

1963

Christmas Day, December 25th

WHD

It was a beautiful, clear, bright Wednesday. I loaded some Poinsettias in the back of the car, got Jerry, and we went to the Moeller's farm.

Finally we met Lyndon, joined up with him, stopped by the Lutheran Church just as service was getting out, gave Bill one, took one to the Lewis Ranch and one to the Schornhorst.

And then we just drove around -- over the beautiful country which I love so much.

In fact, we were rather late getting back for the big Christmas dinner, to which we had invited all of Lyndon's kinfolks... Uncle Huffman and Aunt Ovilee, and Aunt Josepha, still looking pretty in spite of her many years and very dressed up; and her family ^{Colonel} ~~Tom~~ and Mrs. Paul ~~Tilson~~ and their three children., Sam Houston, walking very slow and heavy on his cane, with his built-up shoe., The three Alexanders, Birge, Lucia and Becky; and if there was one to whom Lyndon -- he needed most and responded most to -- it would be Lucia, I would say., The Bobbitts, and Philip has grown about three inches and he's just -- well, he's nearly six feet tall -- and just as smart as he can be. A year younger than Luci and a year ahead of her in school. Rodney, Cousin Or²ole, of course; and Aunt Jessie and her family, which consists of her daughter and her husband and two children. And

1963

Christmas Day, December 25th (continued)

Bernie was there, looking very handsome and very devoted; and Lynda Bird and Luci Baines.

We were supposed to have some Christmas pictures, about 2:30, in the front yard, consisting of just the family first -- that is, the four immediate members of the family -- and then all the family.

We got out there, and it just started into a press conference. Lyndon began telling them about "Now if you go down the road about a mile, you'll see the old family cemetery, and then you'll see the house where I was born."

Check
Tape

And Rebekah broke in and said, "No you're not. ^{That is} ~~It's~~ not the same house." *

And then one woman member of the press said, "Mr. President, could we go through the house?" And I said, "Now, honey, they're coming back again on Friday. Don't you think we'd just better put off the tour of the house, because the gravy is getting colder?"² And Lyndon said, "No, No, let's go on through the house." So through they went!

I saw -- oh, I don't know -- 50 or 75 strong, with me trailing along behind them, and knowing that dinner was not improving as time went by.

* The house as it ~~stood~~² in 1963 was reconstructed on the same site, using as much original material as remained.

1963

Christmas Day, Wednesday, December 25th

And then Lyndon gave all the press ashtrays.

Finally they departed, and we all sat down to a big family Christmas dinner. Very nice -- grace, and dinner.

After the whole family finally dispersed, the Bobbitts flying to New Orleans, and Lyndon went off to ride around, and I, glad to seek a little of the sunset, [?] ^{Chick} ^{Tape} sunshine, and a little bit of quietness after so many people, put another Poinsettia to take to Johnson City Hospital, and a small ^{gift} ~~bit~~, in the car to take to Ava Johnson Cox. So just Jerry and I drove up the road to deliver those things.

And while I was with Ava, she told me the most wonderful fairy-like story about Lyndon's grandmother and how she hid from the Indians in the cellar. But it's too long a story.

We came home. We opened the Christmas presents, quite late. With the press ladies stopping in, we'd never gotten around to it.

With James and Mary, Lee and Gertrude and everybody else, the secretaries, everybody was there, coming in. So many beautiful things to exclaim about.

And to me, it took Christmas day to know the nicest part-- to remember how well some of the younger generation is coming along. Philip so smart, Becky so pretty, and how much Lyndon loves Lucia.

1963

Christmas Day, Wednesday, December 25th

He invited Uncle Huffman and Aunt Ovilee to go back to Washington with us, and they're looking forward to it very much.

And so this is almost the end of the busiest Christmas Day that I can remember.