

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, February 23, 1968

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This is the day I finally did myself out of a plush vacation. Maryellen had called Wednesday night, or was it early Thursday morning, to invite me to come up to the Greenhouse, to be her guest, for the three or four days of the long weekend. She, Neva, Betty Ann, and Jo Beth were all there, weekends were relatively quiet, I could have all the ~~special~~ facials and massage; and at night a bridge foursome, and wouldn't it be fun.

One side of me longed to go; the other kept saying "But I have asked Mr. Hubbard from National Park Service to come down, and Roy White, and we're supposed to do some planning about the park, and, also, how will the stories read", Luci battled vigorously for me to go; she is determined to save me from what she feels is failure to indulge myself enough or to express myself enough - with tears of anger, or sheer abandoned laughter. That dear little girl is so many things - a potential writer, actress, or psychiatrist.

The dullard side of me won. I did not go to the Greenhouse. A little past nine thirty, Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Mark Sagan, from the National Park Service, arrived and we went over the maps while we had coffee, and after awhile Roy White came, and then, belatedly, I called Mark Gosden. We toured the park area, with excited attention to the log cabin that was revealed when ~~from~~ the exterior of the dance house was stripped off; and the other log cabin that was found underneath the planking of the Sweeney house. ^P It was bitter cold; we'd come to Texas hoping for sun, and yesterday there'd been icicles three feet long, hanging from the cistern. Today, they were still there, but

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melting, and the wind was still cutting.

Roy White, and Mr. Hubbard, and Mr. Sagan were all delighted with the log cabins, and Roy's plans ~~and~~ followed out, on the spot, so much better than they had looked when Connie Worth and I examined them in Washington. But we all agreed the lower roof line would be preferable and it would be a happy solution if we could move the vending machines to a location on the east of the building.

Everybody was actually pretty happy with it, I thought; that is, the plans for the visitor center, but when we got back to the house, and got down to brass tacks on what the exhibit would be, inside the visitors center, we came to a vast gap. Nothing is really planned. There is no budget for an exhibit in this state park - nor does the state park board have any exhibit division. It turned out that they have one employee, a very talented young girl, Mr. Gosden, who works on exhibits. Mr. Hubbard said that the National Park Service, had formerly had a division where they help states plan their exhibit for free, but this had been wiped out in an economy move sometime rather embarrassed back. "Now," he said, "they could and would give help to states, but they had to charge them." After much questioning, and all of us somewhat embarrassed, it turned out that the State of Texas probably would have \$5,000 taken out of their current, annual operating expenses, to put up some kind of an exhibit in this park, but it would be completed and ready to do business probably about November of '68, but the National Park Service would charge

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around \$2,500. for an over-all, long range, exhibit planned for the total park; but, that, if the young lady who did work for the State Park Board, should come to Washington, they would be glad to give her every assistance going through their laboratory, getting ideas and guidance for exhibits.

So, we settled on this last, but with me, hoping that I could somewhere find the \$2,500., and determined to try.

So the net of the day was not much. One thing we all agreed on, and that was the best exhibit would be the old log cabin itself, furnished in the way of the old pioneer of 1850's lived. And that should set the tone for the whole place.

Wesley had come in in the morning, so the table was full at lunch. My contingent of park planners, Mr. Hubbard, and Mr. Gosden, and Mr. White, and Mr. Sagan, Jim, and Larry, and Marie, and Phyllis, and Wesley, and Lyndon, and I.

Afterwards, I took my gentlemen down to the birthplace, and then out to the plane, and said goodbye, with many thanks.

And with Roy White, through the bathrooms upstairs. Marie, bless her, is thrilled with her room.

And then, having wiped the Greenhouse out of my mind, went riding with Lyndon and Wesley, and a little past six, the Krims arrived, and A. W. and the five of us drove, in happy release, until dark. The sun had been begun to come out in the late afternoon, and it was warming up a little. Lyndon had gone swimming a time or two. The bubble, so offensive from the highway,

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or the air, is quite functional and its earned a place in my heart, because Lyndon gets exercise nearly every day. He has survived one of the severe tests, coming to the ranch where Mary's cooking is so delicious, and staying on his diet.

Tonight we had fried catfish, and Mary's superb cornbread, and Lyndon ate sensibly.

If the long New Year's vacation was a time of the bridge tournament, this weekend is the time of movies. Last night, it was the Sound of Music; tonight, Dr. Zhirvago, for the second time; and we still have more for Saturday and Sunday.

And the men are having a marathon domino tournament. Lyndon and A. W. and all their talk, this time against Wesley and Melvin - with Arthur and Sam Houston looking on. They played in the Yellow Sitting Room and Lyndon and A. W. kept up a running barrage, calculated to unnerve, frustrate, and confuse their opponents.

Luci and Pat, and ~~xxx~~ Lyn are here, and Lyndon is delighted in being the patriarch. I had Luci sent out some clothes for little Patrick, and he has them tried on, and we all sit around in gleeful delight. He is now turning loose and walking all across the room. Luci insists he can count up to ~~xxx~~ 35 steps; and we all clap for him until he finally sits down with a kerplunk!

I have stopped holding my breath about Sam Houston, and settled into a comfortable satisfaction. Lyndon includes him in more and more things.

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"Come down and eat dinner with us" Listen in on a political meeting. Fly to Texas with us.

He has made friends with the chiefs and the doctors, and is it too much to hope he has taken a new lease on life. I shall try to cue him in to working on the Library some.

When Dr. Zhivago was over, I went to bed and read Nicholas and Alexandra, in my lovely new room, now complete, at last, with the soft green rug and the bookcases filling with the books.