

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, June 14, 1967

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The first day of my vacation began with that spirit of elation that all vacations should have. I was free and the days were mine -- not a mark on the date book except Friday night and possibly a busy weekend at the Ranch with Lyndon and guests, until the cut-off date of Monday, June 26th.

// I went into the kitchen to make some coffee. But these remarkable children of ours -- Luci and Pat -- not only don't drink liquor, they don't drink coffee. Therefore they pay no attention to a coffee pot, or to coffee for that matter, though they had bought a can for my benefit. But alas the percolator wouldn't work. So I was about to leave the kitchen in defeat until I ran into the Secret Service <sup>man</sup> and he brought me in a large paper cup full. I hadn't been in a kitchen except to talk to the cook for years really, and there was a bit of adventure to be taking care of myself in even a small way. I failed miserably. But then it wasn't really what I was concentrating on, I consoled myself. //

// I was to drive out to the Ranch with Roy for a full day's work on the house. I collected my straw bag with its myriad plans and notebooks and memos, started to the car with it, and put it down against the wall in their lovely little back yard and went back in to get my purse. Just a few minutes elapsed, and when I came back out the yard looked like a fresh fall of snow -- white papers were scattered everywhere. And

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Kim, Astro and Yuki were busily chasing their own favorite pieces, tearing at one of Roy's carefully executed plans. There was nothing to do but be convulsed with laughter and run from dog to dog picking them up and stuffing them back as carefully as possible in the straw bag, while Luci and Pat emerged from the house looking helpless and saying, "Mother, you didn't leave it out here did you?" These dogs are the greatest source of joy to them. And I in my few days here learned to understand completely that they are just as much fun as Beagle used to be for us and they will be part of a family legend in years to come. //

Luci showed me what she had been getting for Father's Day, and it was really quite a production with her. For her Daddy, she had a charming little picture frame. There was no picture in it. There would be one if the baby came before Father's Day. If not she planned to put pink velvet as a liner across the top and blue velvet across the bottom and a question mark on each and compose a poem to go with it. For Pat, she had a ridiculous card propositing to be from the three dogs. And an elegant tux shirt from her. She had made several trips to town doing her Father's Day shopping.

I rode with Roy in his little sports car. The country is dry and sere and here it is only the middle of June. Not a drop of rain in June. And we ache for the green springs of other years.

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At Johnson City we rode up and down by the street trees. They are doing splendidly and evidently being watered well. Even the little Park is flourishing. And the boyhood home looks fine. There in the back-yard is the last of a very really credible display of wild flowers -- mostly *Gaillardia* ~~galadia~~, coreopsis and Mexican hats -- a few wine cups and <sup>paint brush</sup> pink bush, and earlier some blue bonnets. But it ~~does~~ <sup>te</sup> show what water will do. Water has kept many of them alive until now, though it is nearly time to mow it. But we hurried on to the Ranch. And there it really hurt to look. The river is low. Water is not going over the dam. In fact it is probably 6 inches below. And a rim of muddy bank shows everywhere. The grove of the <sup>? don't know</sup> stalley green and crepe myrtles are glorious. We drove up the runway to see the results of my last June and July's spreading mulch -- millions of different kinds of wild flower seeds. It had only been tolerably successful because of the drought. They are nearly gone now -- just about time to mow. But we did get some. I would grade it about a C- I suppose. But far up on the runway in the rocky caliche soil on top of the hill where nothing will grow, ~~We~~ <sup>we</sup> got out of the car and I showed Roy our one triumph of the season. Dozens upon dozens of the <sup>tiny little</sup> fragile little mountain pinks. <sup>By now</sup> ~~xxxxxxx~~ they too have gone to seed except for a few. But you could see the little <sup>e</sup> skeletons there. And they had been little soft pink powder puffs with tiny pink flowerets in a mass about the size of an orange or grapefruit a couple of weeks ago. Enough to keep me

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hopeful for trying again next year.

Back at the house we spread out our plans and went to work. Our work table is in front of the picture window in the dining room. And then we went first to my bedroom setting up a bridge table and two chairs and going over each detail right there before our eyes. Mr. Wyrick to call on in case we were in doubt. Frequently using our steel measuring tapes, drawing in the exact place for beds and dressers etc. with red crayon, measuring shelf spaces <sup>for Doughty birds</sup> ~~Doughty birds~~ and the Lowestoft, calling Ashton on the direct line to find out just how many inches there were -- deep, wide, long at the White House for these treasures. At last moving the filing cabinet out of that south wall entirely and putting it around the corner in the closet where one enters from the swimming pool, feeling then that we had taken a great load off our backs, deepening my closets by three inches in my dressing room. And then at long last after a break for coffee, picking up the bridge table and marching into Lyndon's bedroom, spreading out the plans and repeating our process. And I know Mr. <sup>Werrick</sup> ~~Wyrick~~ will rejoice when we depart. But we are so lucky to have him because I feel that everything we ask him to do will be done, and he will look at all of the material for faults with an eagle eye. The stone fence is completed. It is quite handsome I think. I believe it will give Lyndon the privacy he wants. And Lyndon's view is going to be superb.

We stopped for a hamburger lunch. I had only had coffee and

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juice for breakfast and was ravenous. And kept right on into the sitting room and the baths.

Finally about 4:30 I was too full of details to be thinking very well any more. So I said, "Roy, let's take a break." So we drove up <sup>the</sup> to Blanco Road. It is a quiet, serene road. I love it. And suddenly Roy slowed down and said, "Look!" There on the right swale was a whole meadow full of blue bells -- cup shaped, purple blue flowers in abundance! Just what I was trying to transplant to the Ranch. So there's proof <sup>to</sup> of me on both sides -- At Mrs. Gibson's in Johnson City and here -- that they do grow in this country. Some time soon I shall come back with Betty Weinheimer. She will know whose land it is. And hopefully they'll let me dig up a few for transplanting.

We continued on to Albert, and drove into the old school grounds. Now it's deserted. Lyndon went to school here when he was about 12 and 13, learning a bit of German, riding the 7 miles on a donkey and getting roundly teased by his schoolmates for it. It's one of the old stone structures which the Germans built in the last half of the 19th Century, and has a darling little cupola. Unfortunately there is a tin addition that robs it of much of its charm. Now with the advent of consolidated schools, it is deserted and crumbling.

We went back to the Ranch and picked up James Davis and rode to the end of the runway to see if the blue bells which Dr. Donovan corralled

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and so generously <sup>had</sup> driven some 400 miles or more to dig up and to bring to me and plant, were living. Alas, they were not. James had planted them close to the cottonwood tank. He had watered them 2 or 3 times he said. But the ground was as hard as concrete, very dry, and they were dead.

We went down to the birthplace. The big live oak that Mr. Carter had planted just off the southwest corner if flourishing. I had called Mariallen to see if we could stop by there to evaluate her lighting situation in her bathroom because the moment of decision has come for ours, and I never have really had a dressing table that was just right with the lighting that was ~~n~~ just right. And I am trying to achieve it this once for the rest of my years...How I love the long summer twilight!

At close to 8:00 when we arrived, it was still the lovely clear light of a soft summer evening. Inside there was a great surprise. Neva ~~and~~ Wesley were having a drink with Mariallen and A. W. They quickly brought us one. And the next hour was a happy mixture of chatter. We hadn't seen each other in about 3 months. And of careful inspection of Mariallen's dressing room and bath. The final decision was we would go forward with her lights, and I will just put Eddie <sup>Senz!</sup> ~~Sims~~ carefully drawn little plans in a drawer. Or maybe they will be used at the White House.

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// A little before 9:00 Roy and I left the Moursunds and went to Austin by the Oak Hill Road -- less frequented, more scenic -- one of my favorites -- arriving at Luci's too late for dinner I thought. There they were sitting around the kitchen table -- Luci and Pat and a couple of their young neighbors. And Luci proudly brought out a roast that she had cooked, and we all had huge roast beef sandwiches and glasses of milk -- this family is long on milk. And I had brought a basket of peaches -- delicious Stonewall peaches. So we all feasted on peaches and cream. And lively chatter.

Luci is in constant motion. She has so much energy. She is busy all day. Little household jobs or visiting or going to the beauty parlor very often. And she chatters like a happy little magpie while I -- so serene and pleasant is the scene -- almost look under the bed for the <sup>bugaboo</sup>bugger boo or over my shoulder for disaster -- <sup>only</sup>and trusting that such happiness can last. //

The peaches had been sent to the Ranch with the compliments of the Sweeney Ranch. A very kind and graceful thing for them to do. When they arrived, Roy and I had stopped at their place and I had gotten out to thank her. I feel sad and in some way that I have failed that the building of the Park should have caused rifts, hostilities, dissensions among neighbors.