

People^{to} whom I might send a line
Marvin Watson
Don Thomas
Dr. Gould Robin Duke
1965 Luther Hodgson's son

Days to Consider using
Jan. 4

Friday, January 1st

Ready to give to
Library - C
(might show turned down
pages to Harry)

New Year's Day began for me with black coffee and orange juice and good resolutions. I'm about five pounds or more heavier than I'd like to be, and Lyndon is about 20 pounds heavier. I hope to cozen, bully and brag on him enough to bring it down in the next two months. And after his bet last night with Don Thomas, when they both weighed, I have an ally.

I spent the morning in that long-needed female chore of cleaning closets, finding such delectable things as letters from my Daddy written to me at St. Mary's in 1929 and brought out in a dusty box from the old brick store several years ago. And a campaign button for Dick Russell in 1952. The morning's work resulted in one good clean closet, many chores laid out to do, and hopes of returning in the Spring without entourage to get this house in order, make the Johnson City house ready for some sort of public use, and perhaps complete the little house that Lyndon was born in.

The day was beautiful, and our last day here, so we didn't want to waste much of it indoors. After a quick and early lunch, Lyndon and I helicoptered over to A. W.'s, picked him and Mariallen up, and flew to the Haywood Ranch, to ride around by car up and down over the waterfront, planning what lots might be sold west of the Haywood house itself, where there is good waterfront and some lovely large live oak trees, about a city block or two back from the water. We are going to need something --

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Friday, January 1st (continued)

something out of capital -- to live on these next four years, with the source of KTBC dried up. It was a blue and gold day. How fortunate we've been all these thirteen days we've been here.

From there to the Nicholson and then to Mary Margaret's lake house and, finally, towards sunset back to the LBJ Ranch, having picked up Jesse along the way, to be joined by Tom and Mary Jo Miller and Don and Jane Thomas. And pretty soon Marvin and Marian Watson flew up. One of the happiest things about the first day of January '65: Marvin Watson is going to work for us.

We watched the Texas-Alabama football game, with Texas winning in an exciting cliff-hanging game, and then I saw a great, brown juicy turkey, one of Tom Miller's own, come out of the oven, and I took occasion to remind Tom and all the guests how many years -- it must be a quarter of a century -- that we've been eating Tom Miller turkeys at Thanksgiving or Christmas. And we all sat down to a delicious "Thanksgiving dinner" ~~for~~ ~~dinner~~, with Mildred Stegall and Marie and the other secretaries.

This last year Don has emerged so much into the arena of success that we've practically lost him from our group, but in spite of engaging in defeating some of the top corporation lawyers in the Westinghouse case, he still has that delightful East Texas country-boy manner.

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Friday, January 1st (continued)

Today is the last respite before back to the big job, and we have made the best of it. It's been a good day. Afterwards, around the fire -- companionable, crackling fire -- we called in Dale Meeks and Dale Malechek and talked over thoroughly the plan of putting about 300 acres into coastal Bermuda, including calling the Governor and getting his full directions on when to do it, how to supervise it. We are getting the sprigs from him, and I'm almost as interested in it as in some of Lyndon's legislative programs.