

1964

Sunday, July 19th

Not a very restful prospect, so we went inside to take a nap, while A. W. and Mariallen and a few more got in the big boat and took off down the river at high speed, thinking perhaps they could be a decoy and we could join them by car farther on down somewhere. But alas, as we communicated with them it seemed that all their friends steadfastly attended them -- one or two of the boats they thought they identified as newspaper people. So we decided it would just be quieter and more pleasant to ride around and look at the deer and the cattle.

The view from the top of the hills where the ranchettes are -- A. W.'s real estate venture called the Comanche Company -- is a joy to look at over and over.

These two days have been worth it, but it wasn't the great sense of release and exultation and pleasure that we had on the July 4th weekend, perhaps because that one marked the dramatic ending of great effort topped with triumph. We were tired and successful -- that's the time to rest. Now it's more a mood of frustration and knowing that the hardest work lies ahead.

One funny picture of the day I shall remember was A. W. and Mariallen approaching in the big boat, coming back to the Haywood, leading a flotilla -- a veritable Pied Piper operation, with every craft on the lake behind them.

1964

Sunday, July 19th (continued)

Lynda Bird had left on a four o'clock plane for Washington, and before six we went in to Bergstrom, caught the Jetstar, and before 11:30 were at the White House. That's the last trip we will get to Texas before the Convention.