

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, April 13, 1967

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I woke up at seven. That delicious noise on the roof had continued into the night, but the total rain was only 1 - 1/10 inches. Still, that was a glorious victory. And you had the feeling the ^{cycle} ~~saddle~~ had been broken and that it would happen over and over. I drove into town to meet Buzz and Mrs. Drexler at the ^{hill} ~~Driscoll~~, arriving at 10:00. And we went to the University to ~~see~~ see the site of the Lyndon Johnson Library. It is changing miraculously. Many houses have been moved off and great gaps have appeared ~~here~~ among the trees. And you see them better -- the trees, the bluffs, the lay of the land. There are some magnificent live oaks on Red River, east-northeast of the Stadium. We picked up Max and he pointed out to us the planned position of the podium, thought when the site is entirely cleared it may well move a few feet. We walk along eagerly taking it in, and the surroundings, the beautiful ~~rolling~~ rolling expanse of open space over toward the new Law building and to the Texas Memorial Museum, Clark Field which will come out. Max had the crushing news that some day not too far off a new building would go up in part of the open space. As I walk a drive around the campus, I am ^{cruelly} ~~cruelly~~ aware of how crowded it is becoming. The forty acres is now just an affectionate term. But however big it is the growth from the 6,000 that I remember to today's 26,000 has ^{meant} ~~been~~ the loss of open spaces and of red poppys in April, of little pools and fountains and even of a gigantic live oaks. And I hate to see it happen farther.

We walked down the hill past the stadium to the Art building. I point out the Texas Memorial Museum telling Mr. Drexler that this might ~~be~~ possibly

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be the material of which the Lyndon Johnson Library would be built. The bid would go out for possibly three materials and then the decision would be made.

And then we spent a very interesting, exciting hour. We joined Chancellor Ransom and ^{Mrs. Hudspeth} ~~Meta Hushan~~ in a room of the Art building, which incidentally I do not like, and saw a display which they had arranged on a long table, valuable documents in their collection that relate to the Presidency and that will go in to the Lyndon Johnson Library. Fascinating objects of great worth. One a letter from George Washington to General Knox after the defeat of the British Army. I never knew George Washington could be so passionate. It went something like this: Dear Knox, All that I have, ^{or} I shall ever have I give to you. I know not how true the news of complete victory is. But you and your troops will ever be honored by this Country.

And a delightful letter from Fulton pointing out that he had just made some rather interesting discoveries. And then there were Presidential portraits; a steel ^(Lithograph?) of George Washington, a ^{the tape} jour by someone I don't remember of Abraham Lincoln, some mediocre, one I thought quite awful. An interesting collection of FDR memorial ^{11/12} ~~bullet~~, including campaign buttons from every campaign. And talk between Dr. Ransom and Mr. Drexler of a professional flavor about the use of computers in libraries, in training on the campus for making exhibits. They planned to getting back early the next morning to

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look more thoroughly over the possessions of the university and to meet some of the young people who have been arranging exhibits.

Dr. Ransom was quite calm, inspite of the fact that this was the week of "roundup", the annual look ^{is} ~~for~~ ^{was to} great splash of the University, ~~and all~~ ^{all} The fraternity houses are decorated and there are floats and everybody has a wild time. And a lot of old-time graduates return. And this year there will be one very unwelcome visitor come to make trouble, Stokley Carmichael of SNIC. It's like coming on Christmas Eve. I pray the press and the students give him a very ~~quite~~ quiet time.

It had been a very early breakfast for me -- coffee only -- and I was delighted to ^{go to the} ~~meet~~ Casa su Casa a little past noon for a delicious Mexican lunch. No matter how often we have it at home, it's never quite the same as at some good Mexican place, and I relished it with abandon. It was so cozy. As soon as I walked in I saw Joe Batson, and Ben ^{Bynum} ~~Batum~~ came over and spoke and everybody seemed to smile in jest and then go right on past. Nobody except the waiter asked me for an autograph. And yet I felt lots of people knew me.

I dropped Buz ^{off} back at the Driscoll ^{hill} -- he had to catch a plane and return to Washington. Actually his presence had added more substance, more direction, more good meat to the day ^{than} ~~in~~ mine and everybody except Dr. Ransom. I feel he is a primary asset in this. Yet I have not been able to get him to produce on paper and in my hand a ^{scenario} ~~same~~ [?] alabreta or whatever you call it, a story

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we used to tell, to put into ^{the} exhibit design man's hands to work from.

During the morning we had been to Max's office and had seen once more a model of the University where the Library would fit in and had seen the plans for the Mall. There will be a strong feature of the area extending from the northeast entrance of the main building, the Tower, right on down the hill over by the creek and up past the stadium to the hill on which the Library sits. It is not ^{on} ^{by} direct access, the Library building itself, but I think it is beautifully, harmoniously designed. And Drexler had all ~~the~~ the time he wanted to ask questions of Max and the model of the Library which he again explored.

After lunch, Max, Mr. Drexler and I went to the Headliners Club, high in a building that looked down, and I regard it with indignation, on the Capital of the State of Texas. It was however a magnificent view. My purpose in going really was to see the portrait of Lyndon, which ^{the artist} ~~he~~ had done from photographs without even meeting Lyndon -- no posing. I like it fairly well. It was photographic, but it had some strength and a sense of action.

After that Mr. Drexler and I drove home, stopping at Johnson City. ^{It} ~~It~~ was not open to the public today. As he stopped a car drove up and pappa was busily taking a picture of mamma who stood under the sign and a friend stood by and gave directions. And then - they recognized ^{me} - and full of excitement and words tumbled out "I never thought we would have seen you -- this makes our trip ^{marvelously} ~~marvously~~ exciting". I hope Mr. Drexler got some sense of their

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feeling, because there will be thousands and thousands of people like this who will go to the Library and will be more interest^{ed} in Luci's wedding dress and in Lyndon's portrait and report card then they will in ^{the congealed essence} his congenial essence of his legislative achievements no matter how dramatic they will ~~not~~ present them. And we must remember both sides. We took a brief trip through the house. He was only ~~not~~^{mildly} interested. I explained everything with bright interest. But after a while, I began to feel like a record that was running down when I did not get much response. And then we drove on and stopped at the cemetery and ~~drove~~^{walked} through it. There too he was mildly interested. Perhaps a little more so. And I showed him the house where Lyndon was born, explaining the history of it and how he put it together. But because he did not seem interested enough, I decided not to take him through it. I had showed him his room at the Cedar house. Tonight I would spend in the childrens room, following my program of a new room each night.

And then with the day approaching its end, I asked him if he ~~would~~ would like to drive into Fredricksburg and see this early German town and see a restoration of the old Courthouse, mainly because I myself wanted to see it and I would not be able to be here on the celebrating day of May 7 when it is open to the public. His response was, ^{just} whatever you would like to do. This is mildly deflating, having devoted the whole day to explaining and interpreting your Country, your people, your background to someone who in turn you hope will absorb and explain to a wider public. But I tried to reach Mrs. Mosely and Mrs. ^{Romert} ~~Cobart~~ --

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finally succeeded -- and departed for Fredricksburg. It was an interesting, worthwhile hour. Mrs. ^{Kowett} Corbett and the Mosleys met us at the door of the Courthouse and took us through this old Victorian structure, built I believe in the late 1880's, high ceilings, ^{brought} lacy red iron, handsome brass hardware made in the 1860's. It's an interesting story. The Moseleys -- he's an architect and she's an interior decorator -- have made a hobby of doing over old Fredricksburg homes. They'd shown a visitor through several, wealthy people from Dallas, the McDermotts. And then they ^{painted} ~~barred~~ out this old building that they hated to see abandoned to uselessness. And the McDermotts had offered to help restore it. ~~What too~~, the Moseley's were quick with ideas. ^{There bottom?} ~~They brought them~~ for a city library. They had only the tiny octagonal quirky ^{Kirche} ~~There was need~~ the early pioneer ~~church~~ church, ^{floor could be} and the top to a community center where they could have meetings, maybe even wedding receptions. So it has been done. And very well I thought. The old door showing off to best advantage, quietly handsome colors throughout and the most amazing handmade tapestry on the wall ^{a montage} ~~I saw the montasue~~ of Fredricksburg, Indians and German immigrants, and deer and covered wagons, and peaches and blue bonnets and a variety of needlework and applique, creative and bright and interesting.

I think that this is the old Courthouse where Uncle Clarence Martin used to preside as Judge. There is a tiny, private stairway for the Judge into his chambers. There was the one room that contained the early German book collection, some of them going back to the 1840's, ^{Gotha Schiller} ~~Gurdy & Schilla~~, and then a history of the first world war printed in Berlin in German with very

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prominent pictures of the Kaiser and Hindenberg.

An amazing country, America! The most pleasing thing to me was Mrs. ^{Koussis} Gorbitt's pride in showing it off. And the ^{Masclays} Montgomeries in having worked on it. They were so enthusiastic. It is a real community achievement.

We rode home in the twilight to join Jesse and Homer Thornberry. Eloise off working on the Committee for the Deaf. Homer laughed and said she was educating him all about the deaf and their problems. And ^{off} ~~Aug~~ -- they had come out for dinner.

We drove around the Martin and the Danz. We enjoyed last night's ^{one} inch rainfall, looked at the new moon and the deer and the wild turkey. The gobblers are spreading their tails now, and their ^{wattles} ~~waddles~~ are so much redder and their beards bluer and their breasts more bronze because it is mating season now. And this is the first time I ever really noticed their beards. Watched a family of quails walk across the road. It is not the brilliant spring of '65 or '66, but the air is warm and it is good to be ~~beax~~ here.

We went home for a pleasant dinner during which Mr. Drexler said very little and I could not find the ^{Chord} ~~cord~~ to get a response. And it was an early bedtime for us all. Jesse joined him at the guest house, and I slept in the childrens room. My third night of exploration.