

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, July 15, 1965

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It was a day of planning for the future -- wrapping up loose ends -- the last day of my truncated<sup>72</sup> vacation which I had hoped would be two weeks plus an extra weekend. But I want to be right by Lyndon's side when he goes to any service for Adlai.

First -- and this is the long, long future -- it was a talk with Clark Clifford about the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library. A meeting yesterday afternoon between representatives of the University, headed by Bill Heath and Frank Erwin and of Archives and of the GSA and of Clark. It had not begun too well. And through three hours had gotten progressively better and had wound up so good that I'm almost afraid to believe it. A letter from the University contains the clear statement to build a separate building to house the Library. This is what I want. And then much of it is about the School of Public Service. And that is what Lyndon very much wants.

Clark said, "You do not want to put the chicken in the pot yet because we do not have it caught. But we do have it cornered."

They are taking the letter back and the rest of the Regents must approve it, and they might not. But if they do it's up to us. Our approval would be quick. It already contains what the GSA and Archives want.

Much of the day was spent going around with John William Klein and Weeze Deathe to the Sharnhorst and the Lewis, cleaning and placing and arranging and brightening up and planning refurbishing.

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Dear Weeze is getting to be our chief purchasing agent now that Louise is no longer here.

And then about 4:00, Mr. Kellam had planned on having all the coaching staff for the University plus their wives and children (their wives and children he said never get asked anywhere and the coaches are just simply overwhelmed with invitations -- 'glutted, bored with them -- but <sup>so</sup> they really appreciate their children especially getting to come along). So there was going to be swimming and exploring and maybe fishing -- all of it outdoors.

But the big thunder clouds darkened the sky and the rain began to pour. And here we were with about 75 people on the porches, in the three living rooms. And finally Mary and Gertrude and Liz valliantly concocted an instant cabaret in the car port -- red checkered table clothes on bridge tables, folding chairs and paper napkins.

But it was a fun time and a lot of gay, attractive people.

Roy White had come out to talk to me on business and we had slipped away to the back bedroom to discuss what I hope will be my final building experience -- enlarging our two bedrooms -- Lyndon's and mine -- into really ample size rooms which I hope will make us happy for the rest of our lives. What do I want in my room? Roy asked me. I told him a view, a fireplace, a lot of bookshelves and a place for my desk. But I want ample closet space -- that goes without

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saying. Well, it's pretty darn hard to get <sup>for</sup> from the only view available -- from that particular room is of either the carport or the paved parking area looking east.

Roy did come up with a revised plan which did include the fireplace -- <sup>Anathema</sup> ~~a natherma~~ to Lyndon -- an ultimate luxury to me. I was born in a house with a fireplace in every room, and I love to go to bed and see the light flickering on the ceiling from the last dying embers. Maybe I'll get the fireplace and share his view of the river from the bay windows.

Then back we went to join the 75 -- at least three-fourths children. I sat with the attractive Darrell Royals. His pretty daughter just married <sup>Chick?</sup> ~~Dick~~ Kazen's son, and this summer she is working in the Capital in John Connally's new program to attract tourism.

At each of the major entrances of Texas -- from Arkansas, from Oklahoma, from Louisiana, from Mexico -- at seven places -- John has had erected an attractive little house well landscaped marked, "Tourist Information" -- their staff, bright, pretty college girls, armed with brochures on everything from historic homes to buried treasure and old cattle trails, the gayest night clubs and the most undiscovered canyons and mountains. And mostly armed with a smile and a welcome. And then there is such a place in the Capitol building itself where Darrell's daughter works. <sup>John</sup> ~~Donna~~ is really taking aim at education and

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at tourism.

The guests left early -- there were so many sleepy children. And Liz and Jesse and I sat around in the living room waiting for 10:30 to come when we would fly in the "Queen Air" to Dallas and there to make connections to Washington. This was my time to talk with Jesse -- the rock of our life -- on personnel at the Ranch, on making sure that the Davis' children got paid for the hours they worked through their mother or in some way. They retried to get a scholarship for John William Klein. And failing that to offer him a long-term loan to help him through college. If he doesn't make it we want him right here as an understudy for his father.

Jesse has really added to his many duties <sup>that</sup> ~~out~~ of major domo and chief housekeeper <sup>or</sup> ~~that~~ that sprawling establishment -- the LBJ Ranch -- which I have abdicated since moving into the White House. He is one of the indispensable, dearly loved parts of my life.

And so we leave with many things done, and some undone -- the keen sense of the uncertainty of life. But the reviving sense of an ancient rain. Only a rancher could know how important that can be -- <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ one's frame of mind.

Because of Liz being along I have gotten twice as much done as I would otherwise -- not to mention having more fun.