

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, September 12, 1965

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It was as uneventful a day as I remember in the White House.

We went to Church in the morning -- the National City Christian Church -- then afterwards to the coffee hour. I shook hands with hundreds in the line it seemed while Lyndon talked with them and explained that he couldn't shake hands because he had had some warts cut off.

And then back to Lyndon's office where he worked and I took a good long look at the brown, scabrous, awful grass in the Rose Garden and on the South Lawn -- particularly between the Diplomatic entrance and the road next to the fountain.

I called Nash Castro to see what we could do to hasten the building schedule on the little guard houses that seemed to have been going on since mid-summer and to talk the grass situation. That amazing member of Government bureaucracy instead of ^tabling it for action on Monday or during the week was at the White House 30 minutes later bringing the contractor, Mr. Marcroft, who is building the little guard houses. We talked for a half hour. I told him without cracking a smile that if it was going to take until December as they said that some Monday morning when they came back they might very well find that the President had gotten a Johnson City contractor over the weekend and finished them.

Nash always has his facts. And he is always determined to find

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another way to get something done. He is not succumbed to the virus of civil servants that there is just one way and that is the slow way when you have to follow the exact routine and the red tape.

The grass is awful and the buildings are slow. But I believe our 30 minutes of talk will be a shot in the arm to speed them up.

It was a sort of lazy day that makes me think Lyndon and I can step out of the eye of the hurricane into the quiet of retirement.

We had lunch alone -- just the two of us -- an almost unprecedented happening. We read the paper and rested in the afternoon. He went back to the office for a while. And then Lloyd Hand came over for dinner with us and some quiet talk and an early bed.

I got the full status from Lloyd about the Japanese Ambassador and the cherry trees. He believes it is almost firm though the final word has not come as a directive from the Ambassador's Government -- the nursery, the size of the trees, the price, the number, the time to plant -- everything has been gone over with the Ambassador and he is apparently in agreement. I told Lloyd I hoped we could gently get the answer before the snow flies so that we can either plan to use them or do without them.