

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, July 14, 1965

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It was my day for work on my talking machine. I spent most of it in my little back bedroom doing work that should have been done over many days. Then sometime in the early afternoon came a tolling bell that arrests first your heart and then your thinking. A flash over the radio that Adlai Stevenson had collapsed walking in a park in London in Governor's Square with Marietta Tree and died almost immediately. After that the day went on just as we had planned but with my mind absent thinking about the mortality of ~~the~~ man, even the most important men, the times I had spent with <sup>this</sup> him. How very much I liked him. How would the U. N. get along without him.

I went to the little beauty parlor in Stonewall putting one foot in front of the other, sleepwalking a bit. It's nice they have one there now. Knowing how heavily this fell upon Lyndon -- the death of someone who in spite of how very different they were, he liked a lot, of Lyndon's own heart attack, of the rushing imperatives to appoint someone to fit his post.

It was cloudy and we could hope for rain. We needed it very much. But for the night, personally, I hoped it would hold off until 10:00 because we had invited all the professors from the University of Texas who had worked together on the little booklet called "A President's Country".

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They came at 6:30 with the bright, get-things-done Jack Maguires without whom the book would never have been thought of or <sup>have</sup> reach the presses. The Henderson Shufflers. He's the historian -- back that is to the beginnings of Texas. And then the anthropologists -- I suppose that's the right word -- the Newcombs and Curtis Tunnell. Their chapter was the real old-timers, the Red men, and it appears that they had been in the Pedernales valley about 12,000 years. And then the land itself -- the flora and ~~fauna~~ <sup>fauna</sup> -- where the deer and the ~~possums~~ <sup>possums</sup> play. They ~~were wrong~~ and collaborated with Newcomb on this. And Drury Alexander, the architect. He described the German architecture and its blending with the old South. And the geologists -- Peter Flawn who did almost my favorite chapter, "The Everlasting Land". And then there were the publishers, the designers, photographers. And the Mac Patschels. He's a Britisher who has only been in this country a few years, but ~~who's~~ <sup>whose</sup> drawings are delightful.

We had cocktails and spareribs around the pool and noches specials. And a rediscovery of Texas -- some of the best conversation I've had in weeks. No protocol was possible. So we filled our plates with barbeque and sat down at tables of six or four.

Among the interesting stories was one Henderson Shouffler told me about the quality of men who were the founding fathers in Washington on the Brazos in 1836. Quite a few graduates from Harvard and Yale

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he told me. George Washington's great-great nephew was among the settlers close to there somewhere on the Brazos. And the only Texas Senator who refused to ratify the treaty bringing Texas into the United States in 1845 was the grandson of Benjamin Franklin.

Something that excited me was Curtis Tunnell's story about caves in the Trans <sup>Pecos</sup> ~~Pecos~~ area, most of which will soon be covered when ~~the~~ the reservoir of the Amistad Dam backs up. There are pictographs in them made by men 4,000 years ago according to the carbon tests. Their colors are still vivid -- reds and blacks. They show hunting scenes -- men hunting deer with long spears with flint points. Bows and arrows weren't invented til around 500 A.D. There <sup>are persons</sup> ~~seems~~ of Gods, or shaman as they often call them, some hilarious ones of fishing scenes with the catfish 8 feet long. We wondered if the catfish actually grew that long in those days <sup>or</sup> of if this particular fisherman was like so many and just using his imagination about that fish he had caught.

In the caves are also elephant bones and sandals and corn cobs of tiny corn. They are all on land owned by ranchers. None of it by the Federal Government or the State Government. The ranchers had in many instances been very cooperative and nice to the anthropologists and scientists that come out on expeditions from Universities. But they are getting a little tired of having the gate left open and the cattle and the sheep getting out. And an occasional tourist wondering in asking

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if they can't just look for an arrow head or a clay pot for their little grandson back home. And then the waters of the Amistad reservoir will creep over it all in three or four years. And not even Bill Douglas or Stewart Udall are raising a hue and cry to stop it.

I asked Curtis Tunnell if he had ever been in a cave and found pictures that he felt no human had seen in hundreds and hundreds of years. And he grinned most delightfully and said, "Yes", he had. There was one cave that was so inaccessible they named it "No Goat Cave" because not even any goat could get into it. But he devised a way by climbing a tree -- sapling -- that would bend over when his weight got close to the top at such a point that he could drop into the lip of the cave and then secure a rope and <sup>and</sup> with help below made his way out. And in it he had found and photographed exciting things.

I loved it all and was ready to <sup>go</sup> leave tomorrow. All of it makes me think of the many things I shall find to do with my day and my energy when I once more live here. And more and more I believe it is possible, even happy, for Lyndon to retire when we finish this job. And God help us to finish it.

The main point of the evening was to say thank you to all of these people for an extremely high class literate, beautiful job about a land I love. I was disappointed to find that only about 8,000 copies of the book had been sold. The University press does not attempt to

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commercialize, it seeks no outlet, no advertising apparently. I think that is regrettable. I wish they would make it available in every place that sells souvenirs and also in ~~Brent~~<sup>2</sup>tanos.

But it was a good evening and a job I was glad to do.

I had had calls from both Lynda and Luci that afternoon. Luci, saying she was going straight home from work to comfort her Daddy, to be on hand for anything she could do for him. Lynda, in tears, talking about Adlai and how much she had liked him, the last time they had been together. And she wanted to come and be with us for whatever services there were. And then a long, long talk about her stay at the Grand Tetons which has lengthened from three or four days to a week. In fact ~~Britt~~<sup>Brent</sup> Eastman, whom I had found so attractive this summer, has made it an interesting time for Lynda Bird -- on the raft down the Snake River, at a square dance, at a campfire picnic. Her conversation was full of him.

So I went to bed feeling older and tired -- glad that I had met a facet of the University of Texas -- bright and lively facet and said thank you. And my thought winging toward Lyndon for whom this had so many implications.

I called him, but it wasn't a very satisfactory call -- hurried. I cannot comfort over the phone. I told him I wanted to cut short my trip and return for services whenever and wherever.