

Perhaps send May 2 to
Lillian Larry
May 5 to Jane E,
May 7 to Anna Hoffman

1965

Saturday, May 1st

Ready to give Libby
(But Ch. turned down
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I woke with a sense of urgency that I must use my two days at the ranch fully. It was a beautiful day. With Dorothy Territo and Mr. Klein, I drove to Lyndon's boyhood home in Johnson City and we hung the pictures of the campaigns around the framed newspaper that came out on Election Day last November, ^{and} The picture of Mr. Johnson when he was in the Legislature. We put out the handsome Bible containing the family records. And then I read over my script and got ready for the meeting with the press.

Liz arrived at 9:30 with Isabelle Shelton, Winzola McLendon, Nan Robertson, Wauhillau LaHay, and Frances Lewyn and someone, a man, who she laughingly introduced as, "This is Helen Thomas' stand-in, since she has a broken foot."

Room by room and story by story, I went lovingly through the house, trying to paint a picture, turning to Lucia, who has done more on it than anybody, for elaboration, and also Mrs. Gliddon -- I am glad I had remembered to call her, and somebody from the Blanco paper, Mrs. Howk. We had teacakes and coffee. I talked planting with Mr. Carter. The yard is looking lovely. Some of the wisteria he planted is actually in bloom. I looked with delight at the hanging baskets of Wandering Jew and petunias that Nancy Negley had brought, and dispatched the lady press with a jug of Bloody Marys brought from the ranch that they would have before their barbecue lunch at Cecil Presnall's ranch

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house.

Then Simone and I left with George Stevens of the USIA and Judy Williams of NBC and George's camera crew for the LBJ. I wanted to impart more of the spirit of the country that produced Lyndon, more of our feel for it and its effect on him, than I had seen in the USIA's rough version. As we rode I gave a running commentary on the cattle and grasses and history of the ranch, the house where he was born, the schoolhouse, the graveyard.

And then we had ham and grits and peaches from the Deepfreeze and then left for the Sch^aornhorst, where Dale was branding registered cattle on their horns with a small ^{iron} ~~brand~~ that marks the number. Dale in his plaid shirt and boots and cowboy hat didn't need a bit of makeup to go in the movies!! Alfredo was laconic and picturesque, Dale's little boys brought him the branding iron, held the heifers up to put their necks in the vice, the brand went down on the horn, it smoked and sizzled, and I ground away with my camera, too.

On the way we had gotten some wonderful highway pictures of bluebonnets, paintbrush, winecups. Then we drove around over the Sch^aornhorst, climbing over the great pink granite outcropping along the road that I call "Hold Up the Stagecoach Drive." There two deer leaped across the road. And finally, to the great meadow, still full

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of bluebonnets, though ^{they're} ~~it's~~ getting white along the top. It extends for almost a mile, ending at the tank.

They set up their cameras and shot and shot for the perfect picture, while I went walking along one of the stone walls. Suddenly a snake reared up in front of me -- about two feet in the air, it looked, and toward me -- and I turned, screeching -- no heroine, me! -- and the snake, equally scared, scuttled off into the bush in the other direction. I do not think it was a rattlesnake.

Believe me, I tried, but not having any camera at all, only one girl, a researchist, Miss Williams, representing NBC. I expect it was a dry haul. I believe NBC is really trying for a show with Lyndon and that is all. "Country" to them is secondary. But I love it, and to me it is a star in its own right.

Heading for the Haywood Ranch, we drove across country through the West Ranch, and there I told them they would have their best chance to get some good deer pictures. They put their camera on top of the car, and in the lovely long hour before sunset we drove slowly, we stopped, we saw herd after herd of deer, they had a long lens, but we were never really close to any. We had some good sunset shots of Packsaddle in the distance.

Then they put their cameras back in the car and, sure enough,

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within the next five miles the deer were right jamb up to the road! We had hoped to go by the Nicholson. Two weeks ago the bluebonnets there had surpassed those anywhere. But our day was eaten up and it was too late.

At dark we arrived at the Haywood, had drinks and barbecue out on the patio. Dorothy Territo had ridden over to join us, and A. W. and Mariallen were there, and Jesse with a widow, Mrs. Upton, pretty, attractive, capable-seeming. He had found her himself -- nothing arranged by the eager ladies so anxious to fix him up.

Dale and Jewel were with us. George Stavens is a personable, attractive young man. I tried to elicit from A. W. and Dale any extra local color that might help paint A President's Country. Then I went in to watch Gunsmoke, said goodbye to everyone, and was home at the LBJ Ranch, tired and reasonably satisfied and ready for sleep at 11.