

1965

SATURDAY, APRIL 10

(28th)

This is the twentieth anniversary of Lyndon's election to Congress.

We had breakfast in bed and then drove up to the schoolhouse to see the lay of the land for the TV ceremony of the signing of the Bill on Sunday afternoon. Then the Shrivvers, Anne Brinkley, Lyndon, and I helicoptered over to Camp Gary, the ghost of World War II, to the dedication of a Job Corps Camp in the old auditorium. There are close to 300 boys in residence. Dr. Singlet^aerry is head of the whole program. They are taking courses in automobile mechanics, shop work, landscape gardening, and I believe as cooks and bakers. There were about two prayers and eight speeches but for once, not too many. Dr. Singlet^aerry introduced Sarge Shriver, Congressman Pickle introduced Governor Connally who introduced the President.

The old NYA was certainly present on the stage! Jake had worked for it. John had worked for it at 17 cents an hour. Lyndon had been director of it. It was a great setting to show those boys what opportunity could mean in the lifetime of a man--three walking success stories. The Congressman, the Governor, and the President had hot competition from the three young men of the Job Corps who spoke--one from Georgia, one from Louisiana, one from Oklahoma. One of them, a young Negro, spoke without notes in a very straightforward and persuasive manner. Then Lyndon ended his speech with a very dramatic reference to the two Presidents who were looking down on us now and smiling at the day's

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achievements--President Lincoln and President Kennedy. It was well done though melodramatic and I had to blink mighty hard to keep from crying. Once again I looked at Eunice wondering what was going through her mind. I would like for them to be glad about it all. Leaving, we glimpsed familiar faces in the crowd--Mrs. Ed Cape, Jesse. It was a good feeling, that it was a going concern, that the boys, scrubbed in their white shirts, were there to learn and come out better and the staff was there capable of teaching them.

Back in the helicopter we had that holiday feeling that work is over, let's have fun. Lyndon suggested that we fly to the Haywood, have lunch. Follow us there. We took Dr. Singlet^{er}~~erry~~ along with us. Presently A. W. joined us with a good supply of barbecue. There was a beautiful blue sea of bluebonnets in front of the Haywood house fringed with some yellow flowers. Lyndon can never stay away long from the boat so we showed the Shrivvers Llano River and the lots and then Sarge found the water skiis, ~~Donned a bathing suit~~ ^{and skiis} behind a Secret Service boat, ~~On water skiis~~ doing his usual competent job at it. Texas was never more beautiful--blue sky, weather in the upper 70's, water tanks full, and across the landscape ^afield, a pasture, a sea of bluebonnets again and again.

We helicoptered over to the Davis Ranch and landed like some giant dragon-fly in a snowy field of white thistle ^{or Mexican} ~~Texas~~ prickly poppies as they are often called--and then we drove to the lush green valleys and the rugged rock hills, but everywhere--oh glorious sight--there was grass, even on the roughest hills, tufting between the rocks, making a rancher

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smile. Lyndon was delighted with the place. No doubt the soil is the best of anything we have or are trying to buy except the home place. We had the unique experience of getting stuck on grass pulling up a steep incline. We stopped a moment and the wheels spun on the thick lush grass. A. W. informed me--obviously delighted--that we had decided to name the place the Long Branch. It happened that was the name of the creek running through it. He was referring to me liking Sun Smoke.

About three o'clock we told the Shrivvers goodbye. What a world in which they would be back to Washington in time for dinner. We enjoyed them. She always had a book at her elbow and her questions were always intelligent and piercing. Sometimes she seems a little caustic. He would be a success in any field.

We went back to the Haywood and had a long boat ride--Mr. Kellam and Marianne joining us. We lay on top of the deck of the boat and Lyndon said, "If you want to know what my idea of Heaven is, this is it." He talked about retiring. He wanted to have a class, maybe two at the University of Texas and then maybe one at San Marcos. He asked if Jesse could get him fixed up and he teased him about how he had failed to get him the Presidency of San Marcos. That was before the assassination. In fact, Lyndon was working seriously toward becoming its President before November 23. President Flowers was about to retire. What a turn in the wheel of fortune. For the first time I am beginning to

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feel that he could retire happily, to ranching, teaching, watching the building of the library. Vistas opened up. Perhaps there would be a book or two and visitors would beat a path to our door and trips and a little banking and TV on the side. Well, a boat is a good place to dream.

Marianne is sort of soft and cheerful and pretty. I believe those are the chief qualities Lyndon wants in a woman. And how good always to have Jesse with us! A little bit he is surfacing from ^{the} ~~a~~ drowning grief he felt when Louise died.

When dark overtook us we flew back to the ranch to join Mr. and Mrs. Loney. She was Lyndon's schoolteacher when he was four years old up the road a mile. He brought her to the Inauguration of '61. She was there, everywhere--at the Inauguration of '65 and here she is back at the ^{site} ~~site~~ of her schoolteaching some 53 years ago to watch the signing of the Education Bill tomorrow afternoon at the little schoolhouse--gray-haired, dignified, having made no flashing success in life, but seeming so good and solid somehow. ~~The~~ ^{the} very idea of a teacher of a one room school. Admiral Rayborn was with them. He is going to be the new CIA Director. We had catfish for dinner and then a trip down to see Cousin Orable for everybody but me, and I luxuriated in Gun Smoke.