

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, April 11, 1967

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// I awoke from my first night in the gay room. One of my tasks for this week is to spend a different night in each room testing them out to see if the reading light is good, there are enough robe hooks and luggage racks, and pillows and towels, and all those things are comfortably arranged for my guests. It is a gay and attractive room! But ~~how little~~ 3-1/2 years in the White House has spoiled me a little bit. I am used to luxurious space. Well, I can't have it here. So ^{the} problem is, as Mrs. Browning said, "yours and mine, to make the best of what we have." This was a day that belonged to the house. //

Alice Brown's plane set down about 10:00 bringing ^{also} Maconda and Nancy who soon departed for San Antonio, and Herbert ^{Wells} ~~Wales~~, her decorator from Houston. And we spent the live-long day going over the plans for the new addition ^{with a} ~~for the~~ fine tooth comb -- deciding my bedroom windows on the north must sink further for view and ^{pro}portion, although I'd give up another bookshelf, changing the ~~xx~~ swinging doors, ~~pat~~ planning two letter files of two-shelf height rather than one of four, hidden behind a panel, setting off the bay window in the sitting room, surrounding bookshelves and probably ones below. And my four comfortable white chairs from the Elms drawn up to a table -- probably the round one in the bow window -- as a place for tea or for visiting or for spreading out papers ^{and} -- I hope fully for bridge. It begins to sound delightful and I begin to get excited! I believe I can work with

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Wells
Mr. ~~Wales~~. We plan an exchange of letters. His about the rates by the day or hour. Mine containing plans of the house. They all had good ideas about the living room. It has too much heavy bulky furniture, ~~Not~~ enough small, moveable, comfortable chairs, too many huge ~~ones~~. And in all of this construction I should wind up somehow shelling out some pieces and achieving a better living room. They had a good idea -- to give the piano to Luci. Barring that, to move it, to the sitting room or even to the entrance and then move the Mexican chest where it is with the Mexican primitive above it where it will show off better. Perhaps someday when all the new bookcases are built, we'll do away with the huge, tall mill-belt bookshelf and place the three TV's there and reverse the room.

At last we reached no definite decision on dining room chairs. The one from Janet Shook I had liked cannot be bought -- they are antiques. And we continue to look for satisfactory copies. I have written Nancy a list of favorite wild flowers of the Edwards Plateau -- some 15 from which Janet Shook can choose the best 12 that lend themselves to a design. Or add others. She'll make up a schedule too and then we'll go searching for ~~fixed~~ friends who do needlepoint. Someday we'll have to have an open-house honoring the needlepoint artists!

Well, one can dream. It was a full, busy, productive day, greatly enjoyed. We stopped for lunch, briefly, hungrily, and then went right on working until 4:30 when I had an appointment with Mr. Daniel Green,

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of the National Observer, for an interview. And Alice said goodbye, gathering up her crew.)

How I hope that when we are out of this job, that I can take some trips with Alice and Nancy and any of the family to Portugal or ^{Yucatan} ~~Ilkitan~~, some far ~~x~~ away exciting places, leisurely adventurous ~~x~~ trips.

Mr. Green and I sat in the front yard and drank iced tea and ate cookies. We talked about the Ranch and my childhood and the life of a First Lady. I was very disappointed when I asked him what he thought of the trip we had taken to Appalachia, my three-day ^{immersion} ~~emersion~~ in education, and what the 18 bills passed by Lyndon's Administration had done in education all the way ~~xxx~~ from 4 to 84. I asked him what he thought of it and he said, "Well, I thought it was tiring." I was deflated. I couldn't see how this interview could possibly be good. Also, he talked too much about my business life which is now frail and far away and never was the closest thing to me, although much the object of interest and picking inquiry by news people. And he showed a complete lack of interest in the conservation, beautification part of my days in the White House. Well, I tried to be as articulate as possible and one can hope. [What's into it] - I think it's better to cooperate, to try to express what you are yourself ^{the} ~~and~~ and to let it pass through the medium of mostly strangers and some friends. Even if you repeat it over and over why is it that people ^{no} ~~can't~~ have a clear picture of you. Nobody can tell me what you are like. I can only say I don't know. I seem pretty simple to myself.

Lyndon
Ch.
Tape

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And then at 6:00 I said goodbye to him. And John Ben~~et~~ Shepherd and Mamie, who had been in Fredricksburg to see the Courthouse, came rolling up -- John Ben with ~~that~~ that big smile, like a halloween pumpkin. My companionship with him of this last year or so, brought about a mutual interest in historic preservation and parks and tourism and recreation in Texas, has been one of the most fun thing that's happened. Until dark, we rode around and looked at the LBJ Park, which is just coming into being, and at this point looks pretty ^{Taundry} tautry. The development consisting only of a rather handsome entrance, unnamed, made of large logs with the bark peeled, of a few dusty roads, and sleepy, mangy buffalo, and some long-horns who are magnificent. No flowers, no beautiful green ^{dells} ~~dells~~ and lovely planned vistas of far rolling hills.

Well, ^{see it is} ~~it was~~ ten years -- even five! The State Parks and Wildlife does have ~~a~~ some tentative plans and he wants me to see them tomorrow morning. It will involve spending around \$200,000. He'd made a date for Mr. Mark ^{Goodin} ~~Gausden~~ to come out. We had a drink in the twilight and rode around the Dan~~te~~ and the Martin. This Spring is painful to me. -- Remembering the beauty of all the past Springs, ^{the} earth is bone dry and barren and a column of dust rises up after the car. But somehow the mesquite trees have come out with that lovely, featherish~~ly~~ chartreuse green and it is the time of fire-flies and the scisor-tails are wheeling and circling in ^{their} ~~that~~ twilight balets. I think the Lord made up for what the arid, western country does not have in fruitful land with the drama and the beauty of the sky. And there was a tiny little

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sliver of a new moon, ^{frail} ~~braily~~ silver sickle, It's one of the things that I love about being home. One is ~~is~~ always intune with the weather, with the earth, with the ~~element~~ ^{elements}. I seldom notice the moon, new or full, in Washington.

Dark drove us in to a delicious dinner. And then we all three went down early to the Cedar house to spend the night. I went to bed with my book, ^{Not correct. Ch. 10} "The Secret of Santo Botorio". And John Ben and Mamie, rather delightfully, took a walk along the River at 10:00 at night, marking them in my book as young folks with a spirit of adventure.