

2-27-71

Records

Olivera

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3-28-81

CJG

MONDAY JAN. 2nd, 1967 - page 1

Monday January 2nd was a holiday, but no holiday

around the IBJ Ranch. It was like a Marks Brothers comedy

where about 20 people tumbled one by one into a tiny state

room capable of holding only two. We have planned to return

to Washington late this evening; therefore only today remained

to work on the park across the river, and what a day.

It was cold and brilliant. John Ben Sheppard and Mamie

had flown in the night before because he is the trustee appointed

by John to hold the funds for the park.

A little past 9 we ^{went} ~~met~~ out to the airport to meet Charles

Krueger who is chief planner for the National Parks Service

and Douglas Hubbard who is head of their visitors services.

They were coming as the result of a call to Stewart Udall the

night before that today was Park Planning Day. The Will Odoms

drove out. He is Chairman of the Texas Parks and Wildlife

Commission. And I asked Roy White to come because ^{there is} ~~as~~ an old

house on the place, part of which is constructed with stone, and

looked in the waning light of yesterday like it might be interesting

enough to restore as a part of the Administration Center -- per-

haps to sell arts and crafts or maybe as a tiny ~~museum~~ museum

of the way ^a ~~as~~ pioneer Texas farm family lived.

I began to pass coffee to all the guests as they arrived

and to make arrangements for Mamie to be driven around by dear

Possibly give copies to
Doug Hubbard - Jan. 2
Roy White - Jan. 2/3
Bill Meyer - Jan. 3
Muriel - Jan. 5
Aurell Hanner - Jan. 6
Bess Abell - Jan. 23
M. M. G. - Jan. 27

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Betty Weinheimer to Johnson City and maybe Fredericksburg while we were working, and people kept on streaming in. A large ^{hearty} ~~hardy~~ man, Mr. McDougall Duff, who is I think on the local advisory board for the Park, and Mr. Gosden the planner of the State Park Service, and A. W. Moursund, a member of the State Park Board who knows more than anybody about where the lines are and the history of the various tracts and acquisitions.

One of the most interesting points of the day was to listen to Lyndon describe in the most clear and cogent manner to the National Park people and to everybody why it was necessary to proceed fast and now. The matter has been going on a long time -- more than a year I believe -- and all the land is at last acquired except the Sweeney tract which comes up ^{for} ~~before~~ a supposedly final hearing before a Judge the 25th of this month I believe.

Up to now I believe there has been a ^{lot of} ~~talk to do with~~ the Park but no evidence of anything really being done, and cynical newspaper people and many local people look upon it as just a protection, a benefit for the LBJ Ranch, ^{and} ~~who~~ believe that nothing will ever be done. They do not foresee that this little part of the Hill Country will one day be a unified National Park. This land, our ranch, Lyndon's birthplace, all. Browning's quote "Ours is not to wait for perfection, but to ~~take~~ take what we have and make the most perfect out of it we can " because that is our problem

Get quite
right

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produce
here. We must ~~preserve~~ an area interesting to the public,
a game fence with some white-tailed deer and buffalo and
Longhorns, and any local wildlife we can get behind it, some
nature trails, some plantings of wildflowers of the Edwards
Plateau, and we must do it quick, or else there will be no park
to try to achieve perfection in for the long, long future.

The National Park Service men kept on talking about
a master plan which requires a topographic map which requires
time. Nothing can be done until something else is done before
this. I wish I could remember Lyndon's exact words, but when
they were over I felt that the whole project could either have a
beginning now or founder now.

So, we went out in two cars to the Park site. Two bulldozers
had been acquired from neighbors over-night and they were pushing
down dead trees and small mesquite, and a fence crew was standing
by prepared to start the fence as soon as directions were given.

At this point two more characters in the play joined us,
Dr. and Mrs. Donovan Correll, (a) botanist friends of mine
whom I had called the night before and asked to drive down to help us
identify all the species of trees and mark those worth saving.
So, Dr. and Mrs. Correll and I with a quantity of orange tape
dispersed in one direction; Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Kruger, con-
cerning themselves with dry faults from the highway and parking

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areas and picnic sites; Mr. Gosden and Mr. McDuff and John Ben and A. W. and Will Odom discussing variously fence lines and types of game and Administration Building and potable water and ~~toilet facilities~~ ^{toilet facilities} and Roy White, quite alone concentrating on exactly one thing: the ~~w~~ old houses partially of stone and one of log and how much of them was worth saving. He came away excited, enchanted. There were possibilities. Later I went through ~~the house~~ ^{the house} it with him. I found an 1893 agriculture year book and an 1897 one and a very old treadle sewing machine.

It was an ~~hxx~~ hilarious day. I had on my heaviest pants and boots and deer hunting underwear and two sweaters, but it was cold. It was a confusing, unbelievable assemblage but yet a lot got done, ~~due to~~ ^{due to} The drive of ~~(day 8 - fire 19)~~ ^(day 8 - fire 19) was my close personal friend.

The fence line was finally decided on, ^{picnic} areas which might be changed later on when and if the Sweeney tract was acquired. Lyndon took time enough to take the National Park people around our ranch to show them the deer and give them an idea of what this could be like later on.

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And finally, about 2:30, some 18 of us converged around the dining room table for a delicious lunch which must have been very welcome to Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Krueger who, they told me, had gotten up at four.

We spent the afternoon back at the tract marking trees, directing bulldozers. As the afternoon ^{was on}, I felt I could ~~just~~ ^{just} not go back. I would spend the night and return the next day. There would be another plane going then. So we worked until nearly dark, said goobye to my good friends the Donovan Carrells, and gradually various other members of the entourage drifted away.

We were back at the house around the fire when dark came. It was the time of evening when Jim Jones and Marie and Mary were bundling up all the last things. There was that tone of sadness mixed with excitement about a departure. A long stay at the ranch this had been -- most of the time since Lyndon's operation. We gave him an early dinner, and then at 7:30 he left, and I settled around the fire with Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Knueger and Pat and Luci and their dogs, and made some calls about the old house.

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Through Mr. Klein I found that it had originally been built by a German family named Sauer, and bought by the Beckmans in 1906. He did not know when it had been built but judged by the square nails and the cut of the stone that it was probably 100 years old. The Sauers, he told me, had had a son who ~~was~~ ^{had become} Ambassador to Germany! This much at least can be traced.

I called Mrs. Hudspeth and gave her these details and asked her if she would get her research friends at the University to look up some more facts about it. She was intrigued. She ^{or} would. I phoned ~~Rex~~ White to come back the next morning to talk about the new shop for Mr. Klein and very especially about our major project of enlarging our two bedrooms. If we are to live here for the rest of our lives, they must be changed from cupboards to comfortable charming rooms. I want most of all a fireplace, bookshelves, and a view.

I remembered all the times that Lyndon and I had gone at Christmas to the Beckmans to carry a box of candy and a bottle of bourbon and a neighborly message, and how we had sat in that little house for the first five or six years after we moved in in '52. They had known Lyndon's mother and father and had been their neighbors too. It would be interesting to trace the history of this little house, and how surprising that from it had sprung a man who ~~was~~ ^{became} an Ambassador of the United States, although

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we may find out that he was just a third office boy.

And then I called Emily Crowe. I had gotten word earlier in the day that her mother, Peggy Crowe, had died in Baltimore, and that she, Emily, had come down to be with the Beverly Sheffields and prepare for the funeral. I had thought I would drive in to see her, but I found myself instead exhausted and went instead to bed about nine o'clock, the earliest I have been in weeks.

Mrs. Crowe's death marks the end of an era for me -- a last tie with my childhood. In her home I had had such happy times when I was at boarding school, St. Mary's, and later in Austin when I was in the University.

Well, the New Year has gotten off to a bang, and it will be interesting to see what this day will bring forth.

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