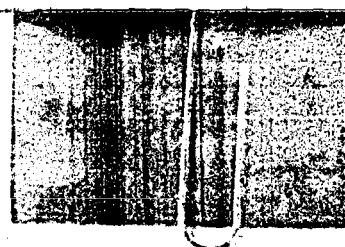


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Sunday, October 9th was a jewel of a fall day with blue and gold. I woke up early. Once more Lyndon had not slept well. I think it is the mounting tension of the approaching trip.

These last two mornings I have made a re-discovery of the wonderful world of the early morning. I have been up at 7:30 walking in the dew of the fresh new day. There is a feeling of exhilaration about it that is headier than wine. Lyndon asked me to get in and go with him to the Reagan with a paper cup of coffee in my hand. I said, "Yes, but you must be sure to get me back in time to be dressed for church." His joy is so apparent, as nourishing as eating, in looking at the crops and the deer, and asking Dale Meeks and Dale Malecheck constant questions on the talking machine about the fences and the deer food. He is absolutely deaf to my reminders that it is 25 minutes to nine, 20 minutes to nine, and we finally drove up at home at a quarter of nine. I was furious. How could I possibly be bathed and dressed and ready for church in ten minutes? Actually, I think he really enjoys it -- seeing how quickly he can get ready and making me do the same!

With a combination of resentment and amusement I hurried madly, was in the car by nine, and we were only five minutes late, with Luci and Pat and Marie and Jake, to St. Francis Xavier which was absolutely jammed including a few crying babies. Luci looked a little wan. She has sounded so for more than a week now.

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After church we paused at the door and soon we were being greeted by all the congregation, the Simon Burgs and Frederick Burgs, and various K~~i~~ens and Weinheimers, and then with Lyndon driving over the Danz and Martin ranches. There are still sunflowers, a few little purple asters. The^h snow on the mountain is gone, and a sprinkling of yellow flowers in the pasture.

Lyndon said, "Let's have some company for dinner," and began to rattle off people that he would like. He asked Marie to start phoning them. So quickly, with only six hours notice, ~~of~~ a dinner party of 14 get^y put together at our house, with people coming from anywhere from 15 miles to 200 miles away. And then at eleven-thirty ~~with~~ with considerable determination I got out of the car for my wildflower hunting. I had arranged with Betty to take off a few hours of searching with me.

This is the enormous bonus of getting up early and going to church early -- a whole day unfurls in front of you, a long, rich possession. When I reached Betty she said "let's take Tom along with us. He knows more about it than I do." So the three ~~xxx~~ of us set out with Jerry driving, and in their pastures we found some of the tall daisies that grow from 4 to 8 feet high on the country roadsides, bright yellow flowers about the size of a silver dollar on all sides of the stem, a showy, spectacular splash of color.

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Yes, these were just what I wanted! And in one of their pastures we saw a whole hillside of purple¹gay feather, a spike from 2 to 3 feet high that is a solid mass of tiny purple flowerettes. They were past blooming, almost going to seed, but not quite ready. We tried getting some of the seed, and then Tom took ^{up} his knife and dug up the bulb from which this plant grows, and he promis~~ed~~ed that he and Betty would dig up a large number of bulbs and plant them out for me sometime this winter when they are dormant.

Next we drove up the Blanco ~~rx~~ road. We took along a photographer and got some pictures of the lovely expanses of this brilliant yellow daisy on the tall stalk. This is to send to DeWitt Greer with appreciation and hopes of more. It made the ride to Blanco a joy. When they are going to seed Betty and Tom promised to get James and gather some of the seeds for us to put out along the fence rows and the roadsides in the 80 acres.

Meanwhile, I had called Jewel Malechek to see if she would pick up Betty's daughter who[?] had been left at home, and take Clare^{ne} and her boys and Mann to the swimming pool so we could keep on riding and working with a clear ^{Conscience} ~~conscious~~.

Back at the ranch, we drove down to the birthplace ~~rx~~ and then to the entrance and then west up through the 80 acres to the Danz, putting out in each place some of the seeds we had collected and talking about where would be good places to put more. It was

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three o'clock before we returned, ⁴ravenous, to the main house. We had been in touch with Lyndon so we would get there together. And we all sat down to the table, Lyndon, the staff, the Weinheimers and I, and Pat and Luci, with the delicious sense of having had a good morning, and I was feeling how nice it was to have neighbors who knew as much about the wildflowers, liked them, and were willing to help me with them.

Betty and I also talked about how good it would be, and it was she who originated the idea, if a local Boy Scout troop would plant a lot of the wildflower seeds around their Boy Scout hut.

This is fast getting to be an ^daddiction of mine - wildflowers of the Edwards plateau.

After lunch I took a rest but ~~was~~ not Lyndon. He took a ride with the Weinheimers, talking stock. I got up about 5 when I heard that the John Hills were ^{staying} ~~flying~~ into the hangar, and on the way out to meet them ran into the Moursunds and the Heaths and the Rubys and the Melvin Winters and the Don Thomases who were arriving in a caravan so it wound up by two carloads of us setting out to meet Lyndon on the Reagan. Lyndon always has the optimistic belief that ten people can get into one car, and he wants them all around him. This time there were 15 and we couldn't quite make it.

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So, A. W. drove the station wagon and carried me and all the ladies and Jesse, while Lyndon, who had never been out of the car with the top down all day ^{long} ~~low~~, except for church and lunch, continued his tour. He is a sun worshiper, a land lover, and so indeed am I, except I like it better on foot.

I told the John Hills how nearly I had come to reaching their ranch on one of my river walks, and that I particularly wanted to see their Indian Cave. I asked if the drawings were just geometrical or if they were stick men. Oh, no, said John, there are several ^{xx}un-animals you can clearly tell, one very good buffalo, and fortunately during a flood trees and debris crammed the cave to its mouth, and in an attempt to clean it out the ranch hands had set fire to it, the walls of the cave had become blackened and some of the drawings obliterated. I promised myself to go and see them.

Melvin and Wk Nita said they had closed down their tours of exotic animals after labor day, but promised me I could come and see the dinosaur's tracks anytime I wanted to. My own small piece of the world is so rich with things that I want to do and see! We spent the ~~xxx~~ time-of-the-long-shadows ~~xxx~~ riding around. The big red deer is getting really dangerous, and Dale Meeks and Dale Malechek both warn us against going even too close to the enormous high fence. Sometimes he will charge it they say. He might even possibly break it.

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The Texas Longhorns, with their great spread of ~~horns~~ horns, enormously picturesque, and the buffalo too -- we saw them at a distance across the pasture, [^]looked quite at home. Everything that has ever lived here I welcome back with great satisfaction. My liking for the Trudy exotic game, the saika from Japan, the fallow deer from England, the axis ^{I believe} from India, huge blue ^{Nilgai} antelope from Africa, is not much. I would like to see them in their own habitat sometimes. Here, on the Edward's plateau, I prefer what is native.

The days are getting shorter, and I begrudge them. , My spirits always begining to lift about Dec. 23rd when they once more begining to lengthen, little by little,

When the last ray was gone from the sky -- sunset is early now -- about 6:15 - we went back to the main ranch. While the guests were sitting around having a drink, I went up to see Luci, curled up on the bed and had a good long talk with her. Her first four days in Austin were sheer purgatory, she said, with a line of kids driving by past her house pointing and looking and everybody at the grocery store and the laundry ^amat where she went, asking for autographs, and then it began to stop, and now it was just fine. Everybody left her alone except all of her many friends, and she and Pat were loving Austin. We'll never get Kimberley back; she loves that little dog so much; she gives so much time to her, and there is so much happiness between them. I wouldn't have the heart to ask for her back. Not even for

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Pessoa's
Rakasa's companion and Blanco's.

Her thank-you notes have been superb. But not enough. She has quality, that child, but not dogged discipline. She was hostess at the little table and I had Judge Heath on my right and dear Melvin on my left. He is always one of the closest ones in my thinking. We were a full table of 14. And the evening for me, and for ~~London~~ I am sure, had that precious feeling of something that would not be soon repeated. Tomorrow we would be back to Washington for a hectic week, and then this 17 day trip. So, this was a golden interlude -- a little personal gem before our job claims us again.

During our wildflower ride, we had stopped at Grandma Burg's and she had given us great armfuls of the beautiful purple asters that grow like a ~~bush~~ bush in her yard. She calls them mountain daisies. She promised to divide them with me in the spring when they came up. I had brought the armload home and arranged them in a white ironstone pitcher on the coffee table. They were lovely. ⁹ ~~And~~ dreamed of the time when I would have a mass of them down at the birthplace house for October bouquets.

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