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Tuesday, November 8th -- election day. I did not sleep at all the night before. Turning, tossing, waiting, angry, frustrated. It had nothing to do with the election, but is some sort of vague malaise left over from our 17 day trip around the world. My internal clock has gone askew and I don't know when it is time to get up or go to bed. There are a series of small, unimportant ailments. Life is a dull plateau -- a sort of a period of anti-climax -- the autumn of our discontent. Not even the Hill Country arouses the enthusiasm it usually does in me. There has been no rain in about 40 days, and it is parched and <sup>here</sup> sear. There has been a very early frost. It must have been the last of October or the very first of November, and the asters and golden daisies and golden rod are all gone.

Still believing I had never gone to sleep at all, Lyndon called me and said "Let's go in and vote. The polls open at seven. " So we did, rousing Postmaster General O'Brien to go with us, and Mr. Camp who is taking Saxon's place and the four of us drove in with Lyndon at the wheel, going by the proposed park site to the PEC. There, at the early hour of seven, was all the Press but not the Election Officials. It seemed the Polls weren't supposed to open until 8 after all, although we had inquired just the night before, and had received the answer 7 o'clock.

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Pretty soon the necessary ones showed up, and we went into the kitchen of the PEC to vote. The amendments were numerous, laboriously clothed in legal language, and it took me forever to figure them out. I do not believe most people can make a considered judgment on them.

On the way out Lyndon had an impromptu press conference in the ~~lax~~ lobby of the PEC. We drove by the little park and then on back home by the Reagan Ranch. We showed the deer and the exotic animals to Larry and Mr. Camp.

About nine-thirty we picked up Barefoot Sanders at the airstrip. This fall at the LBJ Ranch the airport is busy with the constant shuttling to and fro of Cabinet, Chiefs of Staff, Governors, employees and our own folks. We drove up to the top of the Martin where the view all around, south to the river, west to Stonewall, east to Johnson City, and north to low lying hills, it always brings a little lift to my heart. And the Secret Service brought us some coffee, and we continued driving around the Martin and the Danz, and finally back to the house, where Lyndon had invited the Press to join him, along with George Christian and Tom Johnson.

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This was my signal to go back to bed. A sleepless night leaves me useless for the day. I read and dozed a little, and in general wasted time - the most deplored thing in the world to me.

It was not until 6 o'clock that I got up and put on slacks and went into the living room to join the Moursunds and the Thornberrys, Jesse, and the Krims and her father, Mr. G ALLAN and Pat and Luci. Lynda was there and the Deaths came for dinner, and we were a big table full, but little conversation because the TV was going loudly with the election results, all of which proved at an early hour to be ~~xxx~~ bad.

Oddly enough, two of those I was gladest about were Republicans -- Nelson Rockefeller of New York and Winthrop Rockefeller of Arkansas. There were for me personal regrets -- Pat Brown in California and Morrison in Nebraska, and the losses in the House in the last 25 years, I am told, are about 40, were this time 47, and I believe that is because we have been bold, have acted, have reached forward, and it will take the country a while to digest what we have done. Somewhat like Brer Rabbit in the Briar patch, I kept on remembering the very happy, and I think very useful, part of Lyndon's life was when he was Majority Leader under Eisenhower with a very slim majority and it proved rather workable -- maybe better than a big one would have been.

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The bad thing is I know the Press will use this as a stick to beat him over the head with, and internationally it will look bad.

I went to bed early but I think some of the guests stayed up until one or two o'clock for the last reports.

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