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MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, March 17, 1968 WND

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Lyndon was up early and went to St. Francis Xavier, taking Lynn, who sat quietly all during the service, I was told, and was much admired by Father ~~Snyder~~ ^{Schneider} and the congregation.

Lyndon sleeps so little these days, it's one of the things I worry most about him.

And then the four of us drove in to St. Barnabas - Lynda and Chuck, Lyndon and I, for the eleven o'clock service. We've lost Reverend McAllister. On the way in, Lyndon said something I will remember, for its wisdom.

We were talking about the rising tide of isolation in this country, and I was saying how strong it was in me - not thought, just pure emotion, fed by the actions of such countries as Sweden, hosting a trial of the United States as war criminals; France's manipulation of the gold. I made a hot headed statement about when we got the Viet-Nam war settled finally, I didn't want to have another thing to do with any foreign country. And he looked at me very calmly and said, "That's like saying James' children have gotten the small pox, and I'm not going to do anything about it."

James' children live about a block from us. If they had the small pox, my first thought would be, "I've got to be sure they've got the best doctor and care. And my next thought would be for our own safety. Or, maybe those thoughts would be reversed.

At St. Barnabas, the press was lined up in force, Frances and Helen in the forefront, and we walked in slowly, the four of us together. This

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would be a sort of goodbye picture.

The new minister is a youthful, pleasant man, and it was comforting to sink into the ritual of the Episcopal church.

Back at home, we watched the last part of Questions and Answers. Hubert Humphrey was absolutely magnificent. He and Rusk are about the only two who are going out speaking for the administration now.

I have a growing feeling of Prometheus bound, just as though we were lying there on the rock, exposed to the vultures, and really not fighting back.

I changed into pants and then with Lyndon, Mathilde and Arthur, and Jesse, toured the Danz ranch. The McAllisters drove up just as we were leaving. Lynda had invited them out, so we left her and Chuck to keep them company.

The weather was glorious, with that anticipation of spring in the air, and when that fails to excite me, I will be 90 years old and as good as dead.

It was three o'clock when we got back to the main house and sat down to lunch, Lynda once more sitting by her daddy, and the Reverend McAllister by me. The day is too precious to lose, so after lunch Mathilde and Arthur, and Jesse, and Lyndon and I, helicoptered over to A. W.'s, picked him up, and then went to the Davis ranch. I had wanted to. We hadn't been there in months. As you fly over, you see that all the tanks are full, and creeks are flowing, that hadn't had water in them in years. It has been the wettest

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spring I remember, and now if we can just get some sunshine, it ought to be a glorious wild flower season.

We bumped around in broncos, over the hills and across the streams, and then we helicoptered to the Krims residence, it was growing chilly, Mathilde lit a fire, and the place looked so welcoming.

I walked about half the perimeter of their fences. Mathilde has stoutly refused to let the place be bulldozed. Cheers to her! You make your way through the mesquite and cedar, and live oaks and granite boulders, the thorny red Christmas cactus, the azurita yellow with millions of little blossoms.

Lynda and Chuck came to meet us, and we all helicoptered home, and there were Luci and Pat, at long last, with the deliriously happy stories of their trip to Laredo. Luci is convinced that she has more of the best friends in the world, the nicest in the world, the best husband, and the best baby.

This is a typical greeting to her on the phone, when she calls her daddy. "Hello daddy! I just wanted to make sure you hear a cheerful voice today. I haven't got any problems."

The fact that Pat has gotten his orders, and is returning to his old unit in Washington, and will probably be going overseas, in a few weeks or months, is no problem to them, that is, that they can't take.

Luci explains the difference between her and Lynda. "Mother, I've had a year and a half of married life and it's been so wonderful, and I'm

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settled."

It was a happy evening all together. Lynda and Chuck, Luci and Pat, the Krims, Moursunds, and Jesse. ~~No~~ meeting would be complete without him. ~~The~~ staff, Jim Jones, and Marie, Mary Rather, Larry Temple.

Dinner was all Lynda Bird's favorites - steak, and spinach, home made peach ice cream, and a great big cake with one single candle on it. We all sang happy birthday while she blew it out.

Lyndon had already given them ~~his~~ album the day before, and I gave her a small pillow, pieced together from fabrics used all over the White House ~~from~~ the Daniel Webster sofa ~~to~~ the chairs in the family sitting room, ~~in~~ the West Hall. It will be a nice piece to remember and identify.

And Mr. Fleming delighted her with one of his rare books. By now she has a collection worth a good many thousand dollars, I expect.

The Krims left to catch a plane a little past ten, and Lynda and Chuck and I ~~and~~ Mariallen played bridge. They are both formidable players. ~~While~~ Lyndon and Jesse and A. W. talked until midnight.

And ~~I~~ it was only later that I looked back and thought, "How wasteful, how foolish of me not to get a family picture, here were all the six of us at the dinner table, and we had the facilities of the White House photographers. I had the feeling of wasted opportunities, of standing still when I should be running. I see the headline that says "LBJ Seeks Austerity Victory - Kennedy Vows New Policies" but I stand immobile and watch.

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