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We left early in the morning to go to church at St. Barnabas -- the New Year not two days old and our second church service. Lyndon, and Lynda - still glowing from her visit with George -- Vicki and Mildred and I, ^{none} ~~some~~ of our heavy Catholic contingent with us -- all the ecumenical feeling on our side. Tony would love to have gone, but he had flown down on a plane that left at dawn to pick up Senator and Mrs. Douglas ^{Oatona} in Wauhauca (?). The Press in full number awaited us at the end of the arbor. The Reverend Langford, nearly 7 feet. After the service we went into the tiny little log cabin to have coffee. We talked to as many of the parishioners as we could, especially Colonel Petsch. All the children took pictures of Lyndon with their new Christmas cameras, and then he asked the Press Corps to stop by the ranch for egg-nog and cookies and coffee. I had taken out a little insurance and told Zephyr that we might do this and to be prepared on short notice.

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We got home a little before eleven. It was our last delicious fling -- a great bowl of Zephyr's superb egg-nog, all the fruit cake and cookies and candy that numerous friends had given us piled on platters, and the constantly refilled coffee urns with the 50 or more Press Corps in the front yard. Several of them had nice things to say about how much they had enjoyed

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spending so much of the fall in Texas. It was a beautiful day, but a bit nippy -- our last, the very end of our sojourn in Texas. Tonight we leave to embrace our problems, to dive in to the sea of troubles. [#] It was a ~~de~~ crescendo of a day. No sooner had the Press left, ^{then} the plane ~~was~~ with Senator and Mrs. Douglas arrived and Tony aboard, and a few moments before they landed I found that Cantinglas ~~SANTENFLOS~~ and his sick wife would be aboard. ^{had} He had started to leave Mexico City in his own plane, ~~it~~ had to turn back because of engine trouble, by merest chance had heard of our planex being there, and had asked if he and his wife could ride to the ranch and then proceed to Temple ^{to the clinic} where he was taking her, and of course Lyndon went into full gear to help in every way. Immigration people were standing at the foot of the plane when it landed to check them out very quickly. We had Dale ready with our plane to take them to Temple. We asked of course if they would stay and have lunch immediately. It was obvious that she was a very sick woman and he a very anxious and strained man. They could not. They wanted to leave as soon as possible. We put coffee and cookies aboard and she was practically carried to the golf cart and then to the plane, and then they were off. Her legs were heavily swathed in bandages. Otherwise, nobody told us the nature of her illness, but pain was written on her face.

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And so here we were with Senator and Mrs. Douglas for lunch. We had quail and wild rice and baked pears and popovers -- our last delicious meal at the ranch. And an odd assemblage we were. In many ways I admire them both so much and yet there has always been a sort of a cavern between us. I don't know whether they quite believe we are real. There is a certain type of liberal that has always been cynical about us, and perhaps that is why one of the most touching introductions in the campaign of 1960 to me was Senator Douglas' introduction of Lyndon in his own state - Douglas' -- which was a very forthright statement that, boiled down, said they had never really been friends but here was a man who could do a job for the country. # After lunch we toured the ranch. I took Emily down to the birthplace, and we went through, and described the quilt that Lyndon's great grandmother had made and a crocheted bedspread that was our wedding present from his grandmother and all the other old simple pieces of furniture for a Texas farmhouse circa 1908. We talked about the new Department of Urban Affairs and always, always Vietnam, and his own plans for next summer. He and Lyndon had some plans/ time before Emily and I joined them. They said they had enjoyed Tony so much because Tony knew and loved ^{Oaxaca} ~~Wauhauca~~ (?). He had

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been there over a span of 30 years many times, and had a sentimental attachment for it. And then they were off in the plane back to ^{Dayaca}~~Wauhatcha~~ and Tony and Mattianna left by car for San Antonio to catch whatever commercial they could for Santa Fe. And Lynda and Warrie Lynnn returned to the University and books.

What a happy Christmas it has been! And the little bits of talks I have had with Lynda. She has been so alive, so aglow with excitement. It is a sort of new era in life for her. And I am happy.

Mildred returned to Austin. Everyone was packed/d ing/ The holiday was over. Even Luci had gone into Austin for a last visit with Betty Beale and friends. She would meet us at the airport. So Lyndon and I and Jesse -- there is always Jesse -- drove into Johnson City to the apartment. The Moursunds and the Wests joined the us there. We made all those final decisions about those decorating details of bedspreads, ~~xstox~~ and accessories, and possible paintings, and then we went out to Melvin Winters' to take them their Christmas presents.

I wound up my day with a nice talk with Ava. I had sent her Christmas present in by Lynda Bird. And with A. W. about the two parks in Johnson City. It now appears there will be two. Lyndon is never happier than when he is giving people things -- lots of things --

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and watching them open them. He explains everything about each one, and then if they are delighted he beams like a small boy. . . .

We were at Bergstrom before seven and had a rough trip to Washington, practically setting a record with a little over two hours and twenty minutes. The fog was so heavy that you couldn't see the top of the Washington Monument as we drove in from National airport.

Helicopters were impossible. It must have been a minimum ceiling.

The glorious Christmas tree was still up and the two trees at the Diplomatic Entrance, and Blanco freshly bathed, shy but eager, waiting for us as we arrived with Beagle, five puppies two doves, one ~~bouncing~~ bouncing daughter and the two of us.

I felt now that 1966 was really beginning. Lyndon had just been rated man of the year for the third time, and I number two as woman of the year. So we had something to look back on, but now was the time to look forward.