

checked all

Feb '77

Copies of days to

~~copy sent Jan. 1, 1966 - except?~~

Jan. 7 Ken Galbraith

John Gordon

WHP

SATURDAY, January 1, 1966 - page 1

Jan. 12 - Lindsey Boyer

Jan. 26 - Jan 2 - (because of Owen?)

Jan. 22 McNamara - Krims will

Walter Washington

That inescapable feeling of drama, what with this New

Year hold for us all? I spent the morning trying to settle Christmas gifts into just the right spot to add interest or charm to our burgeoning household -- the wild turkeys that the West s gave us painted on an old board are a triumph. They are just right hanging above the sofa in the little sitting room. And the Krims' cowboy picture in the manner of Remington and Russell is very good in the new cedar house. Lyndon was constantly on the phone, and I went upstairs to have that second cup of coffee with Tony and Matianna, always such comforting company. And he had laid out for me three artifacts which his friends had sent me from Peru: one a glazed marriage jug with two spouts for the bride and groom to drink out of. It had been used in some little valley of the Andes in Peru between 200 and 800 AD.

We planned a drive to Enchanted Rock, but just as we were getting off, Lyndon said "No, wait for me. Go out to the plane and meet Tom Mann with me at 11:30 and then we will all go," So we did. Tom had been on a trip to Mexico -- a part of this tour-de-force for peace that has been mounted since the Christmas cease-fire. He landed about 11:30 and he and Lyndon and Jesse and Tony and Matianna and I started out to Enchanted Rock. Here we have lived in Stonewall for 13 years,

~~a little~~

Jan. 27 '66 - Jan / Brooke / Frank Stanton

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SATURDAY, January 1, 1966 - page 2

or a little more, ~~and I have never been there~~ ^{But} I have heard about it all this time and never been there. Tom said in all the years he had known Mexico, and its politicians, he had never felt them so friendly to the United States as at this time. I love getting news of Tony ^{Carriello} ~~Carr~~ Flores and Fannie. Tony is enjoying his job as Foreign Minister. Fannie is walking again after her accident. But ^{Lopez} ~~Mateos~~ is a very ill man. The prognosis does not sound good.

Our drive was constantly interrupted by the talking machine with long calls from Bill and Joe Califano about reports from all the peace speakers, and about the price increases in steel. Of course, the other five ~~osxxx~~ of us were immobilized while Lyndon was talking.

It was a misty day -- not one for exploring and mountain climbing, but ^{as we} ~~if you~~ climbed the hills the country rolled away from us on all sides you could see the ^{Cedar} dotted hills and ravines and granite rocks and little running streams. Oh, joy of this year of 50 inches rainfall! And after about an hour, we reached Enchanted Rock, the largest granite out-cropping in the country except for Stone Mountain, Georgia. All of us except Jesse stopped by the little stream. ^{There} ~~It~~ was a concession house there and one bought tickets. We were the only visitors, and the people who

SATURDAY, January 1, 1966 - page 3

owned the place didn't recognize us. As we walked up the great granite out-cropping, which is rather like a dome, we crossed innumerable faults clearly defined, which made me wish for a geologist companion, and tiny little fissures in which ^{-life} life - never-to-be-defeated/-- kept on growing: little tiny yellow flowers the size of a match head or a wee little cactus. Occasionally you would see a small mot^{of} dwarf live oaks that somehow found a little pocket of soil. One actually looks as if ~~it~~ ^{had} pushed the rocks aside in its growth. There were some interesting rocks, the Queen's Throne, others rather like ~~stone~~ ^{stone} ~~hinge~~ ^{hinge} (?).

After a while I kept on wishing Lyndon would stop, and Tony too, but there was no heading them off. Almost at the top we came to a plaque which the State of Texas put up in 1936 -- our centennial. ^{for} The Captain John Hays who on Enchanted Rock had fought off and defeated single-handedly a band of Com~~anches~~ in the year 1846. But we on and on ^{kept} going because the top kept receding. Finally, at the very top of the world, there was a small round bronze piece that had been put there by the National Geodetics Survey, and from there we looked off to all the horizons. One owned the world in all directions! It was a thrilling way to begin 1966.

SATURDAY, January 1, 1966 - page 4

About that time, the proprietor, Mr. Moss, who must have decided who we were, emerged on the path not far below us, and soon joined us and gave us other interesting bits of information. One, in 1929, a car had come to the very top of the mountain where we now stood. Another, we were 1900 feet above sea-level. At the stream where we had started out, we were about 1400 . He and Lyndon talked ranching all the way down. He is a member of the old Moss family who lived here since before the Texas Revolution. There were several ~~Mosses~~ Mosses who had fought in the last encounter with the Indians on Pack Saddle Mountain in 1870 something. His cousins and kinfolks owned the land on all sides, and I kept on thinking how good it would be if the State of Texas or the country, ^{owned} ~~owned~~ at least this ~~quite~~ quite remarkable scenic attraction. I suppose this is another sign that we are a young country.

We went home by a very back road, off of the pavement and sometimes even off of the gravel. Through Willow City, this was a day of ["]first["] for me. I have seen signs to Willow City for 13 years and never been there, ^{we} and arrived hungry as bears at the ranch house about 3:15.

There was Winston who had come to celebrate New Years with us, and dear Mildred and the staff, and we sat down imme-

SATURDAY, January 1, 1966 - page5

diately to a delicious lunch. Appetite is the ~~best~~ best sauce!
Ham and black-eyed pease for New Years, and corn bread and
buttermilk, and I realized ~~realized~~ the pleasure that comes all
too seldom in our civilized ~~all~~ affluent life of being really very
hungry and then getting satisfied.

After lunch I said goodbye to everybody, and went in for
a long nap. ~~thought I did~~ Though I didn't quite sleep, I read and
rested, and then got up to see the end of a beautiful sunset -- really
Lyndon's last before he goes back. And then, at his insistence
We all trooped to St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church for mass.
He and I, and Jesse, and Tony and Matianna, and Marie and Mildred,
and to my chagrin Luci wouldn't go because she had been to early
mass with Pat and this was her last hour with him before he went
back to boot camp.

The church was an experience. Everybody brought their
baby ^{ies} and there were plenty of them, several crying. Father
Schneider's accent was heavy German, but we could understand
the warmth of his welcome because he expressed his pleasure that
the President and the First Lady ~~would~~ were there and blessed
all of our party, and all our work, with such genuine pleasure
that I felt good we had come even if my knees were paralyzed from
the wooden kneelers. All of this was Lyndon's idea. Sometimes
I don't quite know what moves him. I think in part it was a gift to

SATURDAY, January 1, 1968 - page 6.

Marie whom he teases so much about being a Catholic, but whom he loves, and I was glad too because Marianna wanted to go to Mass.

And then, back to the ranch, and there ^{there} ~~was~~ Lynda and Warrie Lynn [^]weary, full of excitement, both chattering at once. George had flown in from London at 8 o'clock New Year's Eve, and had left at 12 New Year's Day. Then Lynda and Warrie Lynn had gone to the football game, and they had left right afterward, and here they were. Excitement is a new mood for Lynda, and it comes her. She has looked radiant, happy, ~~full~~ in the swift current of life, and I am so happy about her. And Warrie, who is everybody's favorite girl, was beaming about it all.

(Lynda and Warrie)

I had a call from the Boggs and they told me they [^]had been wonderful little guests. Today was just what New Year's should be, family, kinfolks, dear friends ^{— there's} [^]nobody closer than Mildred and Jesse. The only disappointment was that Lucia and Birge and Becky were not with us. I had ~~never~~ ^{never} thought I would [^]eat again, but Gene brought in the big turkey handsomely decorated for us to admire, and then about 9 o'clock we had the traditional dinner. ^{make} better Nobody ~~in~~ dressing in the world ~~better~~ than Zephyr's, sweet potatoes with marshmallows, cranberry sauce, and afterward a session at the Johnson "Bijou" -- Ship of Fools which turned out to be a

SATURDAY, January 1, 1960 -- page 7

wonderful movie, but the audience gradually drifted away --

Lyndon to sleep and Winston and Tony the same. Lynda Bird
had already seen it, and Luci went to take Pat back to San Antonio.

But Matianna and Mildred and the girls and I enjoyed it.