

1965

Sunday, September 5th

This weekend is the farewell to summer. And what a summer to remember, with weekends divided between the ranch and Camp David.<sup>1</sup>

I do not know what subtle alchemy caused Lyndon, who was opposed to indulging ourselves at Camp David at first, to start going. Whether my obvious enjoyment or the doctor's earnest suggestion, but it has been a summer of the hardest work, and then with weekends of the liveliest play with varied companions. I shall remember it as our best summer in many years, and I hate to say farewell to it.

Somehow summer time gives you a license to lie in the hammock, to be lazy, to read the books you'd laid by, to go walking to identify the wildflowers. And then comes Labor Day, and your grudging conscience tricks you into getting back to the desk for the piled-up work. So this is our last weekend with the flavor of summer.

Because he knew I wanted to, Lyndon had said, "Let's go in to St. David's. The Reverend Sumners is back." Lyndon and Arthur Krim and I found a sizeable part of the congregation awaiting us around the steep steps of old St. David's, where I was confirmed in about 1932. And later Lynda was christened,

1965

Sunday, September 5th (continued)

and then Luci, and then still later they were both confirmed. A church with many memories for me, and very dear.

Homer and Eloise and David, grown tall, met us and walked in with us. And there at the door was Charles Sumners, minister for much longer than 20 years, that deep, sonorous voice and the simple but beautiful ritual was a pleasure to me.

Afterwards we went to the Parish House for coffee and I did double duty shaking hands with oldtime friends, Judge Greenwood and Martha, Joe Dacey, Dr. Walter Prescott Webb's daughter. Lyndon's hand is still bandaged from removing the wart. And for the first time, one of them was found to be malignant.

We didn't linger long, and rejoiced to get back to the ranch and have a Bloody Mary and lunch around the pool.

Arthur Krim is one of the most pleasant, smooth, very intelligent and very easy house guests that we have had all this summer. He and his wife are that rare thing, a couple that you enjoy both equally well. And she is attending a Congress of Chemists, scientists, in Europe. It is a constant surprise that that beautiful woman speaks about six languages, is a Ph. D., is a scientist who really keeps a working schedule of about five

1965

Sunday, September 5th (continued)

and a half or six days a week doing research on the viruses that cause cancer.

I purred with delight to see Lyndon surrounded by people he enjoyed so much. Lovely Eloise, teasing him gaily, Homer with his Santa Claus laugh and friendship tried by time, and now Arthur Krim.

I cannot understand how Lyndon needs so little sleep. What fierce ~~powers~~ of energy power him, and why don't they burn low some time?

After lunch I insisted that anybody who wanted to leave early do so and I was going to take a good long nap. It was five when I aroused myself and located Lyndon's cousin Mamie Allison. She's visiting their old home, and we had asked her to go with us. She and I and Marie went to the Haywood to join Lyndon, the Thornberrys and Arthur.

And somewhere along the way Tom and Mary Jo Miller and Jesse and, of course, Marie and Vicky and Jack Valenti were with us. We stopped at the beach house in the helicopter, much to the delight of barefoot children who came running to see it land, followed by carloads of families who spend their weekends in the Lake houses. It was Mamie's first ride in a helicopter and she was thrilled, and I was thrilled that Lyndon

1965

Sunday, September 5th (continued)

had thought to ask her. The evening must be a change of pace from her life of teaching school and caring for a husband who, after two strokes, could not speak or recognize her.

I couldn't wait to get into my bathing suit and swim across the Lake. The water was warm and smooth as silk when I started, but I was grateful for the Secret Service boat, because we had drawn an armada, varying from little one-passenger sail boats like an eggshell to speed boats that circled around, shattering the calm of the twilight Lake. But in my safe little lane, formed by my convoy, I simply headed for the other shore.

It soon became choppy, impossible to lie on my back and float, with the wind making little whitecaps that went plop, plop over my face. But it gives me such a sense of self-mastery, of strength, and of being able to cope with my environment. A long swim is like a shot of adrenalin to me.

The people who own the house across the river were on their porch, looking at me with some amazement. I raised up and said, "I hope you don't mind us hovering around your wharf," swam to their boat landing and touched it, and then, like a child playing base, turned around and headed back across the Lake,

1965

Sunday, September 5th (continued)

which seemed forever, till I reached the big boat on the other side, and, mindful of my two-piece bathing suit and all the watching eyes, found the sheltered side to climb up on.

It was one of our happiest evenings. Lyndon was in a gay mood, belaboring Tom Miller for not running for the City Council, really trying to get him to. He still tells the saga of Mayor Tom Miller and his 25 years and we are always wanting someone else to fit the mold.

Arthur and Eloise and Jesse, everyone, were festive and happy. And I took great pleasure in pointing out to Arthur Krim the delicious tender steaks that were from the ranch, the corn (Lyndon's favorite of everything) from our fields, and the okra still producing from the little garden. Something of the pioneer still lingers in those of us who get a glow of satisfaction from saying, "What is on my table came from my land." And, of course, the Stonewall peaches for dessert, although the last of the season, but we love to explain to all comers from afar that this is the best peach country in Texas, and prove it with peaches and cream, peach cobbler, peach ice cream, and once, when Liz or Bess with their flair, put a big peeled

1965

Sunday, September 5th (continued)

peach in a Brandy Napoleon with a lump of sugar and covered it with champagne.

Lynda is at Camp David with Dave and a young married couple, probably her last chance for this year. I look forward to her leaving like an amputation, but it is best. She needs to be independent.

It was a pleasant, happy evening, one of the best of the summer. And early to bed.