

Monday, February 21, 1966

Page 1

I spent the morning working with Ashton, dictating, lunched with Bess to make plans for the luncheon for Muriel Humphrey; for adding any extra sparkle we could to the Congressional reception on March 3rd, our only party for the Congress this year. I do want it to be outstanding.

And we discussed all the other lists we should acquire, in making up the master list for that overwhelming event, Luci's wedding.

I had looked forlornly at my hair, so short it reminded me of a story about Lyndon when he was about five years old. His mother had left him in the long, golden curls that were customary for little boys in that day, or at least acceptable, but she left him perhaps a little longer than pleased him. He was to make a little speech at the closing day of school, and she had happily coached him to a fine point of readiness. The day before the speech, Lyndon went downtown on his own, and he passed the barbershop, the barber offered to give him a haircut, free. He couldn't pass up the bargain. Independent and decisive at five years old, he climbed in the chair, off went the golden curls - he emerged practically shaven. He went walking home very proud, it was a little late and his mother was standing at the gate, looking for him up and down the road. When she saw him coming, she didn't say a word - tears began streaming down her face, then she lifted up her apron in front of her face, and turned and ran in the house.

My looks seldom get in the way - for better or worse - but now, I too do feel ^{shorn} ~~shorn~~ and annoyed at myself for letting it happen.

I spent about 30 minutes with Colonel Cross and discussed the planting that he proposes doing around the Military installations at the ranch,

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, February 21, 1966

Page 2

emphasizing very clearly, that it must be around those specifically used by the military, for their business, and that exists there only because their necessary presence on our land. We get enough black eyes from the public, that I feel are undeserved. I don't want the taxpayer to have a justified complaint.

And then back to my old friend, Mr. Per to see what repairs he can make in the shape of a permanent. It's always pleasant to go back to an old friend - and so I consider Mr. Per.

I had my usual straw bag and got a lot of signing of mail, reading of papers, a goodly amount of work done and then back for a 6:30 appointment with Liz and Doug Cater in the West Hall, to read, what I hope to heaven, is the final draft of the Alabama speech. Even Liz, great promoter of the active woman, will think a long time before she wants me to make another speech, so much trouble have these two been - so insistent have I been, on a lengthy and painful gestation, a lot of research, and a lot of soul-searching.

I spent more than two hours reading and changing it.

Lyndon had not come home for lunch until 5 o'clock. Afterwards he'd lain down to take a bit of a nap, but I'd seen the light under his door most of the time.

At 6:30, just as we sat down to talk about the speech, he emerged, stopped by for a pleasant word with us about how is the speech going, looking as though his mind were a long way off, and then went back to his office.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, February 21, 1966

Page 3

It was 8:45 when Liz and Doug left, and I bounded off immediately to the bowling alley, for three good games. The portent was for a late night.

At 9:30, I was back on the second floor, and during the next two and a half hours, I made three or four calls. First to him - he would be over just as soon as he could - he was busy. Second, later, to his secretary, dear little Marie, whom I knew had had a nine o'clock date. He didn't answer - he had company, there was a light on in there. We both decided I'd better not try to interrupt. Still left the same message.

Finally to Bill Moyers, who said he was writing up the report of the dinner meeting he had had, to give to the President, and then he was going home. This was shortly before 12. Lyndon, he said, was still busy.

Later I got no answer at all, and so a little past 12, frustrated at my own inability to get him to lead a more regular life, sure that whatever he was doing, was something that he felt he had to do, worried about the weightiness of whatever it was that was going on, the import it might have. I asked the kitchen to bring in my dinner on a tray, a little past midnight, ate sparingly, and turned out the light, but I could not go to sleep. I listened for the elevator, for the creek of the floor boards in the next room, watched the light under the crack of the door. Time passed, I turned on the light at one, and at two, finally a little past two, I took a sleeping pill and turned out the light once more.

It was the next day that I heard that Lyndon had come home from the office at 3:40 in the morning. I wonder for how many people that have

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, February 21, 1966

Page 4

occupied this office, there have been days and nights like this, and how long one can take it.

I am restive against the passive role I play, in making him live regular hours, and yet I cannot really ask him to do any less, than any boy in Viet Nam may be doing.

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