

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, March 3, 1967

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It really began at 12:05 a.m. with us arriving at Randolph and changing to the Jetstar bound for the Ranch. We were there by 12:30 but with the feeling of release and self-indulgence, I went to bed with a book and read until 2:00.

Friday, was a lazy day -- the soft^{ly} that comes at the end of intense work for a good while and enough feeling of accomplishment to drift aimlessly without a pricking conscience. So I slept late, and dressed in pants around 10:00 and went out to find Lyndon in the car. Arthur and Mathilde and Daphne ~~Barbara~~ Krim had spent the night with us. It was much too late to go to their home. And we all rode around in the balmy, intoxicating spring air. It almost seems as though the sunshine does not know the tragedy of the land. The sky is bright blue and the sun golden and the temperature in the 70's, rising to about 80 in mid-day. And there's that intoxicating feeling of Spring -- the wine-like quality in the air. But the land is parched and ^{sear}~~sore~~. There is no touch of green anywhere. We have had only about an inch of rain since the last of September. It is approaching a desperate record of dryness. A. W. doesn't remember a time in the 7 years of drought when the winter oates didn't have at least enough moisture to come up. The deer are thin, though we feed them cakes and hay. And at the West Ranch they are dying.

We rode until 1:00, but it was oppressive to see the country and ^{yet} ~~so~~ blissfully relaxing to be at home.

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A. W. joined us. We sat down to a full table and ranch talk about 1:00. And then I went to sleep. Lyndon too took a long nap. But he was up and gone when I awoke about 5:00.

I found Luci and the two of us walked along the Park road, down past the dam and Orfiole's and granpa's house and all the way to the cemetery. Luci is obviously plump now, but her closet is stacked with the most adorable maternity clothes which she wears as though she ~~were~~ participating in a style show. She is blissfully content, feels marvelous, is doing her "thank yous" religiously, and is making ~~weak~~ zero progress over finding a maid or filling up the gaps in her furniture.

About 6:00, Lyndon and Jesse picked us up and later A. W. joined us on the Lewis and we rode around until dark drove us in, looking with the overseers eye at the sheep and the goats -- the fences, the feeder pens, the tanks -- remarkably enough there is still plenty of water to drink.

The lemon-yellow sunsets of winter are already changing to the brilliant minihued ones of Spring and Summer with the soft pink puff clouds from the after-glow.

The earth is not beautiful now, but the drama of the sky offers itself instead. That is the way it is in the West.

A little past 8:00 we went out to meet the Jetstar from Washington which had Lynda and Betty Furness whom Lyndon had named to a job concerning consumers, and Mrs. George Christian aboard. And then into dinner with Jesse and A. W. and Joe Califano and Maife, Mary and Jake. Everytime

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I look at Jake I get sad. We are going to miss his cheerful laugh.

And Pat and Luci were beaming on one side of Lyndon. We had just gotten word that Paul Dresser had been wounded in Viet-Nam. That probably meant that he would be sent home.

Still in the somnolent mood of the day we went to bed early, after I had taken Joe and Betty Furness and a secretary down to the Cedar house. Sometime I must sleep myself in every guest ~~back~~ bedroom. Only that way will I find out about all the things that don't work.

A day like today was benison. A month like today would be slop and stagnation.