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Friday, November 20th

Lyndon woke early after a turning, tossing night. I asked him why he couldn't sleep -- he said he was thinking about those paratroopers -- those in the Congo, I am sure. Since I can't help solve the situation, I didn't delve further into it.

We got up rather early and gathered together our group. My good friend, Secretary Udall, Miss Sylvia Porter, the Goodwins, and helicoptered over to San Marcos to attend the Inauguration of the new President of the College, James Henry McCrocklin. The helicopter landed in a meadow close to the San Marcos River, which for quite some years now has had that interesting tourist attraction, a glass-bottomed boat, an underwater ballet, and its enormous variety of underwater plants. But something new has been added -- a sky lift, bright-colored baskets dangling at the ends of a cable from a long overhead <sup>steel</sup> ~~field~~ bar, stretched across the sky. What a venture for little San Marcos! I wonder if those baskets stay full. Tourism is really gripping the United States, but nowhere have I seen clearer, more beautiful water than the San Marcos River. We might as well shout about the beauties at hand rather than just those in far-away places with strange-sounding names.

All day long I had this odd feeling that only a year ago Lyndon had been thinking about the possibility, had actually been wanting and been working <sup>toward</sup> ~~for~~ becoming President of this College himself. Jesse Kellam had been put

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on the Board of Regents, the idea had proceeded through a good many hands and minds, including the Governor, as to ways and means of getting Lyndon appointed. One impediment was being in the Vice Presidency and not being able to assume office until January of '65 when, as today's event showed, the new President should assume office in November of '64.

Oh, dark and shrouded Fate that does not tell man what it has in store for him! We worked at occupying one role at today's event, and here we are in quite another role.

Mrs. McCrocklin met us at the helicopter pad. I rode with her while Lyndon and Secretary Udall and Miss Porter -- I really don't know who all was where, in the crowd and confusion. The old Gothic structure with its towers and spires still crowns the hill, but otherwise the campus is very changed, with rather handsome new buildings -- cream-colored, modern -- I think they are sandstone, some of them, and about 4400 students now, the Registrar told me.

The first person I met when we got out of the car was a nice-looking young man who introduced himself as Wilton Woods, Jr. His father was one of Lyndon's classmates that I met early after our marriage. Later on I saw Fenner Roth and he introduced me to his son, Lyndon Roth, now married to a sweet little girl. While Lyndon and the President put on their robes, we greeted people outside Strand Gym, where the installation

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ceremony was to take place. There was Doris Wildenthal, Jesse's sister, and Claude and Kate Kellam, and as we walked in I saw Mrs. Ed Cape and her grandson and granddaughter-in-law. And one of the teachers who had been ... well, she'd done most of the decorating of the Gym when Lyndon had made his opening speech in the race for Congress back in 1937, the time that Jimmy Allred sat on the front row. It was a rather brief, pleasantly impressive ceremony. Retiring President Flowers, who had been in for 22 years, having succeeded Dr. C. E. Evans, who is our tie with the college and one of the main reasons that Lyndon ever succeeded in getting a college education. Dr. Flowers simply introduced Lyndon as "our most outstanding alumnus, the President of the United States."

Lyndon's speech measured up beautifully -- simple and good and strong, and pleasantly reminiscent without being maudlin. He did have a remark about having explored the fish hatcheries with a pretty blonde -- everybody giggled self-consciously and later the paper identified her as Miss <sup>Carmie</sup> ~~Cara~~ Davis, now married to so-and-so. And then the news of the speech was that the first youth training camp of the Poverty Program would be established in San Marcos within the next few months! I believe Sargent Shriver will be down to talk over the details with him early in the coming week.

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Jesse sat in his position as a Member of the Board of Regents, Bill Deason was there -- there was a goodly group of those that he'd been to school with.

Afterwards we motorcaded around the city, with a drive, unfortunately, who didn't know ~~his~~ <sup>place</sup> name or his destination very well, so that we were always at the very tail of the motorcade, not even getting to go to the Fish Hatchery, which I really wanted to because that's one of the places where I thought we might perhaps ought to put Lyndon's Library eventually, presuming that the school and the government wanted to make the land available. It's a beautiful site, with towering cypress trees and it's Alma Mater rising in the background. The question is, how live, how useful, how vital would it be in a small town, rather picturesque though it is, and a school that at present has 4400 students. What is the genus of growth of San Marcos? I want it to be a very living thing! I'd like for a School of Political Science, a Chair of Political Science, to be somehow tied in with Lyndon's State papers and Library.

President McCrocklin did come out in his speech with a request, a hope, rather, that the President would decide to place his papers at San Marcos -- the first we'd heard of it.

We stopped by the little frame boarding house where Lyndon used to stay -- I guess that must have been before his Mother and Father got established there -- and then we went to the William Crook residence for a reception. A charming old house, fashioned after the graceful Ante Bellum

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houses, with tall white columns. Mr. Crook is the President of San Marcos Academy and his wife is the daughter of H. E. Butt.

And then, just before we left Lyndon said, "Let's go by and see Mrs. Julia Kellam. That is Jesse's 86-year-old Mother. We had the dickens of a time finding the house, but that's one of the things I love Lyndon for, because this will be enough excitement in Mrs. Kellam's life to last her for weeks and weeks. She was gay and chipper, in spite of arthritis and age, and just had to take us into the living room to show us where Lyndon's picture hung.

Then we helicoptered back over the Devil's Backbone and the little town of Blanco, for lunch at the ranch. Stu Udall, Sylvia Porter and staff, and Secretary Freeman flew in just in time.

Lyndon dismisses himself very easily to have a thirty minutes' or an hour's private talk with Freeman or Udall or Miss Porter, while I stick around with whoever's left, and the air's full of such talk as, "How are the British moves and fiscal policy going to affect our own economy?" And, "We are the only remaining nation that does not trade with Russia and China and they're going to get everything they want and need anyhow from the rest of the world while we cut ourselves off from all trade with pious phrases." I interjected, "How are we going to trade anything further when

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the simple sale of wheat, the staff of life, caused such an uproar among our own people?" Miss Porter is a goodlooking, highly articulate, hyper-thyroid woman, married to a Hearst executive, has a 15-year-old daughter, and has, it seems to me, a rather masculine mind -- direct, aggressive, articulate, and mighty well bolstered by research and faith in her own opinions. Lyndon enjoyed her and they interesting exchange of ideas, as well as banter.

Stu and I had a moment to sit down and discuss <sup>e</sup>quite~~ly~~ what he hopes I will become interested in -- that is, launching a movement to make Washington truly the most beautiful city in the country, with flowers and parks and landscaped areas, enlisting the interest not only of government but of business firms. He had a very well-written memo for Lyndon on seven or eight ways that the Great Society was related to his Department. One that excited me the most was a planting along the highways of native shrubs and flowers. Several States do not use the allotments that they at present receive from the Federal government for such purposes. Another was a plan to eradicate, or at least screen from public view, the dreadful graveyards of wornout automobiles, the acres of junked cars that dot the landscape as you fly over the country. And, of course, his always favorite project is Save Some Wilderness Land and, in tune with that, inexpensive family vacations in National Parks of great variety, with one or two new ones being

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added, one along the seashore, in North Carolina, I believe. I think he's one of the most imaginative idea men in the Administration, although I do not know how solid his judgment is.

We started rather early after lunch, because we're always getting off just before sundown, and went over to A. W.'s to look for deer. Secretary Udall had to leave to have a press conference in Austin and then return to Washington, but Orville Freeman, Sylvia Porter, the Thornberrys, Jesse, and Lyndon and I rode the hills at A. W.'s ranch while the afternoon melted into twilight. There was one glorious moment when we were climbing a hill and there, outlined perfectly against the horizon, on the very crest of the hill, were five motionless deer. And then, just before sunset, we saw a good-sized buck. Lyndon got his gun, the buck moved, stopped, moved again, Lyndon shot. The buck, under a tree on the crest of the hill, gave one enormous bound and fell to the ground, as well as we could see in the waning light, out of sight. Very excited, we rode up the hill, all of us got out, and we walked and walked and looked for the deer. But he was nowhere to be found. I do believe Lyndon hit him -- it was a marvellous shot. Miss Porter all the while was acting like I would if I was at opening night of some great show on Broadway.

And then we went down to A. W.'s house, sat around for a while with drinks and refreshments, and then helicoptered home for an early dinner and

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an early bed, omitting our visit to Cousin Oreole this time, because Lyndon really wasn't feeling very well, simply a matter, I think, of eventually coming to the end of that enormous energy by virtue of having stayed up till about two or three o'clock the night before. And I to bed with that lingering memory that this is the day someone else got inaugurated as fourth President of Southwest Texas State College. And so the end to that plan as a way to round out a life.