

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, October 2nd, 1967

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I awoke with that possessive feeling of a day all to myself. Lyndon, Lynda Bird and Chuck -- the whole airplane -- had left the evening before for Washington. And for the next two days I would work here at the Ranch. I look forward to and cherish these times. But if they stretched ahead of me an unlimited parade, would it be a different commodity? I think so. Their rarity is their value.

I was up at 7:00. It was a bright, fresh, clear day. I called Betty Weinheimer, located James while I had my coffee, and we found all the little packets of wild flowers seeds from Dr. Carrell and Mrs. Cramer -- all sorts of friends -- including the big 50-pound sack that Luci and Pat had given me for our last anniversary -- Lyndon's and mine -- November of '66. And about 8:00 the three of us set out along the lane that leads up to Lela Martin's house, stopping every now and then especially at entrances, scratching the ground and putting out gaillardia seed and here and there the yellow lantana. A good many of them were gifts from Jessie Hunter which she had done up in her bright colored little packages to sell at the arts and crafts show in Salado. And then on into the 80 Acres. Here we got out at the open land on the west and walked across, and sure enough the bluebonnets that we had planted a year ago that never peeped above the ground are coming up. The blessed rains of September have worked miracles. The country is greener and along the little creeks and the river bottom

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there is the fringe of goldenrod. And in the fence rows and low places the tall stalks of maximillon daisies, bright and golden, but not as high as last Fall -- 6 and 8 feet last Fall easily, sometimes taller. Now a stunted 4 or 5. And the gay feathers are purple in the pastures and along the roads -- sometimes, big clumps. After our sad, dry Spring and summer, the Fall flowers were a bright herald, and my spirits were high. Dale was already out fighting the army worms, so I told James to ask him to put out the bluebonnet seed -- at least half of them -- in this same open meadow to the east beyond the long strip we had planted and also closer to the road. And anywhere along the roadway in the 80 Acres, and the rest around the old forts in Johnson City.

Back at the main house, Roy White and Herbert Wells had already arrived. I showed Betty through briefly, and we had some coffee. And then we got down to work. Cecil Presnell came. We choose the shade for the walls of my bedroom. I am not enchanted. The mantel looks satisfactory -- the bay window great. The windows to the north still a problem. We tried the Doughty birds in the bookcases. Nothing is a "just right" color for the back. At any rate, probably from weariness, I settled on the chance for the drapes and on the light green rug. Mary gave us a short lunch shortly after noon. I am ravenous these days.

We worked all afternoon -- Roy leaving sometime in the middle of the afternoon and Mr. Wells and I continuing, hanging paintings,

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placing furniture -- I getting a warm pleasure from the success of some things -- the bright cheeriness of the sitting room, the soft welcome of the tobacco velvet chairs in Lyndon's bedroom. And an abrasive displeasure from others -- particularly the ceiling lights in his room.

Luci had called to tell me that she would have a good dinner ready for me anytime from 8:00 on.

It was after 6:00 when I said goodbye to Mr. Wells and drove into Johnson City. And in the basement, I looked at the furniture that had been stored from upstairs, selecting a single bed and dresser and desk for Jessie Hunter. I would so love to make her small back bedroom gay and bright with small-scale furniture and a modern look. And thinking that the early American twin beds and any of the rest of the set that Phyllis might want would go well in Mrs. Johnson's back bedroom.

And I drove up to Luci's at just a few minutes before 8:00. We went in the kitchen -- my favorite room in her house -- and she had a delicious dinner -- a pork roast with apple sauce and hot muffins and baked sweet potatoes -- all my favorites and never served at our house -- that is, when Lyndon is home. Luci likes to remember my east Texas heritage and thinks she has a special part in it because of the summers she's spent at the brick house and with Doris. She is a good cook. I think her husband will be a happy man.

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Gerry likes Law School, leaves early, works hard, comes home late, is very business like. And little Phyllis -- protective, devoted. It's a riot to see their two babies together -- born just a day apart -- little Gerry so active and wide-eyed and alert, and Patrick Lyn twice as big, twice as strong looking, and totally different in every way.

Then leaving Pat to tend to both babies, Gerry and Phyllis and Luci and I drove over to Harris Boulevard where I have spent so many happy times with Mrs. Johnson. The place was a shambles. There was nothing to recognize from her days there. And little from the way I had fixed it up within a year after her death to rent. Amazingly even the new sofa I had bought about '59 or '60 had walked off, and I think the coffee table.

Earl Deathe met us there, and his painter, carpenter friend whom he had described as another Lawrence Klein. And we went from living room to the dinette and kitchen and back to the two bedrooms -- a doeful way finding that everything needed to be done -- painted from one end to the other, new carpets everywhere, most of the furniture done over or replaced, while I was mentally checking things from storage at the Ranch, the medicine cabinet from Lyndon's bath, half a dozen paintings that would brighten the rooms -- the living room, dining room, and master bedroom -- a lounge chair from my old bedroom. I wrote

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down some pretty comprehensive plans -- suggestions -- as to where to buy and look for this and that and put them in Luci's and Phyllis' hands, and we were back at Luci's house by 10:30, ready for an early bed. How cozily they have lived together here -- the six of them -- the two families. It's been I think about a month now. Luci has started housekeeping in just the same way Lyndon and I did -- a houseful of kinfolks and friends and no sign of strain I am pleased to see. She is a warm and loving person, and I admire the way she is growing up. I have a deep contentment when I look at her and Pat and Lyn, and yearn for it to be as good for Lynda Bird, though necessarily for her it will be different.

There is so much to enjoy when we come back to live at the Ranch, and when, how, can we do it?

I read myself to sleep.