

Tuesday

Dearest —

I am lonesome. It is so beautiful here but without you it is sad. It's rather like Acapulco — a softer, more sophisticated, older (in society, that is) Acapulco — but the same blue sea, steep cliffs, and luscious tropical vegetation. The bou-gourmilles in every color and shape — watermelon pink and white — are a dream.

The little melons and the figs are simply delicious — in fact, eating is a problem because one is tempted to eat far too much for this life of ease.

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Yesterday I swam about twenty long laps in the pool (salt water - it lies parallel to the sea on a high cliff) and looked up and watched gulls wheeling above and the masts of sail boats going by - just above the edge of the pool.

We go to ~~at~~ a party every day in some elegant and beautiful old house. And the people! ... But it will take six more letters or several hours conversation to tell you about them!

One funny note - my hostess last night was born in Marshall, Texas! (She's come a long way, though). I love you more every day - your wife



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