

## MEMORANDUM

*Apr 11 - Alice Brown, John Bow S.*  
*Apr 18 - Myrick*  
 THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, April 2, 1967

*Finished by Aug 21/81*  
*give to Library after checking*  
 Page 1

*Perhaps send letter to*  
*Roy White - Apr. 2*

*name & Mary - Apr. 3*  
*Sarah Caldwell - Roy Hopkins, Ruth Johnson*

We woke up still with a glow of a day well spent. And Lyndon and I

discussed whether to go into San Antonio to hear Archbishop Lucey preach the Mass at Old San Fernando Cathedral. It had been built in 1731, the oldest on this continent. And the Archbishop was saying a special Mass for all of the Ambassadors, with prayers for the Punta del Este meeting.

Lyndon had said earlier that he wasn't going, but I believe it was the thought of Archbishop Lucey, of whom he is so fond, that made him change his mind. If we could have foreseen, and knowing the Archbishop we should have foreseen, I am not sure that we would have gone. Because it turned about to be another Reverend George Davis sermon in a Roman Catholic setting.

*#* Tony, Marytiana and Luci and Lyndon and I with Elspeth and Walt *Matthew Krim* and *Matilda Graham* -- how ecumenical we are -- Mary and Bess and Yolanda flew into San Antonio in the Jet Star, were met at the door of the Cathedral by the Archbishop himself, all smiles, and a sizeable crowd of San Antonians, and filed into the dark old church.

My first impression was that I should have known the Ambassadors wouldn't be here. They weren't. Not a one. But a sizeable number of their wives were. Mrs. Celso Pastor and I believe Mrs. Tomic and Mrs. *?* Laraya and a good many others I saw right in front of us. My thoughts

*Ch* immediately went back to the time when we'd been planning our first encounter with the Chief of State, President Lopez *Mateos* of Mexico.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, April 2, 1967

Page 2

and congratulated ourselves on remembering that that was a very Catholic country and thereupon included among the guests a noted Roman Catholic appellate to say the blessing, only to be told by the State Department that it wasn't the thing to do for our so-called Roman Catholic guests, the Mexican President and his wife. It was a memorable sermon. The Archbishop has been preaching for a long time and he is unacquainted with fear -- the fear of running counter to public opinion, our entrenched authority, our newspapers. He is a refreshing man. He and Lyndon have fought side by side on many ventures through the years as far back as the early 1930's. He came out strong for Lyndon's stand in Viet-Nam. But not until he had made a very churchly basis by quoting Pope Benedict XV and Pope Pius the XII, the Saintly Pontiff, in his attitude on aggressors, and [on] Pope Paul VI. And then he went on from there, "If anyone thinks that the President of the United States has not made every effort, sincerely and honestly, to bring our adversaries to the peace table and terminate the war on terms fair and honorable to both sides, he should study current events. He cited Lyndon's letter to Ho Che Minh of February 8th. He summed it up, "If the strongest nation in the world does not defend peace, the cause of peace will fail. And he ended it by praying for the summit conference. I squirmed a bit but I enjoyed it. And then there was Communion. And Luci walked up the <sup>aisle</sup> among the heavily Mexican congregation, so sweet and young in a white lace dress, and there was a very touching moment

## MEMORANDUM

## THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, April 2, 1967

Page 3

when a wrinkled old Mexican woman walking up the isle to take communion put her <sup>gnarled</sup> ~~narrowed~~ hand gently on Lyndon's shoulder as she passed. They like him - it is mutual.

At the door of the Cathedral, we said goodbye to Tony and Martiana. They were off <sup>with the rest</sup> ~~for the best~~ for the party at the Steves. And then we left for Austin. Our Jet Star had engine trouble so we changed to a helicopter. Lyndon and Luci and I and <sup>Matilda</sup> ~~Matilda~~ Krims. We flew straight to the <sup>Balcones</sup> ~~Bellconish~~ Research Center for an appointment with Max and Gordon Bunshaft and Bill Heath and Frank Irwin. We landed in a field of blue bonnets, though sparse and stunted by the drought, <sup>at</sup> ~~and~~ what appeared to be an instant stone henge. There were six stone slabs, some eight or ten feet high, and three or four feet wide, standing in the field -- three of granite, <sup>6</sup> And then a New Mexican travertine, -- a travertine from Italy, and the familiar Texas shell stone, Cordova shell stone it's called with its myriad imprints of the marine life that used to live here when Texas was under a sea millions of years ago. To me it's a romantic and beautiful building material. Our mission was to decide which of these materials we wanted for the Lyndon Johnson Library, although bids will be let on probably three materials and the final decision can only be made after the bids are in. I immediately reacted negatively to the granite. Too cold, funereal, I'd save them for tombstones and this building would be monolithic enough. To me, the shell stone is a romantic, fitting, wonderfully <sup>indigenous</sup> ~~inivgious~~ material in mellow warm

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, April 2, 1967

Page 4

beige, at home on the campus, and a travertine a sheer beauty, if it didn't cost so much, if we weren't <sup>wedded</sup> ~~witted~~ to the idea that this building should be of an American material. For once it was a relatively easy and decisive meeting of architects, Regents, and us.

We left a little before 2:00 feeling good about it and absolutely ravenous.

A helicopter landed at Camp <sup>Snabry</sup> ~~Mayberry~~ and then we departed in a stationwagon for Don Thomas' house, ordering hamburgers on the way to be brought there. And went in like a pack of wolves headed straight for the kitchen table, asking Jane and Don if they had any milk or cokes to go with the hamburgers, and finding a bowl of fruit and a package of cookies and ~~a~~ set to eating as though we would never have another bite. This was our second mission in Austin -- to go to see with Don a house that he thought might be bought for Luci and Pat. And it was a thrilling experience. I was ready to relive my own joys in finding a home in helping Luci and Pat find one. And Lyndon was so dear in advising them and in listening to their plans and discussing how they might pay for it. It turned out to be an absolutely charming house owned by a Felts family who unhappily are getting a divorce. But I believe no memories can shadow the glow of Luci and Pat's ~~home~~ happiness. The house is open and very modern, a <sup>a</sup> ~~round~~ patio. And a dream of a kitchen, pink and orange, so wild and gay. Luci was <sup>ecstatic</sup> ~~ecstatic~~. Pat joined us there having come in from a KTBC trip with Jesse. <sup>Then</sup> ~~And~~ we all flew out to the Ranch where Roy White was waiting for us -- <sup>with a</sup> ~~the~~ great

## MEMORANDUM

## THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, April 2, 1967

Page 5

*sheaf*  
chief of plans -- and he and I set about looking over once more plans for the remodeling and the estimates from Wyrick which exceeded my worst expectations. Nevertheless, Lyndon said we would go on with it.

Nearly 6:00 we rolled up plans and Roy and I and Lyndon and ~~Matilda~~ *Matilda* and the Nugents drove around touring the ranches and looking at the deer and going by the house that Roy hopes so much to have some day -- a delightful German brick house at the crest of the hill. The front porch which looks way down the valley of the ~~Pedregos~~ *Pedregos*, right at our Ranch. It would be so wonderful to have him for a neighbor. And ~~a~~ *to* sit of the summer's evening on this porch, celebrating the completion of some of our projects.

# But before us lay the long trip to Washington. So dark drove us in and we had a fairly early dinner and then left in the Jet Star a little before 9:00, taking Luci back with us for her first return trip to Washington in such a long time.

We wrapped ourselves in blankets and I slept much of the way and so did Lyndon and it was 1:00 when we got to the White House. The end of a busy successful weekend that had been fraught with tensions and problems but it all turned out great.