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Saturday, March 20th

Began two idyllic days -- a complete change of pace for me, and the most delicious respite for Lyndon. I got up at six, and by six-thirty had departed for Andrews. There I met a large contingent of men going down for a meeting with Lyndon, including a press conference. John Macy and John Adams, just appointed to the CAB, Sam Zagoria, just appointed to the NLRB, and Ross, reappointed to the Federal Power Commission, and a Mr. Bagge to the same, and Mr. Rizor, Under Secretary of Defense, and Mr. Wood, a Negro from St. Louis, editor of a newspaper, who has just been appointed Deputy USIA Director.

All the way to the ranch I had a delicious sense of holiday, which actually made it easy going to read through the pile of mail in my straw bag. How many thousands of miles those straw bags have travelled with me.

We arrived at the ranch in time for a 10:45 press conference on the front lawn. The sun was shining brilliantly, but it was bitter cold -- in the 30's. Nobody complained, and Lyndon was excellent. Somehow the shot of adrenalin which he seemed to have given himself a week ago on Saturday is still holding strongly and he was very active, very forceful, as candid as he could be, even rather amusing in rattling off to the news-

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papermen the number of times he had described this country's policy in VietNam.

Afterwards he loaded up as many guests as he could get in one car and I took the remainder of those who had come from Washington on a tour of the ranch, seeing one phenomenon I will probably see only a few times in my life -- ice hanging in diadems and spangles from the trees around the birthplace and in great crusts from the eaves and the chimney of the house! Then back for a good lunch of ham right off the place.

I discovered that Jim Philu Mason, the sculptor, had come down with Lyndon, bringing her bust of him in a crate in hopes that she would have several hours of work on it. Alas, you can't do work while a news conference is going on, while you are bouncing over the Scharnhorst or Lewis road.

We had a luxurious nap after lunch. I found that he needed it very much, because last night he had been awake with Alabama at 12 and 1 and 2.

But here at the ranch we value the sun like gold, so at five o'clock we were out in the chopper, headed for the Lewis Ranch, to meet A. W. and ride and ride and ride. Mariann e Means, who had lingered after the press conference, was with us, and Jesse also. And the Homer

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Thornberrys flew out to spend the night with us. When dark came, we sat in the living room at the Lewis Place and put aside care and lifted our glass to the joys of life. One of my joys today had been to see all of the land around Dale's house and in between the tank to the crest of the hill on down close to the hangar beautifully prepared, dug thirty inches deep, and sprigged with Coastal Bermuda. I remember John Connally's fields rolling and billowing in the wind like the sea itself. How eagerly I look forward to a few months from now!

One or two bluebonnets are blooming in ^{the} chill air, but clover and vetch are crowding it out.

We went home to dinner about eight-thirty, where the Stubbs joined us, and we had delicious steaks, a roaring fire, and when the guests went down to Cousin Oreole's I excused myself for my Western evening entertainment on TV.