas, <sup>she</sup> is the one who arose and accepted them.

And then the school song and the benediction, and the very slow recessional --- all of it happening all over the land, just like this, in so many little schools, and big.

We stayed just a short while at the reception, punch and cookies. I had glimpsed out in the audience, <sup>Margaret Ann</sup>, Lyndon's cousin, and was so sorry I didn't get to see her.

I had also hoped to see Ava, although because of a heart attack, <sup>she</sup> was not at all sure she would be able to come. And in the distance there had been Becky, perky, pretty and very, very thin - they are down for the wedding Saturday night, <sup>of</sup> Truman Fawcett's daughter.

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<sup>Sue</sup>  
~~Greg~~ Muller, and her three sons had driven out from Austin, just to glimpse us, which was all it amounted to.

Back at the ranch, we had a late snack, and a very reasonable bedtime.