

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, March 27, 1967

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It was a day of slow tempo just as though it were being run off somehow in slowmotion -- the hours.

I began with strong determination and black coffee for breakfast. And then we took a long walk with Lyndon and Lynda and the Mahons and Marie and Mary. They are good company, the Mahons -- happy, hard working -- our lives have led along the same paths since 1937, and we find ourselves often reminiscing about the Speaker and members of the delegation through the years.

Back at Aspen, we had an early lunch. I, a small portion of bacon and eggs and grits -- my most favorite food in the world.

Lyndon is being quite careful too about his calory<sup>ly</sup> intake, and I have a surge of hope that he will stick to it.

After lunch, he laid down for a nap and at the ridiculous hour of 1:00 Lynda Bird and the Mahons and I settled down to a pleasant bridge game.

We decided we <sup>must</sup> return sometime this evening, and I simply had to get in some more bowling. So we had three games. And then with take-off time set for 4:30, we watched a Rex Harrison mystery movie called "Honey Pot" which turned out to be the best movie I've seen in ages.

All day the hours moved with curious slowness -- a luxury I tasted with relish. This was a day without any duties, any set jobs. But how long would I like it this way? It made me look into the future and wonder what it would be like to have a not-regimented day -- and day after day after day. Would

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I stultify? I am not sure I have the inner discipline to set a course to handle wisely that greatest of all riches -- your time. For so many years it has been handled for me by each day's crowding demands.

We helicoptered back to the White House. Helen and George said this was just about the most memorable Easter of their lives. It's very pleasant to think you are making someone happy.

Lyndon went to work in the office, and I, too, for awhile. And then when the rest of "Honey Pot" reached the theater, Lynda and I abandoned our chores and raced down to see it -- a thoroughly hedonistic day.

The three of us had dinner -- steak only for me -- close to 10:00. And then a rub and to bed.

// I gave a thought to the strange turn of events. That Lyndon, with his <sup>THIRTY</sup> years' backlog of friends in the Senate and the House, finds himself supported in a furious crisis today, not by one of the old time warriors -- his comrades in arms of many years -- but by a new Negro Senator whom he scarcely knew. And oddly also that two of the nicest evenings we have had socially this last year have been with another young Senator with whom we were never intimate in our long and wonderful times in the Senate -- Scoop Jackson.

Each day is a new page. //