

TUESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1967 - page 1

Tuesday, January 3rd, I awoke early. We breakfasted around the kitchen table, Mr Krueger, Mr. Hubbard and I, and then went over to the Hightower property to keep in front of the bulldozers marking trees, giving directions, re-assessing the dry faults and the picnic areas. What a change in tempo when Lyndon leaves -- in activity, in drive, in number of people involved! He injects adrenalin, revs up the tempo of any activity he is in. It is quiet without him.

After an hour with the bulldozers, I took Mr. Hubbard, leaving Mr. Krueger still working, and we went to the birthplace and met Roy White , and continued on to the old Fort site and the Boyhood Home, explaining how all of these would fit into some eventual total picture, and drove by the little Time-Life Park to the Bank Building.

I take such a proprietary feeling in Johnson City now. Once you work on anything, give it your time and enthusiasm, it <sup>belongs</sup> blooms to you. You notice every change, know how hard it was, appreciate every improvement, and are delighted when other people do, and ~~six~~ disappointed when they ~~xxx~~ just look at it and drive on um - huh .. and say "~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~---"

WE were back at the Hightower property a little before one. Mr. Loden, the State's man in charge of planning had left. Mr. Krueger had returned to the Main House. So we too went

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back for lunch, and then I spent the afternoon with Roy. First,

~~we walked over the outline~~ of Mr. Killen's new shop with him;

discussed fences and screening and tried to visualize it from

the little road that runs in front of our house and from Ranch

Road One, and then we laid out the plans for the extension of

the two bedrooms, and went over it inch by inch to tailor it to

the habits and needs and peculiarities of its two inhabitants.

Lots of light in Lyndon's bathroom, an extra large shower, and

walls that would be a good foil for paintings in both his sitting

room and his bedroom. We walked through it in our minds and

placed the furniture, changing and correcting as we went. There

is never the right place for that three-faced TV!

How wonderfully satisfying it is to have an architect that

you like and laugh with and can depend on. Roy White is one of

the blessings of my life, and a tape measure is a fool I cannot do

without. Our present rooms, both here and in the White House

and our storage space we measured in comparison to what we

planned for this new area. ~~For the~~ Watching the trauma of the Moursunds in

changing their house has been no invitation to start this project

but sometime it must be done. It adds up to 90 days that we spent

at the ranch in 1966, and our bedroom suites are sheer makeshift.

If we can live better we should.

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There were all the last minute things -- the call to Betty Weinheimer to give away the poinsett~~as~~ and chrysanthemums, and finally a little past five we were airborne in the Jet Star headed for Washington.

How many hours I have ridden in airplanes this year!

And it is a good time for reading ~~the book~~ and for the work that I carry around in my Mexican straw bag. Right now I am reading Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men," except Christmas night I curled up with Charles Dickens Christmas Carol, and a glass of wine from my German neighbor, and had a delightful time. I have read children's versions, heard excerpts, and seen it on TV, and never have read the real book itself. I found it pure gold.

To round up all our talking about the Park, Mr. Hubbard had given me a good idea about tapes that could be installed either in a future Administration Building or just beside a fence or marker of somekind where you could put earphones up and hear a minute and a half about the history of the wildlife or the flowers of the area.

Close to nine Washington time we arrived at Andrews and I said goodbye and drove into the White House. The light was on in Lyndon's office. I put down my coat and went over to find him in his small room deep in conversation with Charles Schultze with whom he has spent far more hours than he has with me during the month of December.

CR  
(Ranch)

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// December is a marriage with the budget and Joe Califano. Charley Schultze, looking very intently at Lyndon, said "You will go down in history as the man who kept this nation together, fighting a limited war." They were talking about the difficulty of doing that. The temperament of our people seems to be "you must get excited, get passionate, fight it, get it over with, or we must pull out." It is unbearably hard to fight a limited war.

It is sort of fascinating in that little office. I love to listen and yet I know how hungry the others must be at ten and ten thirty roll around. I make tentative efforts to get them all to come home to dinner. Finally, close to eleven, Lyndon and Joe Califano come, and afterwards there is the great stack of night work on Lyndon's bed, and the life at the ranch is a thing of the past, and we are back in the Washington routine. //

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