

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, March 6, 1966

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Brilliant sunshine but cold, the wind lay. Little vignettes of the day.

Driving the winding roads to Blanco, to St. Michael and All Angels Episcopal Church, with Diana and Jesse, and Marie, and Vickie. Alas, once more, the Pope is getting incorporated into the Protestant churches!

A grave little altar boy, his boots sticking out from under his white vestments.

Afterwards coffee in the Parish room^{ry}, the very modern attractive little church; the minister's wife, Mrs. Thayer; two other ladies telling me how much they enjoyed being hostesses, at the boyhood home in Johnson City.

And then to Blanco Nursing Home to visit Mr. Percy Brigham, whom Lyndon described to the press as "the man who paid my way through College". It was a \$75. loan, a pretty doubtful thing[^] to an ambitious young boy.

And then on to Johnson City, where we drove around the Boyhood Home. The cars were fairly numerous. We didn't stop.

And then down to the Bank; the street trees are in and they are delightful. But every last one is in, what will we do for a planting ceremony, the last of March? The big redwood tubs in front of the bank, with green shrubs in them, and a just perfect live oak, planted at the corner of the bank, and another in a little island, in the middle of the drive in. I hope visitors to Johnson City are as impressed as I was!

Upstairs to the apartment, for a survey and a low calorie drink, I spent more hours, with less interest in these apartments, than in most things I do,

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last fall.

And then over to the Lewis and Logan ranches. The country is still in the grip of winter; there is no sprig of green, the creek is clear and swift, and the tank near the old stone house that we hope Roy White may buy, is remarkably deep, and blue and clear, but the land itself is drab and forbidding. The deer plentiful but pitifully thin; the sheep have just been sheared and look gaunt and naked. I wonder how they manage in that six inch snow?

Dale said everybody on the ranch, stayed until 10 o'clock, trying to get the sheep and goats under shelter. There are dozens of new born lambs, staggering around on uncertain legs, little balls of white.

A. W. was with us by this time. We stopped at the Hartman house; they've bought new furniture of their own for their little living room and for their own bedroom. Lyndon worked a format out with them by which the furniture we put in the two rooms, will be at cost, we'll give them half of it and the other half, the boys can pay out of their summer work and their weekend work. Lyndon had brought along three huge boxes of clothes from Neva West. You could start a store with it! We opened it up in front of the gate, called the whole family to gather around, and applauded each article as it emerged from the box, asking some member of the family to try it on. It was a show. Nobody enjoyed it more than he did. He asked them to decide on everything they could use and send the rest back to us so we could give it to someone else. This is his private ^{poverty} ~~property~~ project, and

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I have to say to cynics and scoffers, the two new rooms looked well kept, the family looks cleaner and happier, and everybody seems to be willing to work hard for it, and help pay for it.

It seemed forever until we got back for lunch, and I was famished when we reached the house about three fifteen, and joined with ~~Mathilde~~ Mathilde and Arthur Krim, and Lynda who had slept late; and Jake and Vicki, and Marie, for an enormous lunch. I ate, as Aunt Effie said, "with a coming appetite."

It was after four when we were up from the table, and then I had a long, happy talk with Lynda, by the fire in the big living room. She'd spent the morning bicycling with Mathilde, talking with Arthur... The stars in her eyes, and the excitement in her voice. George had called this morning, from London, or Paris. They had plans to get together for her birthday, several times within the next few weeks. She's finally reached the point of not asking me, but telling me what she's going to do, and one of her plans includes going to California to visit him.

She talked to us about "Texas Today and Tomorrow," the group she's joined to learn all about the University and make speeches on it, on or off the campus, a sort of indoctrination course, which I think must leave the person who talks, thoroughly brain washed, whatever it does to those who listen.

She looked adorable, in hip hugger pants and Acapulco type leisure clothes. I loved every moment of it with her. And then she left in time to be at the 6:30 service at All Saints in Austin.

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And now, Lyndon had gone out to get the last sun with A. W. and the Krims, and Diana. And I, hungry for exercise, walked down to the guest house. Love the new brass beds and the new wall paper, and the new rug in the Victorian room; yearned for the hour or two to find the just right white spread and white curtains to complete the room.

Then my conscience led me down toward Oriole's. I'd promised to come see her before we left, but I couldn't spare the daylight, so I went up to the runway, to walk along it, looking for what happened to my blue bonnet seeds. Alas, it was almost a total zero. I was thoroughly depressed, apparently we had gotten none. Along the bank of the first tank, where we had spread them liberally, we had a meager stand.

Then I drove down to the Cedar House and joined Lyndon and the party. Mathilde and I walked over to Oriole's, gathered her up and asked her to give us a tour through the house that was going to be hers. She was absolutely delighted, and it was a joy to see. It is one of the things I bless Lyndon for. She wanted to show us how she had very correctly moved the closets over to the west side because she liked the east sun. She liked to know when it was time to get up in the morning. She had a shelf for her clock; and she had another shelf for her redbirds, and her pleasure in it, was a present to Lyndon and to me.

Pretty soon Lyndon, and Diana, and A. W. and Arthur, and Jesse joined us and I hope we gave Oriole more to talk about until we come again.

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^{on}
The fading light, we drove around the ranch, and stopped at the new barn, which is a wonderful view of the valley of the Pedernales. Very modern looking aluminum stalls, and some sprayed on insulation, keeps a certain portion warm for the milk cows.

And Lyndon had a long conference with Dale on everything that's going right and wrong on the ranch. We stopped by Dale's house to see the new baby, and then back to our house, where James gave me the last, discouraging woeful news of the day. The sheep had gotten into the grounds of the old Sam Johnson farm house, and had eaten off every bit of foliage off of the 'scrubbery' as James says. And that includes my Mount Vernon magnolia.

What I want on the ranch, are at opposite poles from what a foreman wants. I want wild flowers and shrubbery - he wants sheep and grass - and so the eternal battle goes on. I had James as my ally, Lyndon as the chief spark plug, but Dale is the one in charge, for about 300 days out of the year. So tact and good sense demand that I keep him as my partner.

Diana was to leave to go to Southwest Texas State Teachers College, Lyndon's old alma mater, where she's recruiting for the Peace Corps. ~~She~~ Two returned Peace Corp^smen, one from Guatemala, one from Bolivia, came over to get her. She brought them in to meet me and then Lyndon; fine looking young men, they were. She left.

And then at nine, so did we, in the Jetstar, to Randolph Airforce Base. I was surprised not to set down at Bergstrom. And then on the plane to

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Washington.

It had not been a satisfying weekend, ^{not really} but it was a full moon and good companionship, with the Moursunds and the Krims; and brilliant sunshine. But it was cold, and our country was not alive, the magic of spring had not set in.

On the way, we talked over the Indian dinner list, the Democratic dinner in New York with Arthur. We had a light dinner and then I lay down, hopefully to sleep, but not really, and so did Lyndon,

A little after one, we were at Andrews and at 1:20, back at the White House. As we went up in the elevator - we would not see the Krims again, because they would leave a little past seven - ^{so} ~~there was~~ that most remarkable Mathilde, ^{she} could be in her laboratory as a practicing scientist at nine, - Lyndon leaned over and put one hand on each of them and said "You are the sweetest couple I know." They have, indeed, given ^{him} ~~them~~ understanding and help, and gaiety, and friendship. What bounty!

But the most remarkable thing of the day, had been the 10 minutes at the ranch while we were having that last drink, when I phoned Lyndon's sister Lucia, asking for either Lucia or Birge, I got Birge. We hadn't seen or heard from them in several months, ^{After} a very pleasant closeness of a year or so, I value it and want to keep it up. There were a couple of abortive attempts at conversation - "How are you" "Pretty Good" "But I know everybody's had flu and I sure hope you're all well now." "We're

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doing alright". And then about the third go-round, he dropped the block-buster. "We've had an exciting time around here this weekend. Becky got married." At this point, I called Lyndon to the phone, and it became a three way conversation. It turned out that Becky had gotten married sometime during the first week of February, but had only told her mother on Friday. This was Sunday. The news was painfully fresh. Lyndon asked "if Lucia had gotten home from the hospital" Birge said, "She's doing pretty good but she blames me. She says it never would have happened if I hadn't talked her into letting Becky go back to the University for the term in September." They had, it appeared, taken Becky out at mid-term, with the intention of keeping her home for at least several weeks, while a quite dreadful trial was going on in Austin, and ²the University student was being tried for the murder of two young co-eds. One of them had been Becky's sorority sister. They wanted to remove her from the scene. I didn't quite get the sequence of events. Sometime during that period, Becky and young David Shulman, medical student in his senior year, had gone to Las Vegas for two days, had been married, and it had taken her several weeks to tell the family. Birge said, "She's been trying." Bless him.

On Friday she had told them; and now he said "~~When~~ they were back in Las Vegas, he thought, for the rest of that honeymoon.", and then would take an apartment. The young man would finish pre-med in June, and then there would be the years ahead of Medical School in Houston.

We never got to talk to Lucia. Birge said she was at a neighbors. In all my acquaintance, I never saw a young girl that led a more sheltered,

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supervised, loved life. And in spite of the dire predictions that some of us had made, that she was tied too much to the parents apron strings, she had been completely submissive, charming, normal, and successful for 22 years. A total triumph for ^{their} ~~her~~ way of raising her. And then off she goes to Las Vegas to get married, - ~~The~~ biggest gamble is parenthood!

It had been a great day in the papers for beautification. The Post had had a story on the landscaping students, the Arboritum, and architect's sketch of the downtown portion of F Street demonstration project. And a full-page layout of Brook²/Astor, creating parks without 'Keep off the Grass' signs. I am very grateful to Kay for providing that most precious ingredient to our project - word to the public that it's going on.

And Luci, who never lacks for understanding of the press. It had a wonderful article, Isabelle Shelton's, about Luci and Pat seeking small apartment. Friends sure Luci will adjust. Young couple shops undisturbed. ^{Grades} ~~Grades~~ come first for Luci, until June. Just what I like to see written.

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