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Wednesday, August 25th

I woke up early, before 7 o'clock, and drove down to the dam, hoping I might see the beaver or the nutria. No luck, and an astonishment to the Secret Service, I am sure.

Weldon Sheffield came in the early morning, with straw baskets of fabric samples, and we began our trek. But first we hung our little *Horacio* ~~Orosio~~, the Mexican primitive, above Diaz-Ordaz's chest in the living room.

And then to the guest house, to move furniture and pictures and lamps and try to make the Mexican chest settle in more comfortably, and to make the front porch -- so inviting and yet so ignored all these years -- into a comfortable center for summer evenings, with the Chinese peel chairs and a table.

And then we went down to the Lewis and found just the right beige linen with cute braid that will harmonize with the painting and Martha Mood appliqued tapestry of cowboys and campfire, hung the watercolor of the Hye Postoffice -- that's getting to be a famous piece of architecture around here.

And then back for lunch by the pool, Weldon and Bess and I. We helicoptered over to the Haywood, stopping by A. W.'s to pick up Mariallen, and tried slipcover materials. We hope to achieve

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a summer-house effect, rough-textured white upholstery, all alike, bright, gay pillows, a bright, gay, stylized picture of San Marcos, where Lyndon went to school, and maybe old bottles across the mantelpiece.

But the clock was hot on our heels, and we left a little before 4. And back at the ranch, changed the tenor of the day completely.

We jumped into town clothes, said goodbye to Weldon, and helicoptered to Austin for a session with Max Brooks, Roy White, David ~~Kraber~~ ^{Graeber}, and later Bill Heath joined us, to explore the best architects to find the Number One man for the Johnson Library. I always look to Max Brooks' firm as my real standbys, and, happily, they are the University architects at present. So we all agreed that to attach some prestigious, nationally-known name would be good.

I took along my three blue books of architects' works that Tom Watson had given me. I had been doing rather thorough research on it. Though I find contemporary architects hard to swallow, I think for this building we must look toward the contemporary, though, of course, there must be a marriage with the site first and with the rest of the University campus, second.

I wanted to explore Philip Johnson. I like so much his Amon Carter Museum and the little Dumbarton Oaks pavilion, but I am flabbergasted by his own glass house and a church with a top and

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~~a church with a top~~ and no walls.

We all agreed on the firm of Skidmore, Merrill and Owings, I going only by the judgment of all the people whose taste I value and by no personal knowledge, and the head man in it would be Gordon Bunshaft.

We talked about Saarinen's firm, Yamasaki, I. N. ^{Pei} ~~Page~~, and a West Coast firm called Worchester, Barnardi and Timmins. We wound up by Max having the job of finding pictures of some of the best buildings this last firm has produced to show to me, and the decision to set aside several days for trips some time during October to see the three outstanding Presidential Libraries. I am eager to see President Eisenhower's -- I have never seen it. None of Max's firm has seen any of the Libraries. They could well do the research in depth, both with the Curators there and with Grover in Washington.

Max has already begun with a thick mimeographed sheaf prepared by Grover as to the requirements of a Presidential Library.

And then another trip would be to see the outstanding buildings of these several architects, to try to find one with illustrious name, who is easy to work with and who can fall in love with a project of the Library at the end of the axis facing the main building of the University.

It was about a two and a half hour session.

And then we went down to the Headliners, which always spells

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fun to me, where we met our host, Jesse, the anchorman in my life, and Marietta Brooks and Mary White and Will Edward and Liz Odom. I am particularly glad for Bess to have a night off in gay youngfolks surroundings. Work at the ranch with me is not the most glittering thing.

And she's been trying to turn tomorrow's tea for the hostesses from the boyhood home into a real special affair.

Jesse took us to Mi Casa es Su Casa for a Mexican dinner. I sat next to Will Odom and talked to him about his work on the Parks Board, in which he is vitally interested. He said, "We are not thinking for today. We are thinking for 50 years from now." Just the sort of philosophy the Parks Board ought to have!

We talked about the big thicket in East Texas, in which there are still a few Indians, living completely separated from the world, in the most insulated backwater. Will worries about them, thinks in general we have done all Indians a disservice by not bringing them into the mainstream of American life. I was pleased to hear him show so much warmth and discernment and interest.

The place is absolutely charming. Atmosphere with a capital A. A balcony with wrought iron, a heavy old carved door from Mexico, cactus and yucca in the patio, and a delicious, enormous Mexican meal, the first tacos in months. This living in the White House

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means that I almost never go out to dinner, so it's a red-letter night when I do.

On the way out we met some tourists from Greensboro, North Carolina, who were surprised and pleased to see me, and who had seen me at a political rally in Greensboro.

We started to Bergstrom Air Force Base, the Secret Service lost the way, and we headed for the Municipal Airport. I came to when we were about on 19th or 20th Streets -- we should have stayed on 7th -- and I thought how glad I was for once that Lyndon wasn't with me. The air would have been blue, but I could afford to lose the 30 minutes of "sightseeing" time.)

As we flew home, I looked down over the Lewis place at the smouldering embers of the brush fire. We had gotten news of the fire in the middle of the afternoon, and Dale, Clarence, all of the work force, deserted the house and had gone over to fight it. Later I had heard they had had the fire department -- volunteer, they are -- from Johnson City and Stonewall. It had covered about 10 acres. They thought they had it under control by now, but 15 men were spending the night guarding it. A frightening thing, but it's a time that takes you back to the frontier and neighbors, regardless of their differences or what their job of the day is, pitch in together to fight it.