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Initials

SUNDAY, JULY 5, 1964 - page 1

Sunday, July 5th, the third day of our vacation. We skipped church at St. Barnabas, sadly on my part, but it is hard to be 17 miles away by 9 am. When I got up I put on slacks and looked around for volunteers for a good long walk with me. Jean Ikard walked with me up past the sudan and the cows and the tank and the beautiful view at the top of the pasture, and then on up to Jewel Maleche's house.

Later on we found it was one and four tenths miles.

We went in to visit with Jewel. On the way we had seen her two boys in the field, and it was Sunday, Helping Dale move pipe. She told us that ^{at} 6 and 8 years old they had spent the summer learning to drive a tractor, to pitch hay, to move the pipe -- one of them had even turned down being a little league baseball player in order to keep on helping his father.

What a bucolic scene! A church with a spire in the valley far below, and the fields in between with sudan waving in the wind, alfalfa just up, and somewhere the cows grazing, and an occasional live oak tree, and finally the white next of houses of the LBJ Ranch.

Jean and I went back by car and flew to the Lewis with Lyndon and Jesse and the Thornberrys and Frank, and there we met A. W. , got in two cars and drove over the Lewis and the Logan. Everywhere the land cried ~~out~~ out for rain. It has been pretty well cleared, bull dozed, wonderful roads built round and round the sides of the hills, very scenic, but it hasn't "haired" ~~(s)~~ over as A. W. would say, and the stream where we got stuck in May no longer has water in ^{it} them.

^{Finally} Jean, Eloise and I went back to the house and shared the two cold drinks left in the refrigerator. There were no figs - ripe that is - plenty of figs but months before they will ripen , and much mint, and a delightful yard full of native things I don't know much about..... ² ~~Patma~~ , ~~kakks~~, cactus mountain laurel, /and rocks out in front in a most artistic way.

And then we went back in a helicopter to the ranch to a big Mexican lunch. ^{My} Romanesque self indulgence -- all the enchiladas I wanted -- and then a nap. What could be more ~~idiotic~~ ^{idyllic?}.

Abput 4 o'clock we all got up and went down to Melvin Winters by helicopter. A. W. met us there in the boat but alas he was accompanied by any amount of Press and tourists. The lake was full. Alive with people to see our departure. So we sat on Melvin's front porch and dispatched Mariallen and Nita and A. W. and a couple of more by the boat, while we quietly and later went down to the Coco Cola Ranch with the ~~Qxxx~~ Ikards and the Thornberrys. This being the busiest Sunday on the lake, it was mighty hard to be us, and be inconspicuous, and it finally turned into a game of cops and robbers. At one point Homer looked up at me quizzically and said "Are we the good guys or the bad guys"?

After sending out scouts to surgey the scene and see that nobody was approaching, we finally got on the boat at the Coco Cola Ranch and rode for a pleasant half hour, but suddenly smoke came billowing out of the bottom of the boat. We grabbed off the hatch, couldn't figure what it was. Somebody suggested that we get off, and quick. So the Thornberrys and the Ikards got off in one boat. ~~The~~ Secret Service boat I think. ~~And~~ Lyndon and I into Melvin's boat which had been following us with A. W. to ~~drive~~ drive, leaving only a skeleton crew on the big boat -- I think it was Paul and one or two more.

Melvin's boat was so slow that we got another Secret Service boat to drop along side and I transferred over to it with Jerry, and we drove along finally arriving back at the Winters' lake house just at sunset, where we spent the rest of the evening happily enjoying the bucolic view, the big sky, the calm, ^{p x} pool, the lake with its picturesque limestone bluff, the katydids making the music of summer.

I went out and lay on the grass and looked up at the sky. There is nothing like the feel of the earth under you. And wondered how I could ever have been sorry that Melvin sold his other house, charming as it was.

When we first arrived there, all of his grandchildren has been in evidence -- about 7 of them, ⁶ 6 boys and 1 girl. Now they were all gone. But dear hospitable Melvin and Nita had gone out and gotten some barbecue and insisted that we stay for dinner, and it only took the asking. The quiet stillness of the summer twilight in Texas on a lake has no equal, and I enjoyed it as some might enjoy cocaine or ~~xxx~~ liquor or love.

The Thornberrys and the Ikards left to drive back into Austin and finally after a delightful and completely unbridled dinner Lyndon and I got in with A. W. and Mariallen and Jesse, and drove to their home and then helicoptered to the

ranch. So ended the third perfect day.

Lynda Bird had gone on to Church in Fredericksburg
-- the Catholic Church -- with Dave, and then had driven
him around the ranch following us part of the time. Later on
I ^{saw} ~~thought~~ that her trip to the church was duly recorded in the
Press. And then she had gone over to San Antonio to see
our sweet Warrie Lynn.

SANITIZED

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