

1965

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14

Can it be that the enchantment of having a day all to myself is already degenerating into just a list of chores to be done?² At any rate, the day was one of telephoning, planning and scratching them off the list. Much of it was spent at the Johnson City house, a prolonged telephone conversation with Lucia, who to my great regret is not going to come for the long weekend for a session with the volunteer ladies as we had planned. Room by room she described every piece of furniture. I had a secretary on hand who took it down in shorthand and I took it down in the gist and feeling. We are to prepare a little brochure for the volunteer ladies as they take guests through. Suddenly in about mid-conversation it dawned on me that Lucia, who has done so much about both of these houses, has had a change of feeling. She feels that this house has ceased to be the home of her Daddy, that it is not going to be memorialized as a home for him, but rather for Lyndon only. She is a very sentimental person. I respected that feeling. We both came to the decision about the same time that it would be a good idea to put a plaque up saying residence of Sam Ealy Johnson, 1913-1937. That is the way it is to her and I wanted in every way to bespeak the parents who lived here and raised their family, though to the public it will just be probably the home of the 36th President.

Lyndon is on a six state tour of the tornado damaged Midwest where 285 people have been killed. The day was full of news about him stopping in Minnesota, in Indiana, here and there, viewing the devastation,

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promising federal aid. He and modern transportation have met most blissfully. He likes to cover six states in one day though this particular mission is a heart rending one.

Finishing my long talk with Lucia, I took folding chairs out by the beautiful lilacs. How Mrs. Johnson would love to see them now and I dictated to Christine [?]Garron a long description about house and furniture and more important the life that was lived there from 1913 until Lyndon grew up. Then I drove home by the Schornhorst place, my dessert for the day. I have never seen the bluebonnets lovelier. The old stone wall behind the barn red house had a sea of bluebonnets in front of it which extends on past the tanks across pastures, past liveoaks, thick brush that is good deer country, over hills and into valleys-- a sight always to remember.

I had guests for dinner-- Jesse, the Max Brooks, Weazy Deathe and Elaine Shapiro and Christine Garron who had been laboring over the transcription. Marietta, silvery-haired and beautiful, was full of talk about their new home. I have missed her and Max except for ~~in~~ big gatherings for several years and it was fun to have a quiet evening with them.