

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, April 5, 1964

Today began with a cat-and-mouse game of going to church, and trying to escape the Secret Service, and the newspaper men.

Lyndon asked for a small black car to be brought to the front door, instead of the bullet proof limousine, to the south entrance, as usual.

Lynda Bird, lovely in her white suit and the white mantilla, and Luci, late and breathless, as always, and Lyndon and I piled into the car, whirled out the gate and started, we hoped, for the Reverend George Davis' Christian Church. But we had only about three minutes to make it and we didn't know exactly the address, so instead we whirled around and went down to the Capitol, to St. Mark's, and walked in, unflanked by any battery of cameramen.

It was a baptismal service, and along with the rest of the congregation, we rose to our feet, went to the back of the church, and watched several infants and several grownups, baptized. One small child objected strenuously, the other, a baby in arms, was absolutely angelic.

After the service, Bill Baxter led us into the frankly poor parish room, for the coffee hour, but it nevertheless, showed the loving interest of the congregation because of a mural, painted by several of the parishoners, on the wall.

And then when we emerged, sure enough, there they were, a host of photographers. . . Back into the little car, and swiftly back to the relative freedom of the White House grounds.

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I suppose the moral is going to have to be ... Follow the rules, or accept the fact that a good deal is going to be made of it, ^gin the press. As it was next day.. "No security, no bullet-proof car."

The day was beautiful, and invited you out, with every golden moment, and something happened, ^gthat I have been wanting to happen for about nine years or more. Lyndon played golf! He went out to Burning Tree with Larry O'Brien's son, ^{? and} Jack Valenti.

And Lynda and I explored the White House grounds, found the cameli^gas still blooming, ^gon a myrtle-covered knoll, between the southwest gate and the fountain, climbed some six or eight feet up into the fir tree. We passed the tennis court, to the small and very private enclosure, ^gwhere the trampoline used to be. It is now gone, ^git belonged to Mrs. Kennedy, ^gand the hole has been filled and leveled.

We lay down on the ground and looked up at the blue, blue sky until we began to feel damp and cold, and then thought what a nice place it would be on a hotter day, ^gto bring a blanket and a book, ^gand maybe a sandwich.

We had invited a bunch of people from Texas at 5 o'clock. The Warren Woodwards, ^gthe Cliff Carters, ^gthe Dale Millers, ^gHarry McPhersons, with Brooks, ^gtheir darling little girl, ^gFrank Ikard, ^gthe Les Carpenters; the Jack ~~Woodwards~~ Walter Jenkins, Horace Busbys and the Tyler Abells. And when everybody came about 5:30, we "chose up sides", and some went swimming and some went bowling.

I did about 20 laps with Jack Brooks, the McPhersons, and some eight

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or ten, and then we had supper in the State Dining Room, at three round tables, and that's when I found out that one feels lost in that room, with a crowd of only about 24.

Our guests left early and I went to bed thinking how wonderful it is that Lyndon has broken the ice on his golf, and maybe he'll do it once a week and it could make a lot of difference for him. . . In health, in joy, in life.

And I also think what fun it was to play badminton with Lynda Bird in the Rose Garden.