

April 12, 1964
Sunday

As beautiful a day as the Lord ever gave us!
We had asked Margy and Bob McNamara to go to church
with us. We went to St. Mark's, ^{quite} on the way of
some foolishness about their having received word of
some few minutes before that there were prowlers in
the basement of the church and of a police search
through the basement which only revealed a couple
of deaf mutes that are members of the congregation
anyhow. Lynda went with us. # St. Mark's is always
something of an experience — fighting an uphill
fight, being a poor downtown parish with the city clos-
ing in around it. You often see men in shirt sleeves
and women without hats. You see negroes, I have even
seen a Chinese, but there is a spirit of "we belong
here" and most important of all there is a young, vital
preacher, Bill Baxter, who knows ^{I think} the essence
of Christianity, without quite bowing to all the rules.
His sermons are frequently a bit daring and controversial.
Afterward we took the McNamara's into the coffee hour
and then came home just in time to coincide with the
George Browns and the Bob McKinney's who were coming
for lunch, up from Huntland, a hard place to leave on
such a day in April. # We walked around the grounds
and Lyndon stuck his hand out through the rail and
shook hands with a few of the tourists. We all waved.

Ch. Tapa
word makes
no sense

4/12/64

George has raised a mustache, ^a And very becoming and sophisticated it is, I think. And I had a good time talking to Alice about the inaccessible part of the world she had ~~just~~^{just} been to when it took about six hours to get to a telephone, where she and George had been on a fishing trip ⁱⁿ and I think ^a Peru, And I had tried to reach her by long distance to ask her to be a member of the Committee for the Preservation of the White House. [#] The McKinneys are living between New York and Santa Fe, dividing their time between his newspaper and his industrial interests, and had such nice things to say about Mary Johnson, when he was our Ambassador to Switzerland. Alice, Louise McKinney and I went through Lyndon's office, the Lobby and Fish Room, talking about the possibilities of hanging the Remington, the Peter Hurd, the pictures that Alice had investigated making it possible for the White House to borrow. The men went out to play ^[unintelligible] at Burning Tree. Lyndon is just getting launched in golf after a lapse of nine ^{or} is it ten years. And it ^[unintelligible] ^{would be} was be one of the unexpected blessings and by-products of the Presidency if he would make it a part of his life again. ^[that] How funny really, the church attendance, golf, and companionship with children should be an off-shoot of this most arduous job! Maybe it is just a part of discipline, ^{what} ought to be is laid out

4/12/64

and one tried to do it. I very much wanted Alice to ~~desists~~ have a good look at the whole First and second floor, because George had early told me that sometime he and Alice wanted to make a gift to the White House while we were in it. And I wanted her to have a quiet view of the beauty that had gone into it and the work it had taken and the money it had cost. And to my great amazement when I mentioned the price of the Winslow Homer, ~~she~~ ^{! #} was not astonished. Along ~~about~~ seven, ^{an} interesting adventure in my life began when Lady Jackson, ^{Barbara Ward}, author of "The Rich Nations ~~ad~~ the Poor Nations" arrived from the airport to be our house guest for three or four days. She is going to be up on the third floor doing some work writing some research, some possible speeches, some help for Lyndon. She and I and Alice and Louise were having just a bright moment to get acquainted. She is one of those rare women who can talk with women and be as much as home ^{with} ~~as~~ them as she is with men... Although I feel quite surely that she much prefers the men. ^(the) About that time the men got home from golf - asked everybody to stay for supper. We had a couple of hours of good conversation and dinner. Speaking of her work here Lady Jackson said "I'm going to be the President's Mr. Gibbon." You know when Gibbon presented his fourth volume of "The Decline and Fall of Rome" to

4/12/64

George the - was it third or fourth? the Monarch said
(Ah Mr. Gibbon, scribble, scribble, scribble, always
scribble, scribble, scribble, Mr. Gibbon. That's
what I am going to be doing up on the third floor for
the President!^p But I feel pretty sure we will take a
more serious view of her writings than that.