

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, November 25, 1967

Page 1

Saturday, November 25th, was a clear golden day that reached into the 70's and made you glad just to be alive.

Richard ^{Myrick} ~~Myrick~~ and Mr. Swanson came about 10:00. And then happily equipped with a color polaroid camera and plenty of orange tape, we left to tour the ranches looking for trees to transplant in the garden area outside my bay window. First we went to the Dantz, and I got a little irritated when Mr. Swanson didn't respond ~~e~~statically to the live oaks. He walked around them slowly in a judicious manner saying "that's a pretty old tree". And finally I began to learn the signs of being old too. Very rough, scaly bark, with a sort of gray moss on it and some dead wood in the trees. Size has nothing to do with it. That depends on the richness of the soil and the amount of water its had.

Then we drove into the Martin, the southeast corner of it that is full of rocks and yucca and stunted oaks and ^{persimmon} ~~persimmon~~. And here we got out and walked and walked and walked, falling in love with first one persimmon after another and the next one was always better.

We took polaroid pictures with me standing in front of some and Mr. Swanson others to better judge the height.

Mr. Swanson finally made a remark that has been in my mind for years. "If this tree came from Japan and took many years to grow, they sure would be considered valuable!" Their silvery, white trunks with their crooked, tortured growth -- they have a very Japanese look. I find them enchanting.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Saturday, November 25, 1967 WASHINGTON

Page 2

We marked all we could possibly use. Now the question was whether you could dig them out of the rocks.

Then we went on to the low valley of the Martin, what I consider one of the prettiest pieces of land we own. And finally up on top of the Martin. And when Dick Myrick and Mr. Swanson grew ecstatic over the view, I thought what discerning men these are.

Down in the lower valleys we began to come to live oaks that suited Mr. Swanson. He walked around and around, measuring with his eye. One was close to 30 feet tall, but he thought he could move it. With a nice Y some 15 feet up.

Another, down in the valley, was my choice -- only about 25 feet high -- but with the ^{knarled} ~~narrow~~, picturesque look that I associate with live oaks.

We found a couple of perfect ones to put in front of Mr. Kline's barn and the window of Lyndon's bath. It would be better to hide the skylight.

And finally about 12:30, I heard Lyndon over the business telephone asking me if I would care to join ~~and~~ him and the Krim's at the Reagen. I did, leaving the two men in another car to continue their search.

Lyndon had been riding with the top down, and the back seat was murder on hair, but a joy to experience.

We all converged upon the main house about 1:00 and had an ample lunch. And then Dick Myrick and Mr. Swanson and I carefully surveyed the view from my bedroom bay window. Mr. Myrick went out and put stakes where all the trees were supposed to be. And we moved them somewhat and

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Saturday, November 25, 1967 WASHINGTON

Page 3

evaluated them. And we did the same from the picture window of the dining room. We walked around the house, imagining the trees in place.

The stone work of the fence is almost finished, and the walks are laid out. But the whole thing, alas, won't be done til Christmas or New Years.

Then the three of us rode over to the Lewis Ranch, stopping first at Mr. Yinskis where the last red leaves still clung to the sumac. We ~~walked~~ walked through his pastures and looked and looked, finding several sumac that were excellent -- these we marked.

And then we went to Mr. Yinskis house. More and more kinfolk kept emerging from the door as I knocked -- wife, children, and grandchildren -- all home to celebrate Thanksgiving. Lyndon had asked him on Saturday if we could have a few sumacs. He was so cordial and friendly, so really interested to see us and to find that we cared about something that he had. But I felt ashamed of myself for ~~the~~ having thought him crabbed before. But when I asked him about his old stone house, when was it built, etc., he told me with a sort of eagerness that people have when they speak about something they love. His daughter said, "It sure is an honor for these children to meet the President's wife." Nobody ever says that to me here. And it just began to dawn on me that maybe some of them think it anyway.

We drove over to the Hill Ranch, and JoBeth and John met us at the stone gate and escorted us on to O'Neil Ford's lovely long house that clings to the top of the cliff overlooking the Pedernales.

Mainly I wanted to show Dick Myrick and Mr. Swanson what these wild Texas persimmons could look like when they were pruned up and well kept.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Saturday, November 25, 1967 WASHINGTON

Page 4

~~They~~^{They} surpassed my most enthusiastic expectations. Some trunks as big as a man's thigh and 15 or 20 feet tall, knurled, picturesque, silvery white, with gray-green small leaves still clinging, though they will fall soon.

Their use of native things here, the selective cutting they have done, is a real tribute to the first owners ^{sense of} ~~know~~ what is fitting, and the Hill's delight in it just as much as the original planner did.

A little after 5:00, we ~~returned~~ returned to the LBJ Ranch, and I said goodbye to Mr. Myrick and Mr. Swanson, making plans to meet them again right after the wedding, when hopefully we will dig up most of these trees and plant them, except for the two biggest live oaks which have to wait until January to go in.

And ^{thousands} then I drove over to the ~~Morrisons~~ in the last fading rays of light. Lyndon was still out riding. But there were the Cecil Rubys and John and Jo Beth Hill and Mariallen and A. W. Lyndon had been over to the Krim estate with Arthur and Mathilde and Jesse and the Thornberrys. We sat down to one of Mariallen's delicious ~~supper~~ supers -- all cooked by her. Helen dropped off Lyn and his stroller and an extra bottle. And he was the life of the party.

But it was an early evening, and by 9:00 we were helicoptering back to the LBJ Ranch.

That's one of the joys for me -- of winter time and being home, going to bed early.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, November 25, 1967

Page 5

I changed little Lyn and put on his sleepers and put him down in his bed in my room. It's been a happy experience taking care of him ^{while} ~~Lucy~~ Luci is gone. Helen takes the day shift, but from about dark until about 8:00 the next morning, he looks to me. You love better those things that you've worked for, and I find I enjoy him. I really love him all the more for having fed him and dressed him and changed him. His nicest time is when he wakes up in the morning. First, he rustles and wiggles and throws off the covers for a long, long time. I lay there half asleep not wanting to get him up and he begins crying for breakfast. But if I look down into his crib, the day has begun. He looks up at me with the most jolliest, big grin, "I'm so glad you've come. You're my benefactor and savior -- the sun of my sky."

So then I have to get him right up and change and take him downstairs for breakfast.

I began a quite dreadful book, "The Confessions of Nat Turner" and was asleep at a fairly early hour.