

1964

Sunday, September 6th

This was one of those marvellously relaxed days when I didn't wake up until 10 o'clock, emerging contentedly from the soft cocoon of sleep to find that it was too late to go to St. Marks for church, so Lyndon and I planned on going to the First Baptist Church with good Bill Moyers and his wife Judy and their little five-year-old son Cope (named after Millard Cope).

One good thing -- most of the hymns were familiar to me. Afterwards, as we came out we met a lot of Bill's fellow Church members, including, amazingly enough, a couple from NYA days, C. P. Little and Katherine. And, to my surprise, just as I started to get into the car, a little boy ~~who~~ held up to show me what I took to be a white rat -- later I found out it was a hamster. I did not share Cope Moyers' fascination with the hamster.

We came home and I had lunch with Lyndon and Lynda. Carolyn left yesterday afternoon. She is still a little quiet and pensive. In mid-afternoon I went walking around the Grounds by myself. And then Jake Pickle and his pretty daughter Peggy and the Jack Brooks joined us, and Lyndon, and we all walked around for several turns, with Him and Her on a leash and practically able to drag Lyndon in tow, just as they had me yesterday. I am as sore

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as I can be from having raced in a tight skirt behind Him and Her who, when the sight a squirrel, get so excited and run so fast that they are about one inch from the ground, their nose and their tail in direct line. It's hilarious to watch, but the next day I found I had muscles I didn't know existed before.

Later Clark Clifford joined us. The Pickles had had to leave for a dinner given in their honor, and Jack and Charlotte, Clark and Lyndon and I, sat down to a dinner in which a stellar role was played by Luci, who arrived just as we were finishing with the most delightful recitation of her weekend in New Orleans. She said she had ^{gone} with some uncertainty. After all, she was the first Johnson to put foot in the South, and what does the South think about us? According to the face they showed Luci, they were hospitable, warm and delighted.

Last night she had gone to the football game and sat in the box with two of Governor McKeithen's children, one of them named Fox, and with Chep Morrison's son Tony, and later on had talked to them, so she said, until 3 A. M. about civil rights, this changing world, and each other. She liked them very much, both of them. I don't even know that she is aware that before his death Chep Morrison had just finished a rather bitter race for the Governorship against Governor McKeithen.

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Then her Sunday had begun by going to six o'clock Mass and then on to Morgan City, Louisiana, where she went to the blessing of the shrimp boat fleet, a very festive colorful occasion, all the boats gaily decorated, a sort of a country fair atmosphere with a Catholic touch. And later on a big shrimp feast in the Municipal Auditorium.

I am constantly surprised and usually very proud of that 17-year-old. Her spirit, her individuality, her independence, her love, and, quite frequently, her ability to express herself when she doesn't use a hundred words where ten would do better. And tonight it was obvious that she had us all in the palm of her hand. Well, so much for one Johnson's trip to the South.