

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, October 11, 1967

Page 1

It was one of those strange, endless sort of days -- a gray beginning and a gray finish. I drifted awake not knowing whether it was the middle of the night or morning.

Lyndon had the light on and was propped up in bed and was plowing through his sheaves of memos.

I looked at the clock. It was 5:40. I asked him how long he had been doing this. He smiled wearily and he said he guessed it was about 4:00 when he woke up.

We talked -- I feeling groggy with sleep. And he read. And finally we had our breakfast a little past 7:00. And I firmed up my feeling that I must come back tonight. I've been gone too much. If there is nothing at all that I can do for him except to be there for someone to turn over and say something to. That at least is worth doing.

I left at 8:30. Bess and I caught the Eastern shuttle to New York with my Mexican straw bag full of lists for coming-up dinners, invitations to discuss. And we used our time well, arriving at the Pierre a little before 11:00. Robert Dowling was there to meet us in a charming suite -- light and handsomely furnished. He was very warm and said that he wanted to furnish a suite on another floor that would have the grace and elegance that he thought the First Family should have, and he hoped we would use it often. I felt very good.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, October 11, 1967

Page 2

Adele Simpson came in soon with Miss Treyz and a rack full of clothes and we fitted a gay red suit and chose a bright pink reversible light wool for next Spring, talked about the wedding dress without any firm decisions-- possibly velvet. And then Mrs. Stovropoulas came who has made my three elegant chiffons that I love. Alas, I am afraid this green dress will not equal them.

Exhausted, we stopped for a steak and some salad -- Adele and her daughter, Mrs. Raines, and Miss Treyz. And then later Mollie Parnis came in. I fitted all the things I had selected earlier this year -- an elegant white evening dress with long sleeves, and bought a delicious new pink six o'clock dress that looked like a confection. In fact it may turn out to be my wedding dress if Lynda's bridesmaids color is harmonious. I am spoiled. It's a real joy to have clothes made especially for me that fit just right by people who care. Well, at any rate, I shall enjoy every day of it until we walk out of this office, and then not expect them to do it any more. But I hope they will continue to be a part of my life -- Mollie and Adele.

I was fighting to finish my shopping so that I could catch the late plane tonight after the show.

I went out to Dellman's about 5:00, dropping Bess off, and bought a couple of pairs of shoes in about 5 minutes flat -- remembering Luci's pained look -- she had told me on her last visit, "Mother, if I go out and

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, October 11, 1967

Page 3

select some shoes, would you try them on and maybe buy a pair?"

And just to annoy her, I said, "But honey, these aren't worn out yet."

The Sam Winters of Austin came in, and we embraced right there in the store and they told me about a Sunday New York Times story about Ed Clark. Great, they said it was.

I had found even before they came that all the customers looked at me and spoke or smiled. And several came over and put out their hands and introduced themselves.

I was back at the hotel by 5:30 and curled up on the bed exhausted with a book. After a while Mr. Jack came, and then Eddie Senz, and they began the job of renovating me for the evening. I consider them both old friends and slip so easily into reminiscences with the people we know and Eddie's years working opera and stage folk.

I had blue point oysters and crackers under the dryer for my dinner. And then close to 8:30 Bess and I left for "I Do, I Do" with Mary Martin. It was a thoroughly delightful play -- no message, no world-shaking problems. And as Mary Martin said later, it's a sort of nudging play. You keep on wanting to tell your partner, "Remember how it was?" or "That's just the way it was with Susie and Tom Jones."

Afterwards we went back stage. By now I felt my way through many a dark, littered back stages. But never to a more delightful two minutes than this.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, October 11, 1967

Page 4

We went to Mary Martin's dressing room -- a tiny room painted the most adorable coral -- walls, rug, furniture -- with a ceiling that looks like sort of airy slaps of wood that you might have in a tropical climate. There was a single bed, and actually a couple of comfortable chairs. One wall was solid mirror. And brilliant and engaging stitchery pillows on the bed and pictures on the wall that made it a sort of room that you would love to stay in.

In a moment she came in a flowing gray silk dressing gown, bubbly as champagne. And we both remembered simultaneously the time we had cracked the bottle of champagne over the first jet flight to go from Dallas to New York.

Robert Preston came in as breezy as he is on stage. And then Mary Martin's husband -- Dr. Halliday -- was standing there -- frail and gray and gentle -- as quiet as she is ebullient. He said they were leaving for their farm in Brazil to rest before they went on the road with the play for a prolonged period -- 14 months I think. What a demanding play this must have been -- all the acting, nearly three hours of dialogue and only two characters. And changes of costume and makeup that covered about a 50-year's range. For sheer joy, it is the best play I've seen this year.

Mary Martin said, "Give the President all my best. We think of him so often. I think he's wonderful."

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, October 11, 1967

Page 5

I left in a few minutes. They must have wanted to collapse. And we drove out to Newark Airport, realizing that we would have a 45-minute wait before the last flight left for Washington.

I settled myself comfortably in a lounge with James McGregor's book on President Kennedy, got some peanut butter crackers and a cup of Sanka and was quite content.

Close to 1:00 Jerry came in with that look on his face that always presages some kind of trouble. He said, "There will be a short delay." I said, "Not engine trouble I hope." And he said, "No, administrative problems." And I could tell he really wasn't telling us what it was.

Time wore on, and I kept on asking how much longer. Finally, Jerry told us that the pilot of the plane that we were to fly on appeared to be drunk. He, Jerry, insisted that there be a change of pilots. They had had a hard time finding one at 1:00 in the morning and bringing him from bed to Newark Airport.

Feeling a little slaphappy about the whole thing, Bess and I collapsed in laughter and said, "We wish we had something of whatever that first pilot was drinking."

It was 2:15 when we finally got on a plane. And the hostess did bring me a drink. And feeling that this was one of my silliest adventures, I propped up my feet and closed my eyes. Then from Dulles to the White House. And as I walked in past the guards at the map desk, the clock

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, October 11, 1967

Page 6

on the right wall as you go to the elevator said twenty minutes of four.

Lyndon's room was dark. I left word with the telephone operator to tell him I was home when he woke the next morning and went to sleep.