

1967

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13

It seems I ate my way through the day of Friday, January 13. The morning was routine desk work and then I had promised to try to ~~send~~^{spirit} Ashton off to a surprise Birthday luncheon at Patsy Chaney's. I asked her to ride with me. I was going somewhere and we could talk over such and such a problem. Part way there she asked, "where are we going?" A gentle person and such a joy to have around.

We went to Patsy's and Buzz's efficiency apartment--really just one large room, kitchenette and bath with a homemade panel wall screening off their bed. Its living just like the pioneers did in a one room log cabin except this one is six floors up in a city of two and one half million and it was made charming by many books and pictures. It was just Patsy and Buzz and Ashton and Willie Day and I with waffles because they are my very favorite and I never have them and pizza because that's Ashton's favorite. I could stay only an hour so we ate promptly--all chattering at once. Patsy looked so happy. She is going to have a baby. Buzz is thinking about going back into the Ministry and for that purpose had gone to be interviewed by about four congregations--in each instance being asked by the Elders (whatever they are called), the first question, "what is your feeling about Civil Rights?" Actually his feeling had been in favor of Civil Rights, but he was a little surprised and not very sympathetic that that should be

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the first and major question asked because it was the Church he meant to go to work for and not some social service group.

I felt strangely humble. I had been removed from this sort of life for only a few years and I had forgotten how very nice people live on very modest incomes when they are young and starting out.

Luci's tiny apartment, and when I say that she always raises her chin angrily, seemed not so tiny any more and the problems of very little money seemed imminent. I ate and ate and ate and then I hurried back for a 1:15 meeting with Alan Boyd, Head of the Transportation Department, and Lowell Bridwell, his number one man, and Turner, who may be the head of the Bureau of Public Roads, succeeding Rex Whitten, and Everett Hutchinson, who fits somewhere into the hierarchy, Liz and Sharon Francis, to be joined by Lyndon when he could. He was nearly an hour late and we covered thoroughly the role of the Department of Transportation and the Bureau of Public Roads and the program of beautifying highways, the 80 million we have to spend this year, the 160 million we hope to have to spend next year, the whole ten year program, the difficulties and legislation that will face us and the climate of this upcoming Congress and, most especially, the guidelines on outdoor advertising which have been laid down at the hearings in all of the states and finally determined by the Secretary of Commerce along lines generally satisfactory to the conservationists, the esthetics people, were targets for the outdoor advertising people who strongly oppose. It takes no

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crystal ball to know we would have trouble maintaining even the foot in the door we have. It seems, however, that removing or screening the junk yards is not nearly so controversial.

Lyndon came close to 2:30 and gave us a really inspiring talk for which I loved him. He was "bearing witness" to his Administration, ~~that~~ but he was in earnest about this. He expected something of them. He was going to back them in it. He talked about the highway parks which he had built when he was Head of the NYA back in 1936, of what a pleasant part of the Texas Highway System they had become, approved, enjoyed, much used and the State proud of them. Well, whatever little footprints we make across this country there will be more for this thirty minutes of Lyndon's time. I was grateful and they were all impressed and I more impressed with Alan Boyd as he outlined every problem, gave the reasons on both side--a good appointment I believe.

Lyndon left, still without lunch, a little before 3:00 to go to the Diplomatic Entrance to meet Prince Juan Carlos, of Spain and Princess Sophia. There was a phalanx of photographers and we smiled and shook hands with each other over and over and then up to the Yellow Room with Jimmy and Sylvia Symington. The fire was burning merrily and the teatable was laid and Lynda soon came in and joined us and we had a very pleasant hour and a quarter. We talked about travels to America. The Princess was glowing in her description of education in America and Prince Juan Carlos, especially, of his visit to the Air

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Academy. Then Lynda talked about her visit to Spain and I was so proud when she entered so knowledgeably into the discussions--Goya and Velasquez and El Greco and where certain paintings were. It was an easy, pleasant laughing visit which is why we all let it go on for so long. Just below the surface of my mind I was thinking we have our troubles, but it must be something of a strain for this nice young man to read all the time that Franco and a large segment of Spain want him to be the king when Franco hands down the power because he is considered more conservative, whereas there is another segment of the population that want his father because they expect him to be liberal. I suppose everyone around whom there is an aura of power, ^{is subject to be} goaded and pushed and sometimes maneuvered into hostilities that sometimes never really existed. So, I ate my way through another teatime and then when the Prince and Princess left, Tyler Abell was waiting for me to talk about the Karnack Post Office, bringing another drawing, much nicer looking, and a suggestion that perhaps some good architect could be found by him to devote a few days to it--pro bono publico and without publicity--to try to achieve the best design that we can, to set something of a standard in the little town of Karnack.

Later I bowled three games alone for exercise and I phoned Warren Woodward and Eloise and asked them to have dinner with us and Jim Cain, who was our house guest, came a little before 8:00--Woody, a valiant successful, Eloise full of news about her work on the Committee

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for the Deaf. Lynda Bird came in, looking very lovely in a black and white chiffon with huge silver balls for earrings, on her way to the Spanish Embassy for a dinner dance for the Prince and Princess. Lyndon was very late coming to dinner--9:30--weary and rather quiet, though happy to see these special friends, but he left us at 10:30. We started down to see "A Man for all Seasons" and he had to tackle his own beast--night work, which grows thicker and less susceptible to happy answers.

It was 12:30 when the movie was over--one of the best I have seen. I went to bed and read a little and presently Lynda came in and curled up on the bed with me and I wanted to hear every bit about what a dance for a Prince was like. She danced a good deal with Senator Teddy Kennedy, his back injury apparently no longer bothered him. She bet a dollar with Eunice Shriver that ^{Majorca} ~~Majorca~~ belonged to Spain and she had won it. The guests had been the gay young people of their own, diplomatically divided between the Kennedy Administration and the Johnson Administration, represented by the Fowlers and the Freemans and the Connors and the Carpenters and Abells and the evening probably made more gingery by the presence of Salvadore ^{Dali} ~~Dali~~, who is doing a portrait of Juan Carlos, about which Juan Carlos had been very amusing at tea, but the nicest thing of all was that Lynda was excited as one should be when one is twenty two and goes to a dance for a Prince and Princess and that is the real stuff of life. Are the children happy and is your husband doing a job well?