

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, January 5, 1964

WHD

My last day at the ranch, for who knows how long?

We began it by going to St. Barnabas Church, with Scotty Reston and Mrs. Reston, Lynda, Gerry Whittington (there have been a lot of "firsts" that we have brought into this community)!

The charm of St. Barnabas never fails to please me. It's a little old log cabin that was built in 1840's by one of the earliest German families that came in covered wagons, to settle in Fredericksburg. There's a grape vine out in the back yard, that was brought over on a ship from Germany, and that's still actually bearing grapes, and my introduction to St. Barnabas some eight or ten years ago, was to have one of the church ladies give me a jar of jelly, made from the grapes.

The congregation is growing; instead of the twelve or so that I remember, there must have been almost 25 there today, and it made me feel real good.

The minister is fresh down from Canada and, poor man, it must have thrown him enough to be preaching in a log cabin, much less having a President walk into his congregation!

St. Barnabas retains all of the charm of the old and it is as comfortable as a log cabin can be. I wondered what Scotty Reston thought of it.

Then, because it's so hard to leave home, we made one last ride around the countryside, going into Johnson City, stopping at the old stone fort and the old stone commissary, where Lyndon's grandfather lived in the Civil War and for which they used to gather cattle up to start driving up the Chis^{holm} Trail.

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We pointed out the portholes, through which they stuck their rifles to fire at the Indians. And we told the story of Lyndon's grandmother, hiding with her two infant children, in the cellar of the house, while the Indians were stomping around outside, stealing the horses and all of their wedding presents.

And then we drove into the little house in Johnson City, that we are having done over as some sort of a Community project, where, hopefully, a 4-H youngsters or PTA, or Kiwanis, or Lions, or whatever they've got, can come to their public meetings.

Then we went back to the ranch and had lunch, our last meal, our last look out the picture window, at the stretching fields.

We flew into town, stopped by the Governor's mansion, walked in to see John and Nellie, had a cup of coffee with them, and a good little visit. I know in the ensuing years, or at least in the ensuing year or so, there will be many times when he and Lyndon's paths will have to part because he's naturally more conservative than Lyndon is. But, as far as I'm concerned, the hearts will never part, and I feel that's true of all four of us.

And then, next, oh wonder of wonders, we went out to Senator Yarborough's to a reception, New Year's reception, for the neighbors in his community, and I think all the neighbors up and down the street gathered to see us. We're going to need him, we're going to need everybody, we're going to need to make peace all around. If we get any kind of a program across, in this

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coming legislative year, we cannot spend our energies fighting among ourselves, I hope we don't.

Finally, we wound up out at the airport, I think it must have been about 5:30, where all the gathered crowd was waiting for us, including Susan, to whom we are giving a ride back to Washington.

And Uncle Huffman and Aunt Ovilee, and Aunt Josepha, ready for their big trip. I must say that Lyndon gets total credit for the thoughtfulness of doing this for them, and I'll probably get a little bit of the work. But I'm so glad he's the sort of a man who does that, because there may not always be other times to do the good things that you think about.

We had dinner on the plane and at least that is the sort of time of inspiration and relaxation.

We got to the White House early and I took Uncle Huffman and Aunt Ovilee up and put them in the charming green and blue room on the third floor. And Aunt Josepha was in the small bedroom right next door, the room that's completely furnished with antiques a sleigh bed - just the sort of furniture that would delight her.

They have a little sitting room between them, and they plan sight-seeing for the next day. And they told me that they had relatives in Alexandria, they wanted to visit anyhow, and I think I'm going to be able to write this down as one of the good little things that I've enjoyed.

I cast one backward glance to the wide sweeping hills, the golden sunshine, the grey-green landscape of the hill country that I've come to

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love, and very much of a forward glance to tomorrow which will begin the working day and the working year.