

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, July 9, 1968

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I slept until 10:00. The night before I had defied the rathe of the household, turned off the air-conditioning, raised the windows, and had gone to sleep to the sound of summer noises, katydids, the occasional mooing of a cow and little vagrant breezes -- a whole new world of sound and feeling that capsuled an air-conditioning I had almost forgotten.

I spent the morning going over the yard with James tossing fertilizer here and picking up the dead wood there, delighting in our own pink ^{Crepe}~~great~~ myrtle which we had planted about 15 years ago and replanted in this new garden to the east. And we were astonished by the dwarf ^{Crepe}~~great~~ myrtle which instead of being white, a quite pale lavender.

And then making a step toward January 20th by walking through the storage spaces here at this rambling establishment with Helen and James planning where to put my furniture that's in storage in Washington or in use at the White House and Lynda's wedding gifts. Moving after January 20th will be a trauma, but I am cheered by how much space there is and how well it can be organized if we apply ourselves to it intelligently and in time.

And I worked with Mr. Klein on our unending maintenance problems. In fact a whole real day of work and welcomed. A part of me will always be a housekeeper.

Lyndon's three magnets -- the desk, the telephone, and the wheel of the car -- took their turns with him. But mostly he was outdoors riding.

It's amazing to see how much Patrick Lyndon has grown up in the ten or so days since we've been with him. So much more boy -- less baby. And

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rosier and healthier. I am sure Luci is right -- it is better for him to stay home more.

She thanked her Daddy and me at least ^{twice} a day on this trip, and her excitement, her delight in it, thanked us every moment. She was an asset.

Finally about 6:30 with that satisfied feeling of having done my duty and gotten a bit tired physically, I drove to join Lyndon and Lynda on the Sharnhorst. And for the next two and a half hours we simply rode around. The air is like wine -- so cool and delicious -- and a day when just to be alive is enough.

There are still yellow flowers on the Sharnhorst and the lowly cow-pin daisies are beginning to line the roads. And the sunflowers are starting in the fence rows. This whole season seems at least a month ahead. I remember these flowers coming usually in late August.

Soft pink clouds piled up first in the West and then in the East as we rode through the river pasture and then turned to gray.

And then we saw a breath-taking sight. As we were riding along the crest of one of the high pastures on the Sharnhorst looking toward the river, a huge full moon came up over the horizon -- pink, crossed by clouds. It was glorious. If it only happened once in a lifetime, thousands would line up to see it.

It was very hard to come in and Lyndon was later and later and the pickup had come and get the word to the office.

Finally about 10:00 we left the Ranch and then joined Air Force I. And there Lynda and Eloise and Haywood and I settled down for a bridge game

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which lasted from 11:30 until we landed in Washington about 3 hours later.

I won continually and enjoyed it hugely.

Homer and Eloise are due tomorrow for the beginning of the inquisition -- the Senate confirmation, or at least the fight.

We walked into the White House and to bed at the ridiculous hour of a quarter of three. But such is the price you pay for seeing the moon come up over the Sharnhorst. And to my husband it is worth it -- balm rest with peace.

But what will it be like when there are available 365 unalloyed days of it.

Strangely, I could not go to sleep. I read, I turned out the lights, I turned it on again several times. The last time I saw the clock it was 5:20 in the morning. What strange hours we've kept these last four days.