

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, March 1, 1964

Just barely in time, we decided we could make it to church, ^RRoused the Thornberry's and lit out, arriving at the National City Christian Church about one minute to eleven, ^WWalking briskly up the steps, without that nice George Davis, the minister, even knowing that we were anywhere in his vicinity.)

Thank goodness, for once, the Press wasn't there. We simply walked in, an usher showed us to some seats about half way down.

The sermon, which the Reverend Davis called "Whistling in The Dark", was a kind of good oratory, good philosophy, and plain old fashioned preaching, that makes me think I might almost lose Lyndon back to the Christian church, when he's gotten fairly close to the Episcopal.

When it was over, we went down stairs for the coffee hour, and as for us, it's certainly no coffee, because as soon as we got down there, ^Iwe start getting greeted by line^s of people, ^{so}so many of them identify themselves as having come from Texas, ^{so}that we wondered how there's anybody left at home.

It's really a very convivial thing, and I feel quite at home, although the crowd gets pretty thick before Lyndon has greeted enough people to feel that he can leave.)

There was one couple that simply said they were walking around on a weekend's trip to Washington, and got lost and decided that they would come into church. Imagine the sort of story they'll take home with them!

As we passed the Statler, Thornberry said, "We believe we'll just get out here and go into the brunch, where we have a date ^{for} for the Texas

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State Society brunch, *J* honoring Darrell Royal, *J* where he's going to show the movie that tells how Texas became the number one team.

And to my chagrin - and I expect for the Secret Services', Lyndon said he believe he'd get out and go in with them, and say hello to a lot of folks! It's this sort of thing that bites into his time and energy, and that I think he could do without. I would like a little more saving of ourselves, or of himself, a little more discipline, but I don't know how to get it.

In the afternoon, it was rest and work.

And then at 5:30, we had some of our Texas friends come back and see us. The Frank Denius *is* again, this time bringing with them, *J* Mr. and Mrs. Perry, *J* who had piloted them up here. And Bedford Wynne, who conducted last January, I believe it was, the very successful fund raising dinner for President Kennedy; *J* and the Darrell Royal's.

We took them down to see the movie "Mr. President". Then after they left, we quickly jumped into a car and drove out to Pierre and Nancy Salinger's home, *J* out on Lake Barcroft, *J* for a very informal dinner, with just the Thornberry's, the Salinger's, and us.

It was delightful - their children helped prepare and serve, we sat around and talked about Nancy's pottery, *J* she has a kiln and a wheel and she makes all sorts of things - a dish that we ate off of, *J* she had made. *2* As well as many very decorative things for the house. And we talked about Mexico which we both loved. She's a slim, *Chis* ~~shock~~, "intellectual" little girl, and I liked her. The house is one of those spare, modern houses, uncluttered and a bit

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cold to me, but with a lovely expanse of picture window and a view onto the lake, and a good fire burning, and the most delicious roast which Pierre sliced himself, ^a A huge, green salad with a Ceasar dressing made right at the table, it's a sort of a ritual, by Nancy. It was the best ^[dinner] I've had with anybody who is really a member of the old Kennedy team, and the closest approach to feeling that we were one with them. , , Something that's going to be very necessary in the month's to come, ^g if this is to work out well for all of us.