

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, March 30, 1964

An early call from Bess, had the amazing news that there was a six inch snow in Washington and it was still snowing. Therefore the egg roll was out of the question, though I had come to regard it as a barbaric custom in a way, with little children hiring out at the gates, or so they say, to accompany any adult that just happens to want to get on to the lawn, and with too big a crowd for any sort of contemplation of the real beauty of the grounds. I still couldn't help but be sorry for all the disappointed children.

Him and Her were not disappointed, however, because later on we got the most delightful picture of them racing in the snow, across the lonely white grounds.

I read over my speech for Texas Women's University, three or four times, once to Lyndon. , Did some transcribing, made a check on all the silver, china, and household equipment that had been shipped to Texas, and then about five o'clock, I decided I would drive into Johnson City, to Agnes' Beauty Salon, and herein lies my second battle with the beauty parlor, which I also lost.

At the mail box as you drive out onto the highway, there were three cars parked. They were full of photographers, they took in behind us. Jerry Bechtel drove, what he said, was the legal limit in that part of Texas, 70 miles an hour, and we went as an entourage, on the important business of visiting the Johnson City beauty parlor! Jerry Bechtel and I talked over the possibility of getting Jerry Kivitt to bring a second car around to the back door, while he, Jerry Bechtel, stayed out front in the car as decoy and

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I might leave from the back door. But that sounds devious and silly, I thought, so wearing stretch pants and a plaid shirt, and feeling thoroughly annoyed, I marched right out into the flashing bulbs, and later on, I read that I had driven up to 80 miles an hour, coming in. Oh, well! It all reminds me of the story of my brother Tommy, who couldn't get rid of the flies, and finally looked up at his grandmother and said, "Grandmommy, look at mine flies." I guess I'll just have to welcome them and live with them.

Neva and Wesley, A. W. and <sup>Mariella</sup> Mary Allen came over for our last dinner together, and Margaret and Jack and Jesse, Jerry Whittington, Vickie and Marie. <sup>Jr</sup> All gathered around the dinner table for the end of the Easter vacation, which hasn't turned out quite in the way that I wanted it, chiefly because Lyndon's cold hasn't gotten cured. The cough persists and so do the night sweats, and the other minor quality, <sup>e</sup> is the ever pervading presence of the press.