

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, July 7, 1965

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I got the kinfolks off to Fredericksburg with Betty Weinheimer as escort officer. Griffin had had to go back to his job. And Elaine, Edwina, Berneice and Lynn were thrilled to drive in to see the pioneer museum -- my little log cabin church, St. Barnabas, and the new version, the Sunday houses, the architecture and local color that makes Fredericksburg a page out of the past.

I settled down to organize, telephone, record -- <sup>like an</sup> ~~your~~ house-keeper and an executive ~~all~~ badly needed.

They returned all talking at once, very excited and very delighted with everything they had seen -- just the sort of thing that makes a hostess beam. I am especially charmed by Betty Weinheimer.

We had a good country lunch. And then I took them down to go through the house where Lyndon was born. We must find another name besides the birthplace house. It sounds so foolishly self-important. I think I'll try the "Old Sam Johnson House".

They loved Lyndon's great grandmother's quilt, exclaimed when they saw the corner cabinet made out of what was my grandmother's wardrobe. Actually, in fact, a very copy of one that Elaine herself has. And seeing her's is what made me do it. And then Elaine said, "I am going to send you your grandmother's -- Sarah Jane <sup>myriska</sup> ~~Myrat~~ Patillas' -- dresser. It's just about like this one here that Mrs. Johnson had." Only, Elaine said, prettier. Also she asked me if I would like a little

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marble top table. I shall love getting them! It's odd as one grows older even if you live so tempestuously and busily in the present as we do that you look at the past with more respect and interest.

Back at the Ranch I talked with Lynda. She told me an hilarious story -- having gone to the "Pink Garter" in Jackson Hole the night before, and a blushing tourist being called up from out of the crowd when nobody volunteered, escorted to the stage, and serenaded with "Oh You Beautiful Doll". The lady was about 55, from Brooklyn, a good sport, and she and the audience both howled.

Lynda also told me of walking up the mountain to "Inspiration Point" -- this <sup>in</sup> ~~and~~ the Grand Tetons. I do not remember where "Inspiration Point" is. She said that she wasn't really a nature girl -- no great hiker -- it wasn't really dangerous. But a crew had passed them on the way up carrying a stretcher for as they said a "stiff" -- a man <sup>farther up</sup> ~~father of~~ the mountain -- had a heart attack and died. And also she said something that brought a pang to my heart. She had been talking to her Daddy. He sounded lonesome. She said, "You know, Mother, he's never the same without you."

She had called Jack Valenti to inquire about the war on the Catholic front -- Luci and her troubles -- and asked about Lyndon. And he felt too that he was tense and lonesome. I feel selfish as though I was

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insulating myself from pain and troubles down here. But I do know I need it.

And then about 5:00, Elaine and Bernice and Lynn and Liz and I helicoptered over to the Haywood. I was determined to try to water ski without the sort of gallery that is here whenever Lyndon is present. It is awkward to handle those long things in the water, but I finally got them on and tried three times -- each time getting rather crouchingly erect for a few feet and then falling in gloriously on my face with a loud "whack". I guess the simple fact is I should have begun 20 years ago. So then I swam a long way to reassure myself <sup>that</sup> But I still at least had endurance.

I climbed back on the boat, and we drove slowly up under the bridge -- the part that is my favorite -- where the lower Colorado is narrow and there is a tamed and peaceful look to the landscape. We passed two bridges where the old railroad built in the 1880's to carry the pink granite to build the capital of the State of Texas still runs. And a great frame hotel -- Victorian style -- built around the turn of the century so they tell me. I want to explore it sometime. Then of course there was no dam or lake, but there was a river -- two in fact -- the Llano and the lower Colorado. The people did come out in the summer to fish and to rock on the front porch. I wonder if they swam? It would be fun to know about.

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We stopped back at the boat house at 7:00 to pick up the Dale Malecheks and Pat Taylor and Tom and Betty Weinheimer.

Tom, veteran of 16 missions in the South Pacific, and returned to his own native Gillespie County to lead a rancher's life with his pretty, bright, capable little wife Betty -- music teacher, voice teacher, natural community leader -- talked to me about a rancher's life. And it is a hard one. The land is so high -- exorbitantly priced in our area. And without irrigation, the farmer is a slave to the weather. Actually, goats are the most reliable money crop, and sheep. But a rancher can't get away from loving white-faced herefords.

He and Betty are so happy with their son who has been appointed to the Merchant Marine. This is something we were able to do for them -- really through the kindness of Hubert Humphrey whose appointment it was.

Betty and Tom had bought a book on Catholicism for Luci with a sweet inscription. And they had sent me some peaches earlier in the day -- the best of their crop. And also a bar of sweet smelling pink soap in the shape of a peach. It's odd how people who have so little to give really are the ones who do give.

Pat and I talked flowers, and we are going to get some seeds of a certain bright red flower that blooms in July -- the Weinheimers have a good stand of. I need things for July and August and on into the Fall.

I like to express my appreciation, spend some time, with my

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neighbors when I can. And that is what this evening is planned for.

There are so many who do so much for us -- the Johnsons.

Jessie Hunter had been along. She told me there had been 973 -- I believe that's the figure -- who had signed the guest register over the four-day holiday weekend! There had of course been more. Some don't sign, and many sign "Mr. and Mrs. John Jones and family" which we count as just two.