

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, June 4, 1966

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Saturday, June 4th, began with a swim with Lyndon -- just the two of us.

I love to be able to say "yes" to him when he wants us to be together.

But he's the most gregarious man I know.

It was only a little while before he gathered up the Bishops and Arthur Krim, and we all went riding over to the cattle pens to see the Hereford Association -- the ^(Hill?) hill country -- that is going from ranch to ranch looking at the stock.

Dale was out working in the pens with the men.

When we came up with the top down everybody began to get their cameras out and they were saying, "Hello there, Lyndon", rather more frequently than "Mr. President".

I think the Bishops found it rather astonishing.

Betty and Tom Weinheimer were there, and I could thank her for the beautiful yellow roses that are filling my living room today.

I slipped away from the group soon to go back and see Lynda. I want to spend some time with her and George because it means something to her I think for the three of us to be together.

We walked along the river bank, decided it would be best for the shredding to wait til the flowers went to seed in a couple of weeks.

Mr. Bishop was with us -- a little less than enthusiastic about the high grass and hard walking. But I thought to get the real flavor of the Ranch, he should at least go to see the family graveyard and the house where Lyndon was born.

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I tried to paint a picture of Mrs. Johnson's early days there -- a young bride in a rough country. And Lyndon's first five years, running away to the river, starting school at four and sitting on the teacher's lap.

And then I took them over to the Danfz. As usual, Lyndon, while relaxing, was tending to a great deal of business with Don Thomas and Tom Frost, Sr. and Tom Frost, Jr. of the San Antonio Bank, and Jess McNeil and Malcolm Bardwell were riding around with him with the top down getting a lot of sunshine while they discussed their business.

There was a gorgeous quilt of wild flowers all over the Danfz -- Indian blanket and coreopsis the most colorful -- red and orange and yellow.

Lyndon got out and walked with me to a beautiful spot under the trees and called Okamoto to get some pictures of the wild flowers. How much it pleases me ^{THAT} because of my interest he cares enough to point them out to visitors, to be proud of them, to tell all the ranch hands not to grub up the yucca!

I called Mary at the Ranch and said we were likely to have about 6 to 8 more for lunch and that we would be home pretty soon.

And a little past 1:30 we sat down with a very full table -- all of the San Antonio contingent, the Bishops and Krims, and Lynda acting as hostess at the table by the window.

Today is the runoff. Together Lyndon and I went into the Courthouse a little before 4:00. We will always have a ^{mental} picture of us walking into that Courthouse in the summer of '41. Whatever has happened to me in the interim nothing has ever been more dramatic than the race for the Senate in 1941.

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Lynda and George left early, and I told Lynda that I would be in the crowd beaming with the graduation ceremony. She laughed lightly and said, "Mother, I'll be the one in the black gown and black shoes." There will be 2400 of them. She's made ^{light} ~~lot~~ of it the whole time -- at first, didn't want to come -- although I believe deep down in her heart maybe she did want to come ^{but} ~~because~~ it was such a mass production deal -- "Mickey Mouse," as she calls it -- not quite the sophisticated thing to do anymore.

Lyndon and I went in by chopper and arrived in front of "Harry's ^House" about 1 minute before the faculty was supposed to start the procession.

It was a thrilling sight -- a beautiful summer night with clear skies and cool breezes and about 10,000 parents and friends seated on the mall in front of the great main building. Lyndon and I slipped in quietly and took a seat by Warrie Lynn's parents. The Deaths and George were close and dear Mrs. Hudspeth.

There was a little patter of applause as we were recognized.

Lynda Bird ^{has been} ~~looked~~ absolutely adamant -- either come just as parents or don't come was what she wanted of us.

I looked at my program and there was Lynda under the cumlaude group in the School of Arts and Sciences, ~~and~~ ^{and} it had been 33 years since I had first graduated and the campus was full of ghosts. The solemn processional of the professors entered and all the parents began to crane their necks and look eagerly as the graduates walked down the ^aisle toward Dr. Ransom at the speaker's podium. And then filing left into their seats.

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Lynda Bird was a few rows in front of us and in a minute I saw Warrie Lynn with a little blue ^{TASSEL} ~~course~~ that says she's an education major and her merry smile. -- Signs of the times -- babies crying during the ceremony here and there in the soft night air all across the campus where there were chairs in front of buildings and up on steps where people were seated -- you could hear youngsters crying. Young marrieds on the campus -- a third or more of those in graduate school, Lynda g tells me. It would have been as rare as an elephant when I was on the campus!

Another sign, a degree in "Aero#space Engineering -- B.A., M.A., Ph.D. I wonder how long they have been going on? My heart rose in salute ^{that} ~~at~~ my University was so quick to meet the time s.

Third, a Negro woman getting a Ph.D. Nothing in the program said so, but her face clearly said so. We move on.)

I, who~~am~~ am a little over 50 and was born and raised in deep East Texas, have seen the most miraculous change in the life of our country. Jack Broad~~en~~ax and his mule have gone to join Uncle Rem^Us.

Another interesting thing was the heavy percentage of Ph.D. s from the middle-east and the far-east. Most of all perhaps from India, and among them a woman, Mrs. ⁿLatchney Uma de Jawa Taki Conda. Pakistan was represented too. Japan, represented very heavily -- Tet sumic Kansaca Niki. And China, heavily represented, two Chinese women getting Ph.D. s -- Zoology and Botany.

We are much favored, at least in getting an education, by the United Arab Republic -- such names as Mahmud Mohamed El Emory and Mohamed

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Sala Elden Botowan Nosier, springing out on page after page -- nearly always taking chemistry or civil engineering. I hoped for a lot of people from South and Central America. But how could you tell unless they listed their country -- we with our 10 or 12 percent of Latin American population.²

The Commencement speaker was Francis Keppel, former Assistant Secretary for Education in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. I thought he was witty, left a few deep thoughts with us, and was short -- all virtues. He urged the graduates to serve some branch of Government at some time in their lives. "Some of the most rewarding ^{tasks} ~~parts~~ ^{are} that ~~is~~ ever given to us to do are those of closing the gaps in our progress of finishing the unfinished business of society."

He quoted from my great favorite John Gardner's book, "Self Renewal".

And then it was over, the lights of the tower turned orange. This is the moment that we have been waiting for. My heart was in my throat and I knew Lynda's was. And the Texas band struck up the "Eyes of Texas" with many of us singing.

Lyndon and I hurried out so as not to be caught in the crowd. Lynda Bird joined us at the car. There were pictures of us together.

For the sake of the press and perhaps for our own, I should have done it more leisurely -- have lingered, have waited for her and hugged and kissed her like every other momma. But only two days away from my bruising brush with the press at Mary's party my inclination was to simply hurry on.

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We decided we'd go by the party that Jesse² and ^{Carolyn} Karen and Tom Curtis were giving for Lynda, even if for ^{only} a few minutes.

It was at the 40 Acres Club. The press beat us there of course. We walked in past the cordon. But once in we felt cozy and ready to celebrate.

I thought it was a great tribute to Lynda?

~~That~~ Chancellor Ransom and his wife came to the party. Ann Clark and the Ambassador were there. Warrie Lynn and her family. A sprinkling of Zetas. Mrs. Hudspeth, who had been irreplaceable in Lynda's life in the University. Bill Hitchcock and Joe Bat^{so}zen, the sort of good friends you would tell your troubles to. The Deathes and ^EIrwins, the wives of the Secret Servicemen. A cozy, diverse little group of about 55 or so. We had drinks and hors d'oeuvres. And then we flew home, arriving a little past 11:00 to find our famished house guests -- whom I had specifically instructed to sit down and eat when they got ready because we might come home later and ^{have} eat ourselves -- just sitting down at the dining room table -- the Krims, the Bishops and the staff. We sat and talked with them. We had left Lynda and George. And I later found they had a hilarious time after the party riding around town in Warrie Lynn's date's car which was a red ambulance -- 1946 vintage.

One of the sweetest things of all was a card from Miss ^{Noland} Knowland -- Lynda's Latin teacher from early days of high school. The legend was in Latin and so was the sweet message that went with it. So I have no idea what it said. But when Lynda Bird translated it, it was a sort of dear message.... // someone has remembered you across the years and believes in you. //