

1963

Tuesday, December 31st WHD

The last day of this year began very early, about the ridiculous hour of 6:30, with Lyndon getting up to go deer hunting, taking with him Jake Picke^l and, I think, Don Thomas.

Then I got Lynda Bird off on her trip to Dallas and Luci Baines off also to see the game, and then I luxuriously and self-indulgently went back to sleep.

I woke up about 2 o'clock, the most wonderful morning I've had in two or three months.

After a while the men came in and had a big breakfast, and then the living room was filled with important faces, some who arrived on the plane from Washington -- Mr. Sparks, Mr. Murphy, a great many people we seemed to know -- to discuss things that must be done, rather brief *(poor tape quality)*
but legal.

After a while they left and the mood was turned to my kinfolks.

Winston was the first to arrive, then Wayne Whitman, Sarah and Susan. They must have gotten here about one or a little afterwards -- and then we waited for Tony and Matianna, who arrived around two; and T. ~~James~~ II, Christine and ^{Nancy} ~~Morie~~ and Sally, and we all sat down to lunch.

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After lunch, the nucleus of us -- that is, Tony and T. J. and I, together with Don Thomas and Sandy Shapiro, got around in a business session about Daddy's estate, which boiled down to the fact that we must make some sort of an offer to Bruce to arrive at a community settlement, trying to protect the ... (very blurred with static). And I hope some time in January or February we will arrive at some prospective separation of this long-continued estate.

Lyndon joined us very late in the day, probably about 4:30 or 5, and with his usual manner, put in his advice in about three succinct sentences, which I thought magnificent, to discussions that had continued, and it's probably the way we will take to solve it.

Then we called the Wests and Chambers and went over to the ranch, and we took the car over to the copter. We sat down to a delicious dinner of steaks. It's a wonderful way to welcome the New Year, with my own dear family, people that I love. It makes this the biggest.

We looked out over the country that I love. The russet glow of the sunset over the hill, and I should hope to God they see the deer and maybe take one shot. And then I was aware that this is the last day of the season, that tomorrow I can see them just as alive and beautiful as ever, even if I can't shoot them. That's a good deal.

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Lyndon interrupted me by asking me to get ready to leave, very much against my wishes, and go in to Austin to two parties. He said he wanted to go to -- one was at ^(postage) ~~Jack Gram's~~ 40th anniversary, and I don't know anybody that is contributing more time and more devotion to his country. And the other, the press party which was being carried on by the Washington press and the Austin press, and I think it's at the Club.

But I'd just as rather sit around the fire and watch the embers glow and talk to the folks up here close to me.

I watched the film of what he said over television to a great many foreign countries. Then a film about England -- it was a beautifully produced film, quite moving I think, factual enough, very dramatic. I loved it, I even thought we were all interested.

And then pretty soon they said goodbye and the family group sat around the fire, with an extra glass of wine, and put on another stick of wood, and we talked about all the old pictures of the Brick House and of the store, and the times we remembered in our childhood.

Each one of us had our favorite story to tell about Daddy and Mother and Tony, ^{about days when we were young} ~~and we mostly remembered it all~~, and mostly we just enjoyed being together, and it's good that people feel that way about each other.

Also, I
can't re-
member
who this is!
Check tape

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Finally we said goodnight because I think I forgot to welcome
in the New Year first. Meanwhile... (very garbled) wake up
tomorrow and greet everybody and go on with the new year.
Good-bye to 1963.