

MEMORANDUM

Possibly sent to - Margaret M. DeMott
 May 7 - also M/M Mosley
 & Krims
 THE WHITE HOUSE
 WASHINGTON

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 C Jg 7/31/81

Sunday, May 7, 1967 May 18 - Jane Engelhard Page 1

May 9 - Adela Seraphim
 May 10 - Milton Gordon

It was for me a day delightfully balanced between things that were pure pleasure and things that might be called duty. Clark and Marny and Lyndon and I drove around the ranches, beginning about 10:00. There are lots more galardia coming out on the south end of the runway, and there are quite a few yellow flowers, not coreopsis, along the highway. It is the time for the ^{swallow} ~~swat~~ tail fly catcher and the bright flash of cardinals through the branches. And we saw the most brilliant small bird -- bright green and blue on his back and some red on his breast. I never saw him before. The yuccas are sending up tall spikes and in another week or so they will all be white bells. It is a dry Spring but the sap of hope runs high.

Just in time we boarded the chopper ~~to~~ to the Hill ranch where John and Jo Beth met us in the middle of the pasture in their enormous 7-passenger limousine -- an amazing sight, and we drove to St. Luke's church -- augmenting their congregation by at least 100 percent, and very diversified at that. Two Jews -- the Krims -- they were already at the Hill's -- one British scientist whose religion I have no idea about, a sophisticated Washington lawyer and his lovely wife and the President and me.

We were a few minutes late. The Minister took notice only by saying, "We are very glad to have you join us, Mr. President." It was a sweet, short service with a communion, and the wine was appropriately the mustang grape of the country.

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I am always proud when I bring visitors to either St. Luke's or St. Barnabas. I like the people to see the hill country as it is. And after it was over, we drove down to the river where there is the great grove of cypresses -- where Cypress Mill used to stand right after the Civil War. It crushes me to think of cutting down these giants. And there were 7 fox skins hung along the fence -- the same fence where there are usually large fish heads -- 18 and 20 pound cat from the Pedernales River.

We went to the Hill's house and I took Marny out to show her the beautiful view of the Pedernales and the picturesque Texas persimmons and darling little bird-feeding stations. She was very much impressed with their house with a high-vaulted ceiling, huge fireplace, candelabra, and paintings from churches probably in Mexico long ago. The old refectory tables and Spanish chests, and the wall full of paintings of every country and period. We had an early big lunch and then returned to the LBJ Ranch by 2:00 -- the Cliffords to the Cedar House for a rest and I to drive into Fredericksburg for the dedication of the Courthouse. I deliberately encouraged Lyndon not to come. I do not want his Sundays invaded. As he said when he started out in the car this morning, I've got to get it all today. Tomorrow I will have nothing but strikes and bombing targets. But I was anxious to go to the Courthouse dedication. A sizeable and important part of my life has been spent on the grounds of Texas courthouses. And this one was a regular Saturday Evening - Post cover, rich with color and nostalgia.

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This old Courthouse was built in 1882 of native limestone, rather Victorian in character, though I think there is nothing really to describe Texas Courthouse architecture. There was elaborate ^{wrought} ~~red~~-iron on the balconies, heavy handsome doors, lightening rods on every gable, lofty ceilings -- a building with character and memories. Lyndon's mother and father had been married there in 1907. ~~Their~~ marriage license is framed inside. And his Uncle Clarence who had owned our Ranch house had been a judge there.

We sat on a raised platform in front of the Courthouse in 90 degree heat looking out on about three ~~and~~ or four hundred Fredericksburg people, and restoration-minded people. All the names on the program were appropriately German, the invocation by the Reverend Werner, greetings by Mayor Mittendorf, next to whom I sat. County Judge Sagt ^{field} ~~avie~~ introduced the speaker who was John Ben Shepherd. He made a marvelous speech. His heart is really bound up in Texana -- in restorations, in art, history. Somewhere along the way they called on me and I rose and was probably well satisfied with what I said. It is really easy when one feels it.

And then the architect, Mr. Mosely, presented the keys with the briefest and most modest speech, although it is his and his wife's unflagging devotion and interest that has brought about the preservation of this old building.

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And there was an equally brief and simple response on the part of a generous donor -- the Eugene McDermotts of Dallas and their mother, Mrs. Grace Hill ^{Rich sp.} Marlam, who had given an enormous amount of money -- I think about \$175,000 to take this old Courthouse that was dilapidated and had not been used since 1939, and turn it quite beautifully. The first floor into a Library for the community, and the second floor into a community hall where they can have everything from a women's club meeting to a wedding reception. A good many of the guests of honor -- those who had done a lot toward its bringing into being -- were seated on the little balcony above us. And there was a flag pole there and then came the moment, a sort of lump-in-your-throat moment when the Cub Scouts and the Boy Scouts and the explorer Scouts mounted to the balcony and raised the flag -- the stars and stripes ^{on} top, and then the State of Texas flag. And the Fredericksburg band played the Star Spangled Banner. And if there was anyone who was not moved he was made of very dull clay.

I had to leave in a hurry, but not before I ~~paid~~ ^{presented} my respects and my very earnest thanks to the McDermotts -- delightful looking people they were -- and Mrs. ⁷ Marlam, the Mosleys, and Ruth Lester whom I saw out in the crowd. And dear little Warrie Lyn ^{who} who said she would be over to paint the baby bed next week or soon. I saw Helen Thomas there, and with pleasure, because I would be delighted to have this ^{event} covered.

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And then I hurried back to the Ranch house, because Lyndon had an engagement with about 15 men who had come out to talk business and 2 or 3 of them were I knew bringing their wives. They would be no help to the masculine conversation and my role would be to take care of them. Jake had brought them out. It's marvelous to have Jake as close as Austin if we can no longer have him with us.

The men assembled in that familiar circle in the front yard under the big oak tree, and we sent iced tea and cokes and beer, and I gathered up the ladies. Mrs. John Ben Shepherd and a Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Phillips and the two pretty Shepherd daughters, and we drove down to the birthplace. They turned out to be interested in antiques, and it was a very pleasant half hour. And then we came back and sat in the house sipping iced tea and having female chatter until the men were ready to leave close to 5:30.

And then Lyndon like a hungry man heading for the dining room table dashed to the chopper bringing the rest of^{us} in tow -- Clark and Marny up from a long nap, the McHughes who returned from visiting her folks and Jesse Kelly^am. And we went over to the Krim Ranch. How easily Mathilde has settled in. Most women raise such a stew about servants and having everything just right and take months or years in getting a house ready. I look forward to their presence as one of the assets of our years that are to come here.

After awhile we took the chopper to Coca Cola Cove. Lyndon got

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all of what I describe as the gay young people on the speed boat with him, and I got into my bathing suit and jumped in and swam clear across the lake and back and then down to the other end -- revellingⁱⁿ the cool water and in my own strength and pleasure in exercise.

Then with Clark and Marny and Jesse we rode at a leisurely pace in the sunset back to the beach house, lying up on the top^{deck} -- the best place I know for leisurely conversation, watching the flight of birds and the outline of pack saddle^{mountain} against the fading sky.

Luci and Pat and Marie and Jim Jones were at the beach house waiting for us. So were Lyndon and all his party, and most welcome of all, Paul and some snacks because it had been a long time since that 12:00 lunch.

It was nearly 10:00 when we reached the Haywood Ranch -- Mariallon and John and Jo Beth Hill were there ahead of us with the barbeque and beans. We put it out in a very casual fashion on the brick patio and all fell to with enormous appetites.

*Ch. Tape
nuclear?*

I kept on thinking on how all this ~~must~~^{must} looks to Dr. Sanders, the scientist in regular research recently come from London. I can't even understand the title of the monograph on his research, much less the content. He keeps on saying over and over that Texas is a complete revelation to him, that he had never dreamed that it was like this. It is such a pleasure to have Marny and Clark here -- my almost favorite guests --

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interested, and interesting, and very dear to me. Wise, charming and gay. They -- everybody -- ^{all} delighted with Luci. She's everybody's sweetheart and she has settled into this pregnancy so comfortably, so happily. My heart aches a bit for Lynda. The papers had a tart, ugly story about her reception in Colombia where her Secret Service was supposed to have struck somebody with a camera who wanted to interview her or take her picture.

We were back at the Ranch a little past 11:00 -- almost the end of our wonderful weekend. The prospect of Washington tomorrow.

Our three ladies were getting ready to go with us -- Jessie Hunter, Betty Weinheimer and Jewel Malachuk.

I had told Lyndon Thursday night that I thought it would be wonderful to ask them sometime this summer, and he said, "Why not take them back with us this time?" For him there is a very short lapse between a good idea and the execution thereof. It is a sweet, generous, warm trait that I have seen over and over for 30 ^{odd} years.