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Initials

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, August 29, 1966

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I was determined to get some work done. Two days of self-indulgence leaves me vaguely restive and <sup>Conscience</sup>~~conscious~~ ridden. I was going into Austin to settle some purchases for Oriole's house, and to oversee what was happening at Luci's apartment.

But getting off was delayed by <sup>in</sup>numerable calls -- Mr. Pike, Lucia, James -- trying to set up my business of the day. There was a blurb in the paper about the Manchester book which will be serialized by "LOOK" within the next few months before it comes out as a book and which promises "a thousand revelations of exciting portent." One line predicting that President Johnson will have to read it and he won't like it. It was like the inviting outside cover of a movie magazine which promises all sorts of lurid revelations, though the story very frequently turns out to be innocuous enough.

It is finally being borne in upon me, though reluctant as I am, that there does seem to be a concerted planned wave of attacks -- small, niggling, big, harmful -- aimed at us. My ambition is to ignore them and go full steam ahead with the business at hand most of the time and taking gratefully such days of peace as we've had off these last two.

Finally at 11:00 I left with Lynda for Austin, going first to Luci's apartment. When I opened the door, crepe paper streamers were strung in loops across the ceiling -- enormous crepe paper flowers -- the Mexican variety -- ~~with~~ were scotch taped to the walls. It was a profusion of red, blue, yellow, green. And there was a huge note by the door, "Welcome Home," and some gay foolishness signed by several of her friends including

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Betty Beal, whom I recognized as the artist.

It was Lynda's first time to see it. I must say it did look quite well. In Washington sometime early last week I had discussed with Luci ~~in~~ quite calmly what she might want to use of my furniture. I would give her the big sofa, lend her two of my chairs from the solarium, lend her the desk secretary which used to be in the corner of the living room at 30th Place, lend her my green dining room chairs. And we might talk about other things. And give her another TV set. But I thought she had better measure everything and be quite careful to see if it would fit in and look well. And then when she decided we would see if we could get it shipped down.

Last Friday there had been an hilarious conversation with Helen when I had asked her to measure some of the things for Luci so that she could see when she reached her apartment whether they might fit. And Helen began to giggle, and then I discovered that everything that I had mentioned nearly and one thing in addition that I hadn't mentioned, Luci had already decided on and they were already enroute to Austin.

As I looked at the apartment I thought they were actually rather a success. Big, though it was, the old sofa, which is about the same age as Luci, looks very well. And the two chairs are perfect. And the secretary desk adds some distinction to the room as well as an opportunity to show off some of Luci's beautiful things. The chest from the long ago master bedroom at 30th Place will serve very well -- perhaps even after Luci chooses bedroom furniture of her own.

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SANITIZED

Helen was up to her ears in boxes and tissue paper, of sorting, putting away things, thinking it out for Luci. What a lot of love ~~has~~ has gone into this on the part of James and Helen. I overheard Helen talking to someone on the phone, "I'm not going to leave this house until everything is in order. That child coming here and see all these boxes wrapped up. I think she would sit down in the middle of the floor and cry." How nice it is to be loved as Luci is loved.

I was ravenously hungry and we went to Youngblood's ~~restaurant~~ <sup>RESTAURANT</sup> -- Lynda and I, where Carolyn joined us and took us to lunch. Fried chicken and hot rolls and honey in abundance. I have never seen Carolyn so pretty -- big though she is. Her baby is to be born in October.

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I went alone to Shank's. And Mr. Pike, my old partner in jobs big and little, had assembled some very nice fabrics to do over Oriole's old victorian sofa which shows a soft green that would look well with the cedar walls and afford a fairly nice compromise between the victorian lines of the sofa and the boxy straight lines of her gold oak furniture. We settled on the refinishing of tables and chairs as James drove up with a truck load full of them. It ~~was~~ would be so easy simply to discard them all and buy her some completely new ones. But at 75 or so, I cannot help but believe she would be lonesome for the things she has lived with all of her life, and it would be mistaken generosity -- even arrogance -- to insist that she store them and then make her a gift of new things.

It was 2:30 before I left and returned to Luci's to change into blue jeans and boots and meet Roy White and go to Johnson City. Our business was to take the plan for the old Fort site that had been prepared by Robert White of A&M College in the senior class of landscape architecture, to work out their plans, step by step, to follow the proposed road as best we could.

We found Mr. Hartman there riding the shredder, beginning at the northwest side and cutting down the weeds. To my great pleasure, he had left several clumps of lantanna which because of the rain were masses of yellow and orange and sometimes pink flowerets. He had done a fair job of leaving some bunches of prickly pear. And I pointed out a great picturesque century plant -- a real ornament to the landscape, and I asked him to guard it carefully as he shredded.

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Roy and I began at the highway. And with his 300-foot tape located the entrance, and then stepped off the road going by his scale and the trees and such landmarks as the old fort. We decided they had done a rather good job of a flowing, gently ~~xxxx~~ curving road as it approached the fort, with some parking places. <sup>Q</sup> And then meandered down through the pecan grove, across the creek to the same street on which Lyndon's boyhood home sits a block farther up into town.

Now the problem is to hire Melvin Winters to put the road in, and to get Roy White to drive on a jeep along the road a time or two to test it out, along with Melvin's man. It appears we will only lose three pecan trees. The weeds were knee high and sometimes above, and very thick going. Sort of like taking exercises with pressure applied against you. And take two steps and you are covered with beggar lice.

Twice a covey of quail flushed up right from under our feet to an exciting whirr of wings. One <sup>covey</sup> of ~~them~~ about 8 or 10. How I wished that would still happen when we clear out the weeds. I know it won't. It's either quail or people, and I hope that people will use this.

We plan to put in about \$100 worth of blue bonnet seeds in the northwest corner which is quite open country. Robert White's plan is fairly ambitious, though, most of his trees and shrub are purely native. Sumac, Texas persimmon, asureta, ~~rheto~~ma.

*retama*

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So we were hot and tired and thirsty and reasonably content that no violence would be done to the landscape -- that in fact it would be opened up rather charmingly by the road. We climbed into the car, drank the last of the cold drink picked up at the filling station and left for the Ranch.

Lyndon had suggested this morning that we move the barn since they need new pens. "Just pick up and move the whole <sup>barn</sup> up on the hill close to Dale's." And I had put in my word to build a better workshop for Mr. <sup>Klein</sup> ~~Kline~~ if we were going to do improvements, or at the very least to put a good roof on the one he had. So we called Dale and Mr. <sup>Klein</sup> ~~Kline~~ to stand by to advise us on needs, size, location, uses it would be put to for a workshop. And also to discuss the real need for moving the barn and pens which I actually don't want to do. It is a farm and ranch. I'll fight for it to look like one with the <sup>chase</sup> supportings where the work goes on. And actually now the pens on the hilltop <sup>support building</sup> are used mostly. We are not bothered by the flies and rats and smell which used to be the great drawback to the pens being close to the house. And the barn itself is just a good sturdy structure bursting with hay and grain that says "this is a working ranch."

// Well, on the way we got side-tracked which was not unexpected since "the magic hour" was approaching -- twilight -- and Lyndon was taking to his car after a day of being office bound and phone bound. He was anxious to spend his last two or three hours in the fading light doing what he liked best. He had the Krims and the Valentis with him and Jesse Kellum. He heard us on the talking machine asking Dale and Mr. <sup>Klein</sup> ~~Kline~~ to stand by. He asked

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us instead to join him. It's very hard to say "no", particularly on the last day we'll be here for an unknown time. And particularly since I had been working rather hard at other things all day. So we met him at the Sharnhorst, and Roy and I got into the open-top car with him and Mathilde and Jesse and Mary. And we traveled a new road in the Sharnhorst that climbs the hills and the southern part of the granite pasture and winds through the underbrush and rocks and then out on the open meadow -- all of it the part of the Ranch that the black buck antelope like. Twice we saw them bounding along in great leaps like ballet dancers -- much more visible than our native deer with their bright white markings, mostly their underbodies, their horns absolutely straight, always running in single file, rather like they had rubber balls on the bottom of their feet -- they jump so high. And yet when they approach a fence, they come to a dead standstill. They will not jump a fence. And this herd of antelope stays always in this same pasture. They are called black buck antelope, and I hear that the buck turns black somewhere around 5 years of age. None of them have yet.

As we rode through the granite rock pasture, suddenly we saw a ghost of a full moon, faintly silver behind a wreath of clouds right on the eastern horizon toward the river pasture; and exactly balanced on the rim of the horizon on the West was the bright red glow of the sun, sinking behind the granite rocks of the Sharnhorst. This we saw as we came to the top of the hill and they hung balanced there for a few moments while we sat and stared. It was a sight to remember.



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We rode on through the Tomlinson. A. W. joined us and we went through the river pasture and traveled a road that hugs the brink of the river itself high above -- a most percipitous, rugged road with a marvelous view up river and down river for miles.

Lyndon has just had it completed. He keeps on saying, "If I don't get roads built this year, I never will. If I don't get these fences built this year, I never will." But that has been his motto all his life it seems to me -- running to attain some goal that is always elusive, always just out of reach, and pursued by what? Old age? Failure? <sup>2</sup>~~an~~ ability to attain what he is trying to? At any rate it seems he has been in a race his entire life.

When the last ray of light was gone and the moon ruled the night, we ~~stared~~ started home. Mary met us with a big tray of noches specials. How could I be hungry? -- I was ravenous. We sat down to black eyed peas from the garden and delicious ripe tomatoes -- our own -- and squash and roast beef and corn bread.

And then it was time to board the little plane and head for San Antonio and Air Force I and Washington -- which we finally reached about 2:30. With no sleep -- it does not come just because I have time for it. Lynda Bird played bridge. I was sorry I wasn't wide enough <sup>enough</sup> to play with her. <sup>^</sup> And by 3:00 we were in the White House in bed.