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Initials

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, February 27, 1966

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We read the papers late. Then Lyndon said, "Who'd you like to go to church with us?" This had been one of those tense weeks that I'm so glad to get behind us - the last several have - that I want him to have whoever is velvet and honey and balm to him.

With no suggestions for either personal, or social, or business reasons for me - he said, "Let's get the Valentis." So they accompanied us to the National City Christian Church. Lyndon has gotten more Catholics ~~inside~~ inside of more Protestant churches! He has a vigorous personal commitment ~~for~~ ^{to} the Ecumenical movement that makes me laugh as I see him in action.

After church, Courtney came down to join us, and the puppies, and there was much kissing and "I love Pres.", and climbing around over the furniture, after the puppies, until she was escorted home, and we had lunch, just the four of us.

Then a long time of rest. Sunday is Lyndon's day to catch up and to see everybody that's on a TV news program, and read bales of paper. And then he began to say, "Who shall we have over for dinner with us?"

Quite on his own, about 5:30 he had begun to call a great roster of people, managing to include several that I've been putting on lists and have been wanting to see, and suddenly, here he was, himself, thinking of them and putting together a wonderful dinner party, about an hour before it was supposed to happen.

We ended up with the Vice President and Muriel; Stu and Evie Symington, how delighted I was that they were free and could come; and also the Mike

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Monroneys; the young, attractive Birch Bayhs; the Jake Pickles; the George Mahons - a total of 14.

The first arrivals ^{came} a little after six thirty. We had a drink in the West Hall, while we chose up sides as to who wanted to go bowling, and who swimming. I finally took Muriel and the Symingtons, and the Monroneys bowling;; and Marvella Bayh; Birch said he would quit when he was ahead, he'd been the champion last summer at Camp David. And Hubert went with Lyndon, and the Pickles, and the Mahons, and Birch - to the swimming pool.

It could have been a disaster. At first I thought it was going to be, because of my bowling companions ^{either} hadn't bowled in ten years, had never bowled, or, like me, were just not as young as we once were - but ended up by being great fun. Muriel was good; Stu, that veteran golfer, whose score is enviable, used his left hand, and got so much better as he went along, that I think he had a good time - as did Mike. Some of us were sensationally bad, but every now and then, a spare or a strike would give us that lift that made us determined to practice and learn to do better.

It was nearly 9 o'clock when we joined the swimmers on the second floor, had another drink, and then went in to a delicious dinner. This must have been quite a challenge to Mr. Haller, in the kitchen. I had walked in about six o'clock and said we'd have a few to dinner, and it had swiftly grown to 14 - he survived wonderfully, and everybody was full of plaudits for the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

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There had, in fact, been a full page spread in the Post today, about White House housekeeping, and the new chef. Successfully done, I thought, with pictures of the different kind of entertaining - a summer tea in the Jacqueline Kennedy Garden; Luci with a tablefull of the underprivileged children who came to the Christmas party; Lynda with Presidential Scholars on the South Lawn; and then a buffet spread. A rather good story about Mary Kaltman - "She guards the pantry pennies" - and our big push to organize the loose buying habits of this far-flung house. It saves through buying things wholesale and in quantity.

The ladies went into the Yellow Room for coffee, and the men settled in an earnest circle of business talk in the West Hall. It was a real joy for me to see, again, old friends like Evie Symington and Maryellen Monroney. We talked about Senate ladies. I told them I'd drop in some Tuesday; they have not started but plan to begin soon, have some member describe their foreign trip, or make a little talk during the course of the bandage making.

Maryellen wanted to know if we could possibly come out for a quiet dinner sometime, with their good friends, the Maxwell Taylors. I was quick to say we'd be delighted, if Lyndon's work permitted. Old friends are all too apt to count us out because of the very title of this job, I suppose - and goodness knows we like hamburgers, and coming at the last minute just as well as we ever did.

Maryellen is making a habit of inviting one grandchild, over for the weekend, on a rotating basis. She said, "You know, if we invited them all,

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we wouldn't really get to know them. It's so much more fun having one at a time." She's a constant surprise because she doesn't look the least the grandmotherly type, and there are so many facets to her personality that I find her one of the most delightful of the Senate wives.

And Evie too, ~~There~~ ^{There} was much talk of grandchildren. With all her dignity and that very clear look of being " ^{manner} ~~manner~~ born, ~~There's~~ ^{There's} still a lingering bit, a gay bit of the showgirl in Evie, and I genuinely enjoy her.

Just as we started out to join the men, they arose in one concerted movement, and announced they were going over to Lyndon's office. Not being asked, we sat down in the West Hall, ~~for~~ ^{for} fully another hour, talking with Helen Mahon about Lera Thomas running for Congress. She gave me the weird, and I wonder if correct information, that Albert Thomas' name will still appear on the ballot. , , ,

To Marvella, about her speech that's coming up, for beautification, in Vincennes.

And as 12 o'clock approached, I said, "Look ladies, whoever thinks your husband is the tireddest, maybe we better form a safari to go over and rescue them. "

Just then Lyndon, who had been in ebullient good spirits all evening, much at home with good friends, arrived with all of them. They had been looking at his bust, among other things, and all the guests departed a little past 12 o'clock.

I thought, what a satisfying evening and I also thought - sometimes I

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get what I want by ~~not~~ pushing, and I also thought, sometimes I get what
I want by not pushing for it.

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- just as

excited about Atlantic Union, and lectures about it by people named
Kiessinger and Andre Phillipe. And then on her own, electing to engage
in extra curricula activity, called 'Texas today and Tomorrow,' in which
some student learn and then make lectures on - the fabulous story of the
University, documented with the most glowing statistics, calculated to
brain-wash all who listen to them, but most of all, those who tell them.
It all adds up to being very much alive, which is what I want for both my
girls.

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