

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, August 13, 1968

Page 1

My days are filled with little things. This is indeed the land of the lotus-eaters.

In the morning I swam 20 laps, and Mr. Klein came in with news of a pasture full of blue bells on the way to Albert. He and I hung primitives along the back staircase -- 12 from Honduras, 1 from El Salvadore, joining the earlier two that we had gotten from Jamaica back in '61 or was it '62? I supervised trimming the dead wood from trees with James. And I met with Cecil Presnell and we mixed up some wonderful green for the old wicker chair in the bright, gay children's bathroom.

Close to 2:00 we had lunch -- Lyndon and Jesse and Jim and Marie and Mathilde and Weeze who had come out for some household chores. I spent the afternoon with James on the dead wood. How much more each tree is your own when you have worked on it, and your eyes caress it and you look with approval when it's clean and beautiful. The golden rod are blooming along the river bank and in the low places. And the queens' wreath is just beginning to climb along the fence -- its first pink showing. It will become more and more abundant until frost in the middle of November -- a very satisfactory late summer plant.

I had a massage and a hair-do. Lyndon had already left in the chopper with Jesse and Mathilde. And I drove over ^{to} the Moursunds' to join him for dinner. The Hills were there, and after dinner Jo Beth and Mariallen and Jesse and I settled down for a bridge game -- one of the

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, August 13, 1968

Page 2

pleasant, low-key things in this land of the lotus-eaters -- over eating, under exercising, and for me sloth. And so that will be my challenge. I shall have to structure my day into enough work, enough hard-demanding things, so that the hours of riding around and playing bridge become a luxury, a recreation, something earned.

And an exciting thing to me was a picture of Lynda Bird at Newport for the weekend with her hostess, Topsy Taylor and cute Doug Davidson -- a gay and faithful best man and has spent hours seeing that Lynda Bird does not get depressed or bored. She had been staying (she had called me) in one of the great houses built about the turn of the century right on the ocean. And had had dinner aboard a chartered yacht called the "Gray Mist". It had belonged to Topsy's uncle. She is having a taste of the sort of life that I know not at all and think of as glamorous.