

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, November 23, 1967

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Thanksgiving Day, November 23rd, was a day of sheer contentment, satisfying to remember, soft as velvet or cream. The weather was bright blue and gold, and I had coffee in bed and did a couple of hours work knowing that Lyndon was content with little Patrick Lyn on the bed beside him -- his feet straight up in the air, batting the newspaper, and Helen handy to take him if he squealed.

Close to noon, I gathered together some paintings from the office in the storage room and rode up to the Martin. James and I went through the house trying them here and there, while Paul and <sup>Ken</sup> ~~Jim~~ followed and said they liked this one here and another one there.

The house was absolutely gleaming. <sup>They</sup> ~~We~~ had spent three hours cleaning it up, they told me, and they were going to have 75 guests for lunch. They were spreading tables out in the front yard and a great big army truck drove up with turkeys and an assortment of pies. It looked like all day singing and dinner on the grounds back at Karnack.

Lyndon drove up with the top down, and he and I and Marie drove around the Martin and the Dantz and the Reagan. The last color of fall is almost gone. Here and there a schumac or a red oak with the last leaves coppery red, and the frost has got even the cowpin daisies.

About 1:30 we met with the Krims at the hangar and went in for a light lunch anticipating the big Thanksgiving ~~Dinner~~ this evening. Delicious home-made soup with luscious bits of meat and Mary's cornbread -- it is a cross between spoonbread and cornbread. And buttermilk and fruit salad.

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It was a very small group for the LBJ Ranch -- only six of us. Lyndon and I and the Krims and Jim and Marie.

Luci and Pat and Lynda and Chuck had flown down to the big game at College Station.

After lunch, we all took a nap and then about 4:30 Jesse Kellum came and we helicoptered over to the <sup>Moursund</sup> ~~Morrison~~ Ranch and drove around with A. W. <sup>MARIA ALLEN</sup> and ~~Mary Ellen~~ to inspect his new airport. He's bought a small Beech Baron, which he says he will use in his cattle business. The auction barn is underway. It will be completed in March. They drove aimlessly happy, looking, but not very hard, for red oaks, or schumac. Every now and then when they saw a glint of red, <sup>MARIA ALLEN</sup> ~~Mary Ellen~~ and I got out of the car and walked over to inspect it. We found nothing perfect except views -- the most glorious views. On of them, on top of a massa -- so flat it looked like it had been chopped off by some giant knife. It was a perfect 360 degree view.

There was a long dead camp fire with some smooth rocks by that someone had evidently dragged up as seats. <sup>MARIA ALLEN</sup> ~~Mary Ellen~~ said, "Well, they had a wiener roast here."

It's a delightful country to raise children in, that is if they love the outdoors and roam it and learn about it.

Dark comes early now. No more the link the twilights of summer.

At 6:00 in the dark we flew back to the LBJ Ranch. The company was already there. I had invited the Nugents who are visiting Luci in mass.

The Jerry Nugent, Sr.'s, her father and mother-in-law, and her Aunt,

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Mrs. Landers, and the Jerry Nugent, Jr.'s. And I had invited four of the lon<sup>e</sup>some ones. Jesse Kellum and Jesse Hunter, <sup>with</sup> ~~my~~ cousin Lela and cousin Oriole. They were all sitting in the living room getting acquainted. Pat and Luci and Lynda and Chuck had just come in. They all had a drink. I asked one of the stewards to bring in the great big turkey, fat and golden, and about 25 pounds on the biggest platter in the house. He circled the living room with it and our anticipation rose.

About 7:00 we went in -- 19 of us. I at the little table with Mr. Nugent on my right and Chuck and Lynda on my left and Jesse as my co-host. And Luci Baines as Lyndon's hostess at the big table.

Luci gave us a long and eloquent blessing, full of her pleasure in life and family. And then we all set to on the turkey, both domestic and wild, dressing and cranberry sauce and hot rolls, delicious sweet potatoes with marsh-~~m~~ellows on top, green beans, lima beans, and cranberry salad, crunchy with nuts and celery. And finally, mince pie and coffee.

There are occasions when it is pleasant to stuff, and Thanksgiving the best of these.

When dinner was over, I went to the bridge table with unseemly haste, taking the first three who had volunteered to play. Mr. and Mrs. Nugent and Lela. But I was glad that Lynda and Chuck got up a game in the next room -- Jerry Jr. and Jesse Hunter.

We played at least a couple of hours. And the Nugents are wonderful players. Lela acts as though she has never counted a hand or heard of a rule,

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and yet she always manages to end up winning and I losing. And soon we were all laughing hilariously. She has great humor with a touch of Rhubolter in it. She would say something outrageous and cackle with laughter. And we all had a good time.

Finally, someone rose to go, and presently we had said goodbye to everyone. Only Luci and Pat and Lynda and Chuck remained. And we paused for a last word and then settled into our chairs as one after another thought up a story they wanted to tell. I had a ~~dou~~bonnet night cap and sat quietly mostly savoring their talk.

Lynda's ~~Lynda's~~ bright and sometimes brittle <sup>vignettes</sup> ~~vignets~~ from the people and events of her life, and Luci's bubbling flow that is sometimes interspersed with insight and philosophy sage beyond her years.

Then I realized ~~this~~ that this is really Thanksgiving. And this is what I have to be thankful for. I am reasonably satisfied with the way both of these children have turned out. And I truly like their two young men. And today has been perfect and full.

I shall remember that evening. I hope they will. There was more to it than many I've crowded with excitement and big names and important events.