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down here likes him and says
he is brilliant, so I think
you're lucky!"

This morning after breakfast
I went down to Down and we
hired forth in search of cape jess-
amine bushes and, a little magnolia
and juncif. bulbs, me thinking I
could find them somewhere - and
in the florists' sketch they are
quite numerous and expensive.
We walked through the woods
to the old Haggerty place - site
of an old colonial mansion, now
quite dilapidated and decayed
looking.

It always gives me a very
poignant feeling to go over there....
It must have been a lovely place
- there are the tallest magnolias

BIRD TAYLOR

Monday nite

My Dearest Lyndon -

And so another week
has begun! They roll around
with such celerity now - what
happens to them? Do youes?

Here's what Charles Ethel
of Catulla, a good friend of mine,
said in her last letter - ver-
batim! : "Bird, I have some news
for you about the said Lyndon
Johnson. I know him slightly
as he used to be down here in
Catulla. I was sort of 'youngish'
and was in high school so I
didn't know him very well. He
was quite young too when he
was down here. Everybody

I've ever seen, and great Pineapples,
and myriads of crepe myrtle,
and a carpet of juncos and
flax in the Spring. But some of
the trees have rotted and fallen
down and there is a clutter of
underbrush and only the ~~bottom~~
logs - an outline - of the house
remain. ... There are some half
dozen or more fine marble tomb-
stones in disarray in the old
family graveyard. Folks tell that
old Spenzer Haggerty buried gold
in the vaults of the graves and
I think they have been dug up
and disturbed for that reason.

The last one was buried in 1859.

One day almost six years
ago - in the Spring of '29 - Gene and
I happened to walk over there and
that is where our friendship began.

I'm so glad Gene wrote a
sweet letter. I do love for us
all to love each other, don't you?!

It's getting quite cold.
We'd a fire tonight. ... It makes it
cozy - but I mourn the passing
of summer. I'm never completely
happy from October until March!

Darling, I can't wait for
my books to come! I shall begin
looking for them Thursday morning.

In all sincerity, Lyndon,
I believe I miss you more all
the time.

Tomorrow there are one dozen
things to do that will keep me
very busy, I hope, about twelve
hours out of the day.

Goodnite, my dearest dear -
I love you, Bird