

1965

Saturday, May 15th

Began early with breakfast with Lyndon, work at my desk, saying goodbye to Peggy Stark, who is leaving us because the work is boring, letters, letters, letters, and not enough contact with the people, especially not with men. I bemoan it -- so many will know us only through the letters that we write them, and we have got to maintain a high-class staff, and yet it appears to be drudgery for the bright young folks, who want the sparkle and excitement of the West Wing.

Lyndon said, "Let's go to Camp David after lunch." I tried to persuade Luci to go with us. Almost she said she would, but Bill Hitchcock is here as our house guest. Luci calls him her "best friend, her brother." He's just back from a year in Germany, living with his father, and they are deep in assessing everything that's happened to each other. Really, she's more simpatico with him than those she falls in love with.

I stopped by the Oval Room to greet Lyndon's luncheon guests -- Russell Long, who told a marvellous story about his father Huey, Gardner Ackley, Joe Barr, Henry Fowler, Congressman Mills of Arkansas, Secretary Surrey, and Larry O'Brien.

And then, all packed and ready for Camp David, granted an hour's grace, I went out to Dumbarton Oaks. I had wanted to see Philip

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Johnson's pavilion to house the Colombian art exhibit. It was a jewel, although completely unrelated to the mellowed red brick and ivy of the old part of Dumbarton Oaks. It's a quite small annex, almost like a bubble -- glass and steel, about six small pavilions, with a fountain and planting indoors and the outdoors completely visible, and the exhibits displayed sparsely, dramatically, on Lucite stands. Anybody who looks at pre-Colombian art is struck by the similarity with Asiatic -- thinks of the land bridge and how the people got to Mexico and South America. So it was no new concept. But suddenly I found myself face to face with a mask that looked exactly like one I had seen on a Thai dancer -- it might have been done in Thailand. At first I was not recognized and walked quietly along, wishing Tony were with me. I saw the most frighteningly realistic coiled rattlesnake, blunt-headed, <sup>e</sup>visious, beautiful beaten-gold jewelry, then I could hear the small chirruping of whispers and knew that people were pointing me out, but I had to leave anyhow to make my deadline.

So back in a hurry, just in time to gather up the Bill Whites, Marianne Means, Emmet Reardon and Jack Valenti, get on the chopper, and Lyndon jumped on in a hurry last, and off we were to Camp David.

June White and I beat a quick retreat to the bowling alley, and in the first game I scored 165. Never before and probably never again. Next time 125.

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Then back we went to listen to the news. The David Brinkleys joined us. We all went up for more bowling. I'd so like them to be good in front of Lyndon, but it was undistinguished good exercise from then on.

After dinner everybody settled down to watch a spy movie, while I went off for my regular Saturday night date with GUNSMOKE, and then back to see the rest of the spy movie. And then, though I hoped Lyndon would come straight to bed, he went down to the terrace below with all the party -- there was a beautiful full moon -- but I very happily went to bed with my book, HURRY SUNDOWN, and read and read, debating whether to call down a request that he come on to sleep, the next day would be full of problems. Didn't do it. Finally turned out the light myself a little past one, and the next morning I found that he had come to bed after two o'clock.

I understand the value of the relaxation to him. He was with people he was totally easy with. It was coming down off the mountain after a tense week. But I begrudged the hours, and wished he were storing up sleep.