

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, July 3, 1966

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We were up early and I was swimming with Lyndon. And then we drove, just the two of us, the lovely farm-to-market road to Blanco; gone were my Monet landscapes of the middle of June, the meadows full of purple and lavender spiked wild flowers dotted with white Mexican poppys, embroidered with the gray green of the live oaks with the little Blanco River in the distance. It's always one of my favorite rides, to the Episcopal Church of St. Michaels and All Angels. And each time I'm charmed by the good taste of the designer who made the little stone and timber church fit so companionably into the landscape.

We were back to the main house by 12:30 and had a bite of lunch. And then Mathilde Krim and I left in the King Air to go to Santa Fe to see Tony, dropping Vicki off at San Angelo to see her parents.

On the two-hour flight, I read a paper that Barbara Ward, (Lady Jackson) had sent me on the Urbanization of Today's Society. She writes with such a fresh sparkle and reduces the most complicated subject full of statistics <sup>to a</sup> ~~resolutive~~ <sup>lucid</sup> exciting sentences.

Once <sup>im</sup>mersed in this subject, beautification, I find that every headline, every article in the paper, jumps out at me. Such as the ~~one~~ in today's Post about the States acting to protect roadside beauty.

This off-year when fewer than half the legislatures met -- and some of them only for limited business -- four states -- New Mexico, Rhode Island, Colorado and Missouri -- authorized legislation relating to beautifying the highways or controlling bill boards and junkyards. Vermont set up an air pollution program. And all of it excites me.

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Tony was at the airport to meet us with <sup>Gerry</sup>Geri and Jack and their sons. And Lisa with long blond pigtails and a sort of Alice in Wonderland look, and Alexander.

First, we went to their house to plan our afternoon's activities which are really to explore the old Mexico shop to find any furniture, rugs, antiques, objects of art, pottery or glass ware that might fit into Mathilde's new home on the lake.

We spent about two hours in the shop and it was love at first sight for Mathilde I believe because ~~we~~ she wanted to know all about the pottery, where it was made, the designs and workmanship. And she was particularly enchanted with the old chest, which at once made her a woman of taste in Tony's eyes. I hadn't been in his shop like this in years. And I too loved it. Mathilde bought many things which I think will be very much at home in her Texas house which will be a sort of combination of cultures.

And then I drove home first, going the long way around to see the old Governors' palace and the Indians selling their wares around the plaza and the Cathedral. And one memorable thing -- the city-owned parking lot that was in charming taste, using the adobe wall as a very trade mark of Santa Fe and some desert planting to turn it into an asset rather than an eyesore.

Santa Fe has really made a living off of its history, preserved its individuality, its charm.

Tony and Mathilde followed me in a few minutes, and we gathered in their delightful garden with Mattiana and <sup>Gerry</sup>Geri and Jack. Their oldest son had

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taken all the children out for hamburgers.

Mathilde laughingly said that Tony had called a halt to the shopping, he the merchant, and said, "Now, Mrs. Krim, it is the magic hour. And let us go sit in the garden and have a drink."

It is tiny, the garden, with an adobe wall - - the <sup>lots</sup> ~~poes~~ of bright tuberous begonias and flowers lovingly tended. He showed me some cuttings he had brought from the Holy Land -- a plant from the garden of <sup>Getsemani</sup> ~~Calvary~~.

We curled up in comfortable chairs and watched the evenings shadows fall. And a question or two from Mathilde led Tony into a long story of the history of Santa Fe. Beginning in about 1590, I believe, were the conquistadores and the Indians, and going on to the time of the Civil War when Confederate soldiers from Texas and Union-supporters clashed here.

And then we went into a charming room called the "orangery" because there are several small orange trees in pots. And at one end it opened into a hot house where Tony grows orchids and tomatoes in the winter time. There were many books and pictures and furniture and small objects from all over the world which all melted <sup>it</sup> into a very gay, unorthodox, and thoroughly happy little place.

I had only ~~x~~ called him the night before and their servants were gone for the holiday weekend and all the grocery stores were closed. Nevertheless we managed to have a good dinner and the companionship ~~is~~ always more important anyway.

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Tony makes a ceremony out of pouring wine and gives you a description of where it came from.

It was after 9:00 when I left, very content with my happy visit with him. There was a most memorable moment when he showed me the little silver sherbert cup -- one of 12 that had belonged to mother at the brick house. And he planned to give ~~them~~ six of them to Luci for her wedding present. And maybe, perhaps in the future, he might give the other six to Lynda. I asked him to put initials on the bottom "M. L. P. T." from mother with a date during her lifetime and "A. J. T. - 1918" when he got them. Then "L. J. N. - 1966" for Luci.

We dozed on the ride home, picked up Vicki, and arrived at the Ranch about 1:30 -- an off-beat happy day.