

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Saturday, March 28, 1964

The night that preceeded this dawn, [✓]was no night at all. Lyndon's cold seemed to have gotten worse instead of better, with constant coughing and throat congestion, and a heavy feeling in the chest, and several pajamas sweated down. Finally, sometime between 2:30 and 3:00, two things happened about the same time. We called the doctor to come and see if he could alleviate the coughing and there began a ^{series} ~~serious~~ of telephone calls about something vastly more important than one man's misery. ²An earthquake in Alaska.

^{cl} Colonel Conell was the first to report it to us, and then off and on during the night there were talks with George Reedy, Secretary Vance, McGeorge Bundy, Governor Eagen of Alaska, and Bill Moyers. So many calls that I finally went into the next room and went to sleep and didn't wake up until close to noon.

It had been decided, [✓]that since the Press must be served ¹because it was there some 40 or 50 strong [✓]and with the dreadful story of the Alaskan earthquake to cope with, that there just must be a Press Conference. And so it was set for about 4:30.

We wheeled out the draft beer, got plenty of cokes and a big pot of coffee, lots of fritos and pretzels, [✓]on the front porch, and awaited the advent of some three or four Greyhound buses full of press that were to arrive at 4:30.

Lyndon ~~was~~ was in his western clothes, I in my honey-colored stretch pants and boots. We met them at the gate, had some refreshments on the lawn, chatted, and then he invited them into his office, [✓]for a huddled press

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conference.

Then, ^a great many of them, ^I had to leave in a hurry, since there were no filing facilities there at Stonewall, but some showed an inclination to remain, and Lyndon piled them into his car, Dorothy McCardle, Mark Childs, Caroline Vaughn, ^{Marianne} ~~Mary Ann~~ Means, and I into my car, Nan Robertson, Jean Franklin, ^I of Time, Chuck Bailey (co-author of Seven Days in May), and I think, ^I perhaps, ^I I might have had Frances and Helen, ^I at one time, and we ^{to} drove over ^a the Schornhorst just as the shades of night were falling fast.

I enjoyed particularly, ^I taking them around the perilous stretch of road, that clings to the highest hill on the Schornhorst, ^a the one where the big boulder and the sharp turn make it the perfect place for "the holdup of the stage coach". ^I The road where there is a view down into the valley, that makes your heart sing.

We were just about 30 minutes too late, but we did see at least 40 or 50 deer. Then we all rendezvoused at the Schornhorst house, went in and replenished our beer, or whatever, and quickly back home to our ranch where we bid goodby (to everybody except ^{Marianne} ~~Mary Ann~~ Means). They all left by plane for Austin. And then the nucleus of us remaining, that is, Lyndon and I, ^{Marianne} Jesse, ~~Mary Ann~~ Means, Vickie and Liz, helicoptered over to the West ranch for dinner, where A.W. and ^{Marianna} ~~Mary Ellen~~ were already awaiting us, along with Neva and Wesley.

^{played} The men ~~had~~ dominoes, [—] shades of old times ^{! —} and I slipped ^{off} to watch

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Marshall Dillon, ^a After we had had one of those dinners, ^g that nobody but
Neva can put on so good.