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1968

SATURDAY, APRIL 13

WHD

idyllic
Saturday, April 13 was as near ideal as a day can be. Some of the headlines were easing up, D.C. curfew off, gradual pull-out of GIs

starts. ~~Only one embracing story. DEK landed by McNamara in TV tower.~~

After the strenuous demanding last thirteen days, or was it two lifetimes, this was sort of an island of peace and rest this weekend.

In the morning I drove into Johnson City with Mr. Myers and Mr. Griffith from the Post Office Department and discussed with them the possible new post office in Johnson City. They showed me the ^{site} ~~sights~~, the price, what it would do to revive the little town, all dictated the site of the present post office plus an adjoining building. It would make a good little package there right next door to the bank which looks so grand and across from the court house which ^{is} Victorian monstrosity though it is, is rather well kept and has distinction. We drove past the LCRA building and a complex of homes for elderly citizens which together with the bank sets a certain tone of excellence for the little town. At least it is a mark to aim toward. I love the native stone, ^{the roof shake} of a cedar ~~shaped~~ shingle, of the weather ^{ed} looking board and batten and hope that some of those can be incorporated into the post office.

Their plans will call for a porch and I like that because a little town post office in a way a sort of social center, a meeting place. We talked of getting ^{O'Neil} on Eva Ford to give some design direction though their own architect ^{who} would do most of the work-- couldn't reach him. He was somewhere in

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North Carolina.

We went to A. W.'s office and they discussed the possibility of getting options on the various possible sites and I was chagrined about what some of these people think they are going to get some day for this land. Then we were back at the ranch by 11:30 and after lunch we began one of those long, ~~idealistic~~ ^{lyle} open-end trips. We went first from the chopper to the Green Mountain Ranch, Lyndon, A. W. and the Krims. It was a blue and gold day, crisp and bright and we rode around the Green Mountain ranch in ~~blancos~~ ^{12 Broncos} and every stream had running water and every hillside had bluebonnets. We stopped beside an old stone fence. The old stone fences fascinate me. The story is they were built after the Civil War in the first decade or two by Mexican labor for ten cents a day, and I got some good movies I think. This is the most beautiful spring I can remember. There were lots of tall yellow flowers and some white Mexican poppies, the cattle looked fat and the deer were plentiful and we were happy and in perfect peace. Then we helicoptered over to the Davis place and there was a sight I shall always remember-- a long rolling expanse of green pasture dotted with some of the biggest liveoaks on any ranch that we have, a sea of white Mexican poppies and scattered through them jet black angus cattle. It is very pleasant to be with someone who appreciates the same things you do.

^{Matilde}
~~Matilda~~ Krim is as curious about all the wild life and excited about all of the varieties of flowers and as alive to it all as I am. Even better, she is great joy to Lyndon, as is Arthur. She and I got out alone and took

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a little sojourn walking down toward Long Branch, so named by A. W. in honor of my favorite TV program- Gun Smoke-- and our movie cameraman with us. Long Branch is fuller than I have ever seen it. There are clear still pools and swift little rapids and here and there a waterfall. We climbed over the big granite boulders and lounged on the sandbars and walked through the fields of bluebonnets which come right down to the water's edge while the cameraman ground away. Some day perhaps this will be useful in the Visitors' center at the Johnson park. They have some good film of the wild-life and the wild flowers of the Edwards Plateau, ~~and~~ ^{PT} then we flew over to the Haywood Ranch and got in Lyndon's speed boat. He loves to tease and he knows how much I dislike speed. Most of the time he went at a slow and placid rate and we found ourselves a little armada of boats of every size and type on each side. Then as the Llano entered the Colorado, he let her out and she gained speed and we outdistanced nearly everybody. I hung on the edges and gritted my teeth while Lyndon with obvious pleasure said "now I'm not going too fast for you. Isn't this fine?" and acted as though he simply could not hear my objections. We stopped at the beach house and he and ~~Matilda~~ ^{Matilda} got in the ridiculous little blue car, Arthur and I were in a larger car, and followed them to the Krim ranch. There we sat on the front porch in the rocking chairs, congratulating ~~Matilda~~ ^{Matilda} on the charm of the home she has created. As far as you can see now in every direction they own the land, and then Lyndon, A.W. and I got in the chopper, the Krims were going to

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join us at the Wests for dinner and then we went back to the ranch and Lyndon to his desk and stacks of mail and phone calls. It was nearly two hours before I could dislodge him. A little past eight we landed at the West Ranch to see a strange bloody red moon rising, ominous, foreboding and across the sky a long white trail of a jet. It was dark and a strange sight, a dramatic combination.

The men settled at once in one of their domino games where Lyndon and A. W. play together and there is great use of signals in teasing and as much talk as skill and then we had one of Neva's delicious dinners. For longer than twenty years I have enjoyed the hospitality of this house and in country fashion left very soon after dinner and we were back at the home ranch before eleven. What a good way to spend a day, that is, in contrast to those that have gone before. And here I am back counting again. It is two down and fifty-four to go, that is--counting the weeks for Chuck. I had begun counting about Lyndon's term of office, just when I don't know, but I know it was before he was half way through because I was counting for the half-way point and thereafter counting the time he could make the announcement that he wasn't going to run again. But except for the boys, his was the sort of day that time stood still and you were satisfied with the present and didn't reach for anything else.

Oddly when I had told Lyndon that Lynda Bird was not going to come with us to Texas this time, he had been a little irritated and said why, and I explained that she was really just bone tired and had to get some rest,

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physically and emotionally tired and he had said "she is not pregnant, is she?" and I said ["]yes. Don't you remember? ["] She had told me on February 29--she and Chuck--sitting beside the bed in my room, quite simply. Not as a for-sure-fact, but as almost sure and since then she has hardly mentioned it at all. If it were Luci, she would be delighted to give you a progress report every day. Yes, her Daddy said, she had told him that they had hoped, but nobody had come back to tell him that it was absolutely sure. He seemed a little hurt and when I told him she wasn't feeling very well, he said "You've got to get the best doctor. I want to be sure they know what they are doing. You call Jim Cain and you talk to that Doctor yourself and you make sure that she is doing everything right." What a family man he is, and so thank God for a good day.