

Possibly sent
pages to Rusk,
Brent Jorgensen
Tony

1965

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16

maybe use
Jan. 22

Ready to give T. Loring
Finished
Feb. 20 C.

Lyndon and the Prime Minister, Rusk, and Paul Martin were together at the table for 8:30 breakfast, but Mrs. Pearson said she would like to have hers on a tray and I did the same and then Mary Bundy and I went for a walk. The day was beautiful, crisp and cold and blue and gold with the wind piercing us as we went north up the hill toward the Foreman's house. Finally we reached the Malechek's, went in and had a cup of hot coffee and listened to what the children were doing in their 4-H projects. Each of them has a lamb to raise. I wondered what Mary thought about this wholesome rural activity of being so excited about brushing and currying a little lamb and leading them around a ring by no halter -- just with your hand under his chin and he has to be a very well behaved little lamb to win one of the ribbons.

(Check
turning
Bundy
P. Loring)

Half way back we got the message that the party was about to leave so we jumped into a Secret Service car and rushed home in time for farewells to Mrs. Pearson and the Prime Minister, to present her with an art book and to see them off on a Jet Star, with the press, which had been out at 10:00 o'clock to witness the signing of a joint communique and to be briefed by the Prime Minister and see the farewell, lingering on for a lengthy conference with Lyndon which gave me an opportunity to check with Mr. Klein on long

Saturday, January 16 (Continued)

neglected housework; Did the wonderful cowboy hanging get put up at the Lewis, did the bookcase get painted and taken there? and I found that one of the Liveoaks -- the one where the road turns left, right after you cross the dam and heads up toward the house, the one that nestles in the curve of the road, was losing all of its leaves, apparently quite sick. I made a note to call Mr. ^{Erb} ~~Lee~~, the tree man. The trees are my favorite riches here at the ranch.

I rejoiced to see how deep Dale plowed. Later he told me it was thirty inches in the caliche hill north of the fence line heading toward his house where we hope in about February or March to sprig in the coastal Bermuda. [#] And then began a very interesting part of the day for me. I had asked Mr. Elo Urbanovsky, a Professor at Texas Tech, who heads an unusual Department for them -- a Department that trains students how to be park supervisors, park superintendents, park workers. — There are only four such schools in the United States and the people they turn out always have more offers for jobs than they can fill. — I had asked Mr. Urbanovsky and Mr. Gosdin, the number two man in the Texas Park Department, to come out and talk to me. So ^{from} about eleven to one, I had a long session with them all about Texas parks, those divided between scenic parks, recreation parks and historic sites and the highway drive-out and rest areas. I was interested from two aspects. First, I want to bone up, educate, brief

Saturday, January 16 (Continued)

myself on everything relevant to beautification so that if I do try to be of some use in Lyndon's program, I will be reasonably knowledgeable.

And second, there is the Johnson City house to think of. Once it is completely finished and all of the exhibits are arranged, I want to open it to the public and I have set April as a target date. At that time it is going to become rather expensive with possibly a guard -- certainly a guide or two -- besides the upkeep of the large yard and house. It will be difficult to handle it all out of volunteer work or the very modest Johnson City Foundation. So I ought to consider whether it ought to be a first arm, a small beginning of the Johnson Library and could therefore be turned over to the Federal Government, or whether it might become a Texas State Park. I explored the latter without getting very definite as to what I had in mind with Mr. Gosdin. It doesn't look promising. The total budget for maintenance of Texas State Parks is 250 odd thousand dollars per year. John plans to up the expenditures for everything about parks, recreation, scenic, historic sites, roadsides. He wants to create and enlarge and beautify. They gave me some highly interesting figures on what an important role in the economy of the United States tourism played. I can't remember. The total dollars spent on tourism makes it one of the country's biggest industries and Texas gets only one-fiftieth of the bite! The mere size of Texas, its picturesque history, its diverse and wonderful scenery entitle it to a bit of, say, one-tenth or at least one-twentieth. We simply haven't gone about it

Saturday, January 16 (Continued)

in an aggressive fashion. Of course, there is always the legislature to deal with. It is a long way between a vision and a reality, but John is trying to put it on the road. ^{JP} However, my immediate problem looks like it can't be solved by turning the Johnson City House over to the State of Texas as a Historic Site Park. I asked them to stay for lunch and there were two ladies left over from the press conference whose names I have forgotten but Lyndon had invited them to stay. Afterward Mr. Urbanovsky and Mr. Gosdin and I rode over and looked at what may become the Texas State Park right across the highway from the ranch house itself. It has a few handsome Liveoaks, some cleared fields that will be wonderful if there are carpets of wild flowers, at least for a few months of the Spring and Summer, but it is going to take imagination and ingenuity to produce a park we will all be proud of.

And then, all of the other people left and there was just Lyndon and me and we went to join A. W. and Mariallen in the helicopter and rode and rode and rode. Somewhere along the way Jesse joined us. We went to see a beautiful new piece of land ~~and~~ somewhere in the direction of Willow City, new in the sense that it has just recently gone on the market and A. W. had just heard about it, the death of the owner, some trouble over a will, the departure of somebody else to Montana had brought it to the market. It is alluring, so scenic, well cleared -- better soiled than the Lewis or the Logan by far and such lovely

Saturday, January 16 (Continued)

Liveoaks. I had visions of the coastal Bermuda waving in the breeze over it but nevertheless I would hate to take the plunge and buy it. We are getting in awfully deep on land.

We called the Melvin Winters to have dinner with us. As we rode, we had that delightful sense of the last brief carefree day off -- our very own hour before we were to go back to Washington and plunge into the Inaugural and into the year ahead. It was just a home folks dinner and then I saw Gunsmoke, thinking by the time next Saturday comes when and if I see it, the Inaugural will be behind us.