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Page 1 of 1

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| 1 | Transcript | Lady Bird Johnson's Diary, Pages 2, 7-8 | | 3 | 12/04/1966 | C |

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Initials

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, December 4, 1966

Page 1

It was foggy and promising rain. We all looked hopefully to the skies every morning, and rain is everybody's conversation. Luci and Pat had been to a party in Austin at Jake Pickle's the night before. So they were sleeping late and going to a later Mass. And it was only Lyndon and I and Bess who drove to St. Barnabas. I like the Minister -- McAllister -- so much we wish he could stay.

Afterwards we had coffee in the little log cabin that had served us as a mission church for some 12 or so years. ^a And before that, a German immigrant family for a home for more than 100 years. And I told some of the newsmen that the communion wine was made from the grapevines in the backyard. And the grapevine had come over on a ship with an immigrant family from Germany and had traveled with their belongings by ox cart from Indianola where the ship had landed to Fredericksburg. The family was named Walter. He had built his house in 1846.

Lyndon told our press officer, I believe it was Tom Johnson, that if any of the reporters had not been to the Ranch they could follow us home and he would drive them around. About 7 did. We piled them into a station wagon. He showed them the cemetery and the school and the house where he was born. And then drove through the Reagan and the Martin and the Danfz. Somewhere along the way, I left the group and went in and signed lots of Christmas mats. The pile is being reduced. But it was 3:00 before I could get us in for lunch. Bess and Jesse and ^{Lyndon} ~~Lyndon~~ and I and Marie and

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, December 4, 1966

Page 2

Mary -- a small family. Seldom do we sit down with only 6 at the table.

The house is aglow with flowers -- Bess's good work. White and peppermint carnations, yellow and bronze and russet and apricot chrysanthemums. The prettiest green from our own yard -- podacarpus. Bess is so inventive. She has arranged them all. Dozens of bouquets, some in every room. It is all in preparation of what is the big event of the day -- having the Secret Service men and their wives over for a barbeque dinner. It has all ^{been} ~~xxx~~ Lyndon's idea. And one of those ideas I love him for. He had suggested having his detail and mine -- those that follow us everywhere -- to bring their wives down for the weekend at the Ranch, coming with me on the plane Friday and returning sometime Monday. It had been a well planned, happily executed weekend. I had talked it over with Lem Johns and asked him to get with Bess for all the logistics.

SANTIZED

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, December 4, 1966

Page 3

That wonderful pair, Mary and James, made a trip to each house taking flowers and candy and things for breakfast, including homemade bread and Ranch bacon. And I hope -- I told her to -- some of our own preserves.

It had been fun to plan and twice as much fun when the Secret Service people began to arrive about 4:00 and I met all the wives and got names and faces affixed to the wives that belonged to the husbands I knew pretty well.

The first arrivals found Lyndon and me out riding. We hurried home.

He took a car very full and I took a station wagon with my three agents and their wives and the ^{Pontiac} ~~Pontiac~~ and Jesse Kellam took a third car. And ^{Knetsch} ~~Knetsch~~ Clarence came along in the backup car. Somebody brought refreshments.

Lyndon started with his group to the Hartman, and I to my favorite place, the Sharnhorst. We saw the black buck antelope bounding along. And they were interested in the stage coach road and the big pink out-croppings. I told them about our river walks. The most fun of all was to hear what they have been doing. They had a venison supper at Stonewall with some of the people stationed there. Mrs. Knetsch had had them over for lunch -- Jewel Malechek for coffee one day. They had gone into Austin to do some shopping and sight-seeing, and the agents stationed there had a cocktail party for them. And then they had gone for a Mexican dinner. All of the agents have become authorities on what is the best Mexican food. And then to dance.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, December 4, 1966

Page 4

So it had been a full weekend. Most especially, they said, they had enjoyed seeing the people and the places, the wild life and the countryside, that their husbands talked about.

Bess had been so busy getting ready for dinner, she could not go with us. Feeding 32 graciously in our dining room is no easy matter. We had a drink on the Sharnhorst as we traveled the river road. And then went home, picked up Bess, and in the last rays of sunlight, rode around over the Martin. There is always one more thing you wished you had shown them and for me it was Charlie.

At 4:00 when they had begun to come, Lyndon and I were up at Dale's barn looking at the bulls he is readying for the Johnson City auction tomorrow -- about 8 or 9 fine looking animals. One was lying down flat on his side, his feet stuck out, being hosed down and scrubbed with soap by the Meyer boy. Several were having their hoofs and horns polished with emery cloths. And Charlie, that resplendent animal, was having the final touches put on with a currycomb and having the first third of his tail shaved and the bottom two-thirds combed out glossy and beautiful with as much care as Jean Louis would give me if I were heading for the opera. It was a sight to see! And Charlie was a beauty. I asked his real name. It went rather like an auctioneers chant, and went something like this: "LBJ Ranch-Colorado-Huska-127", except there were more words to it. But he was Charlie for short and beloved by Dale and Clarey and Dale's

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, December 4, 1966

Page 5

two little boys and all the ranch hands.

It was utterly placid and amiable and behaved just like a big teddy bear. But it was dark when we passed the barn, and Dale had left Charlie and gone down to the Ranch house to join us. We had invited him and Jewel and the Weinheimers to dinner.

So something after 6:00 we returned to the main ranch and I told some of the ladies -- as many as I could gather around in the little sitting room -- the story of the coffee table and the needle-point and the big deer head and my copper from the flea market.

And then we went in, buffet style, to help ourselves to the barbequed ~~meat~~ ribs and an enormous bowl of beans and hot homemade bread. And the dining room looked delightful -- the lights low and even Lyndon agrees with it now with his ^{exasperated} ~~exasperated~~ eye trouble he has. Flowers were everywhere. And all 30-odd of us seated comfortably enough.

I had Lem Johns on my left and Jerry Kevitt on my right and Betty Weinheimer, who is good company and adds ~~some~~ variety. Lyndon was host at one table. Jesse at one, accompanied by Bess. And the Clarence Knetschs at another.

Lyndon had kept Marie and Mary busy all afternoon wrapping yet another gift -- an oak tree picture of the two of us which we both autographed, a copy of the "President's Country", until there was a little stack of three or four in golden ribbons for each of the 12 wives. And when we got to

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, December 4, 1966

Page 6

desert, Lyndon walked around the room passing them out -- a moment he always loves. Then I said a few words about how happy we were to have the wives of these men who meant so much in our lives to share a weekend with us. And Rufth Youngblood answered with a sweet warm speech. And then Lyndon talked, full of his piffy, humorous, sentimental expressions. I would like to really know what every one of these men think about him. He was full of praise for their devotion to their job -- not him -- their good humor toward everything. It was a happy evening.

Then we all filed out to the hangar to see movies. First Okie took a picture of each agent and his wife with Lyndon and me.

Tonight is the first use of the hangar in a party situation. It looked nice and was comfortable. We took coffee and passed around candy. And the Johnson ~~house~~^{bijou} has certainly grown from the 6 or 8 seats in the guest house.

We saw "A Day in April". I will never forget the Secret Service agents running beside the car, mile after mile, in that 8,000 or so foot of altitude, ~~and~~^{then we saw} the Manilla Conference. I can only guess that the amount of work and ~~strength~~ strain those men poured into that. And at the "President's Country" which I hoped they enjoyed -- opening gates and dashing from helicopter to boat and all.

A little before 9:00 everybody said goodbye with plans to leave tomorrow. And I think it has been a marveously successful weekend, thanks to Lyndon's generous thoughts and Bess's good management.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, December 4, 1966

Page 7

Every night here at the Ranch for me winds up with a paraffin bath for this little ridiculous ailment -- whether it is arthritis of "trigger finger" or whatever -- on my right hand. And then a rub. I shall enjoy this height of luxury until the carriage turns into a pumpkin!

And then the real ^ddesert of the day -- reading myself to sleep. Right now it is Allen Drury's "Capable ^hHonor" -- an excellent book, particularly for one who has lived ^{the} a life that we in Washington do. Months ago it was a William Faulkner, ^{was it} "The ^{Ang the} Two Truman Capotes" -- "In Cold Blood", and "Other Voices, Other Rooms"? Later, a light but charming book, "September Child". And every now and then I pick up Helen Hayes, "A Gift of Joy" -- an especially dear book.

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"Them" ^{was} were a group of amputees in the Walter Reed Army Medical Center who had been wounded in Viet-Nam. And the party was a night at the Washington Hilton -- food and drink donated by the local merchants

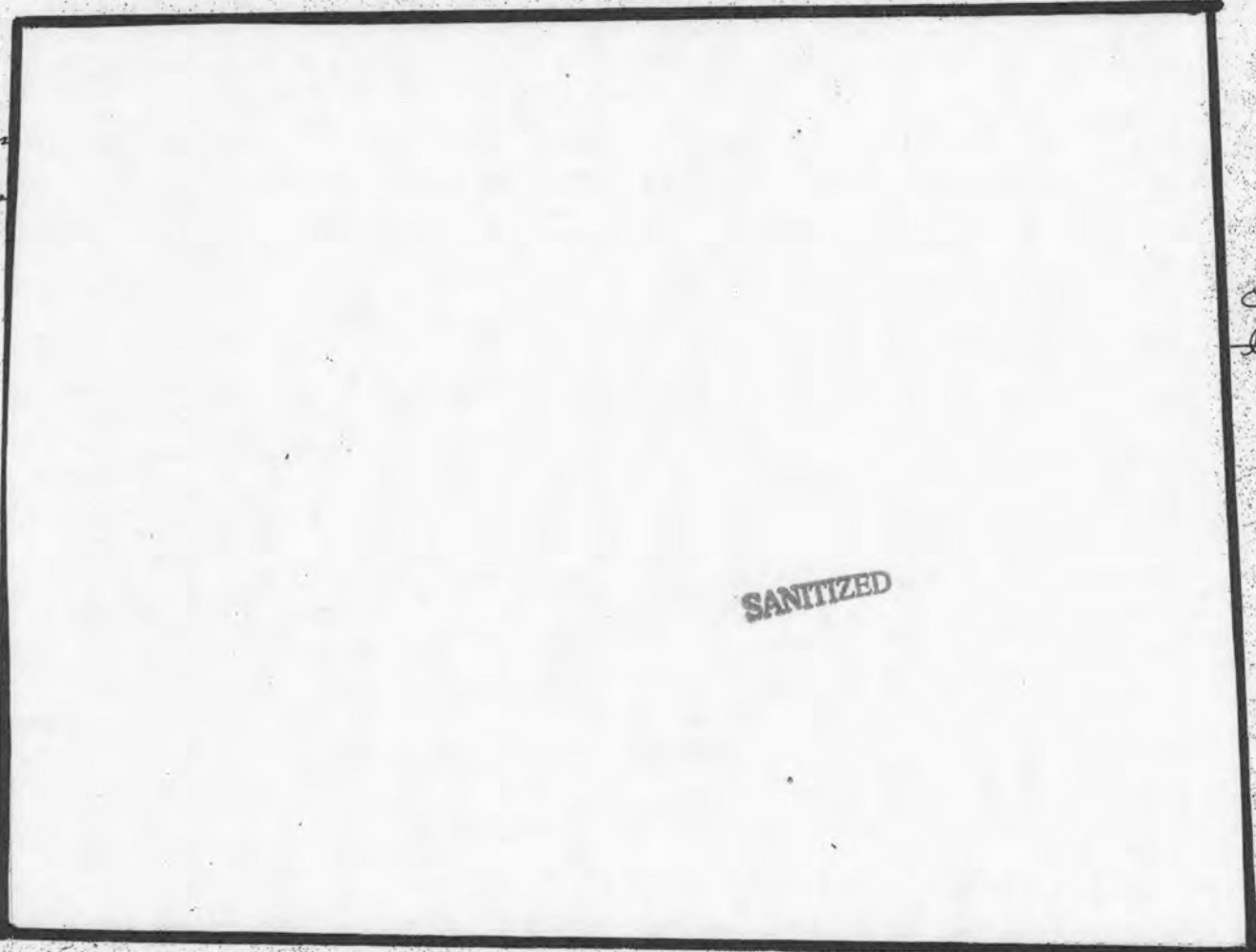
MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Sunday, December 4, 1966

Page 8



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