

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, March 22, 1964

This Palm Sunday got off to a rather depressing, slow start.

At noon, I went out to the Elms to check the furniture inventory, and to take Lynda Bird to go through some of the keepsakes. We wound up with bushels of old and delicious pictures, too good to throw away. . . Among them the poem that one of the Durham twins had given me when Lynda Bird was born, all delightfully illuminated with signs, and a line, no longer current at all, which ends And local feuds at last have ceased, since Lyndon too, is pappy. Shades of Pappy O'Daniel!

In mid-afternoon, we went back to the White House for a late lunch with Lyndon, and then at 5:30 to St. John's for Palm Sunday vespers. The press, our nemesis, had apparently laid in wait at every entrance to see if we were going anywhere to church, and they loped over to the front of St. John's in time to catch us going in, which caused Lyndon to stride off, leaving me to come in all by myself. I'm just beginning to catch this virus of dislike for photographers, for too much entrance into my private life. I wonder if just a simple appeal to them would be of any use?

When we got home, Lyndon got on the phone and called a most delightful bunch of dinner guests. Amazingly we could get them on such short notice. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lippman; Secretary and Mrs. McNamara; Senator and Mrs. Fulbright; (Betty left a half-prepared fried chicken, picked up her soon-to-be married daughter and young fiancé, and brought them along to the White House.

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The talk was of Viet-Nam and it's pretty terrifying to hear McNamara speak of how dedicated the opposition soldiers are over there. They/have^{apparently} an intensive training in ideals that is lacking on our side. ONE little odd manifestation is in a determination of sanitation for cleanliness that causes them, as a part of their military training, to just be forced to brush their teeth every day, and they wear their toothbrush in their pocket. I suppose it's a sort of status symbol of "we belong to the up and coming."

As Lyndon was taking them down in the elevator about 10:30, he met A. W. ^{Moursand}~~Mourissey~~ just coming in from the airport. And came back upstairs saying, "Momma, look what I brought in!"