

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, May 16, 1964

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The last day of my vacation with Luci - and the best day.

It was bright, beautiful, and at last warm enough to really enjoy. I did several hours of recording, took a long walk in the morning, in the country lane that turns right when you go out the gate, where the trees meet overhead. At the top of the hill, ^[ave] cut across through the pasture, knee deep in clover, past ^{rail} ~~real~~ fences, with a lush view of the stables and the dairy barn, and the Huntland ^m Manor house in the distance. And finally across to the pond - the one where Sam Rayburn used to fish. Now there is a little boat there, and Luci had gone out and had such fun with Beth and her agents.

After the pond, ^{the} the walking was heavy, with grain, ^I I don't know whether it was alfalfa or wheat, ^{hip} hip high and very thick, and red winged blackbirds swaying on the top of a stem, and then circling off into the blue sky, ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{here} couldn't have been a more perfect day. And in the distance, the caw, caw, caw of crows, and every now and then, the delightful aerial ballet of a crow ^{list} ~~persuing~~ a hawk, teasing it, because the crow, ^{the} the faster flier although not the more fearsome bird, certainly.

We walked across ^[to] the next fence line and then down in ^[the field] past the dairy barn and the dairyman's house, and the elegantly built old stable, where, in about 1912 or 1913, ^{the} the Englishman who came to teach this countryside how to hunt fox properly, clad in red coats and with the correct English

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etiquette, must have had so much pleasure with the perfection of the bucolic scene that he had achieved.

And then home for lunch.

On my last day there arrived a sort of contentment that you wish you could start getting at the very beginning - a sense of having settled down and having reached a peace.

I did do some more work. Made some guest lists that required a lot of going through of papers, and just simply sitting and thinking, but which will surely serve me well in getting around to later planning.

I finished Bill White's book on Lyndon. It's been my sort of dessert, as is John Steinbeck's Winter of our Discontent.

And then for awhile, I lay in the sun, by the swimming pool. It was still too cold to swim and walked around, all over the garden. The water-cress and ~~branch~~ forgetmenots, are thick on the little stream that bubbles out from the lake surrounded by the pine trees. The alley of boxwood is very dark and deep with dreams, rather foreboding. But the bridal wreath and the columbine, and the lilac are lovely. And the loveliest thing of all, is the utter stillness, except for the song of the birds.

I had dinner with the children, and later, settled down for an hour in another country, with Marshall Dillon, in Gunsmoke.

And so ended my three and a half days of self-indulgence.