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Saturday, November 21st

Was the sort of day you could write a musical comedy about. Lyndon told me when he woke up that he had a man coming from Iowa to present him with a hog -- a Yorkshire boar -- and what did I think he ought to do in return. Perhaps should he give him a calf -- an exchange of gifts, or what gesture could he make. And I said, "Well, the least you could do is to ask him to lunch." Then presently I went out to the air strip to meet Nancy Negley, who was flying in to spend the day with me, going from the main house to the guest house to the birthplace house and the house in Johnson City, and maybe the Lewis, trying to fit in many of the things we have acquired on our travels. Most of my delicious, colorful items from Mexico -- from the trip of July '63 -- are still stored in a closet, and I long for a Mexican room at the guest house, as well as a Victorian room, and maybe one we will call <sup>a</sup> Western room. Anyhow, they certainly need some personality injected into them and some freshening-up, and Nancy is just such fun to walk around with and conjure up pictures of just how those gay Mexican children painted on tissue-paper and matted in orange would look with orange bedspreads and a straw mat on the floor.

Well, we had just progressed as far as the house where Lyndon was born and were moving into place a dresser that Mrs. Johnson used to use on Harris Boulevard in the many years I visited her there, and putting on

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the hand-crocheted bedspread that Lyndon's grandmother had given us as a wedding gift, when we got a call from Lyndon to come on back to the house right away -- that he would like to have lunch as quickly as possible, along with his friends who were delivering the hog.

Back we went, and much time elapsed while we waited. I gathered through random bits over the talking machine that there were quite a few people at the hog presentation, so I told the kitchen that I hoped we were having fried ham (which we were) and grits and home-made peach preserves, and that they'd better set the table for as many as it would hold. Then when they drove up there were three or four cars of them, and out began to pile this long entourage of people, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Joule and another couple of Joules who had brought the prize Yorkshire boar hog all the way from Iowa -- but it takes more than that to deliver a hog. There was the President of the National Swinegrowers' Association, the President of the Iowa Farm Brokers' Association, two young people who I think were relatives of the Joules, another couple that I didn't get the name of, the Farm Editor of the Des Moines Register, and a farm editor of another paper -- a total of eleven in all. They had just finished, with ample picture-taking of the delivery of the pig, including, of course, Secretary Freeman who, fitting right into the script, was our houseguest.

*Ch tape for all*

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And then Lyndon had taken them on a tour of the ranch, to see the cattle and sheep, the pigpen, the graveyard, the birthplace -- all around. And, along the way they were joined by one of Lyndon's cousins, Mrs. Phil Bunton, Hazel Bunton, who had wanted to come over and see him and he said that would be fine, and she had brought her husband, her daughter and son-in-law and grandchild and another relative -- a group of six.

When they started pouring into the living room my face must have been a sight to see. It turned out to be 18 instead of the two or three that I had expected at the beginning of the morning. But quick word to the office that they could come to lunch at the second table left just enough places for the Iowans and the Bunton kinfolks. We sat down to a blessing and an ample farm luncheon, complete with Secretary of Agriculture, and it was interesting.

These people had driven all the way from Iowa in two days -- some 1600 miles, when they found that it was possible to make the presentation of the hog on that day. One couple had been in Phoenix, Arizona, had interrupted their holiday plans, and had quickly driven to the little town of Stonewall. Well, I think everybody had fun and none of them had the feeling that it was an unusual day at the LBJ Ranch. I did notice afterwards that the large bowl of matches which I carefully keep filled for visitors to

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take home if they like, was just about empty.

I had a chance for a bit of a talk with Secretary Freeman. I had asked him what must be a very common question to him, why was the declining farm population (because now it is only about 8% of the population that is actually engaged in agriculture and we feed this country better than any people have been fed before with just 8% of the folks working at it) -- I asked him why does the Department of Agriculture keep on and on expanding and having a bigger budget and having more people? I think his explanation ought to be better known. One, he said, are consumer services, such as every pound of meat that you get in an ordinary good grocery store is inspected and graded by the Department of Agriculture. Many, many consumer services. Second, research -- the ways in which orange juice and other juices have been frozen and arrived at the table months later and thousands of miles away from Florida or California in such really delicious condition, were invented and brought into being in the research laboratories of the Department of Agriculture. And then, forestry. I did not realize that the department of forestry was under Agriculture. But it is one of our major crops, so to speak. And the millions of acres of our national land that are in the national forests are under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture. There were other reasons, I think, but that was a quick

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summary or sketch. He is a fun, interesting man to talk to.

With the Buntons I talked about the possibilities of getting copies of old pictures -- of Lyndon's Mother and Father, his birthplace, the place in Johnson City, Lyndon as a child -- anything that might have human interest or be amusing for the eventual Library, or perhaps just to decorate the walls in the birthplace house.

And then, after they all departed, Lyndon went over to A. W.'s ranch with Jesse and Homer Thornberry, and Nancy and I, getting Sandra Goodwin to join us, continued our talk, talk, talk, to the Johnson City house, back by the Lewis, and on to the greenhouse, doing small things, like hanging my old wooden cookie mold of a hen with ruffled feathers on the wall at the Lewis and placing around half a dozen of the ceramic plates from Juan Aldana's factory, ~~Late Daki~~ <sup>Alagueague</sup>, with their gay little rabbits and owls and deer painted on them, hanging on the wall the largest planter from Senor Aldana. And, the best moment of all, putting up the really handsome picture of Lyndon, a direct color photograph by ~~Giddings~~ <sup>it</sup> that he had given his Mother and that she had framed in an antique walnut frame in the Johnson City house. And going through the delightful collection of things that Johnson City people have brought to Jessie Hunter there, including an invitation to his graduation in 1924, a gift or loan from Kitty Clyde Leonard. And a view of a Prohibition

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parade -- banners flying, ladies in long white dresses, on the streets of either Sandy or Johnson City, no one is quite sure which.

It was a delightful day, with enough accomplishment to make one's conscience lay at rest.

We got back to the house, had a drink, arranged for Nancy's plane to fly in and pick her up to join her husband bird-hunting in South Texas, discovered to my chagrin that Elowise Thornberry had been there most of the afternoon -- we had thought she had had to go along with the gentlemen or else they would be downhearted, and had therefore left her to accompany them. She had only joined them about six o'clock. Then about 8 or a little after, the Moursunds, the Thornberrys, Jesse and Lyndon joined us at the ranch. We sat down for dinner with the Valentis and the Goodwins. Except that I made a brief dinner of it because this is my night with the Old West, and I went to see GUNSMOKE with the rest of my dinner on my lap.