

People to possibly send
MEMORANDUM *page 1*

Elspeth
Bob, Collins

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Monday, March 1, 1965

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The new month began at the Ranch, with a grey sky. I drove around with ^{Jewel} Jules and Dale. We looked at that old Caliche Hill, which has been turned over 30 inches deep, in preparation for the sprigging in of coastal Bermuda in late March. How beautiful it looked! I never thought the soil could look that powdery and that velvety, and the caliche color is gone - it's brown. I can't wait to see the coastal Bermuda, from that hilltop, it could look like the waves of the ocean, as it does on John's ranch. ^{Jewel} Julie and I checked out the curtains she'd made ^{for} at Lyndon's birthplace.

Mr. Klein and I talked about doing over a chair brought from Aunt Josepha's house, that had begun its usefulness in this very kitchen in 1907 when Mrs. Johnson married and moved here. And painting the back of Mrs. Johnson's bookcase secretary, and doing over the wicker furniture on the back porch of the Johnson City house.

I phoned Cliff, to add my congratulations on the big dinner being given him by his friends in Smithville, and what a good idea it is. He's one of those who always gives and seldom receives. I'm glad somebody thought of this.

And then, yearning to stay, but uncertain, and wanting too, to get back to Lyndon and Luci, and Lynda Bird, and not really knowing how to tackle the mountains of decisions, about opening the Johnson City house, or getting the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library on the road - I finally decided just to go back to Washington - and after a final gathering-up of pictures in the Johnson City house, we drove to San Antonio, and from there caught a plane to

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Washington, getting to the White House about 8:30.

And going at once, to Lyndon's office, to find him ensconced in his tiny little office, so badly ~~ne~~ in need of a masterful hand, ⁱⁿ doing over, with color and charm. He was working quietly with Jack Valenti. I'd have sat down with them - he was talking about the education bill and he got the word from Jack that it was not going to come out of the Committee tomorrow. It was being held up by Adam Clayton Powell. He called Congressman Powell, and it was really a virtuoso performance. He gave him all the reasons why he ought to get that bill out of his Committee, in words that ~~were~~ were dazzling, homey, and unanswerable. If I had been on the other end of the line, I would have ended by saying, "Yes.", without waiting to quite decide why.

Apparently, Congressman Powell decided to report the Bill out, and without one second for reconsideration, as soon as he had said "Yes", Lyndon thanked him effusively and hung up.

It was 10 o'clock by the time we had returned to the house for supper, to find that Luci was still sick, pale, with shadows under her eyes, but planning to returning to school on Wednesday. She was in a state because Lyndon had told 40 high school students, who were winners of the annual Science Talent Search, sponsored by the Westinghouse Educational Foundation, that she, Luci, had been accepted as a student at Georgetown University School of Nursing. She didn't want him to announce it. She wanted to announce

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it herself, and only after she had written a letter to Marquette, explaining she had decided she had better live at home, and go to Georgetown.

Emotional and upset as she was, she was still very understanding of her daddy. I guess I'm glad we rate at least as well as a Catholic Institution in her life.

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