

DIARY, 1948

Tuesday, January 6, 1948:

Congress meets - Too bad too.

They'll do nothing but wrangle, pull phony investigations and generally upset the affairs of the Nation.

I'm to address them soon. They won't like the address either.

Monday, February 2, 1948:

I send the Congress a Civil Rights message. They no doubt will receive it as coldly as they did my State of the Union message. But it needs to be said.

Sunday, February 8, 1948

I go for a walk and go to church. The preacher always treats me as a church member and not as the head of a circus. That's the reason I go to the 1st Baptist Church.

One time I went to the Foundry Methodist Church, next door to the 1st Baptist, because Rev. Harris was Chaplain for the Senate when I was V. P. He made a real show of the occasion. I'll never go back. I don't go to church for show. I hate headline hunters and showmen as a class and individually. It's too bad I'm not a showman. My predecessor was, and I suppose profited politically by it. Fate put me here, and fate can keep me here or put me out - and out would suit me better.