

1965

Saturday, May 8th

Was a deliciously lazy day. <sup>slapt</sup> ~~Got~~ until 10:30 and then had long talks with Lynda and Luci. I had halfway expected to leave with Lyndon at 7 o'clock for the dedication of the Sam Rayburn Dam in Jasper. But no call from him meant, I believe, that he thought the Dominican Republic situation was too uneasy for him to go as far away as Texas.

Lynda Bird, who is good about planning for me and pushing for me to do things that I want to do anyway, said, "Get on up. Let's go to see the Chester Dale collection at the National." So we did, just the two of us in her little black car, about noon... Walked through, unannounced and unnoticed. And had a feast of a time, especially with the Renoirs. The little girl with the watering can and the little girl with the hoop. I like the Daumiers and the Toulouse-Latrecs. They are caricaturists at <sup>heart</sup> ~~home~~. I was intrigued by the two portraits Mr. Chester Dale, sleek, stylized man of distinction, by the Frenchman Lescaut, and the one by Diego Rivera -- odd that a lover of the French Impressionists would turn to Rivera to do his own portrait, and I thought it was a real flesh and blood man.

Finally people began to gather in little groups and sort of whisper. A very polite youngish man came up and told me that he was the Assistant Curator, so obviously people knew we were there.

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Saturday, May 8th (continued)

I left Lynda Bird to continue her visit because it was time to go back and meet Jane Engelhard and her family for tea. She had a tour with Mr. Ketchum, her sister and several of her friends, and a whole flock of youngsters, her children and their friends, including one of Cy Vance's daughters. Quite a few from Foxcroft. Jane is a natural-born executive, handling very skillfully houses, children, trips between continents, and a society life ornamented by such people as the Duke of Windsor and his Duchess.

A little after 6 I went into Lyndon's office, hoping to hear that there would be some rest, some fun this weekend. Sure enough, without any prompting from me, he said, "Who would you like to take with you to Camp David?" I said the Bill Whites. He called the Jake Pickles, the Valentis, Marianne Means and Emmet Reardon, and I persuaded Lynda to go with us, with promises of bowling and bridge. She really likes for her Daddy to be with her, just her, just us, and not with five or six other couples. But bowling and bridge make up for lacking his undivided attention.

And a little past 8 we were all in the chopper, headed in a very gay spirit for Camp David. The first thing when we got there, we charged up to the bowling alley, drew up sides, and had three games. It's the funniest thing to watch Lyndon when he gets a strike.

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Saturday, May 8th (continued)

He turns around to look at everybody and all but takes a bow. (Could be, so do I!) He was good. One of the best of the lot. I could have come in on the ninth or tenth frame with just what it took to make his side win.

We had a late, happy, congenial dinner, and I watched Guns Smoke. And Lyndon did the most desirable thing of all. He got into bed and went to sleep a little past 11. Lynda Bird stayed up and watched a movie alone while the guests melted away for an early bedtime.