

1968

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13

The bad day has come. The life of the lotus-eaters is at an end, our big marathon's over with. Every night for four nights, once as late as one o'clock three nights in a row. Lyndon had exercised every day and swam almost every day--thirty laps sometimes and ridden the bicycle. He varies a great deal, but at the best he was down sixteen pounds and one and one-half inches in the waist. I was so proud of him.

I spent the morning on household chores, simple things, deciding on lamp shades and waste baskets and wallpaper samples for Jessie's bedroom. We had an early lunch, Jim, Marie, Mary Rather and Jessie Hunter and then we drove into the boyhood home, Lyndon and Jessie and I and then went to meet A. W. We walked right through the tourists into Jessie's back bedroom, spread out all the books of wallpaper samples and over coffee and a cookie, a great treat when I am on a stringent diet too and we made plans for how the bedroom should look. It's so drab now. I would love to see it gay and bright--yellow or coral or pink. Wheezie Deathe, always helpful, had met us with a big stack of wallpaper books. We spent a domestic hour and then I went down to A. W.'s office and with him and Lyndon started our last drive. There is always something special about leaving. We drove through the Schornhorst. Lyndon can never seem to get enough of looking at the deer, counting them and inspecting the fences, picking up the intercom every few minutes to give directions to Dale who

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must curse the instrument by now. Then we went home, toured the Martin ranch. In the course of the afternoon A. W. told some interesting stories about an eagle in one of his pastures who was killing all of his little kids--new born goats--and about a return of wolves who had not been seen in these parts for many years until the last three or four years and by now something of a menace to young sheep and goats. In one night they had killed forty-eight he said. It was all alien and interesting to me. We picked up Jewell Malachek at her house and drove through the dance. Dale joined us and we talked of bluebonnets and crops and the price of bulls and all too soon it was six o'clock and we were back at the house, changed clothes, took the chopper into Mabry and it was the end of the longest day we had had at the ranch in years, it seems to me. We drove to Luci's house and there was Lyn all smiles, apparently over his ear infection, absolutely enthralled at seeing his grandfather. It is one of the pleasures of my life to see them together. Lyndon spends more time with him than he ever did with either of our children. He said there is one job I want and that is to be a full-time grandfather. It was both humorous and pathetic. Luci's solicitude for him--for Lyndon--is touching and sweet. She is very womanly about him.

A little before eight we flew to Bergstrom and boarded Air Force One. Congressman Gonzales and Kazen and Pickle and Beryl were waiting for us and a plane load full of the retinue that follows the President. We had dinner and read papers and talked and at 12:30 in a pelting rain landed at Andrews

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Air Force Base. We literally waded through the water to our chopper, were on the ground at the south of the White House a little before 1:00.

Lyndon in true countryman's fashion insisted that the Pickles come on inside and spend the night with us. I rounded up a gown and a robe for Beryl, he gave Jake pajamas and upstairs they went so we returned what seemed like New Year's, the beginning of the hardest year with our big problem still unresolved.