

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, September 17, 1968

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I was up at 7:15. It promises to be a week of early mornings.

Mr. Per came in to give me a comb-out and Mrs. Brown to fix my face. And after much discussion, I wore the green dress with the white collar. And by 9:00 I was in the Yellow Oval Room to begin the filming for the ABC show. And that elegant, patrician room was a shamble of spilled enthralls and bright lights on stilts. And three times too many people it seemed to me. Howard K. Smith made it easier. He is so pleasant, professional, and to me, easy.

Muriel called me. I went to my room to talk. We had been trying to get together all yesterday afternoon. We talked about when we could do that Mike Douglas afternoon TV show. She is so cheerful and strong and good. And my heart goes out to her, and daily I am so grateful it is not us in that role.

We worked for nearly three hours -- take after take after take. No script except what was in my head. Moments of elation when I thought I had expressed myself well. And many more a frustration when the right words had eluded me -- for what to me is some very real and wonderful feeling I would like to express.

Finally after 1:00 we went down to the South Grounds and watched it on the ABC mobile -- Simone and as many of the ABC crew as could have stuck themselves in that bus. It was fair. Nobody was thrilled. We were reasonably satisfied, I think.

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A little before 2:00 I went up to the third floor solarium and met the Bill Hayes and their four delightful children. Two little girls -- twins -- adorably dressed, and two handsome older sons. And I had lunch with them and found myself ravenous.

And then back to my room for a talk with Lynda and a brief nap and working on the Chad dinner list. And then downstairs to greet the Kermitt Hahnes from Stonewall who are going through the house on a tour.

And then back at 4:00 in the Yellow Room to do the segment of filming on the Truman Balcony, the philosophical and hopefully deep part.

I found myself excessively tired. Thinking is the hardest work in the world to me, and I felt I had no deep ~~poetical~~ <sup>poetical</sup> thoughts dressed in golden words in sentences that pars. But we plowed on because this is one of these things I would rather get done even with a B- grade than never get done at all.

Finally, close to 7:00 we finished -- unsatisfied but glad to be through.

I went to the bowling lanes alone, had some hard fast games, worked off my need of exercise, came back home and exhausted, went to bed and treated myself to French toast and bacon on a tray in my room, turned on Gun Smoke, had a massage and turned out the light by 9:30 -- the earliest I have gone to bed in weeks or months.

I sent up a little prayer for understanding on the part of Lyndon and I thought at least that my house guests would understand since Nancy had been in the movies and in TV since Lyndon had first met her back in 1942.

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This is another one of those sweet, dear things Lyndon does. Asking Nancy who had been in our early campaigns -- in two campaigns I think -- to come to the White House and bring her husband and four children and stay several days and see the town.

Actually, it had been a satisfying day. One that took the most out of me and yet gave a certain sense of accomplishment. And it is so pleasant to have Simone to lean on. I am glad she has her future worked out because what a gap she will leave when she departs sometime in December.

One event of the day was a wrench and a sadness. Jim Webb quit as the Head of the Space Agency with a strong statement about the Soviet lead. But to me as much as anybody in this Government, he is entitled to feel satisfied. His nearly eight years with NASA have been a source of pride to Lyndon. He's a most extraordinary public servant.