

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, October 24, 1967

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Tuesday, October 24th, marked a milestone -- it's to be emphatically my last speech this year, and a low-key, pleasantly reminiscent one over which I am not struggling.

Luci's obliging Larry came early and combed my hair, and I had an early morning visit with Lyn who looked like a cherub and ate greedily. He still has no hair. Luci dresses him so cute, and he's wearing year-old clothes.

I left about 9:00 with Simone to drive over to Southwestern in Georgetown. We were greeted on the campus by Dr. Durwood Fleming and the Grogan Lords.

We went into the Alma Thomas Art Center -- the gift of a very elderly, very outspoken lady. She looked just like a rancher. I enjoyed meeting her. We saw a display of West African paintings by Dr. John Biggers -- himself a Negro who had made them from life in Nigeria I believe, and another African country.

We stood around trying to think of something to say like one often does at Art shows. The paintings were very big canvases, strong, realistic as photographs. And somehow strangely out of keeping here -- you wondered why. And then we walked across the Mall -- a beautiful feature of this campus -- a long alley of trees with a beautiful planting underneath -- a centerpiece of a fountain, the gift of a family who had

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lost a child. They had a closeness to Southwestern, and they wanted something living, expressive, as a memorial. It was.

Later at luncheon, I was so glad when I got a chance to thank them. I know many people have -- to whom this campus has been a part of their lives.

We arrived in front of the Coty Library and took our seats for the part of the program that was the opening of the Edward Clark collection of Texana. Dr. Charles Protheau, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, presided. And I sat by Ed Clark on the front row with Ann close by. And the officials and trustees and benefactors of the school lined up to do honor to Ed. He was delightful. The collection is over 2400 volumes of Texana; some of it very rare -- one of the two best collections in private hands -- and I felt a distinct twinge of envy when I had first learned that it had gone to Southwestern.

Ed told how he had spent over 35 years collecting it -- how Austin and Houston and Rusk and Henderson had become his daily companions -- "And though I've searched three continents, I have never found better ones."

He had on a navy tie with an inconspicuous lone-star flag on it. And that was the only inconspicuous thing about him. He is a unique person.

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Then we went inside to see some of the collection which really should be enjoyed in a comfortable chair by a fire at leisure. There were intriguing things that I would have loved to look at -- Davy Crockett's journals.

But my frequent predicament in crowds -- I spent more time lifting my head to smile into the camera or to shake hands with some friend -- and often here it was an old one from Lyndon's days of representing the 10th District -- ~~then~~ in looking at the exhibits.

We went up to the second floor and I put on my cap and gown -- the black one with the beautiful white velvet that the University of Texas had given me. And then we joined in the procession and marched to the University Chapel. And here I was very aware that this was a church school. It had a sort of Methodist stamp on it. There were stained glass windows and a real pulpit.

As I looked into the faces of the students I wondered how they compared with those that I had seen at Middlebury and Williams and Yale -- younger and a bit more innocent perhaps? More country? Yes. Wholesome -- a beard was a rarity here. There were one or two. I feel fiercely that in the rest of the years of my life I want to help make available to this good raw material the same sort of opportunity that they have at those best eastern schools.

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Two Bishops led us off in the religious part of the service, and then very soon President Durwood Fleming introduced me and I went to the pulpit at his request and made my brief 7 or 8-minute speech reminiscing about Southwestern where Lyndon had received his first degree back in 1943 -- the early years of this 100 year old institution. And I got a small ripple of laughter when I recalled that one of its ancestor colleges had charged \$180 for tuition, board, room and laundry for 10 months. Parents take note. But the bulk of the speech was about how far-flung are the foot prints of Southwestern -- all over the world -- Peace Corps volunteers, a builder in Gecarter or Dahomey. There were the Browns -- a Methodist minister in Viet-Nam. (It turns out lots of missionaries to go all over the world). Or an Ambassador. There was Ed Clark right before us.

It was low-key, really just a gracious thank you for the honor they were paying me, -- my fifth honorary degree.

Then there was the real convocation address by Mr. William Bienneke, Chairman of the Board of Sperry-Hutchinson, and Ed Clark's friend. I found myself quite in tune with much that he said. He took a rapport to today's habit of sloganizing, of sinicism and labeling, because it takes more trouble to think than just to label.

And then came the awarding of the degrees. All the time I was looking at Luci and Pat in the front row -- her face so intense with

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interest, so loving. I really stir with pride in her.

I received mine. And then Mr. Bienenke of New York City. And at this point one of the funniest things happened. President Durwood Fleming in awarding the degree called him William Sperry-Hutchinson -- recovered after a half a second and added the word Bienenke -- while my stomach knotted up in compassion for the poor man, Dr. Fleming. I know he must have wished the earth could swallow him up. And in a peculiar Freudian way this explained to me what I had rather figured all along that Ed had arranged this honorary degree for Mr. Bienenke with the possibility that he just might be a benefactor to this little school.

And then Mr. Grogan Lord received his degree, and the alma mater rang out and we marched through the chapel and to our cars.

The sun had broken through the clouds during the convocation and I had tried to catch Mrs. Lord's eye to reassure her because she was having 400 people in her backyard for lunch. And all morning long she had been going through the logistics of how to move the lunch into the cafeteria if the skies opened up. Golly, how I sympathized with her. But it came out bright and beautiful. It's a handsome old house -- about 100 years old -- with white columns and the later addition of some Tiffany glass -- Victorian times I suppose -- an oval near the front door -- a spacious interior with homey old furniture -- and an absolutely

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beautiful backyard dominated by an enormous pecan tree in the middle. There was an orchestra and bright-striped awnings, round tables and no drinks. This was Methodist territory. There was a long head table at which I sat with our hosts and Ann and Ed Clark and the Bienekes and Mr. Protheau and of course Dr. and Mrs. Fleming and the Bishop and George and Alice Brown.

For me it had that special warmth which can only come from being surrounded by people you've known for years and years -- Lyndon had represented Georgetown and Williamson County and the 10th District for 12 years, and for 12 more as Senator. We had known and worked with at least three-fourths of the people in the gathering. And it was a time of good conversation too.

Our host said he had been worrying about whether to move the party inside. It looked like rain any minute. He had mentioned it to one of the Bishops, and the Bishop had said, "Gamble".

I spent much of my time talking to Mr. Bienneke to whom I found quite interesting and who asked me in a very forthright way, "What do you think about Viet-Nam?" I appreciated his frankness. He speaks for the position of a man with one son in Yale and one fighting in Viet-Nam. And I tried my best to explain Lyndon's viewpoint. Not many people come out so forthright these days. In fact it has been curiously interesting to

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see how my friends approach me, react to me. Many of them avoid the subject like the plague. But almost I think their very silence thunders. And then there are acquaintances or strangers who give you an emotionally sympathetic look and say, "God bless you - keep strong." And I am divided between heartfelt thanks and curious embarrassment.

Our host introduced me and asked me to say a few words. And I looked around the audience and said I felt like I was in that TV show, "This is Your Life." I saw Paul Bolton <sup>with</sup> whom I had worked since about 1946. And over there was my Minister at St. David's -- Reverend Sumners -- where I had been going to church forever. And Judge Stone, one of Lyndon's nine opponents in his race for Congress back in 1937 -- and since then for a long time our good friend. And Don Thomas and Jesse Kellum and A. W. Moursund. Senator Dorsey Hardeman. That venerable politician, Mrs. Weinert. Eloise Thornberry and Beryl Pickle. Of course I didn't call everybody's name. But enough to paint the picture of the warmth and fun this gathering was for me. And also how proud I was to have our friends from the east -- Mr. Bienenke -- and those with him -- see some of the people that made Texas what it was.

Mr. Bienenke spoke. And Ed Clark gave a great performance. He was hilarious. He said as he looked around he could easily pick himself 12 pallbearers and 12 honorary pallbearers. And there would still be plenty of folks left that would qualify.

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It was his unique blend of humor and substance -- absolutely nobody like him.

And then Dr. Durwood Fleming made to me quite an unexpected recoupment in his few words of greeting. He said, "After having made the mistake in Mr. Bienenke's name, I wondered what word I would substitute when I came to Mr. Grogen Lord." I felt good about him.

When it was over I walked through the crowd hugging and kissing every other person, and then back in the car with Simone -- Luci and Pat had had to hurry away a little earlier.

Back at Luci's, I joined Phyllis Nugent and we went over to Mrs. Johnson's old apartment to see the progress of the redecorating. It was fresh and clean and nice, and I am glad they will have it. It's rather vanilla, and I always wish on a project like this that I had days and days to devote to it so that I could turn out something that I loved.

And then back at Luci's I simply climbed in bed and read and rested -- made some telephone calls, planned my next days work. But with abandon, goofed off.

Luci came in and sat by me, and we had one of our long good talks. Luci expresses herself with remarkable freshness and depth. And she is acquiring grace of spirit and understanding.

Finally I got up, took the clippers in hand -- the "bread and butter" present to Luci last month -- and trimmed her roses out in the front yard,



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cutting off all the dead ones. Then Luci and Pat and Lyn and I drove out to Youngblood's and had an enormous dinner of fried chicken with Lyn nodding in the high chair -- his round bald head sinking lower and lower onto his little arm and his curled up fist. And I laughingly said, "We ought to put a bottle of beer in front of him and take his picture."

I left the young folks and drove to the Ranch and was at home in bed at 9:30. That's one of the luxuries of these trips down here. Early to bed is a sheer luxury to me.