

1965

THURSDAY, APRIL 15

Income Tax Day--Thursday, April 15. The first half of the day was solid project boyhood home. At 10:00 o'clock I met the volunteer ladies at the Johnson City House. We had expected about forty and seventy-six showed up! I was delighted that they came from all over the county and not just Johnson City. There was one group of six from Blanco, several from Round Mountain, from Sandy, from Hye. Mabel Stribling was the ringleader with her Ladies for Lyndon once more revived. Mrs. Glidden told an interesting tale about when she first came to Johnson City as a young girl. It was in this house in this room she spent her first night because the Johnsons were hospitable and they asked her in! She was a school teacher I believe. I think we can expect good help from capable Nannie R. Moore, the Home Demonstration leader and Kitty Clyde Leonard, Lyndon's old schoolmate, will make an interesting guide. Nita Winters was there with her daughter and daughter-in-law and Dora Posey had come over from Blanco with her pretty peach queen daughter, Mrs. ^{Bauerle} ~~Bowlerly~~, and lots were familiar names such as Crider, Casparis, Sultemeyer.

I delivered my little script to two groups of nearly forty each... Took about four groups on tours around the house, answered questions, heard stories. We had coffee and teacakes or rather they did because I am bitterly dieting, the black coffee, hardboiled egg kind. Not in about ten years has it begun to creep up so much. And then when the ladies had

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left I dictated to Christine for another hour and feeling rather satisfied with the long morning's work started home about two o'clock. Jerry had brought me word that Volunteer was due to arrive at Bergstrom a little after five bringing Bob and Margy McNamara-- wanted me to invite some guests and suggested the Connallys and Moursunds. I knew the Wests were going to be at their ranch so added them and Jesse, the Frank Irwins and the Don Thomases.

The drive to the Haywood is sheer beauty along the Llano lane and then along the Llano highway was a broad ribbon of bluebonnets and as you look across the field there are pools, seas and sometimes in the valley in the distance they look like a low hanging cloud of blue smoke. This is the most beautiful spring in Texas that I remember. I am bathed and caressed, enchanted and intoxicated by the air, the flowers, the freshness of the green. On the way I saw four quail picking their way daintily along and then a long-legged wild turkey, the second I have seen this week. We arrived at the Haywood just a little before the helicopter, found John and Nellie there, the Irwins and the Moursunds and then in a moment the helicopter put down and out bounced the McNamaras already in khakis and Lyndon looking like he had reached the promised land, had a deed to it and was anxious to show it to his favorite people! There is nobody he is more at home with, more fond of, more respectful of in this Administration than Bob McNamara. What a joy to have him together

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with John. The three of them are cut off the same cloth. The Wests, the Thomases and Jesse joined us in a few minutes and we went out on the boat, turning left under the bridge where the Colorado gets narrow and placid, and the shores are lined with little homes and watched the late lingering twilight and then the magnificent display of the full moon. Margy is so much at home, such a delightful guest and so full of enthusiasm--from Operation Headstart for deprived children to climbing a Teton peak with her husband.

Back at the Haywood we ate barbecue. I forgot my diet and we flew home early, satisfied and happy.