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I had breakfast with Lyndon and then worked on the mail.

And then at 12:30 went briefly into the East Room to greet a thousand Maryland women -- students of the 38th Annual Rural Women's Short Course -- offered by the University of Maryland. It corresponds to our Home Demonstration Clubs in Texas I believe, and they are here in Washington studying everything from art appreciation to international relations to beekeeping and public speaking.

Meeting everyone of them would have been just my cup of tea if my strength were up to it. But I feel strangely depleted after Monday, so I just told them how welcome they were at this house and how their counterparts had been in our home in Texas many times and told me how to take corn off the cob and get it into the deep freeze in 30 minutes and how much they had done for their families and their communities to make life wider and more beautiful and more fun.

And also added one more plug of my own that I hoped they would add an additional project, and that is the beautification of your communities.

Jane Freeman was their real hostess. There couldn't be a better one.

Then I went upstairs and took a nap -- a good long nap. Odd that sleep which so often eludes me should come so easily both yesterday and today. I must have been drenched in weariness after Monday.

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Lyndon has gone to the funeral of Bobby Russell from Georgia.

During the afternoon I had a little talk with Harry McPherson about gifts in general and about the triple TV cabinet which Dr. Stanton had had designed by an artist who is connected with the metropolitan museum in New York, and I know that anything Frank Stanton puts his hand to would be great. I want to get it for that monstrosity in Lyndon's office if we can manage to purchase it. Gifts are a delicate and a difficult business.

And then at 7:30 it was the most important part of the day for me -- a meeting with Clark which I had delayed until that late hoping that Buzz would be back from Georgia to join us. But he wasn't. So Clark and I read over for an hour and a half the proposal of the University of Texas signed by Bill Heath as President of the Board of Regents about the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library. It is quite different from the first letter, and it does not speak of a separate building. I hold out firmly that that is something that we must have. Clark also has another objection. There is a paragraph in it about Lyndon doing lectures at the University which Clark thinks sounds almost like a sort of quid pro quo. I don't think that's the case at all. That is something Lyndon wants to do and has told Bill Heath so. But it will be well to put it in a separate letter according to Clark.

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I understand the position of the University of Texas so well because then the business of education -- not all'glorifying an individual sort of speak -- and public opinion in the State of Texas in the legislature is very important to them. At all times we have the safeguard of being able to approve the designs of the architect. And I am perfectly willing to have the Library building itself joined to the School of Public Administration by an arcade or a patio or some sort of architectural device. I do not want the Library to be on floors three and four in a great big building that houses lots of classrooms for History 15-B and Government 11-A etc. because this Library will belong to all the 190 million people or so and not just to the University of Texas or the people of Texas. And there will be vastly more John Citizens and family coming to see the museum portion than serious students doing research for papers. But we think we are getting close to an agreement -- both Clark and I want so much to. I want it to be knoused in a place where it will receive great use and it will there in Austin -- a part of the campus and close to the interregional highway. And the enormous hurdle of a money-raising campaign will be bypassed. On the other hand, there is a little sentimental yearning to have it in the grassroot spot where he grew

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up in Johnson City by the Forts. I hope though before the summer is over the Regents make an offer that will involve a separate building that will be acceptable to Grover of Archives and to the GSA and to us.

It was late -- nearly 11:00 -- and a weary President came home to dinner with Jim Cain and me. He had gotten home from the funeral of Bobby Russell -- that handsome young man, father of five children and destined for great things in Georgia.—He died at forty of cancer, and then he had gone to his office and worked two hours and the shadow of man's mortality must of hung over his shoulder while he sat at his desk.

And then the 11:00 news. And there were some good things in it. The stock market had rebounded a bit. And then bed. And there was an amusing thing about the day for me. And I talked to Lynda in Arizona. She told me about discovering a skeleton, how she dug it up carefully piece by piece, finally using dental tools and the tiniest brushes to extract the bones from the clay. But she said, "Momma, my skeleton must have been a peon. It didn't have a single cooking pot or ax head or a spear buried with him."