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Initials 

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, May 26, 1967

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It was a happy day made up of my funny decorating. I worked on the LBJ Library with Mary Lasker. And then introducing our favorite friends to Mary. It began early.

I had dressed and had my coffee and was down at the Cedar House a little past 8:00 with James and a great stack of paintings -- most of them from Lyndon's trip to Germany. And we marched from room to room -- James holding them up and me looking judiciously. Bess had spent the night at the Cedar House and she passed judgment on a few as she busily went about the job of putting on a lovely dinner this evening.

I spent over an hour this way, and then made a rush trip to James' house taking a large mirror -- one that had long ago been the frame for Salinas' painting I had bought for Lyndon's birthday and never having liked the frame, reframed the painting and used the original frame for a mirror. Sure enough the mirror looked very well in James'x house and so did one of the paintings. And James and Mary were very pleased. And I so much pleased to see how neat and really attractive their house is and how much pleasure they take in it. James' very elderly mother was visiting them. Their daughter's room was especially charming. She is going to work at KTBC this summer. Lyndon is a remarkable man. Among all the millions of things of state he has to think of, he hears from Mary Davis that her 17-year old daughter has taken typing and has done very well in it. And he prods Jesse into giving her a summer job at KTBC.

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Back at the main house I got Mr. Klein off to Luci's, carrying his tools and more wedding gifts to be unpacked and some paintings. And then Bess and I conferred on the dinner tonight. I made a few calls, and was headed for Luci's driving alone -- something I very much enjoy -- a relaxing experience for me, arriving there about 12:30.

SANITIZED

I went out to Ragsdale to pick up Mary who arrived about 2:30 stepping down from our little plane and looking lovely and so excited. And a happy moment it was for me to get her in Texas. We drove to the main building of the University, I pointing out all the landmarks along the campus as we went. And Dr. Ransom and Mrs. Hudspeth were at the door to meet us. He took us up to his office where we saw a spreadout of a ~~few~~ <sup>a</sup> few of the latest acquisitions. And then we went to the Library on the fourth floor where there is a marvelous view of the whole campus. We walked out on the balcony. I had Laurence Rockefeller's binoculars, and I looked to the northeast down the Mall and picked out the very spot where the Presidential Library will be. I showed it to Mary. We are

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both a little concerned that it is not exactly at the end of the axis, because one's eye travels there, it rests there. But it is the firm conviction of Bunshaft that it be farther to the left. What then shall we have at the end of the axis. A fountain is planned for that spot. But it will have to be a strong one, high and impressive it seems to me.

Mary was suitably impressed. It's always an anxious moment when you show your child or your favorite ~~parent~~ painting or whatever you love most to a good friend. But it must be even harder for them to decide what is adequate to say.

Then we went to the top floor of the main Library -- affectionately called "Harry's house" by the students. Mary was quite impressed -- surprised I think -- by the extent of the memorabilia and paintings and manuscripts of George Bernard Shaw, The Epstein Sculpture -- many of our possessions.

And then we went past the lovely little open patio into the large room where the material associated with the Presidency was spread out on tables -- mostly manuscripts, letters and maps. And against the walls, the portraits of Presidents. She was excited and enthusiastic. And I felt aglow with pride because in a sense the achievements of the University in any field of excellence belong to everybody who has ever been to the University, or so we feel.

Mrs. Hudspeth was with us every bit of the way helping, reminding Dr. Ransom, making suggestions. She had thoughtfully provided a large

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pot of very hot coffee and some delicious sandwiches and cookies which I fell upon rather wolfishly because it was by this time 3:30 and I had had no lunch and very little breakfast. Meanwhile the dialogue between Dr. Ransom and Mary was highly interesting to listen to, although I had very little to contribute to it. It was like two musical instruments playing a duet -- <sup>but</sup> none of the notes were familiar to me. He would mention a painting the University had and she would say, "Oh yes, that was the blue period wasn't it?" And then he would say something about a manuscript and he would say, "I wonder if you bought that from the so and so collection." And we had.

It was a sparkling exchange in a field in which I am just beginning to know the limits of my ignorance.

And it was nearly 5:00 when we left knowing that we would see the doctor just a little bit later and flew with Dale out to the Ranch. I dropped Mary off at the Cedar House. Bess was there with us. We had a hair-dresser waiting. Sweet little Mrs. Frederick Burg who had left her two children with some babysitter and come over to help us out on a neighborly basis since she is no longer in the beauty parlor business. I told Mary she must get some rest and just come and join us when she could. The guests would be here about 6:30 but she must not rush. We gave her a guest list, and I hurried home to get my own hair combed and get dressed and waved from the front gallery at Ruth Johnson who had arrived early with a great



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arm full of beautiful lillies from her own garden.

Bess was hostess and greeted everybody until I could get down.

We were 24 at dinner -- the Ransoms and Jack Maguire and Frank Erwin alone (June is in the hospital) and the J. Lee Johnsons -- these were the University orientation. And the Alfred Negleys and Henry Catts and Marshall Steves and Houston Hartes from San Antonio. And Mayor Harry <sup>Akin</sup> ~~Akin~~ and Jesse <sup>Kelly</sup> ~~Kelly~~ <sup>m.</sup> And the San Antonio bachelor who has an attractive apartment on the river, to even up the table with all us women -- Bess and Liz and Mary and I. In discussing an extra man I had told Liz that I thought of Mary as the very <sup>high</sup> ~~sty~~ type lady. And let's <sup>?, Chicago</sup> try to get a gentleman suitable. She assured me this one was. Then we had the John Ben Shepherds just because they are so much fun, and no gathering of conservationists is complete without him these days.

It was a group picked exactly to my taste and that I thought too Mary would find interesting. I am being very selfish about this weekend here. And everything until Lyndon comes is being planned for my and Mary's pleasure.

Everyone drifted in a little after 6:30, and it was a long beautiful twilight. We sat around the pool and watched the river and the sky. And it was pleasant talk and good companionship -- planning with Ruth Johnson about our trip to the campus tomorrow and what we hoped the grounds may be like. And hearing of her work -- she's the chairman of the committee

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on Buildings and Grounds with the regents. We had noches specials and barbequed ribs with our drinks -- a real introduction to Texas for Mary. And the Catts and Negleys and Steves were full of reminiscences about the weekend with the Ambassadors. Nancy invited Mary to come to San Antonio on Monday to see art galleries and the river that winds through the town and have lunch.

We had dinner in the dining room. It's a bit chilly to eat out. Frank Irwin, Chairman of the Board of Regents, was on my right with Mary next to him. And on the other side ~~the very shy type bachelor~~, Gilbert Denman. And on my left, Mayor <sup>Akin</sup> ~~Aiken~~.

I was very proud of Bess' arrangements. The flowers were lovely and there was real candle light. We seldom have it when Lyndon's here because he begins to <sup>grope</sup> ~~grope~~ for his plate and glass as though he were blind. He's quite an actor. And I was proud of Mary.

We began with an avocado filled with jellied consomme covered with sour cream and red cavier. And then a delicious roast fillet of beef. I am not sure that Mary had ever fixed it that way before, but it was splendid. And corn from the garden -- last year's via the deep freeze. And one wine. I could notice Mary getting along fabulously with Frank <sup>E</sup> Irwin who is a smooth and charming person. Jesse was my host at one table, and Dr. Ransom at the other.

We had coffee in the living room with liqueurs. And then a fine looking young man who is at the University of Texas, Dave Baylor, came

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in with his guitar and sang folk songs -- a most likeable young man. But I couldn't quite smell the coffee and feel the loneliness the way you can when the head of the school out at Alpine sings them.

It was an early evening. Having come at 6:30, people were ready to go home a little before 11:00.

So after we had said goodbye to everybody with plans for Mary to spend Monday in San Antonio, Liz and Bess and Dave Baylor and Mary and I sat around in the living room talking about young college folks today. He had taken time off for two years in the service. He was back and at the University. And at 22 was far from ready to graduate. But he's glad he's taken his time for his hitch with the military -- considered no great deprivation. Thought that there was a lot more noise than truth about anti-Viet-Nam feelings on campuses and about changes in young people. He seemed a very wholesome, good, likeable person. And on that pleasant note I went to bed. It had been a long day. And tomorrow with the chances to put a stamp on the grounds of the LBJ Library beckoned eagerly.