

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, April 26, 1964

This is the first Sunday, or perhaps the second, since that day in November, that we had not gone to church. We read the papers, late and long, I asked Lyndon how his speech went at the gridiron.

It was really quite an amusing text - light vein, about beer and light bills, and driving fast.

And then Secretary and Mrs. McNamara came over for lunch with us. We walked around the rose garden, which is absolutely beautiful now. Lyndon has been taking everybody out in to it, as a sort of extension of his office - tourists, editors, railroad negotiators, businessmen, religious groups, trade experts, medical advisors, representatives of the Montana Centennial. The ~~grey pines~~ ^{grape vines} are at their peak, the tulips are exquisite beyond belief, the crabapples are perhaps a little past perfection, and it's a joy to look at. And I particularly wanted Mrs. Dob^{ie}~~son~~, who knows so much about flowers, to see and enjoy it.

Bob and Margi[?] and Lyndon and I went for a swim, while the Dob^{ie}~~sons~~ sat on the bank, and then we had a late lunch, and McGeorge Bundy came over, to go out with Lyndon and Bob[?] to Burning Tree, for golf. Lyndon's getting pretty good at it, I hear.

What with the passage of the Tax Bill, the settlement of the railroad strike, the fact that of his own accord, he's going to go to church regularly, ^{he's} taken up playing golf once more, and spends intentionally some happy time with the three of us[?] me, Lynda and Luc, I can't say right now, with Thomas Jefferson, "the Presidency has been a splendid misery," though there may be

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plenty in store to make me say it.

Margie McNamara said something about coming over and having dinner with them, and I think Lyndon misunderstood her, and assumed that she meant that night. I told him that he made a mistake but he was quite convinced, so after he returned from golf, and attended to a little business with Horace and Jack, off we put for the McNamara's for dinner, having phoned them first, and found them rising to the occasion, if not actually prepared for it.

There were just the four of us and their son, Craig, moving in and out. We talked about their early days, his experiences in the war, how he came with Ford and the time he spent with them. There's a freshness and ease about him and Margie, that's very much in keeping with us. They were married on very little money and lived on a shoestring for a large part of their years. He's one of the great American success stories of industry.

This has been another one of those Sundays that replenish us, and fill us with strength for the week to come.