

Wednesday

Dearest—

I am sitting out by the pool, all by myself for the moment. This beautiful house and the way of life here is unlike nearly anything we've lived — except a bit like the times at Long Lea with Alice and Charles. There is a continuous "house party" — when I arrived the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Van der Kemp — he's ^{ex director} curator ^{at} Versailles and very knowledgeable about all French furniture and art — and Mrs. William Blair (Deeda) — and General Coulter — and Russell Page, who is an eminent British landscape designer — I've known him in Washington with Mary. Today the last of

them leave and Mary's sister,
Mrs. Fordyce, arrives and
Dr. DeBakey and another couple.

There's an enchanting little
summer house perched on a
Cliff high above the sea
where I work ^(or my books) in the mornings
and then join the rest of the
party here around the pool.
We've gone out for lunch
often and dined out, at the
elegant home of some friend
or an amusing restaurant, every
night except one. Last night
we dined at a Museum, left
to the French Academy by one
of the Rothschilds - a fabulous
Wm. - Randolph - Hearst - sort of place
- art and furniture from all

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centuries and all civilizations.

But Mary's house is the loveliest
of all - and the most enjoyable
times are the quiet hours here.

But I am lonesome! I

miss you so much and
wish you were here, and
enjoying it! (I don't wish
you were here if you wouldn't
enjoy it, and I'm not sure.)
I may try to come back Sunday
instead of Monday.

So goodbye for now and
very much love —

Lady Bird

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