

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, January 26, 1964

No Camp David, and how I miss it!

This morning found us going to the the Red Mass, which is a very important thing for the Roman Catholics, I understand. It's meant especially for the Judiciary, to appeal to them to act wisely and justly in all their relations with mankind.

We picked up Speaker and Mrs. McCormack, and arrived at the awesome edifice of St. Matthews'. How can I ever forget the other time that I was at St. Matthews?

Monsignor O'Boyle was presiding, there were at least a dozen or more priests in different colored red cassocks, or whatever one calls them, with hats with tassels. Most of the ceremony in Latin, but now, happily, a little bit more of it creeping in in English, and of that I'm glad.

On the way home, Lyndon gave his ceremonial box of pralines to Mrs. McCormack. It's a joke they have between them, every Christmas he gives them some. This Christmas so many things have happened, that he failed to.

I ~~don't~~^{do} believe that those two elderly people are genuinely fond of Lyndon.

And then, without lunch, I luxuriously curled up on the bed for a nice long nap. Lynda Bird came in and we curled up and talked. It seemed that she and her agent had walked all the way up Connecticut Avenue to the Drug Fair, where she had had a ~~sunday~~^{Sunday} and he had had a soda, and nobody had noticed them, and they felt just as free as she wants to feel!

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Then, for dinner, we invited Les and Liz Carpenter and Jake Pickle over. Dinner was interspersed with calls from McNamara--about Cyprus, I think. And also with calls to me from Sarah in Jefferson, and from me to Susan, whose problems I would like so much to help on, if it--there were only some time and some spiritual strength and discipline left in me that my job and my children don't need.

After dinner we went down to the movie theatre, and curled up and saw a movie. We put Lynda Bird in charge of selecting a show, and as far as I'm concerned, it was a total flop. The Good Old Days, which put the very important matter of integration back about 25 years, as far, I think, that is, if many people saw it. I hope we are the first and the last to see it. We won't make progress by making fun of each other. And I think we are making progress, and I'm so proud we are, and willing to pay almost any price. But there is a point at which I get my ire up.