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
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1	Diary	Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Page 6		1	02/01/1968	C

Collection Title Lady Bird Johnson's Diary
Folder Title February 1 - 28, 1968 [Book 53]
Box Number 5

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5/27/2015


Initials

1968

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1

I was up at seven. Actually, I have not slept late or well in a long time and sometimes I have had nightmares within the last two weeks, only a very few times since my childhood. But today I particularly wanted to be up early to use every last minute of it and oh, miracle it was a beautiful day-- clear golden sun. It was going to climb into the 70's, one of the first sunshiny days since Christmas.

I made innumerable calls, a lengthy one to Bess and Liz about luncheons and meetings and lists in Washington, and to Roy and Weezie and Ashton about my project of doing over the two baths here. And then at 9:30 left for the ranch, angry to be late, and drove up to the boyhood home at little before ten thirty to attend the first meeting--my first-- of the Johnson City Garden Club. There were about fourteen women sitting around in Mrs. Johnson's old best bedroom, Joyce Winters and Mrs. Jost from Cypress Mills, and, of course, Jessie and others I did not recognize. Their purpose was to decide what to plant in the big cement containers that they had put out on the streets of Johnson City. They have already acquired them-- three or four in all I think-- about two feet high and thirty-six inches across the top and now the question is what sort of a large shrub or small tree to plant in them. I had heard Jessie say with a sinking heart that they had about decided to put in legustrum so when they came to a period in the discussion I said as

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one member I wanted to get in my word. I hoped whatever they put would be something that was native and indigenous and spoke of this country. And that second, it ought to be something easy to maintain, hardy and not disease prone and not requiring much care because it wouldn't get it. And then I told them I had discussed it with the men who were doing the job at our house and Mr. Swanson had suggested first agarita. Second, mountain laurel and gave them all the pros and cons I could think of. One of the pros was that certainly we could find all of the agarita we want on anybody's ranch and maybe the mountain laurel. One of the cons I am sure the sidewalk philosophers, the domino players, etc. would really laugh at the ladies putting out anything as common, ordinary in their mind as agarita and they will certainly get scratched and stuck as they dig up those twenty-four agarita bushes. They will probably wish they had never heard of me. At any rate, I had my say and we had an interesting back and forth talk about it. It was moved and passed that we take Mr. Swanson up on his nice offer to plant one for us the next time he was down-- possibly the middle of next week. And then Jessie and the several Committee members who accompanied him as he dug it up and planted it would decide whether they were able to do the same and whether it looked like they wanted it to. Then they could make their final decision. So we had more coffee and listened to the program. It

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was a landscape man from the Highway Department of the State of Texas giving advice to Mrs. John Housholder on how to plan the planting around her house. When he finished I asked him what would be the optimum time for wildflower blooms here in this area. He said for bluebonnets between April 5 and 25th, that he had never seen them this numerous and this sturdy this early and if the rains kept up it was going to be a glorious spring. On that happy note I left-- an effective hour or two I think. Out at the ranch making final decisions on Formica, wallpaper, paint, and cabinet work and lights and most especially a door in Marie's bedroom and bath. It was a triumph that we found some of the same wallpaper although that was put up sixteen years ago and in the children's bath.

Roy and I had lunch. I expect if I counted the hours I had spent with different individuals in the course of a year Roy would be the very next to my family. And then we took a delightful little sojourn to the other side of the river to the park to look at the Dantz house where, in stripping it, they have found a log cabin underneath, a floor worn smooth by many generations. Roy plans to use this paneling, hopefully, in the new visitors' center, stout beams overhead, big logs chinked with a sort of cement with a lot of straw in it. This one they will tear down, but they will save the material and

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maybe use it elsewhere in the park. Then we went on to the old Sweeney house and this was a delight. The two room log cabin with a dog trot in between is emerging from its enclosure of frame and gingerbread trim and I feel like a real archeologist. It will certainly add character and interest to the visitor's center. I am glad we decided to build it here so we can incorporate this into it although it may have been the wrong decision from the standpoint of privacy for the Johnson family. It will, I think, be the right decision for the public.

Back at the ranch I talked with Mr. Wolf about some changes he is making and then left for Austin, the day still glorious and driving a pleasure, a quiet low key day this is and how much I am enjoying it. It is the forerunner of a lifetime of such and how long would I enjoy them? I think I would have a project a week for the whole rest of my life and nothing ever, ever finished satisfactorily. Shortly after I reached Luci's, Mr. Klein arrived on schedule and all of Luci's little mementos from Pat's graduation from Kindergarten, her high school degree, Patrick Lyndon's birth certificate, which we had laid out on the floor in a carefully arranged pattern on a piece of paper just the size of the wall. Mr. Klein undertook the transfer to the wall, a project Luci had had in mind ever since she moved in in June of last

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year. Now at last it was done. While I went off to the beauty parlor-- Larry's--for a hairdo and then back just in time to see Luci's beautiful baked chicken emerge from the oven, along with a pot of green beans with fresh potatoes. Luci is a proud cook. She loves it and her food is delicious. Meanwhile, we had received an invitation from Mr. Kellam to go out and eat Mexican food. He refused all importunities to come here instead and so we left for El Rancho, the four of us, Patrick bundled up and beginning to be sleepy. We picked up Jesse and took our seat in the crowded little Mexican restaurant looking around and finding familiar faces-- Gladys Gideon and several others I recognized but couldn't name and Patrick set up a louder and louder demurral. He was too nervous to eat. Mexican food is an addiction and there is none as good as to what you are used to in your home town so sometime sooner or later I always have to have a big meal of it and I enjoyed it with a cold Carta Blanca, feeling selfish however because Luci simply cannot stand to have her baby crying in public. So she and Patrick took turns holding him and going out with him and it was a relief when we left at the early hour of nine, dropped off and went home. That good little soul, who can be bright-eyed and laughing until ten o'clock, must occasionally act like a baby. Back at home Luci settled on my bed and Patrick was about to say goodnight

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when I said sit down and let's talk a while. He did--about his place in the business. He is the quietest, most easy-going kindly person,

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It is very difficult for Jesse, who is in his latter sixties, to turn loose authority. The business needs young blood, vigor and I, alas, know less than nothing about it these days. At least to talk about it is good. And when we said goodnight Luci stayed behind a minute to thank me and to tell me how much it meant to her. She is a winning little person and it is a joy to visit her here.