

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, July 3, 1964

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I slept until nine, Lyndon and I, in our own bed at the ranch. This is the month the lark arises in my heart.

July is the month of joy because you shuffle off the ^{coils} ~~cause~~ of obligation and feel like a free spirit.

Lyndon and I had breakfast in bed and then I read The Accident by Elizabeth Janeway, excellent book. Then I wandered over the yard, where the yellow, orange, white, persimmon, melon colored zinnias are prettier than I've ever seen them before. One pea hen has two little chicks and another has three, and the peacock's tail has at last, grown long and handsome, his favorite habitat is the chimney, either chimney. He gets up there, screams "Help!" and the noise comes down the flue, in a most frightening fashion.

While I was out, in a bathing suit, in the hammock by the pool, getting some sun, Lyndon went off with A. W. I can't imagine anything I'd rather have him do except that I would have wanted to be right by him if I had known he was going.

We had hamburgers for a late lunch, and Lynda Bird came in from Washington, accompanied by Dave LeFevre, and then in the middle of the afternoon, we left for the big adventure.

In a helicopter, Lyndon, Lynda, ^{Jewel} ~~Julia~~ Malachuk, A. W., Dave and I. We went over to the Nicholsons, where we landed, and then proceeded by car to Mary Margaret's house on the banks of the lake, and Earl and Weezy Deathermet us there with the big boat, the first time we've seen it. A comfortable

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boat that will sleep four, and carry some 16 or more, pleasantly.

We called Jesse and asked him to bring us some of our favorite friends out to go boat riding and to join us for dinner at the Haywood. He had asked the Tom Millers, Tom grows more like his father every year; the young McCrummins; the Billy Baileys, Mary Love still as gentle and velvet, and pretty as ever; and the Jack Maguires, who interest me particularly because of his close association with the University.

We all rendezvoused at Mary Margaret's along with Jesse, and I was so happy to see that Jesse seemed a little less pale and thin, and silent, almost as though he were coming back from the land of sadness. We all got on the boat, some up front, lying on that wonderful pad, where you can just lie down and look at the sky, some sitting on the front end and several of us in the rear, where there are two long upholstered seats.

We rode down to the dam of Wirtz Lake, only one man's lifetime between a dream and this wonderful fruition. How glad I am. It's one of the things I like best about Lyndon, that he got this dam and this lake named after Senator Wirtz, who thought of the whole great complex and worked so many years for it.

Later, we went back to pick up Mary^{ia} Ellen at Mary Margaret's, and I jumped off the boat and swam along the point, but the waves were a bit high and choppy, and the traffic and water skiers a bit thick. Though it wasn't

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idyllic, it was good exercise.

Vicki waterskied and so did Lynda Bird, staying up a long time and doing a very competent job.

Suddenly, ^{somebody} pointed out a boat in which two men were apparently using a camera. It kept on following us - Lyndon dispatched ~~Ruth~~ ^{Ruff} to see if he could get them to cease and desist, and hopefully, to give us the film. Later on, when he returned, he told us it was a man from the Associated Press and one from Life, they had gotten some pictures, they would not return the film. Naturally, of course, he had no legal right to demand it; it's a great big body of water, how can you enforce privacy. But they did promise to talk to George before they released it.

So that sullied the day a bit. ^{freshness} The glistening/and freedom of the day - but not too much. We returned to Mary Margaret's and got in the cars, and drove over to the point, where we own some lots, walking out to see how the lake is washing at the precious land, and then over to the Haywood to have a delicious catfish dinner, on the brick patio, under the live oak trees, looking down on the lake, while the sunset faded and the sky gradually paled and the lights came on, up and down the lake.

I talked with Jack Maguire about the University; its big collection of manuscripts, the original plays of Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, and the many others that you wouldn't think belonged to the University of Texas., The Texana project, their seminars at Eagle Rock Dude Ranch,

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where in the summer, they teach refresher courses, to all sorts of professional people - the pharmacists had just been out a short while before. He gave us a manuscript of A President's Country, a booklet that the ex-student's association is going to get out. It's on the ~~hill~~ ^{country} of Texas - its geology, its Indian background over the last seven thousand or so years, its flora and fauna, its architecture. I read it over the next day or two and found it high in quality but I hoped they will delete the chapter on ^{the} personal visit to the LBJ ranch.

And then, after we'd eaten the last piece of fried fish that anybody could, washed down with the last hot coffee, we said goodnight and helicoptered to the ranch. And then in the golfcart, Lyndon said "Who wants to go down and see Orfale?" I'm glad I said yes. Some of these days I'll be glad of every time I went to see Orfale, because we are about the only brightness in her life. We drove down and he hollered at the front door, until he woke her up, and then we sat down and listened to all the vital statistics of the community - the births, deaths and marriages, the quarrels, the parties, and all the family news. And then long before she was ready to have us leave, we rose up enmass, kissed her goodby and left.

It was the end of a perfect day. Not many of these happen and let's steal them, and savor them when they come. No sky anywhere, where the stars shine so brightly; no sense of freedom so perfect, or belonging so deep as right here.

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