

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, February 23, 1964

This morning we went to church at a charming little Episcopal church called St. Paul's in the Desert, which is as new and modernistic as all of Palm Springs.

When I say little, I almost have to take it back, when I remember what a long, long stream of communicants kept walking on up to the altar as we took communion, I just wonder if there was a crowd outside that kept on siphoning in.² And sure enough, when we did get outside, there was a sizeable crowd, and a good deal of hand-shaking and chatting, as we walked through it.

We returned to the lovely residence to have lunch with Ann and Lloyd Hand, the Otis Chandlers, the Al Caseys, and Mary Lasker, who had been staying close by at LaQuinta, and who had driven over at my request, to talk about some of our projects. And Jack Valenti.

We sat around the pool, in the bright sunshine, and had a Bloody Mary; and Ann and Lloyd, so wholesome and handsome, are fitting in beautifully, into this lush California society, although it's so rich, I don't know whether we'll be able to lure them back to Texas.

The Chandlers are very ^{hide} high-bound Republicans, and I doubt that we can do anything more than blunt the edge of the sword with which they attack us. But they are certainly an attractive couple to spend an hour with.

We asked the Taubmans, who own this lovely house, that's been made available to us these three days, to come over and have a little goodbye visit with us, and I had a chance to express to them, how delightful it's been.

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He told me that the word "Taub" means dove in Israeli, and I remembered seeing a picture in the front hall - I think it's a Picasso - I don't know whether print or original - that has a dove in the middle.

We left at about 3 o'clock, going around the familiar bend in the road for the last time, where there's always a group of people gathered, this time there were, and we waved and said goodbye to them and all hands. And then we got into Air Force One, and left for Washington.

And on the flight back is the first time I ever had a chance to ever really break through the dignity and reserve of Mrs. Rusk. She showed me a letter from her father, who was writing about the group of 12 old friends, his, who had gotten together once a month, for dinner and philosophical conversation, for a long long time. And it was such a humorous, delightful letter and I could see the family feeling that went on between Virginia and all of those in her family. And so I felt that I had finally approached knowing her.

We arrived at the White House lawn in the helicopter, to be greeted by Him and Her, jerking wildly at their chains, and climbing right up onto us, muddy feet and all. And then upstairs to the second floor, to be greeted by Lynda Bird, with a flash light! But such is the feeling between Lyndon and Lynda, that this didn't annoy him, this emphasis on his 'turn off the lights' program. They just laughed together.

It was especially nice to have had the three or four days with Tony and

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Matianna, and so like them to have chosen to take the bus back - a long, long ride to Phoenix, *to* spend the night, *and* then they were going to catch the jet on into Albuquerque the next morning.

Tony always loves the savor of the country he is in and for that, *a* bus trip is much better than a jet trip.