Monday July 13th and time to do something

I have long planned -- to walk around the White House
grounds with Mr Williams the gardner, taking the White
House Guide Book in my hand and learning from him and
the map in the guidebook the trees that were planted by
different President's.

Records are a bit dim before 1900, but we do know that it was Thomas Jefferson who had the two large mounds constructed, one on the east side, one on the west side, because he liked to walk in the grounds and he liked the privacy they afford, and we know that the majestic American elmplaned on top of the east mound was planted by John Quincy Adams. It is the oldest authenticated tree on the grounds.

Andrew Jackson's magnificent Magnolia grandifloria brought from the Hermitage is probably the most famous treef. Grover Cleveland, that enormous man, amazingly enough had planted two delicate dwarf Japanese maples down by the fountain. Calvin Coolidge was with great taste had chosen white birch so familiar to his Vermont. Franklin Roosevelt has two little leaf lindens, still quite small, so short is history.

President Eisenhower has at least 5 trees
that have already been pointed out to me. The gardner
said there were others also.

We taked about what Lyndon will plant. I want very much for it to be something typical of Texas, but the Live Oak won't grow here nor will the Texas Pecan. I want a long-lived, wind-firmed (?) disease- resistent, majestic tree for ages, which is pretty dog-gone limited when you get to Central Texas. We might plant a black Walnut or a Willow Oak.

This morning was one of the nicest I have spent.

Then in the afternoon I saw the Westinghouse film on the paintings in the White House which is introduced by me. And was relatively pleased with my appearance and voice and script in this 30 minute showing of many of the pictures that make up the collection here beginning with the large portrait of George Washington which was here in Dolly Madison's day, and going to the great enrichment of Mrs. Kennedy's three years.

In the late afternoon I had a drink on the Truman Balcony which is rapidly becoming my favorite spot with Liz and Bess and we talked about possible upcoming parties, the one with the Secretaries tomorrow, for Lynda in Arriva August, a salute to the Congress when it closes, and three upcoming state visits.

Lyndon was very late coming home. I phoned the office and found that he was sitting in his small room with O'Donnell, Valenti, Maguire, Cliff, Walter, at least 8 of the chief political cogs in the machine.

(end of tape)

And yet that's a good sign, because it means activity and I know that work is better for us than pondering the froubles of the future. It was 10:55 when Lyndon arrived with Walter and Dick Maguire, and we had a quiet dinner, but I gathered there was an air of achievement and we are on the move in the room. Then exercises, and I at last have gotten pretty good about that, whereas Lyndon has been VENY good for about three months now. And ever since I returned on July 6th, Zephyr has been serving his plate in the kitchen, paying strenuous attention to the calories and to the things he likes best, and limiting him to about 1100 calories a day which, if he doesn't pass by some laden hors d'ouevre table, is bound to take some pounds off. It has been weeks since he's had anything to drink, possibly one drink, so that cannot account for many calories.