

February 6, 1966
Sunday

Going to St. Marks is often an adventure. They are rebuilding the inside of the church so services are being held in the Parish Hall. With Lyndon in Hawaii this was just the right time for me to go. I had hoped Lynda and George would go with me. I tiptoed to her door at ten minutes of eleven. All too soon she will be back at regimented work at the University with long hours. So I went alone. ~~I~~ I felt a bit like I had been transported 1800 years back in time to when the early Christians met in somebody's room. It was a church in the round. There was the altar in the center of the room, made out of raw planks, covered with a red cloth and Bill Baxter conducted the service facing part of his audience, the rest of us either on his left or his right. And a choir of youngsters directly behind him. The sermon was on the husbandman who went out in the morning who went out in the morning and hired men to work in his vineyards, and agreed with them on a price of a penny a day. And then again at the third hour he went out and found men still idle in the market place and hired them. Again at the sixth and the ninth and even at the eleventh hour and hired more. And then when the

days work was done he told his steward to give all of them the same wage. And then Bill said something like ~~this~~ "I wonder how that strikes you? How do you identify with that?" There was the briefest of pauses. Never really expect anybody to answer back in church when a question is put. And suddenly a young woman on the right said "It reminds me of reading a story in the paper the other day during the bad storm that federal workers were excused from coming to work but there was one office that was declared essential. About one third of the workers bundled up in ski pants and walked five miles and hitch-hiked rides and made it to work. And the other two thirds of the office didn't. And the one-third got just mad as heck and demanded the wages be docked of the others." And a young man in front of me said "well Bill, a Committee that the President has assigned to look into the causes and cures of poverty made its report and ~~madssas~~ recommended a guaranteed income for each family. Well, now, that goes against my grain. I probably wouldn't be any worse off if I did. It might even help the economy. But I work hard for my living and I just don't like that sort of thing". The young lady behind me spoke up and said "But one gets satisfaction from work and those who really work get something that the others who only got it given to

them didn't". Rather delighted^{fully}, everyone addressed the clergyman as Bill. Of course we went on to the parable of the prodigal son. [#] As I looked around me I saw the lame and the halt, and the blind. There were men without coats on. A couple of about 18 year old boys in leather jackets who look like they might just have parked their motorcycles outside. But the most remarkable thing was that every face was interested and many were smiling. It was a community. When we got up to take communion we did it standing. There was no altar rail of course. The little altar is raised about eight inches off the floor or platform. So we stood there with our hands crossed on all four sides of the altar and took bread and wine and then the line moved on. In a speedy drab, unfashionable part of ^{four} ~~time~~, Old St. Mark's manages somehow to have more life and spark than nearly any church I know. I wished Lynda and George had been with me. It was also good theatre. [#] Back at home I found them up in the Solarium, barred from Luci a few days I hope, And sat down for a long cup of coffee and talked with them. George is easy, smooth, worldly and has had quite a few too many women crazy about him. He went to work at 17 in Hollywood and has already a nine year career in movies, on the stage and TV. I got in a little work and then we lunched - just the three of us on the most

wonderful Mexican food flown up from San Antonio by Dan Quill. We should have saved it for a whole room full of Texans. But Zephyr and I are determined to feed Lynda while she is here. She is so very thin. In the middle of the afternoon I went bowling with Pat and Cissy Morrissey and a nice Life photographer came along to take a picture. Pat always beats me by 40 or 50 so I exulted when I rolled up a score of 151 and actually passed him. For years I have moved so unselfconsciously in the midst of reporters and photographers and just this last year or so I am never quite sure whether I should or shouldn't and I feel wooden and unnatural in their presence. But Life is doing a story about what Luci^{at} 18, does with her time. Cooking, studying nursing, going out for pizzas with Pat, for church, riding in her sports car with the top down, and on what those two do with other members of the family. It is a calculated gamble to be natural. But I haven't quite climbed into the cave yet and rolled the rock in front of it.

And then, oh delight, I was going out for dinner to the Clark Cliffords. Just the three of us. It was a beautifully civilized evening, sitting in front of the fire, reminiscing about the New Year's party^{at} that they had for about twelve years in a row.

to so many of them we came! In which all the family did a skit about Washington life. So professional, so gay, the dialogs ^{and} and the songs were as good as anything I have seen on Broadway. Most of all I like to thank about the way they wrote them. The three Clifford daughters and their husbands, as husbands came into the family. Clark sitting around the dining room table all day long on Sunday for about ten Sundays in the fall, trying out lines which met with crashing silence or an uproar of laughter. Then on New Years there would be a mixutre of Supreme Court justices, senators, diplomatic corps, occupying every chair and sitting on every bit of floor until finally when the crowd reached 232, Marny said, "No more."

Our business was to talk about the meeting of the Library group which will take place a week from tomorrow and I wanted Clark to have sort of a dry run of it, first. It would of course be a progress report. We would need to hear from Dr. Ransom on what his University committee had done ^{at} the ~~visiting~~ schools ^{visited} to set up a budget and look at possible personnel ^{for} the school of public service. But that was a different matter. And from the architects, ^{Bunshap} ~~Bunchar~~ and Brooks. We were presently at the rather crucial point of having to go ahead with all the estimates they have made on the spase requirement and making sure that all of us know what they are and agree. And say whatever we feel.

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Bill Heath is the ^{"P"}apacita of the whole library project actually, and we shall look to him to keep it on the track. The important thing, I think, is to establish an acquisitions committee.

I talked to Clark about who that should be and we both decided on Dr. Ransom, because of University contacts, and because of his great credentials and acquisitions of all library material.

And probably Mary Lasker, if she would serve, because she would know how to evaluate objects of art that we were offered, and how to go after objects of art, such as Presidential portraits we didn't have and wanted to get.

And then very importantly, there must be somebody from Lyndon's staff, who knows intimately his life, his legislative and executive achievements. What do we want to emphasize - social revolution, the part that the Civil Rights movement has played in his career, his role in space - and in the great society; or the legislation about education, or medical research, or beautification?? What do we want to pursue? What are the major ~~emphasizes~~ of the Library? If it's Civil Rights, do we want to try to get the papers of such people as ^{Roy}Roger Wilkins, or Governor Wallace of Alabama, or other southern governors?

Clark thought such a committee should only have five members, so that it could work efficiently. He has a quiet, well-ordered way of helping ^{me} arrive

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at some sense of order and procedure, and what I want to do with the three or four hours at our disposal at such a meeting.

After a most delicious steak, and a cream pie that just floated in, we sat once more by the fire and had coffee, and talked until I felt we had the meeting fairly well planned. By now, some 20 or possibly 30 names had been dropped into the pool, of possible people to consider as head of the school of public affairs.

I must talk to Dr. Ransom soon about them, and as we have White House dinners, I hope that I might ask one or two of the most promising to each of them, and maybe have a chance for a quiet hour of tea, to look them over myself.

I left a little after 10 and was home by 11, finishing my British mystery novel and thinking back on Bill's lines, "Bless thy servant, Lyndon", and hoping that he was being blessed; I'd seen that he had gone to church in a downpour.

And that Madam Ky was accompanying her husband to the Honolulu meeting, and once more I had that sense of being divided, sundered, and not knowing really which place I ought to be, or wanted to be. Probably I'm missing one of the most dramatic ~~whole~~ three days in the whole years of my life, by not being with Lyndon.

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