

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, July 12, 1965

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In shorts and in an open-top car Lyndon and I and Jesse and the Califanos and Vickie started driving around and we wound up in Johnson City -- a bit to my discomfort<sup>er</sup> because the house was open to the public and we did want to show it to the Califanos. And though I don't mind my picture being taken by dozens of John Citizens and family on their vacations in shorts I do dislike to appear in shorts on the page of a newspaper.

Lyndon had stopped at the bank to talk business with A. W. I drove the Califanos on up and stopped at the back door and slipped in past many who did not recognize me. I was another Mrs. John Citizen on a tour, but once in I introduced them to our Johnson City hostesses and said to be sure and show them everything and vanished into Jessie Hunter's back room where lying on her bed with a cup of coffee I had a chance to read for the first time the remarkable pictorial account of the Inauguration which the Inaugural<sup>Committee</sup>/has gotten out. But when the call came that Lyndon was approaching and we started out the door it only appeared that every last one of the tourists having heard of my presence had gone back to their cars for the cameras and lined up by the fence and there they were waiting for me -- nothing to do but smile bravely and wave at everybody and say, "I hope you are having a good vacation trip." One person said, "You made our vacation." I murmured to a man snapping me, "You can see I didn't expect to get my picture

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made when I left the house this morning." He said, "We like you this way, Lady Bird."

Feeling silly at myself but happy if it had added any spice to their vacation, I slipped into the back seat of the car and away we went to the Sharnhorst while the Califanos were as delighted with the Stage Coach Road as we wanted them to be.

Back at home we all went swimming. The lake has outdistanced our own lovely pool as a center for recreation this summer. In wanting to have everything have its time and place, I was glad to get some sun and exercise in our own back yard. I had 30 laps for exercise. And then, everybody having drifted away, I had a quiet talk with Lyndon about Jack Valenti's leaving. That will be a blow. He's such a <sup>Balm</sup> ~~bomb~~ -- a solace to Lyndon, and quick on all jobs. And Dick Goodwin does a skillful job of writing that I see no replacement for him right now. I wish they were both staying. Dick Goodwin wants to leave to teach.

After lunch Lyndon took a nap, and then with the impending departure to Washington hanging over him, he rode around with Don Thomas and Jesse.

I had planned for Cactus and Jewel and the Jack Balserzens to arrive about 6:30 together with Liz and Jessie<sup>2</sup> and I<sup>not</sup>. We would discuss the possibility of a documentary on TV for Austin this Fall on beautification. They came just in time to get to say hello and goodbye.

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to Lyndon in his city clothes. I almost look upon them as fighting uniforms these days. And it is a little sad to say goodbye to him heading back to the city of troubles.

Finally after 30 years I come to the conclusion that he can retire when this job is over. But he leaves bravely and we settle comfortably around the pool for a drink while I outlined the familiar beloved story of the beauties of Austin together with its problems and its potential and the changes and review some of the things that were in the air and a little of the conference on natural beauty.

The twilight was too enticing. We all got in an open car and rode around over the Ranch. Cactus is good company. It's been such a long time I've seen him. I miss KTBC and the people who make it up.

Nancy Hanchman on a panel and the natural conference on beauty had suggested that local TV stations do a documentary on their own home town. And I who no longer <sup>have</sup> ~~has~~ any real authority over KTBC, though I could at least suggest it -- goodness knows, we get a desk full of mail suggesting all sorts of programs -- and the place to begin any good work is right at your own front door. I realize it's walking a bit of a tight rope among civic groups, among customers, and on controversial issues such as zoning. But Austin is such a precious place -- a city that one can fall in love with. And I want to plant my few seed to help

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preserve what's good and make it better.

Liz was as usual the roundup girl -- the one who racked it up, tried to lay it out and get everybody started. She and Lyndon had been so funny at lunch. She had gone in over the weekend for a family reunion, and Lyndon who always believes that newspaper people are really headed for the Headliners Club and not to see their dear old Aunt, tried to make her admit she had been to the Headliners Club which she readily did, <sup>after</sup> spending a happy Sunday with five or six brothers and sisters and their progeny -- some 31 assorted Southerlands, ~~She~~ had left to go to the Headliner's Club and there had met a weary, bedraggled, sun burned, frustrated, <sup>press</sup> who trailed in one by one from a Sunday afternoon of President hunting up and down the river, wondering why on earth they couldn't find us and a little irked that we hadn't gone near the river on Sunday.

We had a candle-lit dinner out by the pool with a <sup>w</sup>aning moon rising. We did as much as we could to push the documentary at this stage and then got an early night's sleep for my second week at home.