

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 3, 1966 W40

Page 1

This was one of those unbelievably busy days, beginning early at 7 o'clock, Lyndon hardly ever sleeps past seven now, and with this 12, one or two o'clock bedtimes, I stagger out into my own room, in hopes of sleeping longer. But at nine, I hauled myself out, to make my Spanish class, my very favorite self-indulgence, in which I barely hold my own, but I always promise myself that the next time I will study harder. I just plain ^{enjoy} it too much to quit.

Then to the beauty parlor.

And then, at three, for a meeting with Liz, and Bill Heath - Bill Moyers is too ill to attend, to discuss the University of Texas announcement about the location of the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library. It will be somewhere on the nineteen acre tract, east of Red River, and the Stadium, and the Law Building, but exactly where is still for the architects to determine.

Of the 68 land owners involved, only 12 remained, a week or so ago, unwilling to sell, and Bill has every hope of making amicable agreements with six of those. So it's a relatively good picture, but both we and the University want to proceed very carefully, with all possible consideration for the goodwill of those landowners. When you've been in public life 30 years, ^{you're} ~~we're~~ necessarily responsive to the feelings of that widow woman whose lived in the same house for 50 years and loves it.

There was one hilarious moment when Bill Heath, with a big grin, pulled a small black box out of his pocket and handed to me saying it was a gift for Lyndon, from a friend of his, who had landed his plane at the ranch last fall, in order to drive over to Bill Heaths, and Lyndon had

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 3, 1966

Page 2

invited them to come in for lunch. I opened it and therein lay two miniature Colt pistols. Did they work? Yes, they were rare and beautiful specimens and we both roared ^{at} The consternation of the Secret Service ^{if} they had asked this good friend of ours ^{to} to open the innocuous little package he was carrying. It looked just like a jewelry box.

Texas Ex's ^{was} celebrating Texas Independence Day, a day late, and their honor guests were the Board of Regents. We had invited them to come for tea at 3:30, so Bill Heath accompanied me into the Yellow Room and stood by me to introduce his fellow members of the Board of Regents. The Walter Brennans, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Connelly, and the Jack ^{Joseph} Joseph's of Houston - none of them I knew well. Frank Ikard, the fifth regent was ^{Bill Moyers} them and, of course, Chancellor Harry Ransom, and Hazel. Alas, / who is President of the Texas Ex's this year, couldn't come, but pretty Judith did, and the Secretary-Treasurer of the organization, the Harold Kennedys. Several Texas Ex's, the Jake Pickles, the Horace Busbys - hadn't seen them in a long time and was anxious to get caught up on their country house. And Liz and Les Carpenter; and Jake Jacobson; and Christine Stugard, very much a Texas Ex. When she first went to work for us, she was a widow of Dean V. R. Mor^{se} son, Dean since time began.

Because I very much want them to get to know the Board of Regents, I'd asked Juanita Roberts and Dorothy Teritto to join us, and made sure that the regents knew who they were.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 3, 1966

Page 3

I spent my time with the three Regents that I knew the least - the Brennans, ^{Joseph}~~Josephs~~, and the Connellys. Dr. Connelly brought me affectionate greetings from ^{Neill Cargin}~~Marion Cargin~~, my University of Texas roommate in 1930.

After tea and talk, I suggested that just possibly they might want to see the Lincoln Room, and all the upstairs. They would and I'm constantly delighted how much pleasure this gives to people, to see the part of the White House that is not really open to any but really close friends.

Jim Ketchum was tour conductor, but I kept on putting in my own personal vignettes. At one point, Spike Brennan, in talking about Bill Heath, referred to him, "He's the old pro." And indeed, he is, particularly on this Library project which he is determined to see through successfully before he steps down.

I had autographed guide books for the five Regents and Chancellor Ransom. It was a very personal, warm hour and a half. Lyndon joined us. I felt good about our hospitality and my part in running this house.

Then when they left, I lay down for a precious 30 minutes of rest. I find it is really wearing, as much as I enjoy it, to try to "project," to give out to people, but tonight is the big night, the Congressional reception for close to a thousand people, as important as all 10 of the receptions last year, rolled into one. We'd done everything we could to make it special.

It had been Lyndon's suggestion to have the Leadership and the Chairman, the Cabinet, and some of his staff upstairs, 30 minutes early, for a greeting in the hall, standing by the big grand piano. There were a battery of

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 3, 1966

Page 4

photographers there - and as Bill and Betty Fulbright came down the line, they were ~~phenetic~~^{frenetic} with activity. But amusingly, that wasn't the picture they used the next day! It was Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Maureen, mistakenly identified, ~~as~~ Mrs. Wilbur Mills!

There was a bar and everybody had a drink. I had a moment with Lindy Boggs, to talk about Lynda Bird at the Mardi Gras. Lindy said she won the hearts and was accorded every honor New Orleans had to offer. The days and nights were a constant blaze of parties and Lynda Bird, ~~all~~ that her hostess could want!

It had been Liz or Bess' idea, a very good one, to make a different, off beat picture in the Lincoln Room. So the Leadership filed in there, with Lyndon and ^{me} and the Hubert Humphreys, in front of the birdnest table, and grouped around behind us, Senator Carl Hayden, President Pro Tempore; Tom and Betty Kuchel, the Senate Minority Whip; Senator Everett Dirksen with Louella; Mike and Maureen Mansfield, for so long the Majority Whip; Hale and Lindy Boggs; Speaker McCormack with Miss Harriett; Carl Albert, without his wife; and the Les Arends, the House Minority Whip. It was a memorable picture, the only time I remember such a one in the White House, and therefore, sure to be news.

And then, with an actor's instinct, I believe, Les Arends of Illinois, who has something of a Lincolnesque look, sat down on Lincoln's bed and Lyndon sat down by him, and the photographers had a field day.

The upstairs gathering had three ingredients for a successful party,

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 3, 1966

Page 5

guests who have something in common, music, and drinks. So when Lyndon and I slipped down into the Blue Room, just a little past seven to greet the other 800 or so, I felt as gay as my red dress, and by the evening's end at 10:45, so was everybody. Dorothy McCardle's headline next day, was "Hawks ^{were} and Doves Come back to Roost." "The doves and the hawks ~~xxx~~ billing and cooing at each other last night at the White House reception."

And Betty Beale said, "Senate Leader of opposition, Everett Dirksen, led the Marine Band in Danny Boy, while singing it at the same time." "Vice President Humphrey, just back from Viet-Nam, danced gayly with Mrs. J. William Fulbright, while Senator Fulbright whirled Mrs. Humphrey about. And Senator Strom Thurmond showed up with the Peach Queen of Georgia". But the nicest line was "...and all the Senators and Representatives acted completely at home." The buffet table was heavily laden with a ship's roast of beef, fresh shrimp, fritos with chili con queso dip, and ham in little hot biscuits, and brownies and eclairs, rather than petit fours, all added up to an A plus for our chef, I thought.

I had elected to have a receiving line ^{Chic} perhaps it is more ~~stilet~~ or is it ~~stylish~~ simply to move around among the guests. [?] But I would be one of those shy guests who wouldn't go up and say hello. That, I believe, would include about three fourths of them, and therefore, go away feeling just a little let down. The line was every bit of an hour, with time for a hug for a lot of old friends. Senator and Mrs. Donald Russell; Jack and Charlotte Brooks, (I wore their earrings); and all my old friends from the Senate Ladies.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 3, 1966

Page 6

And of course, the guests who were not there made news too. Senators Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening, and the two Kennedy Senators, Bobby and Teddy.

A little after eight, we began to mingle with the guests. I sampled the buffet, stopped to chat with group after group, noticing that Lyndon had become the center of a huddle of all the newspaper women in sight. This morning Betty Beale summarized it, "This has been a rather unbelievable ten days in the records of the Congress. We passed our Economic Aid Bill with less than 40 votes against it. I just suggested the Asian Bank last April, and a billion dollars for Asia was passed yesterday. We had a vote on Military Aid in the House, and lost only 4 votes, and in the Senate we lost only 2 votes. We had a vote on rescinding the President's power, and lost only 5. Then we had the Tax Bill and it was 13 to nothing. Among some 2000 votes cast in the past 10 days, there have not been more than 200 votes against any of my bills.", Dorothy McCardle quoted him as saying. And he ended up by saying, "It's been a good, productive period."

At any rate, we put in a good productive hour and a half, and a very happy one for me, with all the guests. We slipped off upstairs at 9:30, taking the Watsons with us. There we put in a call to the Texas Ex's party, and Lyndon made a little speech to them over the phone, with loud speakers hooked up on the other end. And then handed me the phone. I imagine that I did beautifully, solely because I was talking about the University which I

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 3, 1966

Page 7

love, and it was the end of a day sparkling with success.

It was 10:30 before all our guests departed and that in itself, is a criterion of a good party.

Jim Cain had been a guest upstairs. Lyndon had asked him. The only thing that marred the day, for me, was that I had not asked him to come down and join us. He would, no doubt, have been introduced as Congressman Cain, by the Military Aide; and Congressman or no, he would have found plenty of friends. So I hope this will be a lesson to me on houseguests.

#####