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Luci's nineteenth birthday, and the 11th anniversary of the day we thought might be Lyndon's last. Always when it rolls around there is a little song of thanksgiving in my heart. For the first few years it was almost as though we had won a battle. Now it has melted into the back of our minds -- a vague whether shadow.

The day is bright and sunny and the Ranch is bustling with activity.

In the morning Lyndon and I went swimming. Vicki and Ginny joined us. And
the Krims and Jake and George Christian sat on the bank.

Lyndon grabbed both puppies by the collars and put them in the swimming pool. Pécosa swam joyfully and Kim beautifully. When they got out, they immediately shook themselves right in front of the dry members of the group.

It takes Lyndon several days after he gets home to tour all the ranches.

So this morning we set out in the helicopter for the Lewis with the Krims. Luci Baines and Pat had gone into Austin to see some of her friends. We drove over the Lewis and the Hartman, painfully dry now, picturesque but harsh. We wound up in Johnson City looking at the parks, and at Lyndon's boyhood home which is so beautifully kept. I marked that down as one well done job. And then back by cousin Oriole's. Stacks of the magazines from the 1920's are gone. Aprich to cousin Oriole I know. And the living room looks much more lived in with the old family pictures on the wall. Her devotion to Lyndon is pathetic and endearing. Her dialogues are hilarious because she answers him back in a spunkie rather witty way.

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Lunches are late and uncertain, and Mary is a jewel of patience not to m ind it when we sit down at 2:40 with an unpredictable number of guests.

In the late afternoon, we followed the pattern. Jessje and the Don Thomas' had come out to be with us. And the Krims, Vickie, Marie, and Ginny -- all of us in the helicopter -- stopped by and picked up A. W. and then went on to what Lyndon calls the "Mathilde Krim estate". Mattha has a share in it only at bill-paying time. The stone work is up -- beautiful stone from an old German house built in the 1850's, burned down a few years ago, the back bought by Roy. There are old beams in the living room and old timbers on the long front porch that runs the length of the house. Roy has really poured love into this work. The dogtrot is cool and breezy and we laughed about Lyndon's birthday party August 27th. Mathilde plans to get books on the wild flowers and the wild life of the area. And this is one house where the mesquite and Texas persimmon and cactus and yucca won't be bulldozed out.

For the first time they had brought their little girl, Dalling, down. And she was enchanted with it.

We went on to the coca-cola cove, and while Lyndon took guests in the speedboat I swam a long way toward the end of the cove all alone revelling into freedom of the warm water and blue sky and an occasional bird that dipped low above me.

Luci was to return from Austin to have her birthday dinner with us at the Haywood. Of course she and Pat would bring a friend or two. But when

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I heard over the intercom that there would be 10 of them in all I was a little faint-hearted and told Mary to get anything out of the deep freeze that she could.

Luci, when she was about 8 and having a birthday party and at a very strenuous time in our life, was told "now honey, just limit this to your best friends. We can't do much now. We are all so busy." She looked at me with a planting the plaintiff face and said, "But mother, I have so many best friends". What a happy situation.

Luci and Pat and six of these best friends were waiting for us at the beach house. Betty Beale and Scott Duncan and dear Hitch, Luci's brother, and his date Leslie, and the gentle-faced daughter of Dr. Barkley called Bitsy and her date.

We had a leisurely ride up to the Haywood. I love the big boat and lying up top on the deck with pillows behind me and the great drama of the twilight with the powder-puff clouds changing from every hue of rose and pink and fading into dusk. And the little triangles of sails on the lake -- red and blue and striped, an occasional water skier. Everybody was waving at us. Folks on the lake all know this boat. And that's great, just so it's not newsmen with long-distance cameras. Hitch has rather adopted us and I'm glad. His mother and father are separated -- his family does not play a big part in his life. So he really means it when he thinks of Luci as his sister. And Luci has the most endearing way of wanting us to like him in return. She is a wonderful example of love breeds love.

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This morning I had talked to Lynda and she is going on to Germany.

She told me about going to an orphanage and taking flowers to the children and what beautiful faces they had. But she didn't want the press to know it.

She was not however crushed and subdued by the bad press we had been told she's getting. I did my best to sell her on giving them something brief, interesting, warm, happy, and then go on her way. I do not think I won.

As We sat out on the brick patio -- a big crowd tonight -- the Moursunds have brought Will and Mary to be with Daffna. Don Thomas have brought

Judge Jack Roberts. Tommy Fort and his date came along to add to Luci's merry group. And there were the Krims and all of the staff.

We looked up and saw the huge full moon rising. If it only happened once a year all the world would stand still to look. The night was bathed in silver and it was an enchanted spot.

I talked to Luci's friends mostly -- very proud of them. So wholesome, good looking, happy, and full of their experiences.

Before they left, Luci said, "Thank you mother. I've had a good birthday."

And that is what I think we can all say about it.