

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, August 9, 1965

A day of shooting stars! Before noon, when I helicoptered out to NIH with Lyndon. The purpose was to sign the 280 million dollar Health Research Facilities Act. The setting dramatically, was in front of one of the big handsome buildings in this Research Center, facing a serene, green lawn, now crowded with people - patients, nurses, doctors - on the platform, Luther Terry, Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service; Tony Celebreeze; Lister Hill, practically the father of the legislation sponsoring so much of the medical research this government is engaged in; and the other heads of committees, both Democrats and Republicans, before ^{whom} the Health Bills come, who had all flown out in the helicopter with us.

Lyndon called this a quiet battleground on which the United States leads the world wide war on poverty. It was a beautiful speech and I have never seen a more intensely interested audience - caught up in a kind of fervor - and as I looked at some in the audience, obviously patients, attended by nurses, some of them, I thought of all those who had won or lost here.

Woody's sister, who battled with a brain tumor, has won a wonderful victory because of NIH. Bobby Russell, who lost.

And on the platform, ^{the} Sevilla-Sacasas, whose little girl, Julia, was having constant treatments here that may save her. I was interested to see quite a number from the Diplomatic Corp, several African faces. There was much drama in the day. Right outside the laboratory walls, they were hearing about the America that was pioneering to find vaccines for measles, for the attacking of rheumatic heart fever, and are anxious to give to the whole world, these treasured that ^{we have} ~~was~~ learned. So that malaria, for instance, could be

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eradicated everywhere, just as it has been in the United States.

I, like everyone there, must have offered up one more little prayer, ^e for a ten year ^{re}mission from war, so that we could apply ourselves, our wealth, our brains, to this kind of battle.

Lovely Mathilda² Krim (Dr. Krim), herself a bio-chemist in cancer research, was with us, watching very interestedly. She works for the Sloan-Kettering Institute, in isolating a virus that may produce a cancer.

In the course of the speech, Lyndon announced the coming retirement of Dr. Luther Terry, ^{and} ~~who~~ said he was going to find the most adventurous, imaginative doctor in the country, ^{as} his successor. "I don't know where he is, but we're going to look for him."

I left Lyndon to tour the Lukemia Wards and others, then raced back in the car, to the second floor, to meet Clark Clifford, and Buzz^{and} Bill Moyers, as we were to have an hour's lunch, to pool our thinking and make our plans for the announcement of the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library, before we got together with the principles of the University at 2:30.

We ~~decided~~ Bill Moyers ought to announce it at his 4 o'clock briefing. The news would be getting around, we had better tell it straight, release the two letters, answer questions, before any leaks started.

I was so happy to hear that Clark and Bill Heath, working together had been able to find Dr. Ransom, on vacation up at Cape Cod, and get him down in a big hurry, as the wise back-up, representing the University, able to answer any questions the newsmen might put to him. Greatly respected

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in the world of education, he'll be very valuable at this meeting.

I told Bill Moyers, at Liz's suggestion, that all the Texas press be called immediately our decision was made, so that they would have plenty of time to get to the 4 o'clock meeting if they wanted to come.

Bill lives under the most intense pressure. We hadn't been there 15 minutes before he got a rush call from Lyndon, to report at once to his office. He took the two letters, to get them mimeographed, to dispense to the Press at 4, promised to meet us again, and then left without lunch.

Clark and Buz and I had a delicious lunch, in the first floor dining room. Clark has that marvelous, soothing ability, to impart a feeling of order and leisure, to even the most frantic ^{meeting} ~~pleading~~. And when we got to coffee, we went upstairs, to the west hall, and there met Bill Heath, Dr. Ransom, Frank Erwin, Frank Ikaard and Lawson Knott.

Thank heavens, I had the presence of mind to begin our talk with just a little too many round the room discussion of

*must have been interrupted
and taken up later*