

1965

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 16

Lyndon and the McNamaras were up early. Bob McNamara is always a six o'clock man when here. What a way to spend a holiday! At any rate, they were out riding over the ranch before I was awake, seeing the coastal bermuda, the tanks, the graveyard, the schoolhouse. And then, a little past eight, I pulled myself out of the bed and got in with them and we drove to the Schornhorst. Dale was putting a large bunch of sheep in the pen for shearing with a couple of cowboys to help him. One of them was Ernest Stubbs, and a fine looking young boy, Clay, who was home from A & M for the weekend. In levis and boots he could have walked into a Western movie without a bit of makeup. The whole scene was a stage set. Dale's two little boys were solemnly helping and even Clary came bouncing up on her Shetland pony.

Every rancher in these parts--all the fortunes that have been made hereabouts--have been made on sheep and then they go right on raising cattle. There is something about cattle that you fall in love with. We drove into Johnson City, showed the McNamaras the bank and I told Lyndon about my idea of giving Johnson City some street trees to replace the scraggly hackberries. All the while we had the top down. The sun was bright and the wind brisk and I was parboiling. We went by the house and counted the press and then drove on to the Lewis Ranch. [#] I began to get restless thinking of Dolly Bolton who I had called just after I had gotten up to ask if she would like to go on a wild flower expedition. Dolly is an enthusiastic bird watcher,

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ardent member of the Audubon Society and knows all the Naturalists and Botanists in town. Several times I have asked her to bring a friend who knows all the wild flowers and we walk and walk across the countryside. I can see it better, love it more on my own feet than from a car. Our way home was long from the Lewis Ranch back through the hills coming out at the Pleasant Hill School, finally getting home about 1:30 for a late lunch. Dolly and her friend ~~and~~ Miss Margaret Hauck, retired Botanist who had taught at Wellesley, were waiting for us. We lunched, and then the four of us--Dolly and Miss Hauck, Margy and I departed on our field trip, taking ^{delightfully enough} Okamoto with us. It turned out to be as much a camera expedition as a flower expedition. ^{we spent} ~~For~~ three hours ~~the~~ tramping the Schornhorst, putting specimens of wild phlox, wild verbena, wine cup, white Texas poppy, Indian Blanket, Indian Paint Brush, Spider Wart, and dozens of varieties that stumped Miss Hauck as well as us, all of them into plastic bags. Hopefully she will do something to preserve them, identify them and then return a sample of each to me.

I had retrieved my movie camera from its long neglected spot on the shelf, put in some film that should have been used before 1958, much to Ookie's laughter, and he and I and Margy were all looking for just the right composition, with a crooked liveoak, the framing of an old stone wall, a low lying view in the field of bluebonnets. It was great fun. Dolly was bounding enthusiastically along, telling us about Audubon expeditions to the Big Bend Country. I like people that have fun out of simple things

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and people that have fun as the years go on. How dull would life be without enthusiasm. Finally, hot and tired and dirty we went back to the Schornhorst House. We settled down for a can of beer or dietetic drink and there the Goodwins joined us. We said goodbye to Dolly and Miss Hauck and drove once more toward the Haywood. Along the way I got Oakie to take some pictures for highway planting for my Beautification Committee and of a Texas Park--Highway Park--greatly used by families for eating and resting and just exploring. Everyone we passed was full! I want to have these pictures to show at my next meeting of the Beautification Committee.

We met Lyndon and Bob at Mary Margaret's beach house and went back to the Haywood on the boat with the heavy smell of bluebonnets intoxicating us and the full moon rising. Lyndon keeps on talking more and more about retiring. That has been a symptom of this past week and he talks joyously about it. For the first time I am about convinced that he could. I have always been a believer that he had to stay lashed to the mast until the last gasp of breath, but I think that he is changing. At the Haywood we helicoptered over to the West Ranch to have one of those delicious dinners that Neva always serves. My diet went out the window.

The day was remarkably free of the worries of office--a jewel of a day but it would not be such a jewel if it were not in the setting of hours and days of toil and worry. Is it the cessation of pain, of trouble like Schopenhauer^{over} says that makes it so valued?