

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Memorial Day, May 30, 1964

Saturday

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We slept deliciously late, and then drove around, ^{with} the Goodwins, he had come down from Washington with us, (or rather from New York, in his tux, at the sudden invitation of Lyndon) and with Jessie, to the Lewis place, where we met A. W. and drove over to the Logan ranch. Very seldom on a road.

I still think, ^{how} strange it must seem to city dwellers, to simply light out through the brush, in a Lincoln Continental. A. W.'s the resourceful driver of good judgment, ^{which} caused him to give a long pause as we started down into a dip which just muddy enough for us to get stuck in, or maybe we could make it. We decided to take a calculated risk - we gunned it, we roared in trying to get enough traction to mount the steep opposite bank, our wheels began to spin, we got hopelessly stuck. The men got out and talked, and planned, and pushed, while Mrs. Goodwin and I went up and lay on a bank, and watched the blue sky with the buzzards circling, and laugh~~ed~~ed and laughed at this hilarious situation. Finally, we walked back across the dip, gave it up as a bad job, got in the secret service car and called from the talking machine, ^{to} one of the Early boys, who was building a road, and a piece of heavy machinery close by, ^{to} come and pull it out.

Then we drove on into Johnson City and visited Lucia. I asked her to come to Washington for one of the State dinners, preferably the one on the 30th, or maybe the one on the 12th for the Erhards, she and Birge and Becky. But she said no, she didn't care for that sort of thing. If she could help, if she was needed, she would, but she'd rather not. ^{TP} We talked without much

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result, about what use we can put the house to. It all boils down to the fact that what we lack, ^{is} some moving, ^{community} spirit, some person with ideas and judgement to take it over.

Becky looks very pretty, I hope she does get to come to Washington sometime while we are here, perhaps with the Bobbits.

We [?]voted absentee, returned to the ranch by chopper, and had a 4:30 lunch.

This has been the most unroutine week-end, no meal at the proper time.

And then, I went driving again - it seems I just can't get enough - took Mrs. Goodwin and Liz with me, and went up to Mrs. Weinheimer's to talk about getting some day lilies from her, ^{for} the ranch in the fall. And on up to see ^{Jewel} ~~John~~ Malachek. The foreman's house is simply charming now.

As we drove back, heavy clouds were rolling in, and it looked like rain was absolutely inevitable. I wondered how on earth we were going to get in to the ceremony in Austin, ~~in~~ the helicopter.

And sure enough, about 7 o'clock, ^{Lyndon} came in saying that the weather was unsafe for flight, that we would have to plan on driving. Most blessed sight in the world -- rain in the ranch country!

So we drove in with Jessie, ^{and} Mary Margaret and Jack, the rain lashing us nearly every step of the way. What an awful time they must have been having, Dr. Ransom and everybody in charge of it. They had planned on having the ceremony out on the Mall, right on the University campus, in front of the main building, where there was room for 16,000 people.

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They'd even moved some of the shrubbery to make more room, and the tower was going to be lit up orange. And now it would have to be moved into Mayor Tom Miller's memorial auditorium which seats only 7,000.

We heard later that the minute the rain began to come up, there was a great rush of cars across the bridge, everybody trying to file in. We, ourselves, made a stop by 480, our familiar headquarters during 1960 when I was working on KTBC building. And when we arrived at the Austin Memorial auditorium, that futuristic bubble of glass beside the river which I never see without thinking of Tom Miller, who planned ahead for this city, who loved it. All the confusion was under control.

There were 1800 receiving Bachelor of Arts and 175 Master's Degrees, and 100 Doctoral Degrees; these, in their caps and gowns, were seated down front. And on the stage, all the Texas big brass, beginning with John Connally; Attorney General Wagner Carr; Speaker Byron Tunnel; Senator Ralph Yarborough; all the heads of the different schools of the University; Engineering, Law, Business Administration and Fine Arts.

Bill Heath, chairman of the Board of Regents, looking very handsome and impressive in his robes, principally in charge, along with Dr. Ransom, the Chancellor, of course.

Bill White's brother is head of the College of Business Administration, and ^{Tom} Al ~~don~~ Burdine is Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. He was in school when I was. And Paige Keaton of the School of Law, who has added a lot of stature to the University, I think.

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Ours were the third and fourth honorary degrees to be conferred by the University of Texas, since it was founded back in 1883, I think. They had presented me with a beautiful black robe, with wide bands of snow white velvet on it, for my Doctor of Letters.

All the Bachelors of Arts and Masters Degrees, were given ~~enmasse~~ and all those getting a certain type were asked to rise in a body - only the Doctorial Degrees were given out one by one, and it was then, as those 100 filed across the stage, that you really saw what a diverse University ours is.

Of their 600 Foreign Students so many are taking post-graduate work. Such names as Around Christian Scharmer; Hong Lang Oie, Jung Sia, Whan Chin, Faud Whakhim, Fausie Pedetz Zhreba-san; not to mention Mustafa el Sahib Shahlida and Ucife Uahshe, spoke of many foreign lands, with a great preponderance, on the hot desert countries, all sorts of Arabs countries.

Check
names!

Then came the presentation of the honorary degrees, I am delighted to say, by Bill Heath.

In Lyndon's citation, there was a line, "...as the realms of his own service widen, his roots in his native hills went deeper.", that I loved especially.

I must say, I'm mighty impressed to have received one, from my beloved University.

Lyndon's speech, long labored over, (He was vastly dissatisfied with it

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right up until the very end), turned out alright, I think. I particularly liked the line "...the only way we can hope to deal with the population explosion, ^{is} with a knowledge explosion."

And then, ^{his} accent on unity, of which Texas is very much in need. He said "One of the great tasks of political leadership is to make the people aware that they share ^a fundamental unity of interest, purpose and belief, I am going to try to do this, and on the basis of this unity, I intend to try and achieve a broad national concensus, which can end obstruction and paralysis, and liberate the energies of the nation for the work of the future."

When it was over we went in to take off our robes, and I saw John and Nellie, and with the first time John using his right hand, ^{to} shake hands, ^{since} the assassination of President Kennedy.

We went on to the Commodore Perry Hotel, where the Ransom's were having a reception, with about 1200 people present, and stood in line shaking hands although no receiving line was planned. We simply sort of got trapped into a cul-de-sac and found ourselves surrounded.

Among those were Abby and Ewing Thomason - he's one of the two oldest graduates of the University, having graduated in 1900, ^{from} law school. Abby still looks young, darling, chipper.

There were more people ^{there} ~~than~~ I know, and really want to talk to, for a score of folks in nearly any crowd. Chancellor Ransom called a halt to it after about an hour, to present us with some brass vases and a brass urn.

Ch. tape
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which were fashioned from lighting fixtures installed in the Library in 1933, the year I received my first degree.

We went upstairs, and at long last, 11:30, had dinner, but that's quite in keeping with the hours for meals of this whole weekend, with just the Goodwin's, Liz, Buz, Mary Margaret and Jack, and Jessie, and Lynda and the secretaries.

And then by chopper to the ranch, with the weather once more clear and only six tenths of an inch having fallen. I lost that bet that there would be at least an inch. . . .

And a reasonable one o'clock bedtime.