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Sunday, March 14th

There are precious few times in my life when I get to bed at three o'clock, but that's what happened Saturday night. So Sunday morning came rather early, although it was ten o'clock when Lyndon and I ate breakfast, and I was still loath to leave the warm comfort of breakfast in bed and a down coverlet -- and still aglow from the memories of the good party. The feeling of being really alive and really working in spite of mounting troubles lasted and Lyndon and I got dressed to go to church with Hubert and Muriel, who arrived a little before church time. Lynda joined us, we debated briefly whether it would be National City Christian or St. Marks. I said that since we'd been to the National City Christian the week before, let's do go and hear Bill Baxter. So we did, and what do you think he preached about? Selma. He walked down from the pulpit -- and this, I think, had a meaning -- and talked to us from the floor of the church in a very quiet, conversational manner, and you could have heard a pin drop, for an exceptionally long sermon, about his trip to Selma in company with a group of ministers.

Two things I remember most about it. The recital by the Negro family in whose household he stayed -- the wife was a college graduate and school teacher who had not been permitted to register. About the change in people, their own local people, during the time of

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the marching and the rising tensions. She said, "I saw our mail man hitting our women, and he was delighting in doing it." The second thing I remember was his description of the young students, I suppose the members of SNICK, and his feeling of unease and lack of assurance that they would be good inheritors of any role of leadership. He said, "I am affected, frightened, encouraged, and not unconfused." Well, we found ourselves right in the middle of it, with a highly articulate, restrained man of good intellect and good heart. There was a guest choir, all Negro, from Howard University. Magnificent.

Afterward we went in to the coffee hour, and Lyndon acquired a picture from an 86-year-old lady -- a picture of the blind, the halt, and the lame, coming into a church -- it could so well be St. Marks. It's a very lively church, and I find myself curiously at home in its unorthodox embrace.

Afterwards we took Lynda Bird home, and then Lyndon said, "Let's go on to Bill White's party." Alas, I had just told her yesterday that I would surely give her twenty-four hours' notice if we planned to come. It was a brunch, at The Tavern in Georgetown as I remembered it. But The Tavern proved a pretty inadequate name, and the Secret

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Service had one Heck of a time finding it. After a few abortive stops, we arrived at the City Tavern, as it is listed, at a most delightful party. The first person we saw was Jack Valenti on the sidewalk, and I think that's what alerted us to the location of the place. Many old friends were there. The Rowes, the Fortases. It was an hour and a half of good listening and good food, and if June was flabbergasted she didn't show it. At least Lloyd Hand was on hand to lend advice about how one seats a suddenly arriving President and Vice President who weren't looked for.

Bill gave me some quite solemn advice about Luci's becoming a Catholic. It was not to without very deep assurance that she wanted to, quite unrelated to anybody she might marry.

When we got home, I gratefully curled up in bed with the book I am reading, The Ordways, and Lyndon went to the office. He was supposed to come home for a nap, but it must have turned out to be an afternoon of tremendous work, because in the course of it there was a meeting of the leadership of the House and Senate, during which they asked him to come and address ~~the~~^{them} on the subject of the turmoil in the Nation. What he would say was clear -- that there must be a bill on voting rights, which had not been adequately covered, as the Selma situation seemed to prove, in the bill of '57 or the bill of '64. And so, with only 24 hours' notice there will be a major speech Monday night at nine o'clock! It's like deciding to climb Mount Everest while you

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are sitting around at a cozy family picnic. I think it is what he should do. I am glad that he is launched, that he is being intensely active. It is the milieu for him. It is his life. He is loosed from the bonds of depression. But I don't know quite what sprung him!

The Valentis and Harry McPherson came over with Lyndon from the office, and we had a quiet, completely personal, sort of family dinner.