

1965

Saturday, August 14th

Once more we woke early without wanting to, and by mutual agreement decided that we would walk down to Orfole's. We found her still in bed. She padded out on the front porch, so thrilled to see Lyndon -- and me too -- and we collapsed on the bed while Orfole regaled us with stories of the Christadelphian Camp Meeting. They had three weeks of it, one week for each of the three different sects -- they have broken apart into three groups -- and the health and vital statistics of all the kinfolks. Lela Martin, Mamie and her husband, "Baby Sue," and the newest grave to appear in our family cemetery, Lawrence Forsythe.

When we left she said, "The day is a better one because you came to see me, and tomorrow will be better, too." It takes so little to make her happy, it almost makes me ashamed that we don't give that little more often.

Back at the house we lay around the pool, had breakfast, sunned, read, and Lyndon asked me to call up the guest house and invite Mrs. Burkley and Dr. Burkley to come up and join us for lunch. Once more I loved him for being thoughtful. This is developing into the quietest weekend we have had in a long time, with just staff -- the three Valentis, Jake and Vicky and Ginny, and Jesse, about whom I am quite selfish. Perhaps we should invite some attractive middle-

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aged widow. She'll have to like us, too, because we can't spare him.

Lynda took John Betar sight-seeing. Handsome, easy to have around, he's an ideal house guest. Not so easy was Luci, with a storm of friends which broke upon the household with her arrival. She had come in on the courier from Washington, bringing Pat Nugent, who has quickly acquired in Austin a coterie of friends. Bill Hitchcock, Kathleen Carter, Beth Jenkins, a little girl named Happy, one of the Fushs girls from Blanco, and four or five assorted boys.

Luci announced that they were going to Mexico! Here it was nearly noon. It would be at least four hours hard driving, there and back, and they did not plan to spend the night. Also, she had just flown 1600 miles. It was a bad moment for a parent. I did not approve. I thought it would be much too tiring. It did not sound practical. Every reason in the world against it. And yet I can remember some of the most happy things I ever did were some of the silliest. But I managed to divert Luci for the time being -- why didn't they go to see the Lewis? It would be her place some day. Come back and have hamburgers and swim, and go to Mexico early the next morning? I was greatly relieved when somehow they didn't go, and the question never came up before the High Court of my husband. It turned out they did spend the afternoon seeing the Hill Country: the Schornhorst, the Lewis, where they had a great tray of hamburgers brought over to them and raided the icebox

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for drinks.

I took a nap in the afternoon, and then drove to join Lynda and John at the Blanco State Park, went across the Devil's Backbone -- and the Texas Highway Department has certainly done a beautiful job of a scenic drive out of it. The Blanco State Park was rather unremarkable, but well-filled with picnicking families and children in the river riding inner tubes. We went to the ^{Aquarium}~~Aquarium~~ in San Marcos, a very sophisticated achievement for that little town -- ^{rode on} a glass-bottomed boat, from which we saw through the crystal waters, more than 40 feet deep, down to the springs that boil up through the limestone fissures in the earth, making the white sandy bottom bubble like cream of wheat cooking.

There were catfish, some of them more than 25 pounds, entirely too much marine growth, hundreds of varieties that are harvested for use in aquariums, went through an early Texas village, complete with blacksmith shop, general store (shades of my Daddy's merchandise circa 1910) and a saloon which might have been the Long Branch. And then we rode the funicular -- a clear glass bubble with seats for three, it went high across the river to a cliff on the other side, with some lovely landscaped gardens and a reproduction of a little Spanish Mission.

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Everywhere youngsters crowded around me asking for autographs, everybody called me Lady Bird, it was rather fun. High on the hill towered the Gothic college building where Lyndon had gone to school. It dominated the scene.

We drove back to the ranch, hurrying a bit so as not to keep everybody waiting. I had asked them to have dinner around the pool, with candlelight, and we got there at 9:30. A. W. had joined Lyndon, but no others, just the home folks. Jesse and Jake and the Valentis and Vicky and Ginny and Lynda and John and Luci with about 6 or 8 of her friends. Later Lyndon and John and Stevie, Luci's other house guest, went to see Orfiole. They woke her up and she asked if there were any newspaper women with them. She said, "If there are I'm going to stop and put on my clothes. You know, I don't sleep with my shoes on."

I caught the last few minutes of Gunsmoke, and we were in bed by 11:30. This is the nearest a family weekend we have had, and I've loved it.