

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, August 15, 1968

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In the morning I drove with Lyndon and Marie and Mary Rather to that dilapidated ghost house that used to belong to the Dantz sisters. It is one of Lyndon's projects in this quiet month of August, and it is no longer quite dilapidated -- a fresh new white with green trim. And each day we take up some more articles of furniture or paintings that we have brought on our travels and have not hung. In it lived three Mexicans who are building dams on the Sharnhorst place -- stonemasons. And Lyndon, the paternalist, is as interested in that furniture and stove and bath tub and heaters as he once was with the Hartman's. We drove by the new hay barn under construction. There is something about off-time with him, any quiet time at the Ranch, that causes new projects to sprout on this landscape.

In Stonewall we ran into Betty Weinheimer who had inquired about the blue bells on the way to Albert, and she had gotten the message that the farmer who owned the land would be delighted to have us pick up some. In the afternoon I went with James to take the two white crepe myrtles that Nancy Negley had brought to me. We sacked them in their cans around the little house where Lyndon was born, at the guest house. And finally we planted them out at the cemetery -- a group of white and pink in the northwest corner that will be a mass of color in the years to come I hope.

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I went swimming with Lyndon and Luci and Lyn, who frighteningly has absolutely no fear of the water, no fear in fact of anything. Lyndon is at home with him in any situation. And Patrick Lyndon gravitates to him as naturally as he does to his mother.

Late in the afternoon I had a hair-do, and then our dinner guests arrived at 7:00. For this quiet time at the Ranch still held some planning for the future. We had~~x~~ asked Dr. and Mrs. Vandiver from Rice University in Houston to come up with George ~~And~~ Alice Brown. Dr. Grover is in Austin doing some work on the Library, and he and Dr. and Mrs. Joe Frantz came out. The nine of us sat under the trees in the front yard in the fading light and talked about the old history project. We hope that Dr. Vandiver will head a group of historians who will advise the interviewers to set down some guidelines, to evaluate what they are doing, to make the project more truly useful for historians of the ~~future~~ future. I liked him very much, Dr. Vandiver. I wished in fact that we might have him for some more substantive roles in this Library - School of Public Service project.

The humming birds dipped into the red yucca. They like that especially. And in the back yard the petunias. Sometimes I see as many as three at a time.

The late evening air was soft and pleasant. What a summer this has been. We rode through the Martin and the Dantz and saw a multitude

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of deer, came back for a delicious dinner, and then watched a movie in the hangar -- the May '67 monthly report.

And Alice and I talked about the things we are going to do after January 20th. Marida and Koshamel are high on our list. And I would love to travel by car across Spain with her. It was a pleasant day.

Dr. Vandiver sounded excited and very willing to work with us on the oral history project. There was some sense of accomplishment, but not the high racing acceleration of so many of the ~~the~~ days of these last five years, for me at least. For Lyndon there had been a good meeting yesterday with the Association of Negro Doctors in convention at Houston -- a warm, apparently happy meeting when he had been in tune with this 2300 or so listeners, speaking of our Nation's health, the progress of the last years for Negroes and for medicine. It is interesting that in spite of the loud raucous cries of Negro agitators that so much of the best mail he gets, so many of the friendliest groups he talks to, are largely composed of Negroes.