

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, July 3, 1965

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How joyous—I slept late and well! There is no ^{draught} draft from the spring of youth like it. And then in the middle of the morning, I called Pat Taylor to drive around with me and talk about the flowers. I soon discovered I would need to ask Dale Malechek too because his greatest interest and responsibility on the Ranch are the cattle. Flowers are pretty far down on the tot^um pole to him. But sometimes, interests conflict and the lab^oor you've got on hand to do a job needs to be doing three jobs at once -- laying the pipe to irrigate, harvesting the wild flower seeds, running the tractor. Then I discovered I needed Dale Meeks because he has the responsibility for safety along the runway, and for seeing that certain electrical lines buried rather shallow below the surface must not be dug up.

I soon found that this whole week here is going to be "Operation Appreciation" and "Operation Let's Get Together". All of the folks here at the Ranch are wonderful. We are so lucky to have them. But sometimes we suffer from the lack of an overall executive and an overall person who lets everybody know how much he's needed and appreciated and what a good job he's doing. So that's a part of this next week for me.

We drove up and down the runway -- Pat, Dale Meeks, Dale Malechek and I -- deciding just where within the limits of the type of soil, the danger of erosion, the protection of electric lines, and the

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regard for safety, he could spread our wild flower seeds. And we have three truck-loads of them and more available.

We finally wound up by discovering that we really could do it on about three times as much square footage as we had originally planned. So I won that one.

Then, dropping the others off, Pat and I continued down to the "Y" where the road goes either to Oriole's or to our Ranch and looked at the great mass of yucca he's planted. Just in the right spot, so impressive if it grows, and in baking July so little chance to grow! And we looked at the ^arheta~~ma~~ and the red bud he's put in which the cattle promptly barbered before he could get a makeshift fence up. I gather there's been a little lack of simpatico among them all here. But I think it's pretty much corrected.

Then at 1:30 I hurried back (and I heard the Jetstar coming in) to be at the foot of the steps to meet Jean^{*} Vanderbilt and her daughter Heidi who are arriving from California -- lovely and soft-spoken. Lyndon had been carried away with her when he had met her in New York. We've seen her several times since. He won of course and got her in the golf cart for a quick tour around.

Heidi is only about 15 I guess or 16. She's opening in a Broadway show -- A Very Rich Woman -- in a few months -- has played in stock and summer theatre and goes to a school for actors -- an unusual, charming

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little girl who manages so nicely to combine the charm of child and young woman -- a trait almost disappearing from 15 and 16 year olds today.

After lunch my tireless husband gathered us up -- the Vanderbilts, Jesse Kellam, Marianne Means had joined us. We stopped to get Judge Moursund. And we helicoptered to the Coca Cola Cove where the big boat met us. And Marianne put on a good demonstration of water skiing -- so too did Jean -- while I sunned and read on the big boat.

Jesse, who loathes the sun, and with good reason, but who is faithful to the end, went along with them in the fast boat just as though he were going to a banker's Board of Directors meeting in his dark blue business suit and with his felt hat pulled down over his ears.

When the fast boat whirled past us, Lyndon had exactly the expression of a little boy aged 2-1/2 sitting in the ice cream parlor chair -- mischievous, happy, the-world-is-mine look.

When the performers were exhausted, they got back in the big boat and we went to the beach house for a drink and a look at the news. And there was Major Poole -- now Colonel Poole -- back from Korea, settled in San Antonio, happy to be coming once more for weekends on the lake, and an attractive woman and a good neighbor. We heard on the talking machine that Mariallen and the Wests were already at the Haywood. So I drove on to join them.

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The four of us sat out on the brick patio in the fading twilight and had a good visit about all that's happened to us since Easter.

Frank and June Erwin flew up from Ft. Clark to spend the evening with us. And ^{Louise} ~~only~~ June was radiant, lively. I am aware, but she certainly gives no signal, of all that she has gone through — ^{her hair} ~~for her~~ is carefully covered with a scarf. But so are many women's on a casual boating party, and her dress skillfully concealed the ravages below it.

We all talked of Ft. Clark that we loved. How beneficent nature can be! Once more the springs are running, and that cool, crystal pool is full and inviting. Last year it was almost dry.

I will remember 1965 as the year of the rain! Already at our Ranch 21 inches. And the total annual average rainfall is 27 or 28.

Everybody joined us, and we had a good catfish dinner. Lyndon would like to have it three nights in a row.

And then, even with Wesley sitting on my right, I slipped off by the time coffee came and went in to watch the rest of "Gunsmoke".

It was an early evening, and we helicoptered home by 11:00.