

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Ch. 11
Copy to
Dr. Davis

Sunday, February 2, 1964

Not exactly a glistening diamond of a day that you remember a long time, but I did get the nicest night's sleep I've had since I moved in, I think. Probably eleven hours, waking just in time to get dressed in a big hurry to go to the National Christian Church with Lyndon. We'd only given them about ten minutes notice so when we arrived right on the dot, thank heavens, right in time for the service and walked up the aisle, there was no commotion whatsoever. And it turned out to be Youth Sunday and, really, quite a delightful to come to. There were two young people that made little talks about their part in the church life and then Dr. George Davis gave a real, rip-roaring, old-time, arm-waving sermon. I don't mean it was any less full of conviction and ideas and intellect than many of those I hear in the Episcopal, but it wasn't a cool, dispassionate, sometimes remote ^{sort} ~~thought~~ that I hear in some of the maybe Episcopal churches. And I think it would be the kind that would make Lyndon want to go back again. After the service was over, we went back to the room where coffee is served and soon found ^{ourselves} ~~out that they all~~ quite swamped with people ^{who were} ~~that are~~ shaking hands and bringing their children to meet us and who ^{had} ~~have~~ known us in Texas - or had some memory of Lyndon, ^{like here} ~~last year~~ in this town during the last 30 years. We were simply engulfed and I was beginning to feel smothered. Lyndon survived it very happily, however. So I grabbed his sleeve and gradually urged us on out the door. We had lunch with the Valentis and with A. W. and then inundated with Sunday papers I went to bed for a nap, more reading than sleeping. And then Lynda Bird came in grinning afterwhile

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and said, "Guess what we've been doing? We've been bowling over at the E. O. B., they've got bowling alley and sometimes you'll go over there with me, won't you"? Up to now, she and Warrie have managed to do a lot of things quite freely, quite unbothered by people, I hope that it continues.

Late in the evening, we went for a dip in the pool. But first we gathered in Lyndon's bedroom and watched "Meet the Press", in which Hallek and Dirksen were discussing the activities of the Congress. Lynda and Warrie Lynn and A. W. and Jack and all sat around. I could only think on watching them, that the Democratic Administration appears stronger in contrast - that there are not many of the observers of the program that would want to turn over the management of the country to a party of whom these were the chief spokesmen. And yet - it's impossible for me to ever regard two such people with whom we worked a long time as enemies. Workers in the same profession, yes - differing in many ways, yes - but, I find no hostility in the air anywhere. Then we watched Drew Pearson, who was full of predictions, had dinner with the ^{Mourissey} ~~Mourissey's~~ and Valentis and went to bed early.

In my Sunday reading of the paper one of the names I was glad to notice was in Betty Beale's column where she talked about the appearance of the Houston Symphony conducted by Sir John Barberolli, at Constitution Hall. I'm going to be a sponsor and it is something that I am very earnestly hoping will come off as a big cultural plus for my state - for my part of the country. I've asked Miss Ima Hogg, who is its chief patroness, to come to lunch that day, along with Sir John Barberolli, and the Maurice ^{Hirsch} ~~Hirsch~~s. And also

not
copy in 64
my 4-15
Miss Gurne

?
only
A.W.
ch.

Chapman
Name

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Mrs. George Maurice Morris, whom I know, along with Miss Ima, the two of them are such outstanding authorities on early American furniture. It delighted me to read in Betty's column that Ima Hogg, who's had to put up with that name all these years, is one of the greatest ladies in the United States, says Washington hostess Mrs. George Maurice Morris. One of the most cultivated, knowledgeable and gracious women in the country. She has the finest private collection of Americana in the country, and a beautiful house and 18th Century furnishings will become a Houston museum upon her death.

Well, everything that raises Texas in the eyes of the United States is something I want to get in behind and shove.