

## MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTONWHD  
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Friday, September 23rd began a little after six in Tony's house in Santa Fe, ~~and~~ carried away with the feeling of <sup>how</sup> high bright and beautiful the garden was and how much we would love to share it, Late the night before Tony had asked all the newspaper women to come out and have coffee and sweet rolls ~~then~~ at seven the next morning. It was ten o'clock but Tony said "Never fear, <sup>Palo (Leopoldo)</sup> ~~Lo~~ here is a can do man, " as the President would say." <sup>And</sup> ~~Lo~~ <sup>Lo</sup> grinned and somehow a bakery opened and the delicious rolls and hot coffee were waiting for us in the garden at seven o'clock as most of my weary fellow travelers straggled in.

The garden was enchanting. The first thing that struck you was four enormous brilliant red strings of chili peppers about four feet long hanging on the columns of the portal. The tuberous begonias were bright reds and pinks and yellows in their Mexican pots, and there was a great olla full of chavisa, the wild golden shrub that blooms this time of year. Marigolds and zinnias were a riot of color, and there was a tiny bit of pepper plant that grew from seeds Tony said he had picked in the Garden of Gethsemane. The guests were delighted with the portal and the little corner fireplace, and the oranger which is really a small greenhouse with a sitting room attached, and they saw a few of his things from the Brick House -- the table made from an old walnut tree that grew on the place and

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some of Mother's old silver -- But our unflagging sergeant Liz had us in the cars a little before 8 - me riding with the Udalls-- headed for SAN IL defonso Indian Pueblo, Stu briefing me along the way. It is a small village of adobe houses growing, and that really is the word, around a dusty plaza with one huge cotton wood tree in it, where about 300 Indians live. Their leader, whose title was Governor, was Gilbert (?) ATensio, a fine looking man who was on hand to meet me and to introduce Governors from other surrounding pueblos along the Rio Grande.

SAN IL defonso, I heard, dates from the 14th century and only 10 miles away is Las Alamos. What a span of history!

We went into one home where little Head Start children were being fed their meal, bright eyed, solemn, quite silent. We saw a dance by the women in costumes with which they welcomed the Spring. Then into another home to meet the family and see how they lived. It was, I was told, 150 years old, but the windows had been added. And so had radios and TVs and over-stuffed furniture. On the walls there was a picture of a soldier in uniform and another of Christ.

Roman Catholicism and the religion of their ancestors, expressed I gathered mostly in dances, lived quite contentedly side by side.

And then the most interesting experience of all. We went into the home, studio, workshop of Maria<sup>a</sup> Montez, and La Ooma PA.

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Many of the residents of San Il Defonso are pottery makers but Maria<sup>g</sup> Montez is an artist of renown and her talent has passed on to her son Pazora Da. They had great dignity and presence. They showed me what the designs meant on their pottery -- the feather of the eagle, the clouds, the mountains. She had ~~re/vate~~ revived an ancient process of their people in making black-on-black pottery, and has won international ~~prizes~~ prizes in <sup>ceramie</sup> ~~ceramie~~ shows.

As I walked through the village children clustered around me every step wanting autographs, taking ~~pix~~ pictures, giving me flowers, very much indeed like children anywhere. The delightful thing was that Lee Udall knew the first name of person after person, the type of pottery he or she made, was always asking questions about someone who had gone off to college. She really cares and she knows.

And then, after a little over an hour's stay, we were back in the cars. This time I rode with Tony, and headed up into the Sangre de Cristo Mountains to see the golden aspens. This is really what I had yearned to come to Santa Fe for, and it had been a struggle to keep it in the schedule. As we wound up into the mountains, we could see great slopes of gold in magnificent contrast to the green of the Ponderosa pines and the Douglas fir, and finally when we got into a great grove of ~~spx~~ aspens it was magic to look among their white trunks and up through the gold leaves to the blue sky. When the tiniest breeze blows

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their leaves shiver like fairy cast<sup>le</sup>nets. We entered a national forest, and the For~~re~~ster, Mr. Latimore, rode with us and told us about it. The logging operations, leases to cattlemen for grazing, the work of for~~re~~sters to keep down fires, and their check through the amount of snows and waters in the little streams to estimate how much water would be going down to the big rivers.

Finally at the appointed place we stopped, and it was already occupied by some ladies in a station wagon with easels and pallettes and paint brushes who were wandering off among the aspens looking for just the right place to set them up, and who, of course, were startled to see this caravan ~~of~~ approach. We followed a little mountain stream up trail for several blocks -- Tony and I for the benefit of the cameramen who were clicking away. We had reached a height of about 10,000 feet by then. As we ascended we stopped <sup>to lean</sup> ~~again~~ against the rock. There was a magnificent panoramic view of mountains behind us -- great spreads of gold among the green. Three times we found artists painting along the road.

And then as we made our way back into Santa Fe we had a bonus that I enjoyed quite as much as the aspens. All along the road-side were huge bushes of Chamaener, its soft gold a <sup>perfect</sup> ~~brilliant~~ foil for the brilliant purple aster that very often grew in clumps close by. I made a note to write the head of the highway department in New

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Mexico to tell him what a marvelous combination, and how much this would add to the pleasure of the tourists driving through New Mexico, and I hoped they would plant a lot more. And I asked Tony if he could possibly get me some seeds -- particularly the asters.

We were at the plane by 12:30. It had been a full and delightful morning, and I always enjoy my times with Tony, and as we said goodbye Matiana took off her sweater -- a brilliant pink which I had admired -- and gave it to me. We lunched on board the plane. There is always that <sup>exhilarated</sup> ~~excellerated~~ feeling as you wind up one of these trips. You are bone tired, but it has been a great trip; you try to give notes to a secretary about how to write the thank-yous; you have a couple of interviews with newspaper women who want you to sum up your feelings, or to know more about some facet of the trip; you thank the people who advanced it and the people who have been with you; and then this time because I was getting off in Austin I got on the loud speaker and said goodbye to all of my fellow travelers with the hope that they had had as good a time as I had.

We lost an hour so it was nearly three when we arrived at Austin, and Liz and Bob Knudsen and Tommy Atkins and I got on the King-Air for the ~~rest~~ ranch, hearing the word as we did that Lyndon had arrived at the ranch with the Krims and the Walt Rostows just a few minutes before. Fortunately I had given Bess over the phone early

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that morning a list of housing arrangements -- the four Nugents in the Lewis house, Krims in the Gay Room, the Rostows and the Kintners in the Cedar House. Liz and Bess and Lynda with us. So many strings to pull together.

I arrived at the LBJ Ranch just 8 minutes before my guests were due, in a long sleeved woolen dress and 90 degree temperature. And here I made a mistake. I went to the closet and pulled out a simple summer cotton, sleeveless, cool, and gratefully got into it and was out in the front yard only a minute behind my 3:30 guests -- some 250 women who had been hostesses at the Johnson City house -- Lyndon's boyhood home and his birthplace here in Stonewall for the brief month that it was open this summer. And all the guests were in white gloves and high heels and new fall outfits! The party was sheer pandemonium. It took place in the front yard with two tables of delicious refreshments that I watched greedily. Bess had seen to preparing them. Flowers were everywhere, arranged by Bess, and I stood on the steps and greeted each guest as Jesse Hunter introduced them, and then there was a picture which made it a little stiff, but it will be a nice memento. Sometimes there was a hug or a kiss, from Nita or Maryallen or pretty little Christy Posey, or an extra warm greeting, and then Lyndon came in. I had seen him only one moment when I first arrived as he rode off hungrily to have his first look at the field? I thanked the ladies for their hours of

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interest and devotion ~~that~~ had made it possible for some 14,000 people from every state in the Union and 30 foreign countries to see the little house up the road where Lyndon was born during the month that it was open this summer. Betty Weinheimer said she had ~~spread it out~~ "sweated out Idaho," she had 49 states <sup>up to</sup> ~~open~~ to the last day, and then finally on that very last day here came somebody from Idaho! And I thanked all the Blanco County women whose faithful stewardship ~~had~~ had made possible a trip through Lyndon's boyhood home for more than 80,000 people from all over this country and more than 70 foreign countries during the month that house had been open.

There was an interruption every two or three minutes -- a most remarkable and happy one, first when Lyndon came in and I introduced him, and in a very warm and intimate way he talked to them, and then in bounced Luci in bright colored shift looking about 14 with Pat and I introduced them and she said a few words and then began to mix in the crowd, and then in came Jerry and his wife Phyllis and I told everybody how happy we were that he was just back from Vietnam safe three days before and was here spending the weekend with us. And then I even introduced Kim!

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John Connally had come in with Lyndon, <sup>He</sup> had flown down with him from Washington. I introduced him. I am ~~an~~ increasingly proud of him. He is so handsome and so able. He ~~has~~ began on the warm note of I know you do this because you are proud of your neighbor, you friend, the man that you ~~xxx~~ or your mothers and fathers grew up with, and you are proud of your part of the country and you want to show it to people from all over this land, and then he lead into a discussion of tourism increasing in Texas, what it meant in the economy.

I think the ladies must have been very pleased. The only thing is how can I ever top it?

Finally I handed out the awards to those who had contributed the most hours, lead by Mrs. Lena Johnson with 288 hours. Jesse Hunter and Betty Weinheimer made little talks about interesting vignettes in their experience of being a hostess, and they were very good. I have known Jesse's capacity for growth for some time, and Betty was polished, interesting, thoroughly delightful. Then I said to everybody, get another helping of refreshments and follow me out to the hangar and let's see the preview of the movie of Pat's and Luci's wedding. That is, if you don't have to go home to cook supper or take the children to the football game. Most of us trooped out and sat for a full ~~hour~~ hour. Later I thought this is no tea; it is a full afternoon. I



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I cheered for Tommy Atkins, Bess and Liz and Simone, and everybody, and especially Luci and Pat.

It was good; a bit long, though. It was sundown when we finished, and the guests left around seven, and Liz and Bess and I piled into a car and headed out -- just anywhere toward the fading sun. In the Danz property we met Lyndon driving with the top down, and I moved over beside him with that delicious feeling of <sup>release</sup> ~~relief~~, of work done, of days of rest ahead. And a more congenial weekend it would be hard to imagine. <sup>#</sup> It was after nine when we sat down to the dinner table with the Krims and the Moursunds and the Rostows and Weezie whom we had asked to stay, Jake and Marie and Vicki and Simon, and Mary Slater and Bess and Liz. I caught up on the news of Lyndon. It had been a busy 4 days for him too. He had appointed Katzenbach to the number 2 spot in State vacated by George Ball and Eugene Rostow for the ~~number~~ three spot, Foy Kohler for the fourth. He had gone out to dinner each night, once to Mary Ellen and Mike Monroney's, with <sup>Florence</sup> ~~Lawrence~~ Mahoney and George Wood, How I would have loved that evening. He had rounded out 1037 days as President -- the length of time that President Kennedy served. They have put furrows in his brow and weariness in his heart, but all in all it has been a great thousand days.

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And the only trouble with this trip was that there was not enough participation . I like to row and swim and walk, and wonderful as this ~~way~~ was, it was all riding and looking and learning. Bess and Liz and all who worked on it are certainly due plaudits. And Luci and Pat look as though they had invented happiness.

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