

*Possible copies to:*  
*Nancy Neff*  
*Sec. of Freeman*  
*Finished Feb. 22, 1975*

*Possible dates to use*  
*Nov. 14, Nov. 15, Nov. 17*  
*Nov. 20, Nov. 21*

1964

Friday, November 13th

Our guests had breakfast in their rooms, and then about ten o'clock Tom Mann and a few others came out to join Lyndon and President Diaz Ordaz for further talks.

I sent word to Mrs. Diaz Ordaz that perhaps she might like a drive into Fredericksburg and see what a little pioneer Texas town looked like, as shown in the small museum there, and see my little church of St. Barnabas. So about eleven o'clock she and I and Matiana and her interpreter set out. The weather was still beautiful. How lucky we've been.

First we went to St. Barnabas, and there one of the members, who is the organist, took us through the tiny old log cabin church and explained to her about the first German settlers who came over in 1848, each of whom received a section of land -- that's 360 acres -- plus a small plot in town on which he built his "Sunday House." This little church was one of those Sunday houses which belonged to a family named Walters, who owned it from 1848 until about twelve or thirteen years ago when the Episcopal Church bought it.

What I wonder is how they made a living off 360 acres.

Then we went to the museum and there Mrs. <sup>2</sup>Zeitel and two more ladies, one of whom told me that her husband had taught Lyndon at the Stonewall school, took us through. And as I looked at the back-

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Friday, November 13th (continued)

breaking way of cooking a meal over an open fire, at the huge heavy kettles and the heavy black flatirons, I thought how hard the simple business of living must have been, just putting a meal on the table and keeping your family's laundry clean. And thanked the Lord that I live in 1964 and that there are frozen foods and cake mixes and supermarkets. It did have some elegance, but it was hard to come by. There was a waffle iron, just like a waffle iron now except with a handle about four feet long. You put your <sup>batter</sup> dough into the square grilled waffle pan and then held it by this long handle over the coals, and if your hand got half-baked too, well -- too bad. And there was a delicate fluting iron to make the ruffles on the Sunday-go-to-meeting bonnets of the pioneer ladies. Even Baron von Muesenbach's parlor, with its old pump organ and its needlepoint samplers, though it had charm and quaintness, didn't tempt me from the way of life of the mid-Twentieth Century.

We drove back just in time to greet the luncheon guests -- Tony Carrillo Flores, the five members of President Diaz Ordaz's party, the Angie Biddle Duke<sup>s</sup> and the State Department personnel who were part of this visit. Drinks were passed and then we went in to load our plates with the buffet -- once more a very simple way of life for the President of any country, I expect.

I was lucky to have the President of Mexico on my right, Tony

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Carrillo Flores, always a wonderful companion, on my left, and down the table our own Ambassador Freeman, who can keep any conversation going. I shall remember as a most interesting thing I heard President Diaz Ordaz say, a philosophical quote from some unnamed Chinese literary figure: "If you want to be happy for a few hours, drink wine. If you want to be happy for a few days, travel. If you want to be happy all your life, work in your garden." Delightful summary! The subject came up because we were discussing travel and a possible trip I might some day take to Mexico, maybe to the island of Cozumel off the coast of Yucatan, because I would like so much to see the archeological digging in that paradise for diggers, the Yucatan Peninsula, and then off the coast, this island. Mrs. Diaz Ordaz tells me the water is beautifully clear -- blue and green, changing in color all day long -- and you can see the fish swimming around many feet below you. And the weather is divine.

A little after 2:30 we said goodbye to the Mexican party at our own air strip. The visit had gone very pleasantly, but I did not arrive at any feeling of knowing or feeling close to either of them.

And then, almost immediately, Secretary of Labor Bill Wirtz and Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Anthony Celebrezze, arrived by plane from Washington. At the same time Tony and Matiana were bidding

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Friday, November 13th (continued)

me goodbye, heading back to Santa Fe, and Lyndon was gathering us all up, including Angie and Robin Duke, to leave by chopper, pick up A. W., and go to the Haywood.

There we got in the boat. The day was waning late, but the sun was still bright and Robin and I climbed up on the top deck, with a blanket over our feet, and watched the Mallards fly overhead and talked about the very interesting life she had led, working in four or five jobs, from modelling to being a foreign representative -- that is, public relations person -- for Pepsi Cola. She had on her bathing suit, and once there was a hilarious moment when A. W.'s hat blew off and, after circling two or three times trying to retrieve it, Robin simply dived overboard, swam out and got it, and then was hauled aboard, a bit shivery.

At Mary Margaret's house we stopped and watched the news, then went riding in the little amphibious car to look at the Comanche ranchettes. Bill Wirtz was very much intrigued that the lake and the dam were named Wirtz Lake. I told him all about Senator Wirtz and our years of building dams and how, if I had to carve something on our tombstone, it would be: "We built some dams."

Then we returned to the ranch for dinner, with Robin and Angie getting off in a hurry to get back home to little Biddle, who gets, after all,

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not enough of his mother's time and attention.

The talk ranges far and interestingly with Bill Wirtz, and something quite elemental and obvious he said intrigued me. "There are two satisfactions man has had in the course of time. One is his work, one is his family. It seems to me he is rapidly in danger of losing his first, his satisfaction in work. I would go crazy," he said, "if I had to sit all day screwing on a bolt on a car, and the same bolt went by day by day by day." Interesting counterpoint -- the other side of the coin to what I had been thinking about those pioneer grandmothers or great-grandmothers who must have toiled with baking and ironing in those primitive households of the Fredericksburg of 1848, that I had been looking at in the museum. Bill also thought that with the vast increase in leisure time and with our limited ability to use it wisely, government would have to do some thinking on the subject. "Perhaps," he laughingly suggested, "We might have a Department of Leisure."

While I listened to them, I signed autographs -- a vast stack from the Whistlestop Trip, thinking at the last minute that Friday the thirteenth had come and gone without anything really more disastrous happening than was already in the mill.