

NORTH TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY  
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION  
NUMBER 24

Personal Diary of Mrs. Dan Moody

Recorded during her term as  
First Lady of Texas while residing  
in The Governor's Mansion in Austin, Texas

Terms of Use: See Form A (contrast) <sup>with D</sup> \*\*

Approved: Mrs. Dan Moody

Date: May 25, 1969

\*\*Released only with Mrs. Moody's written permission

# The Dallas Morning News

TEXAS' LEADING NEWSPAPER

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Office of the Publisher

February 11, 1965.

Mrs. Dan Moody,  
2302 Woodlawn,  
Sunset Hill,  
Austin 3, Texas.

Dear Mildred:

It may surprise you to know that this morning when I came to the office and found your manuscript about living in the governor's mansion on \$333.33 a month, I pushed everything aside and read the diary through from "kiver to kiver," word for word.

It's definitely not destined for publication in its present form in any Texas newspaper.

For one thing, it's entirely too personal in nature, but I guess that's what every diary is like. The greater portion of it reads like a love story between you and Dan, and a lot of the people that you mention in the diary are not sufficiently identified.

There are portions of the diary which verge on libel, although I doubt very seriously whether you could libel Farmer Jim Ferguson and his wife at this time, but you never can tell. I think the Fergusons still have two daughters alive, and they might sue you for libel because of parts of your diary.

Then, too, you take some pretty dirty digs against Amon Carter--"Rule or Ruin" Carter--in which I think you are entirely justified, but which I doubt whether Amon, Jr. or other members of the Carter family would appreciate.

You evidently were fond of Ross Sterling and his wife, but you do make him out a kind of simple-minded peasant in your diary. In this you were eminently correct, I might add,

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because I campaigned with Ross Sterling in his race for governor, and Silliman Evans and I wrote a good many of his speeches because he couldn't write one for himself.

I think the main historical value of your diary lies in the Democratic Convention at Houston in 1928. If you want to rewrite your diary, I would expand on this portion and also from a historical standpoint, the fight that Dan had in his own mind as to whether to run for a third term, or be satisfied with two terms, might be expanded somewhat.

The only possibly publication that might be interested in your diary, I think, would be the Southwestern Historical Quarterly, of which Dr. J. Bailey Carroll is editor, but I understand that he is a sick man at this time, and I doubt whether he is as active in the publication of the Southwestern Historical Quarterly as he once was. Anyhow, after Dr. Carroll finished reworking your diary you wouldn't recognize it. He would compress it down to about one-tenth the space you have given it and would add voluminous footnotes, and would also leave out parts that I have designated as being possibly libelous, even though they are the most interesting parts.

Just for the fun of it, why don't you submit your diary to the Southwestern Historical Quarterly and see what the editors' verdict is.

Personally, I was very much interested in the whole diary from beginning to end, because in the days that you speak of I was a staff correspondent of The News and covered the political campaigns all during the period from 1920 to 1928 when Ross Sterling was elected governor. Of course, you know I campaigned with Dan, too, on most of his speechmaking tours when he was no longer governor, and, of course, you probably remember that I covered most of Jim Ferguson's and Ma Ferguson's campaigns when they were running against persons like Felix Robertson and Ross Sterling.



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Oral History Collection

Mansion Diary  
by Mrs. Dan Moody

LIVING IN A MANSION ON \$333.33 A MONTH

The election of 1926 was over. Dan Moody had won the Governor's office by an overwhelming vote in November, after an exciting campaign that began on our honeymoon, in April of that year. Now my husband, the Governor-elect was on an extended tour of the East (he was still the Attorney General of the state) and I had gone home to Abilene for a visit with my family, awaiting the thrill of a January Inaugural.

One of my life-long friends, who had taken over the "Woman's Page" of the Abilene Reporter my old bailey-wick, following my resignation, came to call. New to the ways of politics, I talked freely to my friend, thinking only of the call as a personal visit.

"How are you and Dan going to live in the Governor's Mansion on that \$4000.00 a year?" she queried. My answer:

"Well, that is all there is--there isn't any more; we will just have to live on that." Dan had come rapidly up from Law school, through a brief practice in his home town of Taylor, then he was elected County Attorney, and soon appointed District Attorney by Governor Neff. From that office, through a big fight on the recently regenerated Ku Klux Klan which attracted national attention, he landed in the office of Attorney General of Texas, and was soon pitted against Ma Ferguson for the Governorship of

the state. He had no private income, and no inheritance. So--it was as simple as that; we would have the salary of \$333.33 a month and no more. (I was also new to house-keeping and running an establishment.)

The following day I was aghast to find an A. P. story going the rounds of the national press that "Texas Governor and Wife Will Live on \$4000.00 a Year." My husband called long distance to remonstrate with me for "giving out that interview," which I abjectly tried to explain.

But the story took hold. There was a discreet little editorial in the good old Dallas News, congratulating me on my intention and "wishing me well." So there I was stuck with my resolution as a public demonstration. I meant well--I fully intended to hew the line.

How I succeeded (?) is humorously portrayed in the sketch-work jottings of the Diary I kept while occupying the Executive Mansion in Austin the next four years. The Diary was not all concerned with bills and budgets; there are many political side-lights of the place. But I painfully recall that there was another discreet little editorial in the Dallas News just before we left office, "recalling my little resolution and wondering how I made out, and fearing the worst." I was never able to overcome my embarrassment enough to answer that editorial.

Of course at the present time the Governor and First Lady live on a much more generous salary; but with the shrinkage of the dollar and the increase of the demands of place (the current story is that the old Mansion is completely inadequate to the necessary entertainment called for; although I thought it marvelous in my day and lamented only that I had not the "wherewithal" to perform in the stately old place, as it seemed to demand.) Yet I have wondered, myself about succeeding First Ladies and

their problems therein. Perhaps these excerpts from an old Diary will make them and others smile.

The Diary is verbatim as written at the time--I have used only stars \*\*\* in deleting very personal observations, and have added nothing to its contents. I tuck in a brief prelude to our life in the Governor's Mansion, since it includes the campaign (also from the Diary viewpoint) in order that one may see the two starry-eyed people who launched so boldly into this adventure. Of interest, also, may be the fact that in one of the first dates I had with the young District Attorney in Austin he took me in his old "model T" ford by the Governor's Mansion, and commented that he "considered that the finest residence site in the state." I remember writing in my old Diary, with a smile, "Why--is that the direction of your ambitions? Why you Good Old Country Boy, you will never make that!"

February---1926 Dearest Bill (how I addressed my Diary),--I feel almost like the funny old woman on the "Kings Highway" (of childhood tales) "Lordy-mercy this can't be I!" Then again I feel like I did on the eventful occasion of bobbing my hair--the great relief freedom is very similar and the thought "Well, why didn't I do it sooner?" You see I am actually going to be married, after all the wild turmoil and reactions, after all the crazy thoughts and debates with myself.

Yes, herein my announcement: I am going to marry that sweet lad Dan yes, D. M. (my fate). How the memory runs back at that name, Bill, back several years to the meeting but it is all in this old crazy-quilt, patchwork journal of mine. Yes, I am going through with it this time truly because, Bill, I never dreamed I would actually get to this state--and the glorious feeling. No kidding I really want to marry that fine



lad more than I want to do anything else in the world. You know that I told you way back that when I got to that state, and only then, would I do the deed!

I have been a daily surprise to myself since I finally decided and really started burning bridges--but more later. I am quite happy now and thrilled over plans for a wedding in April, and thereafter the sheer joy and fun of leading Dan's life; of putting my whole effort and life into the glorious job of making his happy, full of the stuff of dreams come true. Bill, he is so fine so rugged, so real and so honest, I just don't deserve, after all these years of wavering, of fighting him even, of doubting myself--yes of leaning to others; but I shall spend my days making up. Already in the light of his sterling qualities, all those who have held sway in my life, are beginning to recede into the background.

(Oh yes, I would not be fair, honest with you as I've always tried to be if I did not admit that I went through a young hell of torment, making up my mind, "forsaking all others").

You see since I really came to know in my heart of hearts that it must be Dan, it could be no others, I have begun to see him in a different light. It is a good old scheme of things after all, the age-old, time-tried plan of life--the sweetness and tenderness of a man when he loves and is loved in return.

My heart is singing with the joy ahead, with all the pleasure it will be--the eternal rightness of living life with Dan. \*\*\*

The fact remains unalterably that Dan's love, his fineness was the biggest challenge. I suppose it was inevitable and I am glad. A kind Providence permits Time to smooth over other hurts, allows me to look in

on the "glory to be"--lets me find a completeness--a satisfying whole to this thing of loving Dan. I am humble. It makes me forgetful of the storms of doubts that literally tore me up some months back.

So you, Bill, are a dual personality; you answer to my two selves. Sometimes I am one, sometimes another. Tonight for my big announcement "we are one." We are assembled to rejoice, and perhaps to shed a tear for what has been. So put it down gladly: I am going to marry Dan in April and I am happy, as I had almost long since abandoned hope of being.

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We will go back a bit tonight and pick up the threads, weaving what we can (and leaving others strange gleaming strands I dare not handle) to the oblivion that is better wisdom. Here goes! I must make it brief tonight because I sit here lately recovered from the flu and a dead blue lifeless period at home. The wedding draws on apace, I have a thousand details to look after. There is so much I shall have to leave hanging around here; so much I had planned doing before I stepped off. Already I feel queerly, almost a stranger apart in my old loved haunts, the precious little burg I have had such zest and pleasure "helping bring up." It is indelibly my "home town" I shall miss it. And Home and my precious Dad and family; I scarcely dare think of leaving them. "My lines have lain in pleasant places"--what the future holds there is no saying; only this I know, now it holds Dan whom I do truly love, whom I shall have to prove myself so. A "King to match my Kingdom" can it be so? Maybe not, but surely the fullness of life--the best Life offers (never perfect but nearest so when there is love).

I am stopping just a moment here (know I am terribly bombastic--romantic, dramatizing) but a moment out to say how like a vein of shining stuff there runs through my consciousness all the time, even as I write the thought of Dan himself, the sense of him here in my life, the strange reality. I miss him already, and want to see and talk with him now. Guess I am already 'half-here'--a part of me lives and moves and has a rather splendid being in Austin as of now. (Bill, am I kidding myself--a la the age old custom?--I pause to wonder.) Meanwhile back a few months; but what does it matter now? I am impatient to be going forward. The last river of tears has been crossed, the sun is shining ahead on the blessed place, the harbor! I have hastened to burn bridges (Dan told me long ago that I needed to do this). Comes pushing into consciousness a night somewhere in the summer, it did not seem important then; but it marked a turn. \*\*\* Dan was enroute to El Paso; he was somewhat worried over the political situation involving him. He asked me to say "yes" or "NO." No, if I were sure I would never go his way; so he could go ahead with things that were pressing on him; or if I would say "Yes," even enough for fine hopes, he would give up all other plans, because it "would be too rotten a deal to pull a woman into." He vowed if I'd marry him to get out of politics then and there. I replied, "I guess I can do something for my state--I'd just not marry you." That was jest, of course, but I felt I would not let a decision of mine change a very deep course in his life and affairs. While he went on to El Paso I thought suddenly and clearly of his side and how he must be torn because of my wavering. So I wrote him to "go on with whatever plans he felt to be right for him, to put me aside temporarily and 'when the shouting and the tumult dies,'

to come back to me and I would be waiting." I thought it a rather fine gesture and felt a bit exhalted.

Then when he came back through and we had the lovely evening of boating and picnicing on the lake under a gorgeous West Texas sunset. I realized how final he considered it; and I became a bit panicky, and started making reservations. \*\*\*\*\* I think reaction came because I had sorta promised without being thoroughly convinced. But remember Bill, through it all I nursed a great weariness on seeking Love so long, and not finding the thing I wanted. Finally it worked itself into my brain that I should always be so unsettled until I should once decide; but that could I ever put myself through the finality of a decision and make it irrevocable, it would be all right.

Then I went down to Austin to visit the old-time roommate, Crys, recently returned from her two years in Strasbourg, France. The sheer brains of her, the marvelous understanding pal, my Crys! Lord love her! She was teaching in Varsity summer school and living, according to European standards, at the Austin Hotel (Dan lives there too, questions?) Needless to say it was heavenly to be with her again, to talk in almost all night sessions. I gulped down the amazing story of her life in France, there is no one like her. There were early morning swims at good old Bartons; moonlight rides with Dan when his lovable self came home to me, many formal parties, friends of his entertaining in his honor (and out of curiosity over me). He is rather idolized there; naturally the atmosphere was quite favorable. \*\*\*\*\* Crys' wisdom and observations on life helped; all resolutions and hanging-back seemed to melt away. I left there as one in a dream, wearing the ring half proudly--half afraid. \*\*\*\*\*

Short Time Before the Wedding---

I take up briefly, Bill---because it is water under the bridge now and having gone on, I can't really go back and capture the up and down moments of the last few months, prenuptial. \*\*\*\*\* I dreamed a dream of going once more into job-hunting and journalism. I picked Chicago this time; I could really see myself leaving love in Texas forever, Ole Silly Me!

Radio tonight gave me a thrill, dedicated to the "future Mrs. M." That blessed Reporter force fussed over which one would have my "announcement"; and compromised by running it on the front page and then a full society page of details.

(The following passage which is single spaced was added by Mrs. Moody at a later date.)

In March before the wedding in April Mr. Moody had announced that he would run for Governor of the state against Ma Ferguson ---who was running for re-election. Moody had as A. G. of the state, exposed the Fergusons by getting convictions in Highway suits and contracts and recovering money for the state, from "unconscionable contracts". He had been hailed from one end of the state to the other, as the one to remove the Fergusons from office (Ma was holding office in lieu of her husband who had been impeached and disbarred from office holding.

Bill, greetings! I am wide awake on thrills tonight. Madame T brought out my wedding dress and veil, and the bridesmaids dresses, from Fort Worth. Sometimes the great happiness I feel, the feeling of thankfulness (what if I hadn't gone this way?) overwhelms me. I tell you God is good. I don't deserve it. Dan is so precious, and my Dad, beloved and idolized, has done everything, gave us a gorgeous car (Dan can only afford a "Model T," and I do love Cadillacs!) I am caught up in thrills and rushing details. Friends are lovely. The Aloha Club gave a big luncheon (could not refuse) though all "affairs" of course cancelled except main wedding because of sweet little

Grandmother's death (in the lil house Dad built for them in our old croquet ground.) The Alohas felt priviledged; and I think I shall always remember that clever speech by Mrs. Rankin and the cute "pome" of Miss Leltie's. I have always been so superior so skeptical over "brides thrills" (having run a Woman's Page) but now I understand. \*\*\*\*\* Strange happenings and gobs of publicity and the lil Home Town thrilled over the wedding of the candidate for Governor---and their "problem-child"--me!

April 20th---(written afterward of course) How my heart sings in memory of that date. Yet even then I never dreamed such complete happiness, such fullness of life. I am humble and deeply grateful to the All-High. I think now I should not go on writing to you, Bill, because words are so lank and inadequate for all this great happiness. "My cup runneth over." Now I know why the story books only went so far and ended "they lived happily ever after." Yet---shall I cheat you of all this fullfillment; when you have gone with me in the long sometimes zestful, sometimes bitter questing, the restlessness, the yearning, the questioning of Life itself? No, in a sort of justification of all that's gone before, in fairness to you and myself I shall carry on for a little while though necessarily with reservations.

Now in this perfect paradise, before Dan and I plunge into the smoke of battle (a political campaign) in a springtime so lovely it almost hurts, I want to write a little of my happiness. Let me locate myself; Hogg Brothers Ranch---West Columbia.

And I have been eight days married! Eight wonder days of being Dan's and having him as my own---unreal as it seems the thought sings through my being. Truly happy, I did not know Life could hold such completeness! I did not know I could hold One so dear. Now I realize this old habit of

confiding to a Diary will be hard. I shall have to withdraw as it were because even you, Bill, can not intrude on these "sweet depths of joy." But one sweetly solemn thought 'e'er I turn from you, I am not kidding myself. Life is eternally right. A beautiful scheme of things, why try to beat it? As for Dan I am dazed at the deep feeling I have, I only think what if I had missed him? Beyond the magic phrase I cannot go: that I am happy as I never dreamed I could be; that love can be a daily and hourly wonder, Bill. The past is no more--and I am fiercely glad! \*\*\*\*\*

June 1926 Austin. Last night in the "Governor's Suite" (temporarily anyway) and Dan is away up in the Panhandle campaigning fiercely, wearily (he does not admit the latter) but he is so tired it breaks my heart. Sometimes I rebel that it is not worth it. I was scheduled to be back in Abilene on my first visit this week, and started that way but stayed with Dan on his swing up to Wichita Falls and then had to dash back to get moved. This suite, lovely rooms, was complimentary the first month; then we could not resist staying on but now we are coming down to practical things. Foolish extravagance; so tomorrow I move. Lord speed July 24 (first primary). Tonight I am restless, and miss Dan so. Yet 'tis only a half Dan I have when he is back; he is so beastly worn out.

Such a campaign, I shall never forget. Queer, interesting--sometimes thrilling, sometimes annoying but experiences I prize. And it is yet not two months since the wedding day yet I feel eternally married (nicely I mean). In other ways I feel not at all married Dan is away so much, I am going to save clippings of the wedding to tell the story; it seems so far away now for details, I only want to mention the vivid spots: the crowd that almost swamped us. Lined up several deep all the way from our front gate to the

church door (we walked over--living next door). The church was jammed; policemen had to clear the way for me at my own wedding. My brother who was one of the ushers swears they came early and "brought their lunches" so they could get a seat! Everyone says the church was beautiful and the girls lovely; but I have only the queerest crazy detached impressions of insignificant details.

I was worrying about Hal (four years old) and started to stop and urge him to "go along with Auntie" (he was frightened) when I suddenly realized I was the bride and for once must preserve dignity. Though goodness knows this was one wedding where the bride hardly "figured," certainly not the center. The crowd almost bowled me over shoving to get a glimpse of "Mr. Moody." A funny dream come true, Dan and I facing, that church filled to capacity. Then foolish thoughts: that D and I were out of step (he says we were in perfect step). I kept thinking "Am I really getting married, what a strange part to be playing." "A few moments and it will be done irrevocably." Why can't I hear the sweetly solemn words of the preacher? Get the full import? But I couldn't. I have two or three memory pictures: Dan fine, upstanding, but trembling a bit as he waited to give me his arm; then the thrill that ran all through me as I took it, for a moment the place almost reeled.

Then the sweetly curious eyes of that Simmons Choir singing the bridal chorus from Lohengrin; then Uncle Lee [Scarborough of Fort Worth] (the minister) talking, saying things I could not hear. Dan says it was a beautiful service, but I could not stay on it though I kept figuratively jerking myself back. I caught Demp's eyes, I couldn't help it, he had kidded me so about "backing out" when the preacher paused after those fearful words "anyone here --why these two--let him speak." I felt Dan's reassuring grip, then it was



quickly over; I shall always cherish Dan's improvised words of the special vow! In a glad rush we were out of the church, soon plunged into the melee of receiving friends and congratulations. It started raining furiously; and the small reception (limited by the death) sorta dragged out. I guess I had the usual last-minute reaction of every bride, that it was all utterly impossible and could not be happening.

Had a hectic time getting away, on account of the down-pour. We had planned a car escape; car all packed and hidden at the Hodges Place, for a clever get-away (I had done so much "wedding tricks" on so many, I knew my time was coming in a big way.) Next day breakfasted at Buffalo Gap and then pulled mud all day and could get nowhere. Finally into the bluebonnets, Texas most loved section. Queer experiences meeting people--"eyes of Texas on us" because of the campaign; and our injection of romance into same. Photographers always on our trails, pictures awful! Then Mr. Hogg whisked us away to lovely Varner, place of old-time dreams and a fairy-land of spring loveliness, the peace and beauty of that rose covered bower.

At Austin I was (and continue to be) almost steadily "killed with kindness." A perfect tea-jag of parties, luncheons dinners, teas. Ladies have been lovely but wow! I have almost suffered. The opening of the campaign was a grand and glorious occasion at his home town of Taylor, and I was "presented" on the public square. Campaign grow increasingly exciting hot, treacherous. I have made many of the places, Houston, Beaumont, Dallas (several times) and many smaller places. Houston a big and thrilling crowd. Just in from Wichita Falls and dead tired.

Jim Ferguson is absolutely the most brazen fraud and deceiver on record. I was not 'hurt' at his words last night because he is so impos-

sible; but my heart was heavy over poor ignorant 'starved-in living people' who drank in his words for truth and leared and 'hollered.' Dan has been marvelous in an ugly, treacherous fight; every day I honor him more, and I tell you I am only beginning faintly to understand and comprehend what love can mean!

December 31, 1926--Abilene

To be exact Jan. first 1927 for it is twelve-fifteen, so amid the usual blare of guns, whistles, etc., quietly here in little old girlhood desk I sit--Dan speeding to Washington. So passes the happiest, most thrilling year of my life, 1926. 1927 is of course bright with promise, a great future, marvelous opportunity; but there can never be quite another year like 1926. I should be a thankful lady, I am, to the All-High; even though I am a bit lonesome for Dan and a little rebellious that I have him so little to myself; that affairs of state intervene so constantly; that he goes jaunting to Washington with scarcely a wish that I were along!

1927 surely cannot bring the great soul-heights that 1926 brought. The priceless adventure of loving definitely, and for all time, the One Man; of marrying him and finding that you never knew before what love really was! That he is all and endlessly more than you wanted him to be. So precious he is to me that it it madness to attempt to put it down in black and white. Of course I love him more deeply every day, but it is becoming a steady flame, the thrill of that glorious experience belongs to 1926. \*\*\*\*\* I mean that we are jogging down into normal everyday trails of living and loving; let's be clear-eyed, unless we be a "Ninon" we can only live the exquisite joy of marrying but once!

And 1926 brought the grand thrill of Dan's election to the Governorship of Texas; certainly the thrill that comes once in a lifetime--and to few! I know of course that this glory is short-lived. But it is here now to enjoy, and we are about to step into it. Nothing fits so well as the slang expression "sitting on top of the world."

I am so endlessly proud of Dan because he did it so cleanly, so fine he was in the fight, a glorious one; and I would stake my soul on his going through just that way. He is so true, it awes me; I pray God to keep him so, and make me worthy. Such an inner joy, to know the one you choose from all the world is so true-blue.

The youngest man elected to be Governor of this state--Texas; elected by a huge majority (he almost won in the first primary over the field, lacked only a few thousand votes). He won after the most bitter and the most colorful campaign ever staged in Texas. Against "Ma" Ferguson, the puppet Governor, and sly Jim, her unscrupulous husband and his corrupt machine, with scandals in office. Dan put over a glorious crusade. It was played up over the whole U. S. A.

He fought fearlessly and squarely. The first primary was the big excitement, because of the uncertainty, July 24th; then August 28 the run-off, and after that November second in the general election, Dan my big-boy husband was elected Governor of my beloved Texas, at the age of 33 years, just seven months, or less, since we were married. Of course it has been a year that will stand apart in my life always. He leaves office as Attorney General Jan. 6, and is inaugurated Governor on Jan. 18th. Then for the big "White House on the Hill," the Mansion, and I still cannot comprehend it all.

Later: Too sleepy last night to continue and isn't it strange as always --the brightest dawn, after a bit of the blues. This morning I had a sweet message from Dan en route saying he would call me from St. Louis and "wishing that I were along! even with overcoat" (the last trip to Washington when I slipped his heavy coat along and he was peeved). I have just talked to him in St. Louis and it was joy to hear his voice.

Last night I was starting to review some high points of the campaign. He started the campaign in May almost immediately after we returned from the honeymoon. In Taylor, a huge gathering, with platform erected on the street, and Dan making his original hit at Jim F (who has really served as Governor, though barred, hiding behind skirt of his obedient wife, a perfect figure-head) and flaunting himself brazenly in the face of the people of Texas, getting away with all sorts of graft in the Highway Department, and elsewhere and pardoning almost half of the people in the pen, for money of course.

Dan was the only one who seemed to have the nerve to fight them; he exposed them in his road suits as Attorney General; then he went from one end of the state to the other, tirelessly laying the facts before the people. I went with him whenever I could; but his pace was so rapid, hundreds of miles a day and three or four speeches, I could not keep up. His standing up to the strain was a marvel to oldtime politicians, and a gorgeous tribute to his lack of dissipation.

High points of the campaign I will never forget. Sometimes in the little places when people would crowd around, curious to see me, also. The fact that we were newly-weds added color to the campaign, of course. Houston and the enormous crowd and the enthusiasm, when Will Hogg almost "broke down," his

feelings so tense in denouncing Jim Ferguson. The crowd cheered Dan to the rafters and I sat enthralled. Stamford, when my Dad sat beside me on the platform and marvelled and was finally won completely by Dan's speech. Beaumont, and the heckling and spotlight, with Dan at his best. Throughout it all, he was so fine and precious to me, loving him more every day. Fort Worth, in Frank Norris' church, the huge crowd went wild.

The crazy dash to Eastland when Dan and I had our first clash. He did not want me to go, and left; then I followed wildly in my own car, and careened like a drunken person after Silliman Evan's car, returning, and Dan and I had "words." The strain of the campaign was telling on both of us and I felt like Dan was ditching me in his political jag--and needed a lesson in my independence. I felt like a dog afterward, when I saw how tired and worried and worn he was. The Abilene incident of the campaign was one of the wildest. I met Dan in Ballinger, kissed on the street to the great glee of the populace. He had come west and I was in Abilene; so rode over alone and joined him unexpectedly there. San Angelo together and then we struck west to Sweetwater. Rainstorms caught us and we were marooned under a new R. R. trestle between Sweetwater and Abilene. Dan was placed in a truck soaking wet and headed for Abilene where he was scheduled to speak. Later men "sawed under" the trestle and put my car through by sheer man power (they said the bed of the creek, through which the roadway went, under construction, would "swim a horse.") After a while we caught up with Dan at Trent, where he had changed into a palm beach suit in a garage, and headed for Abilene full speed ahead.

Booth Warren, my cousin, was a peach to stand by me. When I went into a culvert running water heavier than I realized, and drowned out the engine,

with water running through bed of the car, we changed to Silliman Evans' Ford. (He was a newspaperman on the tour.) We came on in, in the dark and the storm the most bedraggled bunch ever. The crowd had been held for more than an hour by Prexy and Tommie Carswell and Ben L. We were a crazy sight: Dan in a palm beach (we had insisted on keeping him high and dry), Silliman, one shoe off and one on, trousers wet to the knees. Boyd Gatewood soaking wet; my shoes and stockings and skirt hems soaked. Then it poured torrents, and the tabernacle leaked--and finally the speech had to be abandoned. Jim Ferguson promptly wrote in his Forum (that abominable sheet) that "the Lord sent the rain on Dan in A to show his displeasure." People by the thousands in the sticks and back-country read the Forum as though he were a prophet.

I recall vividly the Dallas gathering, impressive, when Dan won his spurs in that place, and K sat with me and Lila on the stage and I was so proud of Dan. Remember the odd feeling and queer sensations of the luncheons given me in Dallas and Houston by the ladies. They were lovely, but I would fuss because they separated me from Dan. In Austin too whenever we hit home base there was wining and dining until I could scarcely breathe. I have never known ladies so hospitable and generous to a new-comer. Naturally I inherited by marriage the good will and family background that was Dan's. Teas galore, everyone seemed to want to entertain; luncheons, bridge parties and dinners, in a mad whirl. And callers! I was constantly being "looked over" by Austin people. The Reeds, the Rec Thompsons ("Aunt Belle" simply adopted Dan and me) the Butlers, Graves, Woodwards, Marshes, Nashes, Beverlys, Wootens, Perrys and many other friends took over.

We lived in the Stephen F. Austin Hotel; after moving from the "Governor's suite" we had lovely rooms on the tenth floor. Mr. Baker, owner, and the

Cloptons have been wonderful. One glorious thrill of living. Of course the little annoyances of people everywhere, and never leaving Dan alone, and constant strain of parties are soon forgotten.

I shall never forget as long as I live, the last day of the first campaign, July 23, 1926. Dan spoke in the morning from the balcony of the hotel, overlooking the street, and the thrilling, inspiring crowd that tied up traffic and reached a high key of enthusiasm. Austin was especially wrought up because Jim had acted so ugly about Dan's scheduled "midnight party" in the park--to take place right after Jim's rally and speech there. Dan called it off to avoid a scene, and unpleasantness. We made a swing by car down through La Grange (Jim's territory) and back to Lockhart for the closing speech. The emotions of that evening as I sat to hear Dan close his campaign so magnificently with the outcome uncertain!

Then we rode back to Austin to find that Jim had had a wild evening there. He had an enormous crowd in the Park (and Austin is most hostile to the Fergusons). They gave him ominous silence, though negatively respectful --he was speaking "for the Governor of Texas" until he began to say mean things about Dan, especially that war-record lie, then the hooting and the heckling began. The more they heckled the madder Jim got, and rash. Everyone said it was a "circus." The crowd simply would not let him say the dirty things he went over the state saying. Jim got so furious that he nearly fainted. Had to sit down and Ma fanned him and according to papers "encouraged" him. People near said she told him to "quit and sit down." All, there, said it was most embarrassing for the Fergusons, and should have told them the way the wind was blowing. Jim finally sat down and gave up trying to finish the speech, with the parting characteristic remark: "You low-down dirty hyenas,

you never did and never will elect anybody Governor". That evening will be long remembered and talked about in Austin.

Before passing from the first campaign, I must mention Dan's clever and startling move when he accepted right "off the bat" Ma's (Jim's) challenge about resigning on outcome of the votes in first primary. It left the state gasping and it left me that way also. I thought that he had pulled the "fool stunt" that people had warned me he might pull on account of his youth; but it turned out to be "the shrewdest political move ever pulled," and I quote seasoned politicians. And my Boy did it almost alone. Friends advised against, but Dan stood firm.

After he accepted their challenge telegrams and phone calls flooded in from so-called friends and advisers "deploring" his move--"gambling for high office" it was called. These same people, almost to a man later said, "You were smarter than we knew--you saw beyond us to the implications." With this master stroke he took the very weapon Jim had boasted he would "beat H\_\_\_ out of that young man," holding it over his head over the state. He turned the weapon against Jim, put him from that time on the defensive and unguarded. Ma had offered to resign her place as Governor immediately if Dan led her by one vote in the primary--if Dan would agree to resign at once his place as Attorney General if she led him by several thousand votes. This marked the real crisis of the campaign; from then on it was all Dan's and Lynch was left by the roadside and Ma in retreat. As soon as the people grasped the impact of it they rallied to Dan. He had said it was his "duty to accept their challenge as it gave us a chance to get rid of the Fergusons speedily--the Fergusons and their graft."



Papers over the nation called it a "wager of high office"; and Lynch hopped gleefully onto it and tried to ride into the picture to the tune of righteous indignation over "gambling away high office." But the people saw clearly the point and Dan held his course--it was enormously thrilling. When the landslide came and Ma was buried under thousands of votes, they "crawfished out" of course. Yet it robbed the Fergusons of what poor shred of respect they had left. They were the laughing stock of papers all over the country. The word "immediately" was played upon continuously when she came forward with her statement that she meant to resign "immediately when her duties were fulfilled." Later they cooked up, the business about Dan's violating the campaign rules, etc. and through mere excuses thought they had justified their swinging onto the big graft of the "office by proxy." They have become a sorry joke of a nation and to Texas a disgrace.

Long will I remember and hold vividly in mind the date July 24, 1926, the first primary. I can shut my eyes and see the magic of the moonlight that thrilling night. When Dan's work completed the night of July 23, he tumbled in--a weary big boy, while I sat at the window too excited to sleep and prayed to God for the victory of Right and Dan. I said "Oh, Lord, it is yet in the minds of the voters and not on paper to be counted; if it is necessary work on them while they sleep." Then the never-to-be forgotten night--Dan making a speech in the park, where the returns coming in showed he was making a sweep. He was called to the platform by the wildly cheering mob. The joy and thrill and sheer happiness as we walked together down that green slope into the spotlight and cheering. Magic night!

The second primary, run-off was a hang-over, a hot lifeless maddening thing. Dan had failed of a majority by the very few thousand; the field

included besides Ma and Dan, Lynch Davidson, two other women and "Zim the tithing evangelist." The Dallas meeting was a high light when those dirty resolutions were presented by Jim's crew against Dan and everyone was tense. Dan calmly but with eyes flashing gave Jim the lie on them, as Jim sat white-faced in front of Dan. The campaign part was awful, sizzling hot and lifeless, the conclusion almost certain.

This fall passed quickly and was cram full of happenings. The convention in San Antonio, my first, when Dan was officially nominated. Trip to Houston, Hobbys and Sterling yachting weekend. School opening and Helen's hectic "pledging" Kappa--I felt badly about the Alpha Phis. Trip to Philadelphia, the Legion gave us the trip, and Dan brought the convention to Texas for 1928 ("we'll give you coffee for nickle and ham and for a quarter"--all the delegates felt that old Philly had been gouging them.) New York City briefly one night and no time to see friends. The lovely gracious Ernest Thompsons and the Amon Carters and our wild "fussing over them," Fort Worth soon after that and the Horse Show and more of the Carters. Waco Cotton Palace game and meeting the family. Temple with my sister for operation; Thanksgiving and big "Turkey Day game"--our box party--Texas won.

Austin social whirl was frantic again, my tongue hanging out over teas for me, started all over again. I wept once, thinking I would have to miss the long-planned trip to Washington with Dan on account of a Tea; but it all worked out, and I managed around the dinners and teas to get off with Dan. It was almost the delayed honeymoon with Dan across the continent. Texas Senators and Congressmen gave us a luncheon at the Capitol. Dinner with the Major and lovely wife, and then I bought the "Inaugural dress." Back to Austin for a bit of Xmas shopping and then Home.

Almost forgot the big deer hunt on the Schreiner Ranch. Dan killed his first buck and then at eleventh hour I killed my first and last! Dan and I had big argument over my going into the woods with a Mexican guide; he refused to let me, and I felt cheated by a silly scruple (as only those who went with the guide got the buck). Later he himself guided me to mine. It was great fun camping out and "roughing it" and tramping over the lovely countryside. \*\*\*\*\*

It's been a beautiful Christmas, best ever, peace and love; Dan came for one day and with my dear Dad and Mother--in the midst of my cherished family I was happy, with a wonderful feeling of the eternal rightness of Life. I hope to help make 1927 worthwhile; I want to make good on my part of this glorious adventure just ahead. I have dreams too for the year ahead--Oh Life!

January 10th 1927 Austin

If I thought the thrill of the thing had jogged down into every day living and acceptance thereof, it needed but Dan's return from Washington and the mad leap of blood in my veins at the very sight of him to make me know the thrill grows deeper truer and more satisfying as time goes along. How I have loved him as I have watched him fight through these most maddening days, pre-inaugural. The surge of office-seekers, almost smothering, swarming over the lobby so that Dan can scarcely beat his way out. They track him to his hiding place if he gets another room in the Hotel where we live, trying to get work done. Such freak ridiculous, presumptuous requests, human beings functioning as Democracy, it is maddening. Then the cocksure "intimate" or pseudo friends who demand and make it hard to work things out for the best interests of the state. \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* And always the buzzing of the insect

"Fergusonism," to annoy. The Highway Commission and slipping by confirmations etc.

Dan tried to work out his speech and his program tonight. Sometimes I wonder if deep down he doesn't feel aghast at the task ahead. Like a little boy, I know he longs to say fine beautiful phrases and ringing with meanings, but must content himself with his sheer honesty and integrity, as his greatest service. His brain is at work on the task and I feel he will do big things in the new place. But Dan's genius is his rugged character and unassailable honesty and naturalness of which the world is so in need just now. If he keeps a clear head--and Lord, he must and will, and brings everyday living-sense to bear on state problems, there'll be a fine record truly. Who knows what the next few years hold; but 'tis sweet and thrilling to be on the threshold with youth in hand (if it does not wear my boy down).

Exciting days, eight of them, before the Inaugural; people flocking to Austin, legislative session opening; and the added excitement of the Frank Norris trial. Parties, teas continued, and I was frantic; when I suddenly decided to say, "no more this week, I am worn out." People were nice and seemed to understand. Shakey at times over the prospect of running the Mansion, I who have never "kept house." The social drag and the Miss Leltie's story of our "living within the salary (\$4,000 yearly)" unexpectedly published over the country, to make me gasp and putting it squarely up to us. That's my part, I have got to make good. For Dan, Lord, I love him more each day.

After the sermon last night I thought maybe we are not being big, magnanimous to enemies in our feeling that I won't march with Jim Ferguson in the Inaugural procession, as custom decrees, but I feel the Fergusons have forfeited all consideration in disgracing the state's high office and

and then "thumbing their noses" in the face of people and flaunting their graft. 'Twould be an indignity to have to march with him and a compromise of principles; but we will see. We can do what we have to do.

January 11--

Oh but can we? You are a miserable farce tonight because of the things we don't tell. I am sick of it all sick of everything--but Dan--that's honest. Dead lonesome; Dan busy from early til late. There are people I could turn to; but somehow they don't seem real, they are friends for a season, political friends, and I wanted nothing of them tonight for I hate politics. I couldn't even be decent in the lobby as I came in to that mob. When I saw Dan in the coffee shop surrounded still at midnight and I have not had him a minute today, I could have killed 'em. Yet I know they are fighting a big fight tonight, I am a fool (old Jim's last stand on the Highway commission). I would have liked to call J tonight and chatted; he seemed like the one link around here with old happy-go-lucky days of independence, but I could not do that. I don't believe Dan and I have had one single turn-loose and enjoy ourselves time since we married. But Dan eats the other up--I don't think he even missed me out of the room tonight and I left a note on the pillow which he didn't even find, when I flung out on that long ride. Yet, loving Dan has spoiled me for anything else. Sometimes Life is so darned funny I could scream. One week from tonight! Ye Gods! tonight I could simply run away!

Governor's Mansion January 30--1927

We moved in last Monday--and so have spent \*\*\*\*\*

[Interruption here and the next date in Diary is Valentine Day]

Dan's working as always it seems these days. Responsibilities, cares, long hours of tedious toil, and more tedious conferences with tiresome people and some not so tiresome. I am honestly glad of a quiet evening at home-- "at home in the Governor's Mansion"--yes it is beginning to seem so. I owe so many letters, notes, thank-you notes, invitations, etc; but first I wanted a few words here. The days are so full of things I hate to leave unrecorded, yet so brimful there is no time for recording. We live it seems in a breathless rush to get through one day at a time. The stars above (as Demp would say) would indicate abrupt cessation of writing. Just that--we had an unexpected visitor at the Mansion that Sunday afternoon I first sat down to write. A "crazy" Man (literally, not politically) entered and was half-way up the stairs before we knew. He was obsessed with the idea of someone's having called him from the upper balcony of the front; he said "she told me to come up and she'd give me the money." Pearl, the maid and I had a large time decoying him out of the house; finally after repeated attempts to reenter we managed to get the police. Dan was at the office so of course by the time he returned and got the story I did not get back to the writing.

So many queer things happen to one being "Mistress of the Mansion." Such odd callers. Queer tragic folk from cramped lives thinking the Governor can press buttons and do wonders for them, such as jobs of all pay and no work. One woman called one rainy afternoon about six o'clock and said she "was suffering from a case of ingrowing enthusiasm and had to get it off her chest." "She just knew that Dan was going to be President of the U. S. A. The Democrats had to do something; poor McAdoo was out of the running;

Al Smith was not the person--somebody had to save the Democratic Party.

Dan was it!" Such nonsense for a long stretch while I fidgeted.

Queer letters too on every imaginable subject. Asking me law advice! The latest from an old lady "65 years old but still interested in life and ambitious" (her words) who wanted me to get her a husband, who "would pay off the mortgage on her farm and love and cherish her;" in return she would "make his home a heaven." She specified that he must be "older than she and a Texan and fine man" (Dan teased Mr. Shelley and said he was ruled out by the older clause). We have had gifts of all sorts; a lovely white collie to which we are already much attached; a white Persian cat (deceased Thank Heaven). It was a beauty but I never liked cats, and this one had to be cared for like a baby. We did not kill it, it took sick and after running up a nice vet bill on us died. A canary, (sings to split his little throat) a fighting cock, and food of all sorts--from oysters to cakes. I spend my time writing thank-you notes (there is no secretary here). One of the nicest and most appreciated things was the "pounding" of sweets given by the Baptist ladies (smart girl, I put my letter in the church just before Inaugural. Ashamed I had not done so sooner--but my Mother was coming to the Inaugural and I knew I dare not face her--not a bona fide church member). Anyway the ladies literally filled my pantry shelves with gorgeous home jellies, preserves pickles of all sorts. It did give me the moral courage to start house-keeping!

You know how I dreaded it; my tastes did not run to domestic lines. This place was so big and forbidding, and I had never managed a home before. Mattie is a jewel; and Pearl, I literally took from Clop and the Hotel, she's fine. The butler, Brady, is a hang-over from several administrations (Hobby commuted sentence of death to life imprisonment--later paroled him to the

institution as cook; Neff took him for his own cook and he was Ma's butler). One of her last acts was to pardon him. She hoped he'd leave the Mansion and thus leave us with no knowing link. Of course he is temporary but efficient, and knows the place; but there is a creepy feeling at having him around, his original count was murder!

But things are seeming more home-like; though it has been a hectic few weeks for Dan, so harassed. Although reports said there would "be a piping hot dinner on the Mansion table awaiting us" (tradition), we did not come near the place until the following day (when we had definite assurance the Fergusons were out and keys turned over to the Board of Control). We learned later there was no dinner and that Ma said she "would not leave the Moodys a can of sardines." We had numerous calls of warning "not to eat the food left by the Fergusons as it might be poisoned." That is a terrible attitude, and I believe going a bit far.

Shall never forget, while memory lasts, the stirring events of Dan's Inaugural Day, January 18, 1927. My folks were all here, that helped. Dan's venerable Uncle Tut (incidentally our first visitor in the Mansion). All my people; my precious Dad and Mother, sisters, brother and kids, and Uncles, cousins and Aunts and Dan's Uncles and Aunts and one sister had our first meal with us at the Mansion--breakfast the morning after. I had to hold Dad in Austin but I felt he must share the first one with us. I dashed about with Mary buying groceries and dumping them at the back for George Brady to prepare the breakfast, because I would not go in the first time without Dan. We entered the threshold of our new home together, Dan for the first time. The little Woodward girls came with us. Most unusual children, and their first time in the Mansion also. One of Dan's "campaign pledges" to let



Elizabeth enter the first time he did. I'll never forget that thrill (I can smell now that first musty scent of the ancient carpets).

But back to the Day. All the frantic rushing and scrambling of the previous week had brought us both to nerves edge on the day. Dan's family (mostly old Uncles and Aunts) worried him exceedingly, feeling "left out." Job-hunters hounded him, and he kept trying to retire and write his speech and first message. The night before when the Inaugural Committee called on me to instruct me in the "line of march" and my crazy reaction when I found I was supposed to march in on the arm of Jim Ferguson. I could not imagine the insult and indignity--a man who had disgraced the state, a man who had vilely slandered Dan and Texas, a man still doing all he could to undermine everything good Dan tried to do I could not go it. When I learned that because of protocol (politics) that I should have to march with him or not go on the platform for Dan's inaugural I was furious (feeling that they were still letting Jim "hog the party" at Dan's inaugural and no one to say him nay). Seems so odd to be writing this from same room and possibly the same desk he wrote from less than two months ago. Strange life is politics.

At first I was furious; now I am glad that I chose to sit with my family, my Dad whom I fairly idolize, off the platform rather than walk with Jim. It went in the newspapers all over the U. S., perhaps I was wrong. But I felt we owed him no courtesy, time for that to stop and justice be done. I was commended by many and I am sure many thought me "little," but I felt right. I was "escorted in" military escort and I chose Major Kinsolving and Capt. Davis of old home town and we took our seats just in front of the Inaugural stand. The Simmons Cowboy Band was there, official, and made me feel good. Then the word "His Excellency awaits admittance." Words cannot portray the

by-play, the tense feelings of that moment. It was the first out-door Inaugural, and people stacked back to Congress Avenue. Flags flying, bands everywhere, and a huge sign "Welcome Dan." Then Ma entered and glared and almost hissed her farewell. A mean biting thing obviously written by Jim, ridiculous, but Ma's eyes flashed venom; it seemed all the crowd could do to keep from hooting; such a terrible thing to go out of office in that manner.

"My record speaks for itself (titters). Prejudice of the hour, time will tell if you have done right in either case, my election or this last. Almost as unusual, his election as youngest Governor as my election as first woman Governor. Frankly he was not my choice, Daniel J. Moody, hear ye him." Then Bobbitt was up with fine glowing words for my fine boy and the cheers were real, and deafening for Dan. His speech was short, ringing, and a tremendous contrast: "God give me wisdom to come out and go in before this people; for who can govern a people that is become so great." How proud I was in that hour, and how I loved him. A wonderful morning of fulfillment and promise. That evening the reception and balls were elaborate and hilarious, a jumble of many people, myriad lights and music and endless hand-shaking. There was a great thrill in the moment we stepped out across the fine old Senate Chamber and the spotlight came on and I walked happily across the floor on Governor Moody's arm, my Dan and dear husband!

The rest is a jumble; Dan stood to the last hand-shake (he would) but I gave out, shame! For once I felt I looked right; maybe it was inner happiness and thrills. The Washington gown was a dream, and my bouquet of orchids another; my hair, for once, behaved. People were kind and gracious, there was only one finer day April 20, 1926. Yes, now I know that everything is eternally right.

We did not move in for a week; Dan was reluctant and I was none too hasty to take on the management of this big Mansion and approaching obligations to entertain. But somehow we got started and the thing is growing on us. My sister Helen is with us, in Texas U, and it is nice to have her, young and lovable and restless. Dan, poor sweet, has nearly let the work and responsibilities of office engulf him. I have had moments of hating it, and dreading the years of it; but the good moments outstrip the others. The break with Amon Carter, who would "rule or ruin" and desired and tried to dictate to Dan weighed heavily on Dan; Silliman's part in it hurt most because Dan liked Silliman personally and he had all Dan's confidence (yet he was so patently sold, body and soul, to Amon). Such things are jarring. Remember I did not trust Silliman to begin with, did not like him, but made myself like him for Dan's sake. I did not like the Carters either (we fought over them in New York remember) so I was relieved over the break.

Dan was hounded to death almost over appointment of a Highway Commission, because of the Roadway Scandals and Contracts which Dan exposed. His administration rather hinged on this commission. He finally appointed Ross Sterling and Cone Johnson and then hung fire over a "western man." I inwardly wanted Abilene to have it, but could say nothing. At last things worked themselves out and he did appoint Judge Ely. So far mostly high praise of Dan's official acts; but I am worried because he is working himself down, for the first time sleepless nights, a bad sign. It hurts to see him go like that; if he would only ease up. They talk about his going on in politics; I fairly cry "No, Heavens, No." What price Glory? and how empty. Already I note people's short favor; "Bobbitts next," they cry, having just elected Dan.

"The King is dead--long live the King." But that is Life and the other side has its fine points.

Mostly it seems since we have been "in" I have spent my time dodging parties and teas and going to others, or planning and executing ones here which I dreaded. I've had dinner parties, first friends, a wedding reception for one of the best; then our first Official reception for the Fortieth Legislature on Friday. We made it informal, an innovation and they really had a good time it seemed, regular "singing school." Dan and I wondered afterward if we had underestimated the dignity of place and that some were scornful. I had to laugh at Dan's remark and hurt pride, that people might say "Those kids up there don't know how to do things." He said "Next time we will give them one so formal that it will freeze their teeth solid." But there were nice letters praising it, the party.

There are many little things to bother; for instance to have a lovely old place such as this and not fix it up the way you would like to have it; and such a grand place for entertaining, and nothing to do it on! I am watching the bills mount with fear and trepidations; that \$4,000 melts away here and "that is all there is, there isn't anymore." I stewed over the reception for days to keep it down. Dan is too honest for our own good, and while I appreciate the rare quality; he won't let the state pay for many of the things it was customary to pay for in other administrations, cook for instance. Dan says that is a personal servant. At times I get so out of patience; but I must not make him over step his conscience. We have got to work it out and make that \$4,000 do somehow. It is hard because Dan does not seem to know and has no time to see how money goes, and Goodness Me I have never known how money came and went! That wonderful Dad of mine saved our lives as he

is always doing with a grand "Inaugural check." But that is not right to let that go on, bless his heart.

Funny incident, Dan's and my first house-keeping: Dan brings home company for lunch expectedly (day of the party of course) I dash home at one o'clock, time for lunch hour. George says "Miss, Governor says he is bringing three for lunch" (I had told Mattie that greens and cornbread would do, Dan loves em and we were so busy with the party.) I called Dan hastily "Three, Dan?" "Oh no," he answers, "I just asked if there was enough for three." Relieved I dash out and tell Mattie "Bring out the fatted calf," meaning the fine ham we had been saving. And Dan's friend turned out to be Jewish and it was friday. He was a nice one though and Dan laughed and said "Looks like you will have to go back on your religion or your appetite."

February 15. It's a gorgeous moonlight night, spring's in the air, my blood is restless. The moon recalls old days and thrills. I will admit tonight that I am almost tempted to say Love time is better than marriage, this fiendish work that keeps Dan absorbed always. I never have him and he spends his youth recklessly in the maddening round. Sometimes I hate this place and the inhumanity of people. Dan was ill today and they would not leave him alone. I was desperate, and in the midst, callers.\*\*\*\*\*  
Duty, somehow I always resented the word, now it has a doubly cruel meaning. Yet my punishment is, if you can call it that, that I love Dan deeply, shall always love him, but my hunch was right, we have few ideas and ideals in common. I get sick of this life of all work and no play. Bless his heart I wonder if he knows how to play; and it breaks my heart to see him burning himself out when a little play! Oh life is one long compensation

one can not have everything.

March 1927 Got to get my old sense of humour out and dust it off or this thing will get me down. I am tired tonight, took the Penitentiary trip with Dan on top of the Laredo trip (junketing excursion) and no rest. I renigged on the Fort Worth trip this week-end and have enjoyed the quiet; Dan had go go, poor sweet. For the first time though last night this "Dan for Senate" talk interested me, Mr. Huff talking. Maybe it would not be bad, but I am dubious. I'd always thought four years of this, then freedom, independence, money and things we'd like to do and have. But perhaps Dan is "born to it" and can't get away from the game. I watched closely last night and he sparked. He really tells me so little of his inner thoughts and aspirations, wise guy, but this life does steal him away from me, in many ways. I wonder if an inner resentment on my part warns him off (we are different) but Lord, how I love him! It is up to me to bridge the gap and I guess that means go the whole distance, a woman's part. Dan grew away in a sense during the campaign, learned to let me shift for myself, and not to consider my side. Well here's where I go, mining for the old sense of humour.

Now I know the dread of the "first of the month." Some job figuring this "living on \$4000 and no more," with all the things the public expects and demands, and Dan's sheer honesty.

March 25--Well, I guess I am writing only the blue restless rebellious moments of this venture; the other times are so full of the pleasure and joy of the thing I don't take time to write. We had a lovely trip to El Paso. People were grand. Theirs was the fresh enthusiasm of first contacts. We had never been there; it is so far that Governor's visits

are rare. Marvelous hospitality, people so friendly and different. It has a cosmopolitan air, "border city." Different too in its lay-out with the bare, yet imposing mountains and the vast sweep of distance somehow fascinating and alluring to me. Its my old West, see? Funny incident of the people fighting to have us as "guests," but we liked staying in the Hotel. But I am better off by an exquisite little Swiss watch.

I am enjoying the comparative quiet of Lent in Austin and the calm; also spring is already turning Austin into a fairyland. I believe a few places are so magic as Austin in bluebonnet time. I have had some fine golf games of late, good friends, not political, and yesterday a swim at good old Bartons, cold! And then Dan and I did get off and go to the "shooting gallery," he is such a lovable little boy at times.

Today a sample of living in the Governor's Mansion (this negro George being almost priceless) I was supposed to go to Dallas today and so refused luncheons and teas; at the last minute Dan decided he could not go so I figured I would just not be at home, officially anyway, I heard George conversing in loud tones with some lady just at the foot of the big stairs (showing someone through the Mansion, and evidently the loud tone was to warn me so I got up from my desk and quietly closed the door.) The lady was suspicious, but George smoothly led her off the track. It was some old-time connection of Governor Pease (who had built the Mansion and first lived here.) She came to visit and reminisce and sigh over old times; she stayed a long time and I was glad George saved me the long visit. She wanted to pay him for his courtesy and gave him a five dollar bill to be changed. He dashed off to the drug store, and in the deal was given six one dollar bills for the five. He came up and said to me "Miss, it is

my lucky day; that woman just would give me a dollar; I told her, Miss, we didn't take 'em but she made me take it, said she had taken so much time." I said "Alright George, this time." Then he said "And let me tell you Miss, I had to get a five changed at the Drug store and the man he giv me six dollars for that five, its my lucky day." I said "But George, that man is your friend, you are going to give it back?" He answered plaintively "Miss I started to but I can't be that honest, Miss, he giv it to me, Miss this is sho' where me and honesty parts company." I thought to myself, that is typical of the race, just so honest and no more.

Later he amused me getting rid of the poor old Confederate veteran, who always tries to take up so much time. He was just going to come in and sit until Dan came home for lunch. George was so good and kind that the old fellow went off feeling happy. George glibly insisted that we were "going out to lunch." Then when the old fellow said that he just wanted an old suit-case of the Governor's, George answered he was "sure the Governor had one, maybe with his name on it."

May 1927--Happy memories this afternoon of our first wedding anniversary and my birthday. First there was the deep thrill of being reunited with Dan after ten days separation; I joined him at Tyler after a visit in Abilene, the occasion the East Texas C of C convention. Never did he seem so precious to me, so completely loved. I had missed him so much this boy-Governor husband of mine. I almost made a vow never to be separated from him again. How completely one year can weld two people, how necessary to each it can make the other.\*\*\*\*\*

Such a pleasant delightful occasion the good people of Tyler made our anniversary. There was a luncheon, and as climax, they gave us an old



fashioned "pounding," pounding the "poor Gov. instead of the poor preacher." Hickory-cured hams, sugar, and all sorts of things in sacks and cans and jars, generous East Texas products, crates of eggs, and strawberries. We have been living high, what a help to that \$333.33 a month. There were movies of us, parades, a pageant, and finally a special car to take us to San Antonio where we were due next day at the Battle of Flowers Fiesta. The big Mississippi floods delayed the train for hours and hours, so that our car sat on a siding and waited; but we were not inconvenienced, and it was another honey-moon, although we traveled almost all the next day and so missed our San Antonio engagements.

Back to the rush of things here, more teas and parties, and I have still not had time to have my big "At Home" Time speeds so swiftly, not five months in, yet already a fickle public starts picking flaws in the administration. It is to laugh, for such is life. Here is Dan putting every ounce of energy into this thing and so conscientious its a shame (the public never appreciates such.) We have many arguments over bills at the Mansion. Dan says "Go ahead, and give the things and parties you are expected to give; I will make money when I get out and pay it all back." I was not brought up that way. It is annoying though I glory in his principles, to have to run into debt to keep the place going, when the state should keep it.

First rumblings of criticism over Highway commission's failure to use any patronage and steady determination to clean the whole thing out, and let merit rule. Of course the criticism is in reality a compliment; but the vultures of the old Ferguson gang unscrupulous, always hover near. A queer game politics, and it is a game; because in order to put through

any constructive legislation Dan has to employ tact and not antagonize this old entrenched gang, for they can block things. I loved Cone Johnson's and Sterling's spunk in telling them to "go to---." Then Dan had to pour oil on the troubled waters. Then comes the good old stodgy Dallas News, not understanding the tireless, endless fighting and maneuvering it requires to hold varying factions together, in a working whole, and hints in an editorial that Dan was not quite as strong as he ought to be, maybe because he did pour oil on the waters. Thanklessness, thy name is politics.

Dan and I talked seriously the other day on the way to Waco, of the future and the constant rumors which connect Dan's name with Washington later. We were agreed that it is scarcely worth while, not our idea of complete living, after all hollow and unsatisfying. The pleasant and alluring fields of private life and independence seem much better. Dan will have done his bit by good government and have a good record to pass on (God willing, I hope he may have fine sons to carry a proud name.) Why should he not stop now, while young enough to build solidly on a private scale. Is this pure selfishness? The state, and the nation need real men of integrity in politics; but it is such a hopeless battle. The only thing I fear is this: what if having played the game once he will miss it dreadfully and be unsatisfied and unhappy in private channels. I told him there would be fine compensation in either way he went and that I would go gladly the course he chooses.

I hate to think of Dan burying his whole life in this maddening circle; and he would never have any youth and relaxation. It is not fair; all his life he has labored so constantly. I grieve to think on my dear Dad, killing himself because he won't unhitch. He is so wonderful, so totally

unselfish; if he would only save himself for us for a longer period, rather than wearing his life away to leave us material things. I want Dan to learn to play while there is life to enjoy. Yet gee! how that Dad of mine has come to the rescue in tight places for us with financial aid that has made things easier, bless him.

Have finished recently a depressing yet gripping book, Dreisers "An American Tragedy." So true terrible and yet fine in spots. I wonder if my old dreams of doing something in that line, have gone glimmering. Life is too full and happy, perhaps I am lucky.

#### The Mansion June 1927

Already lazy summer drones outside and the relaxation is heavenly. It came so suddenly through the last mad rush of things that it is almost unbelievable. Of course this is only a temporary lull, very welcome. Soon we will be in the midst of Crys' wedding, the old-time pal. I am tempted to say "perhaps" because of a queer feeling of unreality I have about Crys marrying and "conventionality" of all things for her! And already they are making estimates for the remodeling or rather freshening of the Mansion, I will have that on hands and under foot for several months. Also if I thought I would rest in summertime I was mistaken for it seems that Austin is summer tourist mecca, and we seem to get them all, the known and the unknown. All drop in wanting to see where the Governor lives. Dan and I had a slight argument recently--when he wanted us to leave the Mansion to the Millers (Lt Governor's family) while he went East on that trip. I still don't know who was right; it seems like an imposition, but I guess as always he is right.\*\*\*\*\*

May was the last whirlwind; I dashed home for the Aloha May Breakfast, and enjoyed it, and Alvin Ousley's playing politics with me. Other parties, Dental convention tea at Mansion, Wichita Falls and the Kemps; rather nice but boring. The smug complacency of a city's "prominent people." Gorgeous time out for the visit with General and Mrs. Malone in San Antonio, world premier of "Wings," classic movie of the Air Force. Attractive author John Monk Saunders. Other celebs: Davidson of the U. S. Air Service and Lasky. Close on this the world was stirred by Lindberg's wonderful, heroic airflight across the Atlantic, alone and in a single motor machine. "The Lone Eagle" what a stirring event.

I gave the first big open party, a Garden Party, old South theme. Said to have been a huge success; from point of attendance must have been. I had negro singers on the old porch doing "spirituals." So relieved it is over. Then a wedding reception for Ernest, our "best man," many white tapers, cake etc. I say I can not live up to the expectations, on this salary. The public demands are too much for it. I wrote my precious Dad that "he did not know it, but that he gave a very nice party at the Mansion." Even with Dad's checks Dan has to borrow, borrow; it is just not physically possible to make the grade with Dan's honesty as a load, bless him!

Executive Mansion Austin August 1927 Long sunlit streaks across the tops of these majestic old trees decades wise in Texas lore, sunset time in Austin, summer and the hills to the West are wrapped in their violet crown. Out this south window (Heddy's room) I see the picturesque church tower, and faintly the towers of St Edwards. Austin, loved Austin, and a sense of well-being and the pleasure of living here in this fine

old place, Texas Governor's Mansion.

This pleasant peace doubly enjoyable, because I have recently come through a very trying period where I reached bottom and then somehow fought and climbed back to a better understanding. I feel now a more solid basis for enjoyment of this venture while it lasts. Of course it was as usual my own foolishness and temporarily losing hold of the old sense of humour and clear-eyed vision of things. This partly--and partly it was physical. Some fault of Dan's too, the terrible strain he is under all time. But I came through loving him more than ever although I saw as never before his weaknesses, that's life.

A year ago today was the second primary, the final step in the grim battle which put Dan at the head of Texas' government and left him the augean task of cleaning out the Ferguson muck. What a task and what a state Texas was in, the public does not begin to guess. Texas will suffer a long time from the evil influence of their unscrupulous handling of affairs and it will be a long time before the last bad spot is gone. For instance, the recent disclosures of the Board of Control muddle and the way old Jim still plays his rotten hand to make a dirty dollar. Poor Dan, what a mess, what a job. And to think for a time I lost sight of this part of his life and selfishly condemned him because I happened to be lonely and a bit lost.\*\*\*\*\*

After Crys' wedding and the party at the Mansion--I came back to a hectic period of sudden let-down cessation of social things, hot summer closing in. Mary and the kids stayed on for a week, and the workmen making havoc out of the place in a few days time, and constant and unrelenting misery within myself that was physical. I fought it at

first, unthinking, annoyed by its stubborn hold and the general feeling of sickness. Gradually I began to guess that it meant more than mere overstrain; I began to feel a hope that it was the one thing I most longed for. By the time Dan returned from the East I was reasonably sure. The next few weeks were a nightmare of miserable days, the summer pressing down in suffocating waves, the house torn down about my ears. The kitchen was out of commission so that we had to go out for meals, the fresh paint adding to my nausea and misery. One escape I made, a trip to Dallas; Dan was continuing his jaunts about the state, always in demand and I was left alone too much for the state of my nerves and mind, I know now.\*\*\*\*\*

The recent and brief spell of rebellion I had not at Dan but at marriage, was as I said, partly physical (now I know one of those strange reactions we perversely have when most we have cause to love the other one.) Partly then physical, and partly force of circumstance of this somehow unreal life we live, the strenuous demands of place on Dan so that I feel shunted aside. Since talking to him recently I know now (sweet knowledge) that I am not pigeonholed, forgotten. I will be sensible, and most of all I will try to be understanding and cheerful. I want to make the strain of place easier on him, not more difficult.

To finish briefly, because I grow weary (I am so unaccustomed to this "weakness," this not being normal.) There were weeks of dragging along, mixed with fiendish running of errands, the working of endless red tape about getting the Mansion renovated. All the time feeling uncomfortable and trying to adjust myself to the new dream of the finest experience of all, a youngster to grace this fine old Mansion. I was torn between great happiness of a dream come true and a growing resent-

ment toward Dan, marriage, a crazy thing. I came to resent his work and his absorption in same, this place, everything. I tried to fight it all out on lonely rides when Dan was out of the city. I did conquer it after a fashion, though I felt that something fine was gone. I was guilty of that most foolish and disgusting habit of self-pity, self-analysis, too much looking-inward.\*\*\*\*\*

I fought through and things grew better; the house began to straighten out; I was beginning to get over the physical feeling of illness; I started on what I thought to be a fine system of getting gorgeously fit, for the great experience that now seemed certainly ahead. But I thought of it as something quite normal, and since I had always been strong and athletic I instituted daily swims or golf games and took several trips by car. I have bitterly berated myself, and have learned a costly but I hope valuable lesson. I have wondered if the whole thing were not retribution for the rebellion and inner fighting. At any rate suddenly, and without warning my whole playhouse, and new built dreams crashed about my head. Almost before I knew it the doctor called in, had me in the hospital, I wept many tears, now I feel somehow stripped of all foolish resentments and misunderstandings.

Perhaps after all I was not worthy; but I shall hope to be later on. I shall pray to build a stronger more beautiful dream and to realize it in rich fulfillment, and that before many moons because all other things seem so futile now. The infinite plan of a human span of life, the eternal cycle of life which after all fulfills destiny, this satisfies. Perhaps we don't know why, just we feel and understand. God give me another chance.\*\*\*\*\* I am tiring myself beyond my recently gained strength

foolishly, because of an old habit to confess in this crazy old patch-work journal of mine. Don't ask me why, perhaps the future will tell, the very intriguing future.

Governor's Mansion March 1928. In the never old, ever fresh marvel of a new springtime, I come back after more than six months silence. Six full rushing busy months.\*\*\*\*\* I have just returned from a ten-day visit at the old home place. It is good to be back in Austin. So much am I in love with this old Mansion and the joy of living here that I fairly begrudge the time spent away from it, knowing almost frantically how swiftly the years will pass. We are well into our second year now, and there may be only two; at most there can be only four years of this rare privilege of living here, and how I love it. This morning I was out in the new spring, and the Mansion grounds are a wonder of promise and fresh feathery green, out in the greenhouse, in the rose garden, already beginning to bloom. The pansies down the old-time walk border are a riot of color, climbing roses, tulips, hyacinths in full glory. Where shall I know again such deep satisfaction in living? I have enjoyed the house itself so much more this fall and winter, freshly papered in these fine old Colonial prints, so suited. I guess it was worth the agony of renovation--maybe.

The old time chafing at the restrictions of this place, the rebellions at the strain of debts, and spending of youth, the futility of the struggle against the ignorance and indifferent of the people, when one is trying to accomplish things for the good of the state--these things faded as I faced the horrible staleness of mediocrity, on the recent visit. I have enough of the eternal, and perhaps infernal, ambition to know that I will take pride of place and the loneliness that goes along, because it carries



also the ideal of serving. Dan is as always right when he says there is more depth and real joy to the life we lead, than in all the gay partying and companionship of all the others.

There's much political excitement and speculation, regarding the Houston National Democratic Convention in June. I would like to attend, it promises to be most interesting. It may be a history-making year, and of course Dan will have a hand; politics is fascinating.\*\*\*\*\* Mostly the fall and winter were occupied with things social; which I rather enjoyed because of returning good health. There were many visitors, some from Columbia University days, and a first big formal party, followed by regular informal ones. Think I rather surprised the natives; because I think they doubted my ability to put one over; they insist on thinking of me as "young and inexperienced First Lady." Worked out all the details myself and had it well organized, and of course tried to hold down expenses, while making the affair outstanding. I ordered engraved cards for us to use by filling in the names and date etc (an innovation--a la The White House--whose cards we receive.)\*\*\*\*\*

It was my great privilege and a ne'er-to-be-forgotten event, to ride with Charles Lindberg, idol of the world just now because of his historic flight, in the parade at Abilene when he first touched down in Texas, and to introduce him from the old Federal Lawn to West Texas. He was all and more than I expected, a fine, rather shy wholesome lad. He has "walked with Kings and kept the common touch." I recall one line that I cribbed from an editorial to use in my speech "It is a terrible thing to be a hero at 25."

The Mansion September 1928. I have tried to write for so long, but six months seems to be the span of silence 'ere I return to these pages. I have lived and thought a lot, a tremendous lot in those six months, touched depths and heights--but mostly Life is a great and satisfying whole now, and I love its promise of completeness. Almost since the last writing I have been marking time for Life's greatest joy, a youngster to be mine and Dan's. I am infinitely happy and counting days.\*\*\*\*\* Nice to have the child here in this blessed old Mansion. How I am attached more and more to it, and now this added bond, I sigh already at thoughts of parting.

Tot visited me for a few days in the spring with her adorable child Joan, to recall old days when I visited with the Stanley Walkers in their tiny Greenwich apartment. And the days were all nights in ole New York, because Stanley was night City Editor of the Herald Tribune. Now with this amazing child, Tot has become strangely altered and finer person; Joan is so precious that even Dan gave her special attention (unusual for him.) Then the young Penders were here for a week, and a joy to their Auntie, especially the bright-eyed and laughing Martha. There was another big formal party, an awful jam (when the Mansion is "open for callers" we get hundreds and I have to keep a running line of friends between me and the kitchen to see that the sandwiches and the cookies don't run out, and usually they do.) There was a line clear out into the street this time, and it never seemed to lessen. I had house guests from the old home town to help me enjoy this jam.

The biennial meeting of the Federated Womens Clubs of American met in San Antonio and I had to "fight, bleed and die" against Mrs. Pennybacker

and other prominent femmes for my right to stay out of the limelight of this auspicious gathering! They tried to make me make a speech--but I steadily refused (before all those women who speak and know they can speak and how--me? Ugg.) Did attend one evening function, to put in my appearance, a dinner when Dan spoke. Had to leave the Mansion "open" and receive for some 1000 delegates en route through Austin on the Sunday preceding convention. And I felt terribly and almost fell out before that interminable hand-shaking--and was scared stiff of what it would do in my "condition."

Tennis matches here also this spring; saw Tilden play and met him. The Battle of Flowers in San Antonio again and the spectacular Fiesta and events were enjoyable, another hectic anniversary. My date book is filled with parties through April and May. I entertained the Quill Club (feeling miserable); went home in June to the Simmons commencement, Dan was the speaker.

Politics was or were "poppin" all spring, with a muchly harrassed Dan because of the battle of his principles against the inevitable nomination of Smith (Al Smith) on the Democratic ticket in Houston. I shall never forget the stirring scenes of this year, the Tom Love-Moody battle, high point of the Dallas meeting. Tom Love tried to "steal Texas away from Dan" (later events made us almost wish we had let him have it). But Dan's dander was up; Tom vowed that he had "that young man's hide tacked to his (Love's) barn door," that "Dan Moody was no good for anything save to oust the Fergusons and then we would discard him." Anti-Smith sentiment was seething in Texas; and Dan, in his heart hating all that Smith stood for, was literally "taken into the high placed and tempted of the Devil." The vice-presidential plum was dangled variously before his eyes--"the world before him." But Dan Moody would not have been Dan Moody had he yielded one inch on his principles; and

Dan is so firmly convinced on Prohibition and all the old Southern ideals that he could scarcely stomach Al Smith personally. Yet he had also his ideals and principles on Democracy and "rule of the majority" (in this instance I consider it was a mockery, the will of the majority being deliberately tricked by long, secret, and cunning planning).

Back to the Dallas meeting, which I attended "incog" (Dan did not want me to go, predicted an awful scrap). I knew I was going, so I calmly took the one o'clock train, after putting Dan on the 11:30 one, and with hat pulled over my eyes and specs on I slipped unnoticed into the sessions. Had the time of my life listening in, all about me to discussions of Dan! I felt the pulse of a precarious meeting so to speak and found that my boy ran true with the "deer peepul." Dan came off, his colors flying in a difficult situation in which he personally opposed Smith, declaring for Prohibition; but said that he would support the nominee of the Democratic Party.

More political pot boiling and then there was the Democratic state convention at Beaumont; I was too ill to go, and waited here in suspense while they tried to "tear Dan limb from limb." "They say" there will never be such a convention, and such a spectacle. Anti-Smith and Smith groups in deadly grip, Dan trying to stand between. Smith men growing increasingly arrogant on the mounting Smith sentiment over the nation, pointing to Smith's certain nomination, tried to "steal the Texas delegation" (normally anti-Smith) and ride rough-shod over Dan, forgetting that but for him, Boss Love (Anti-Smith) would have been in the saddle.

Pseudo friends of Dan's were eager to sacrifice him on the Al Smith altar (Texas bandwagon). When Dan saw their scheme and squelched it, getting an awful drubbing in the fray, by using his power at a crucial moment and

"manhandling the convention," so that it should go to the National Convention, instructed not to cast a vote for Al Smith (though no anti-vote) until he "should have received a majority." Then the howl that went up from the Smithites, who would have used Dan to their own ends. They tried to call him "double-crosser" but they did not make it stick. (The actual deed; Dan interrupted a roll call which was going against him, to make a speech and swing the tide.) Some said "Most courageous act of his career." Others said "He has ruined himself." Dan stumbled off the train, a haggard lad, and said briefly, "Well, Mildred, I have been through Hell."

After that came the National Convention at Houston in June. What a steam-roller farce it was but how interesting to me (for the few sessions I could hold my head up to attend). I did manage the session when Al was nominated and when Jones was nominated (farce) and Dan's short end of the Prohibition battle. And believe me he battled to the last ditch, with the odds stacked against him. Carter Glass superciliously discounting Dan's "youth and ambition" which he thought was the thing that prompted Dan; and even Josephus Daniels deserted. Dan stood to the end. The New York Tammany machine was steamed up and everything rolled out flat. It's all history except those all-night sessions on the platform when Dan fought. Anyway Al was whoppingly nominated, and Mrs. Al smirked and shook her double chins joyously; and all the hybrid Americans celebrated and grinned and perspired.

The Texas flag went down in a terrible scuffle, but never joined the parade, being carried off by policemen to settle the fight. Those pseudo-friends of Dan's from Texas joined the howling sweating East-side mob. Now it remains for November to tell the tale, Al Smith may be president

(I don't think he is so bad, not half bad as they paint him; nor a tenth as bad as the elements that back him) but President of the United States! God forbid! He has many things for which he is to be admired; but there are many unadmirable traits about him and especially his followers. I can't but feel 'twould be a disgrace to the Country, for him to be elected. It is a funny tricky game, is politics. Perhaps he will make it; unless the solid South, backbone of the true America breaks up. If it follows slavishly its long custom of hewing the Democratic line, he may go in. So the shrewd politicians of the East figure. It's been a terrible trial for Dan, being the Democratic nominee for Governor he has to be consistent and vote the ticket. I know there were dark hours when he contemplated throwing it all overboard, resigning the Governorship even. Perhaps we misjudge Smith; time will tell, but it seems to me criminal to go around a man of Hoover's character and accomplishments, ability and ideal Americanism, and take grinning Al Smith and elevate him to the "foist" place in the land, what a travesty.

At the convention I managed to attend one luncheon for Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, small affair in the Jesse Jones elaborate apartment. Clever Will Rogers was there and we waited hours for Mrs. Wilson, on a delayed train. She is lovely and unassuming and with much grace and charm. I missed many of the parties and so the "celebs"; but did attend one huge ladies' affair, breakfast for Mrs. Wilson, Emily Newell Blair etc. Sat by Will Rogers again and we had a great time; I managed one timid speech of welcome and got away with it, before the microphone. Tumbled wearily into bed the moment I reached the haven of home, and just missed having that interesting personage, Frances Parkinson Keyes, as house guest, following

the convention.

Immediately after Houston Dan plunged into his campaign for re-election (made necessary by the diabolical forces of "Rule-or-Ruin Amon Carter. There was another "Dan Moody the laundryman" put on the ticket from Fort Worth. Also Jim Ferguson as always buzzing around, this time with poor old Wardlaw). Dan made a rapid-fire campaign; even old Jim grudgingly admitted that there never was "such a campaigner." The first primary saw Dan "vindicated"--hate the term as it smacks of Fergusonism--something like 150,000 majority over all opponents, so the run-off was eliminated. It also showed the Smith super-zealots, with their direful predictions, that Dan stood solid with the "people" that they at least appreciated honest stands for convictions. These latter have been noticeably shut-up since the election. \*\*\*\*\*

Summer passed rather quietly for me, Dan gone all time but I was busy "walking," and did have many summer visitors, old friends and family; then another trip home to meet the little sister, just returned from Europe; and ahead are big plans for a Mansion wedding in October, when Helen, who lived with us for a time, attending Texas U. marries Weaver Moore (he was in the A.G. office with Dan and met her at our wedding). \*\*\*\*\*

In the easy-going summer I suddenly began to revive old ambitions of mine to write, stories, old ideas that haunt me, or even a "Scrap Book of the Governor's Mansion." This lovely old place challenges me, and so much is going to be lost; I'd like to start collecting memories of past administrations. Many of the old-time ladies have visited me here, and they are rapidly passing on; so much of the old life will pass with the generations, and will be forgotten, unless someone puts it down. I would

like to make that contribution, in payment for my debt of happiness in living here. Grand old Texas and its traditions, the fine folk who have lived here for a season. I'd love a "Scrap Book of Texas Governor's Mansion."

Governor's Mansion--December 1928

Before long now I shall hold in my arms my daughter or son, Dan's child. He or she shall be like Dan I know. I pray as I walk these lovely autumn days of sunshine and crisp air, for soundness of body and mind and a fine soul, and I am humble at the tremendous responsibility. \*\*\*\*\* I sit here at my desk in this old Mansion cosily, as the rain falls outside; dark has fallen as I sit here writing, and out my north and east windows the lights of the Capitol dome gleam through the rain and dripping trees. I can see the bright Christmas star shining on the face of the building. It is a good omen, "Peace on Earth" "Good Will Toward Men" a "Babe in a Manger." My heart is filled with a great content and quiet happiness. \*\*\*\*\*

Dan is away hunting. I am glad for him to have the relaxation and be free for a little while of the nagging details of this office. He and my brother George went off like two kids out of school, off to the fabulous King Ranch. I like the quietness for a time, going through things and getting ready. \*\*\*\*\* The cedar chest sent to us from the Pen, with the "D" and "M" carved in two hearts entwined on the top, this is holding my things for the babe. The beauty of Austin and the loveliness of this old place have fairly seaped into my being, in the long walks I have had this fall. The lovely hills, in glowing sunlight or late afternoon mists of violet, flaming sunsets, trees in gorgeous colors, as Browning said "Open



my heart and you will see"--Austin.

Looking back over the months for various events, brings many funny incidents. Welcome peace after the election; Dan seems a different person. I must find and keep that terse comment from Time magazine anent Dan. Shrewd, queer I wonder? Must save space for clippings of Helen's wedding, lovely in this old Mansion, a perfect setting. The child looked precious and all went well. She seems already older and more gracious and settled. With that precious Dad backing it so generously, the affair went off like clock-work; Heddy was a dazed child and of course I had to manage it, and loved it, my bride coming down those grand old stairs!

After the wedding a day or so of rest and then Mrs. F. Parkinson Keyes did come for a week-end. Somewhat hectic, because there was her maid and much baggage and requests for services (she was accustomed to much form and ceremony, I imagine, in the Governor's Mansions she has been visiting-- Guess ours was quite simple). Dan wasn't very nice to her as he felt her coming at this time was an imposition; besides he is a bit old-fashioned where "Yankee ladies" of great efficiency, shrewd politicians, and somewhat masculine traits are concerned. My household was on edge being tired from the wedding. Of course I could do little entertaining, a small dinner party; but Mrs. Pennybacker and kind friends took over and looked after the distinguished lady. All in all she was most interesting to me and I enjoyed her real self and personality. I was bragging about the seventy-five year old Mansion when she calmly remarked that she "lived in a hundred and fifty year old house in New England!" I was glad that she wrote her rather "gushing" article in the Delineator before she came to call as she might not have been so generous afterward!

The election! I shall never forget the tension and then the denouement of the Hoover landslide, especially Texas going for him and Republican! I really felt sorry for Al Smith, but my ultimate faith in Democracy and the "final right of the people" was restored. Hoover was the man, and the unknown and threatening principles of Al and the radical Raskob and those temporarily in the Democratic saddle were ditched. The solid South was broken. Dan's original convictions were exonerated. Of course I was secretly glad, though being in this place I could say nothing. Dan was reelected of course, the state safely Democratic. Two more years of this, I can't realize our bit of glory is half over, its been fun.

We spent election night at the Marshes, getting returns over radio and private wires; and interesting evening; the Marshes always kind and thoughtful. After the election joyous relief from the ding-donging of ardent Smithites; deadly silence from former brags; Steve silent as the tomb, a greatly subdued and effacing Paul Page; for which we have given thanks! Naturally Dan got some blame for Texas Republican vote, and there was Tom Love gloating; but Dan had maintained a difficult position--his Democratic loyalty and then his principles. I believe time will prove him right. In the midst the terrible strain of the Silver's Case, a death penalty finally commuted after all-night sessions and the boy's gray-haired Mother and her prayers.

Nothing especial in November, a quiet Thanksgiving with Dad and Mother here; there was the episode of the S.M.U. game, which seemed large then but has dwindled now. I only look back to remember that there have been "crazy moments" in this nine-month stretch. \*\*\*\*\*

Governor's Mansion--May 25, 1929

God is good--so good to me that I am awed in thinking on Him and his great loving kindness. I sit in the old South room (Dan's room now as he had to be moved out of course) while across the hall sweetly sleeping (my heart skips a beat for sheer joy thinking on "Him") is my precious "dream-come-true," my son "Boy Dan," officially Dan Moody Jr. (he is really Dan Moody the third, but Dan Sr. scorns that title) I have to pinch myself at the very miracle of him. Words are useless; I really should quit writing this, for 'tis impossible to capture the emotions and experience of the past five months. And now there is so much to do ahead.

On January 6, a Sunday evening, my little son was born, in St. David's Hospital. 'Twas a great shock to me, I had never dreamed that, after all the planning for a "babe in the Mansion." But I am thankful to a kind Providence and modern medical science, and to Dr. Gilbert who knew how deeply I wanted that whole and sound. He was born by Caesarian section. \*\*\*\*\* Oh God in Heaven, so long as I live, I shall remember the sweetness of him in my arms. Every time I bend over him in fragrant sleep, I sent up a prayer to God to keep him fine and true, sturdy and faithful and let him always cherish his faith in God and Right. He is a replica of Dan; I dreamed that he looked at me with Dan's eyes, he does! And how often I have laughed to see, even this early, little gestures. \*\*\*\*\* There was a flood of letters, messages, gifts, news clippings; he was announced in Time, New York papers, Chicago front page. How generous and kind is all the world at such a time. Gifts, everything from "nigger-shooters" to elaborate silver, I fairly groaned at the thought of "thank you notes."

Memories of that awful colic, nearly two and a half months, two A.M. to six A.M. every morning. He simply bested us all! A succession of nurses, Mother, me and Dan! He was torn between alternate fears (later confided) that "WE'd never raise him" and exasperation: "does everyone have this much trouble with a baby?" Finally the stretch was over and he began to straighten out. All the time the Legislature was in session, a crazy "wild" group, and Dan sweating so hard to put over constructive measures. Reactions were deadly, to the recent Smith-Hoover fight, with Dan the "goat," both sides.

The down-grade of public office is a mean thing. I saw little of Dan being submerged with "colic"; but he spent night and day at the Capitol and was so fair with unfair legislators (Jim Ferguson still working his hate there too). A few rare laughs breaking the tension: Dan getting worked up over "Baby food," (reading from a government bulletin at two AM "Continued and exclusive use of prepared foods tends towards rickets") then exploding "Rickets! he's already got rickets; see how nervous and wild he is," and Mother and I falling over with laughter.

I finally crept out to a few final parties of the Legislative session. It's been a constant attempt to dodge parties since then; so many demands I resent their call on me. I tried to get along without a nurse, I am so jealous of anyone's care of him but mine. But this place complicates things so, in a thousand ways I realize how we pay for it. So I had to settle for a nurse (part time, I won't be cheated of the bath).

Had a lovely visit home, best yet. West Texas seemed good for the lil boy; and I golfed gloriously and relaxed in old time easy circle of friends. The precious Dad traded our old "honey-moon car" for a new one,

and so we returned in style to Austin. Came back to an "extra session" of the Legislature. Planned a Garden Party for same; now the last drag summer session is almost here, and more demands. Dan and I miss the planned West Indian cruise, but would have been hard to leave the child. \*\*\*\*\*

Time strides swiftly along. Just eighteen months left of this life (very nice at that) of being Governor's lady, then what? Already the people cry "The King is dead--Long live the King." After all there is somehow a maddening emptiness about politics, pride of place. Why should we ever dream of going on? I honestly dread the very suggestion (then relentless ambition o'er-leaps itself). Demp came to see me recently, from his newspaper work in Chicago saw my son and called him great, jested as of old.

Sunday February 24, 1930--Governor's Mansion

So this is Book Thirty. Thirty, I wondered as I wrote that if it were significant--I mean the Newspaper man's significance? Perhaps it should be, for goodness knows I get to this rarely now, I might as well stop. All the really important things, the interesting happenings seem to run by in the meantime untouched. Nine months since I have written, that's the longest lapse since I started so long ago writing a Journal. Such full nine months too. I wish I could do a line-a-day journal of this last year of "being the Governor's Lady" but so fast it runs through my fingers as it were. Tomorrow almost I shall be packing. Yes, here we are on the home stretch, arrived all too quickly in some respects, and in others with such a sigh of relief. The other day I saw the first feathery green on the trees, and along with the annual thrill of ever-

renewing Spring, there crept over me a deep sadness, the pang of lovely things nearing their end. I was playing outdoors with the babe, and I said, "Oh Boy Dan, this is the last time we shall see Spring come in this dear old Mansion. This time next year another First Lady will be thrilling to her first in the Mansion (Unless, O horrors! "Ma" Ferguson returns yet another time, God forbid!). How I have loved all seasons in this old place. But I said to myself we must go forward always, live in the future not look back. Perhaps another reason to quit this, Because I wish to go forward, I feel the need to tie old threads; don't like them loose.

Four years is really so short a span, particularly when one encompasses within that time, the miracle of coming to have and to hold the most precious young son ever given to two lucky people. When I last wrote he was but five months old; think of recording nothing of those nine wonder months, as we have watched him unfold, and Life verily made over for Dan and me. Now I can not realize this sturdy rollicking youngster, so fair and bright-eyed, so smart and interesting was my baby of yesterday. Tomorrow almost he will be a school boy, and the day after a man! \*\*\*\*\*

Sunday March 16

Well the "spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak" the other night; my pen fell from sleep-numbed fingers. I had so much I wanted to say; but so often of late "burning the candle at both ends" I fall asleep on the job, so many things I would like to do on this last stretch. Always it seems there are people, people demanding things. All along I have been counting the days allotted to us of being Governor and Lady, even while I sighed over the glamour so soon to fade, and wistful over leaving this old Mansion,

around which our hearts have entwined in such blessed memories. Yet with it all I could scarce wait for the moment of freedom. I looked forward for the chance for Dan and me to start over to live unhampered lives, to build for the future. There were times when I felt I was gritting my teeth, so to speak, just to hold on to the blessed relief of the end of it all, this fiendish financial strain. (I hate living on borrowed money) the physical drain on Dan; the hacking "expectations of place," denying us all right of private living and companionship, the death of all illusions and dreams.

Until today or the last few days, I could not believe that Fate would play us the tricks of making possible or probable another two years. I can't think of it now perhaps I cross bridges. And Dan who keeps his own council even from his wife, has talked to me of marvelous "offers" of positions when we should be free. He has planned on the time it would take to get out of debt and breathe once more. I could not conceive of his running once more, still events of the last few days are ominous. I do believe he wanted out; but he is so hurt over various treacheries; he hates to see certain dreams go glimmering, who knows mayhap he fears to feel no more the "zest of power, the price of place." Joe said to me the other day, when we met briefly at the hotel, "But Dan has a positive genius for politics" and I wondered if having been bitten by the bug he would never be quite happy outside!

Last fall I came back from Abilene fairly frothing over this matter. I was scathing, bitter to Dan, even in the mood to fling challenge in his face, "If you do so fool a thing as run again, I will go home to Dad to live the next two years; I can not stand two more years of living under this financial strain." I did say something of this--and taunted him with,

"You have everything to lose, nothing to gain by running again." "Why throw yourself away in treacherous thankless politics?" Then he laughed at me, but kept his council. I was sure he had no real intention of running. But even I am almost tempted to say now, "Run--he either fears his fate too much or his deserts are small, who dares not risk it on a throw to win or lose it all."

Mr. Marsh cornered me and lectured me on my "ultimatum stand." He said, "Don't try to make Dan's decisions for him else you assume responsibility for his success or failure, in the line he pursues at your dictation. If you merely cooperate and understand and leave him unhampered to make his own decisions, then you are unanswerable for his success or failure. Besides you take a man's self-respect when you bring undue pressure and exert unfair advantage." As usual I admitted him to be right. He is an uncanny sort of person, I never quite make him out. A tremendous personality, either the greatest "big heart" and generous fellow, or the smoothest, most cold-blooded person on record. Sometimes I am almost afraid of him, but I prefer to believe and like him until he proves otherwise. I am ashamed to mistrust when I think of his many and exceeding kindnesses; but politics has taught me skepticism and lack of faith in people at times. I think myself he likes the taste of power, the "post-throne" position. Today there appeared in his paper, front page a statement that makes me think for the first time of the third term as a possibility.

The Legislature, meeting in one extra session after another has consistently failed to do anything (its only consistency). All Dan's fine plans for accomplishment for the state have come to naught. The Boy has worked and slaved so hard and yet held his head and hand too high to stoop to conquer ("political trading"). He has been too fair and honest and above-board, and



old-line politicians, stopping at nothing took malicious advantage. Enemies have taken every dirty trick possible. Old Jim Ferguson out of bitter spite, has worked unceasingly. So-called friends have betrayed him shamelessly. A succession of unfortunate events in his term have helped the statement: the "Al Smith fiasco," the "rule-or-ruin Amon Carter" a Legislature unusually lobby-ridden--all these things have contributed to the mess. I am really so mad I am in the mood to run to hit back. A. J. Wirtz (Smith lieutenant and "bum loser") in his malicious, vicious and cowardly attack on Dan on the Senate floor (personal privilege) was the last straw. Even Dan exploded from his usual calm acceptance of political attacks. He said before the Barkers that "only a coward took advantage of the Senate floor to make a personal attack." Then he added "I just hope he (Wirtz) runs for reelection, I will have some fun making speeches in his district; I've got the goods on him and I will make him squeal." I questioned afterwards, "Wasn't that a lot for you to say?" His answer: "I did it deliberately to Bob, for I wanted and expected for it to get back to Wirtz." So I am almost persuaded to say I want him to run for an unprecedented third term!! The paper this morning gave a strong hint of this. Lt. Gov. Barry Miller, in political peeve (and maybe fear of the third term [he's running for Governor]) stacked the cards in the Penitentiary muddle by giving a four-to-one committee for Graves project; thus he hopes to pass the buck to Dan through a veto almost assured. Dan stated publicly that he (Lt. Gov.) "betrayed the Senate." The Senate held out against sinking more money in antiquated system, and wanted reorganization.

Time will tell, and I really believe that if Dan thought a good man "above reproach," who would get in and do good and not harm for the state he would gladly step out; but running are Earl Mayfield, Jim Ferguson (Ma),

Tom Love, Barry Miller, Jim Young (good but obscure), Hatcher, Senter and other impossibles.

I hold my breath in fear, dread thinking of two more years; I am resolved, in the event, to do something drastic about the financial set-up at the Mansion; but I do love that fine true-blue lad, D Moody: I believe in him as I believe in few mortals, and I want to see him fly his colors triumphantly and down his diabolical enemies. So I am even willing that he fly in the face of the third term tradition. Have just finished that remarkable book, The Raven, fascinating story of a remarkable personality, Sam Houston, there's a pattern. Now it is night time, church time. I am afraid we grow away from God, who is, after all, wonderously kind to us. I can never cease thanking him for this precious happy youngster, chattering away downstairs right now. Dan has come in and is playing with him. He has changed Dan so I can see the love beaming in his eyes; and young Dan, so like his Dad that it is to laugh. My heart sings a happy song of thanksgiving to the "All High." "Exactly like his Dad"--God's answer to my dearest prayer.

I shall never pick up the threads of the past months the Democratic Convention in Houston, Dan's actions and my reactions; some things unexplained to my mind until recent revelations Dan made about "Carter Glass' double-crossing the Drys, because of selfish pride of authorship of the dry plank." More anon. Dan and I have had several pleasant jaunts of late: Houston to see the German Grand Opera--"The Rhinegold." Highpoint of the trip, supper at the gorgeous Ima Hogg home, a dream place of perfection in old colonial appointments. San Antonio to breakfast with the Coolidges, an interesting event. Mrs. Coolidge as gracious and lovely as highest reports and Cal not half bad. Then San Antonio again for Opera, "Lucia," the loveliest I have

ever heard. Christmas memories, and Mrs. Eldridge's home, Casa Manana ("The House of Tomorrow").

Thursday May 15, 1930

Notes only tonight. Dan away for most of two weeks here and there over the state (beginning of a campaign, not official, but might as well be) and May 30--What crazy things this old political life will do to one--what hot water one gets into, blow hot, blow cold! Here I have been sick with a d\_ summer cold for days; but last night I came in from playing bridge with the Woodwards (a most pleasant evening) to be knocked cold by headlines in the paper announcing "R. S. Sterling for Governor." And I, who have thought I would welcome any turn of events to keep Dan out, was furious and could scarcely sleep all night, for worrying over the turn and wondering what Dan will do now. I don't trust that Houston gang; there's something sneaky in woodpile, double-cross of Dan? I am wild to know Dan's decision and can't help thinking with Susette, that "he's too smart; he will somehow shuffle the cards with his uncanny political sence." Yet maybe he did give his word to Sterling and I know his stern and unbending sence of right, fairness. It makes me sick, because nobody else in politics is that fair. I am so afraid he will do something before I see him, off making commencement speeches, I have in a call for him. Guess I should not meddle, but I have to tell him "not to trust that gang." And now crazy me! Time is so short, name to be filed by Sunday and here am I who so differently felt a short time ago actually afraid that he won't run suddenly there is tremendous let-down. What is the matter with me? Is it that I had ribbed myself up to the possibility of that third term and two more years of this? I confess I had already made plans

(I thought I was doing it to make the best of a situation). This crisis makes me confess honestly that I wanted another chance for myself as well as for Dan to do things left undone. Partly I have been brought to this state, I know by public reaction to gubernatorial race (chance of Mayfield-Ferguson combine going in) partly by my increasing resentment at the work of foes and friends (so-called) against Dan. Everywhere one turns a new "dirty deal" this is politics. Dan is just too fine and clean but my dander is up! I said before this latest double-crossing "you don't know who is your friend in this mess," we are not afraid of the truth; let's see where Dan stands. I may be kidding myself but I think I feel this way: I don't care if Dan runs or not (now I think I care if he does not) and if he runs I don't care if he wins or loses for if he wins he wins against tremendous odds and greater is the victory, and yet in a sense he loses personally; and if he loses the defeat is lessened by the odds and then he wins personally. It would at least clear the field once and for all for us and him politically and we could begin to live, free of this oppression of politics! \*\*\*\*\*

Thinking back on the past week and happenings I had the Sterlings and Hobby and Ely to dinner; Dan was due back from speaking engagements but on account of a delayed train he failed to make it. I had expected to ask others and make it social but Dan said, "No, we want to talk politics." Then he did not get here and it fell flat of course. I could not help laughing inwardly at Mr. S., good honest old fellow, but so full of egotism and ignorance, yet liking them both. Guess I joined the ranks of the flatterers, and two-facedly played politics with them (pretending I thought he "should run and hoped Dan would not"). Sorry now. Wish I had been honest and so thrown a monkey-wrench into their machinery of the double-cross. Wish I had assumed artlessness and

apparently innocently let fall the fact that "everyone says Sterling can't win, and what a shame cause such a man needed." Guess I deserve no more than two-faced dealings when I join their game. Now I fear Dan held back too long and respected Sterlings feelings and failed to tell him the truth.

Later: That Dan is shrewd politically have just talked to him over phone and am relieved over statement coming out Sunday adroitly shifting the blame on Sterling for announcing after he (Dan) had evidenced his own intentions. Guess it will end by more friends deserting, everybody is sure looking out for "Number One" and all else goes by the board. Funny incident the other day: Adrian Pool came by to talk personally and told me his own reaction. Said after lambasting Dan for an hour or so telling him he should get out, and what a darn fool he was for running, then he flopped when Dan pulled a smooth one. Dan apparently agreed that Pool was right and he would agree with him; he promptly appeared to call newspapermen to tell them he was getting out. Whereupon Adrian said he felt an awful let-down and began to say "Now whom will I support? and where does Texas go from here?" Suddenly he yelled at Dan "Don't be a blamed fool and act so hastily on one man's advice." People phoning me today formerly strong against Dan's going in now scared and with a gone feeling that he won't!

Debated recently schemes to live on that \$4,000--granted another chance. That editorial in the Dallas News still rankles in my mind--a challenge. The News "wondered how I had come out on my resolve to live on it, and feared the worst." I did fail and I just wonder if I have the plain "guts" (war expression --just finished reading Robert Graves 'Goodbye to All That') to put it over on another chance. I know that it can be done. I have learned some things, that keeping up the pace and making a show do not count. Now I have shown I can

do the other, keep a front. I could now show them I can live on that \$4,000. I am all fired with the chance I would have to do a decent thing. I would take the public into my confidence, say I had failed and why; say I was trying again and I would let them know how I came out. It gives me new gleams, a chance to avoid the dull and ceaseless routine of teas, a chance to make good and mayhap a chance to write about it. Dismiss the servants (who eat one out anyway) get a care-taker on state funds to look after the Mansion, and I would do the cooking and nursing to look after our three, give no parties (maybe have the Mansion open without refreshments) and accept no invitations. I wonder would Dan let me do it! Dan and I seem to have come at last to the "blessed place" of real understanding and the deepest love we have ever known; instead of its growing dull on every day diet, marriage and the joy of belonging to Dan seem at present to be more marvelous and beautiful than ever, small frictions seem all worn away. 'Tis a fine old scheme, if one is fortunate to marry one so more than worthy. (Darn it, skepticism creeps in, and I must be truthful to add that a dirty little voice whispers to me "Oh yes, speak Sister, sing your praises while you may, for you know not what tomorrow will bring.") Have I too little faith in Life, in God? Anyway today is here and we can only live today. And so I record today that the feeling of oneness with Dan, the complete welding of two lives is something essentially dear and beyond description. That it has been, I shall have through Eternity, Life take that, if you dare! A moment out to arrange for one of the thousand little details forever cropping up here, Texas U class in architecture to go through the Mansion at four o'clock. Oh well I can shift that to "Iddy" Miss Wester, Dan's cousin, she just loves such details and I have been ill! \*\*

A blessed summer of relaxation, visits home, and the babe to enjoy. But "school took up once more" and I half-heartedly resumed my "At Homes." Had two fairly elaborate ones, getting off a few obligations then lapsed into the fact of merely being here, with friends, to receive any possible callers. Played golf as much as possible, a life-saver. Played doggedly against a possible match with Demp near Xmas (when he was due in Texas) and then, Oh cruel Fate, slept the one morning he was available in San Antonio and called. I was exhausted after the drag and fun of a family Christmas at the Mansion, plus a jaunt to Dallas to see "The Miracle" and plus immediately thereafter the traditional New Year's Reception at the Mansion. It was the day after and a gorgeous golfing day. Something told me as I flopped wearily back into bed, after surrendering Boy Dan to good Edith that I "better not." Demp called and the servants "wouldn't disturb." Later he said over the phone "What a lazy person, I wanted an oldtime golf game." I entertained Demp's Mother this winter, Mrs. Pettingill of St. Louis, and his attractive sister, Kathleen Lord. They were wintering in San Antonio. Went to Houston to see the little sis, Heddy and the new Home, a strangely grown up lil sis, but apparently very happy.

Christmas at the Mansion was a rushing, busy time, everyone under one roof, from dear Grandad Paxton to the littlest Penders. Twas a lovely time Christmas 1929; Boy Dan's first and lighted tree in the back parlor in front of the tall mirror and fire place. (Earlier--Heddy's wedding altar.) The kids hung stockings in front of the fire place in the front parlor, and Mary and I, in old-time happy custom, lingered and chatted over filling the stockings. Finally Dan joined us after dominoes with Dad. The next day a leisurely breakfast and the tree, and then a big turkey dinner at one long table in the

state dining room. The Santa Claus chimney center-piece, with small gifts therein, compliments of Miss Fanny Andrews and Miss Mollie Glass (story-book characters of Ye Olde Qualitye Shoppe across the street). The huge turkey also complimentary. \*\*\*\*\* The sweetest memory of it all aside from my little son's first Christmas was the beautiful and never-failing unselfishness of my precious Dad, and the quiet sweetness of Mother. Dad insisted that it was "his party just transferred to the Mansion" and he would pay all bills with a surplus. Dan objected but my Dad overruled. And Dad gave checks to all, and made everyone happy in a thousand ways. I tell you the absolute selflessness of that adored Dad of mine will be a "lamp to my feet all my life long" \*\*\*\*\* Last session of the Legislature this winter was a miserable aftermath of dirty politics, selfishness, corrupt lobbies, and legislators run wild. Dan the brunt of it all. I went to the affairs and entertained as little as I could. Really enjoyed contacts with some real people who redeemed it, E. Woodul for instance. We golfed together. \*\*\*\*\*

One final thread--I can't seem to leave it dangling. It goes back to the Democratic Convention in Houston two years ago. The scene is indelibly stamped on my mind and seems significant, and I wish to record it (like Graves to "free my mind"). Sick with usea, I lolled about our hotel suite and read stacks of telegrams and freak letters that poured in by hundreds to Dan from all over the United States. Their chief refrain: "You are the last hope of Prohibitionists against the Smith-Tammany wet tide, don't fail us." Occasionally Dan dashed in disheveled from committee meetings, all night ones, mostly on the prohibition plank. Couldn't gather what it was all about, Dan too harrassed and tired to talk. But I guess I gradually absorbed the feelings of those messages. Anyway finally came the convention big day, Al Smith's



nomination slated and a possible floor fight on prohibition plank, Dan rumored leading it. I pulled myself together and was excited as a girl grad, hot and cold by turns, anticipating something, what? I hurried to the auditorium and took my place in our box, amidst the din of the buzzing convention. Can see now the milling people and the state flags flying.

After quite a wait, crowds increasing, the thing somehow got off to a start. The platform was droned through the loud speakers; then an excited pause (I felt now it is Dan, to smash or save things) while announcement came of a "minority report." I somehow felt it was something we had long awaited. The crowd was tense, ready to flare, or applaud which? Then Dan speaking clearly in a fine voice. Can't remember his words. Thought I would, they seemed engraved in memory; how time leaves only impressions. He was explaining briefly the fight in the committee on the plank, then there was something about "we were told this plank was satisfactory to Bishop Cannon," and (incredibly) "We have decided in the interest of party harmony not to make a minority report." I couldn't believe my ears, and something seemed to sink inside me. There was applause, big applause, but not (did I imagine it) as large as was to have been expected from that large assemblage sent to harmonize. Could it be that the great crowd was feeling a sort of disappointment that was creeping over me?

I felt like crying "But Dan it was yours to make the fight; you were sent here for that, yours not to reason why, why didn't you do it?" In a flash after Dan, there was the Maryland Governor, (Ritchie) good-looking leader of the Wets, on his feet, making a speech against Dan, scathing against "the report." Not far did he get, hisses, laughs, boos drowned him out. A crazy misunderstanding. But so sure had everyone been of the minority report that

he did not even hear Dan's brief words, but flew into his attack. The chairman angrily demanded order and Ritchie, obviously ruffled and angry, made a very good speech on his "right to be heard before the Convention" and won the crowd over with his explained misunderstanding.

I could not listen. I kept thinking, "But Dan let those people down (thinking of all those telegrams etc.). I felt that others had the same reaction. Soon there was the excitement of the balloting and then the break-up into shouting pandemonium on Al's nomination. I watched in interest but I kept feeling sicker and sicker. It was not only the old nausea but somehow a feeling that Dan had failed to make it on the final test. I tried to understand explanations afterward, listened to praise of Dan and said nothing. But for a long time the feeling persisted why didn't you do it, Dan, they were counting on you? I have recorded this now because not long ago I heard first the true story of what happened and who really "betrayed the Prohibitionists" when Dan opened up to friends. Briefly Carter Glass, Josephus Daniels and Dan were all agreed to fight for a prohibition plank with teeth. Glass, in pride of authorship, drafted one suitable to the other side. Daniels and Dan held out for a minority report then Glass pulled a trump card and said that Bishop Cannon and Dr. Barton had okayed his plank and made scathing remarks to Dan about wanting to push his own personal advantage at the expense of the party. He threatened that if Dan made a minority report he Glass would take the floor and appeal in the name of the Bishop. There were words and Dan flung off to find the Bishop and found the Bishop or Glass had sold out to Tammany. He cursed the Bishop and returned, realizing that the threatened split in the prohibition ranks on the floor that would follow Glass' appeal would do more real harm to the cause in the confusion and giving the wrong

impression than Dan's acquiescence to the committee. I was glad to know that it was not Dan who had sold out but a diabolical trick played in politics. But I have often wondered if that story did not need broadcasting.

Saturday May 31, 1930

Now Dan comes in, and this beats me! Having ribbed me up to the advantages and duties of running for a third term, he now gives me the arguments I first gave him about "everything to lose and nothing to gain" by entering the race; he needs to get out and start making money; dreads the strain of two more years; why should he worry about Texas situation let the politicians fight it out, etc. Again I go skidding down the mountain slope, on the top one minute, down in the valley the next. Somewhat with relief, thinking on the real joys of private life, somewhat with an unexplained disappointment, I wonder if I shall feel as I did after the Houston convention "he let us down." He is leaving Texas a bit in the lurch, but he says he cannot be put in the position of running against his friend, Ross Sterling. My answer "but you know that Sterling is ignorant perhaps just a cat's paw, and it is a dirty frame-up on him by that Houston crowd and can the Big Rich Fat Boy win?" Dan answered, "yes, I fear Hobby to get his newspaper, and Jones his building." I say "Then you are not a real friend or you would tell him" but Dan said all he could tell him was that he didn't believe that he could be elected. Anyway Dan is now in the position of having washed his hands of the whole biz.

I am still wondering if perhaps the old Smith gang, Pinckney, etc. are behind it also; guess they are secretly gloating this morning. Hate to see them trick Dan; wonder how poor blundering Mike Hogg now feels about his nasty tirade against Dan? Uncalled for bitterness from another so-called friend

politics Ugg! Anyway Mike made the Ferguson Forum it is to laugh and Ferguson and Mayfield are happy. No monotony in this political life at any rate.

Sunday, June first 1930

Dan's 37th birthday, spent quietly in Austin the last in the Executive Mansion (the citizens of Tyler filed his name on the ballot anyway and paid the fee, now what?).\*\*\*\*\*

Sunday June 8

What week of torment for Dan, trying to turn loose, feeling he had done what he could and owes nothing further in view of the odds; then seeing the ungodly muddle that poor Texas flounders in politically, and goaded by the demoniacal laughter of the demagogues, who are slated to ride the mess to Victory. Dan made one newspaper statement that "he would not like to run against his friend, Ross Sterling, but that it had been his intention to announce" and then he was silent. All week the state stewed and wondered (as have I). The Tyler group put his name on anyway so he is still on the ticket and no move from Hobby and Sterling. From that direction only silence, and Dan would not move since he had asked them to wait one day until he could see them after he had waited two months on Sterling. Dan resented their premature announcement.

There's been big fanfare (money) on Sterling's campaign already. They say he will run big in South Texas and that is all. The Ferguson campaign got under way with ominous steam this week; and 'tis said the Utilities are backing Mayfield in a big way. (Sidney Thomas told me that it is generally understood all over the state that anyone caught voting for Dan Moody would lose his job in the Utility set-up! You see the octopus fears Dan because

money can't touch him; but Mayfield is a different story. (It is even said that it isn't necessary to use money on him, that whiskey will do the trick.) Dan writhes at the thought of leaving the battle to an incompetent like Sterling. Tomorrow the committee meets to certify the names on the ballot, and he must say yes or no. There have been delegations and discussions with Dan for days. \*\*\*\*\*

In a bitter frame of mind, thinking on the betrayal of friends, and selfish desertion of the state's best interests, I accompanied Dan to church. It was good, vastly good, for me. One reading of the twelfth chapter of Romans and it All melted away; the preacher was looking directly at us! Then all the wrath and hatred and spite vanished. Dan talked long to me afterward; among other things he said, "Mildred, the only way I could have justified a third term candidacy (and I was dreading the thought of those two years, but wanted the fight) was as an effort to save the state from Fergusonism once more or Mayfield. I had a fighting chance to harmonize the good forces and win, so long as only Tom Love split my vote; but with Sterling and now Lynch Davidson, my entry would further complicate things. I can best serve by staying out and attempting to get others together on one man." He added "You know that personally I need to get out" and added "and selfishly if the muddle goes through as I anticipate they will wish for Dan Moody."

It seems ironical and funny now to hear the same people who yelled a few weeks back "third term, ridiculous Dan Moody, foolish"--now are hollering, "If Dan Moody gets out he is letting the state down at a very critical time." That is politics d---d if you do, and d---d if you don't. Dan and I walked home from church, singing and holding hands, and in a good feeling of calm and a sort of "Goodbye to All That" for it is settled now that we go out in

January, and everything is right. Dan read Psalms 37 to me and went off whistling. God's in His Heaven.

Friday August 15

And so the first primary came and went and strange history was made now it lacks eight days to the run-off and stranger history may be made. That Monday following my last writing, Dan went before the Executive Committee and withdrew his name "in the interest of good government" and the "rule of right to overtop Fergusonism." This brought cheers and I guess relief, on many sides. Jim Ferguson, brazenly jumped up and called Dan a "coward," whereupon a near fight ensued; and Dan had the supreme satisfaction (long desired) of telling Jim to his face and pointing his finger right at him, what kind of a low-down being he was. Dan can be devastating, and here he minced no words. It was reported that Jim left the building "white with anger"--and there were whispers that he "had gone for a gun." But Jim is an innate bully of a coward. So the campaign got going for the "Fat Rich Boy" with much misgivings. Dan fairly itched from non-participation. The papers all said 'twould be a freak election and none could predict the outcome.

Mr. Sterling, good old honest rather simple fellow, but square-shooting and big-hearted (although he could not make a speech) was a surprising campaigner; and his evident honesty and simpleness won many people. I cringed inwardly at "I sees" and "I dones" and "I takens." Toward the end there was a decided drift to Sterling, with Mayfield and Love losing out. Clint Small was coming up fast, and they say one more week's campaigning might have told a different story. The amazing item was the lead of the Fergusons ("Ma" became jubilant. I had seen her at various times briefly and always scowling;

now she beamed). She led the ticket by 70,000 over Sterling with Small a good third. Of course over the United States went the headlines "Ma's come-back." It is not that yet, thank Goodness. What they don't tell is that she failed by 40,000 of getting as many votes as she did her last running; the good vote was just so hopelessly split.

August has seen the fireworks. Dan is out campaigning, has been for weeks, and in his glory, prosecuting the Fergusons. The people are being aroused at the effrontery of the Fergusons, after his record. Jim has the kind of opponent he loves, a "rich man" a good simple soul, with a few small mistakes for Jim to make hay over and the \$300,000,000 bond issue. There was a Dallas meeting, to which I sneaked at the beginning of the second campaign; I miss so much these days, this I could not miss. When we got there, Inez Pool and I (in her worked-over Ford; Dan had gone in Charlie's six-cylinder Cadillac) we found rumors afoot: "Dan Moody might hinder not help Sterling's campaign," "Committee dubious about advisability of Dan's campaigning etc. Friends of Dan's resentful. Then the Rally opened; and it turned into a literal outburst for Dan. He was called up to the platform, long before he was scheduled; and the crowd cheered so lustily and so strongly that the Sterling managers were floored. From then on they begged Dan to participate and his swing through the state has been another triumph. The papers marvel: "Not even Jim Ferguson himself can draw the crowds the fiery young Governor draws"; "His prosecution and his forceful drive against Fergusonism never so brilliant." What a campaign! Ferguson making malicious and unfounded attacks; Dan, Sterling, and a corps of speakers exposing the plain facts from the printed record on Ferguson, to make one gasp. Yet so crazy is the public psychology and everything is so depressed at present, we

hold our breath in agony until the fated "election day." I can't see how the people of Texas can do otherwise than bury the Fergusons in a landslide, yet reports continue that their strength is bewildering. I can't believe that a majority of Texans are that deluded.

Ferguson boldly brags that he will "pardon 2000 from the Pen if he goes in" and they brazenly promised "two Governors for the Price of One." Yet Jim is an impeached and discredited man, barred from office, and his good wife, his stodge. "How long Oh Israel?" \*\*\*\*\*

This summer has been good, the best yet at this place, because of good health and the lil Boy, who has named himself "Dan-Dan" (for he says he is the second Dan) and I have loved good old Bartons. Time slips away; five more months of this and we are free to live, and I wonder where? \*\*\*\*\*

Now it is well into October and I have so little time left. One day I mourn regretfully about this old Mansion, engraving things on my mind for long memories; the next moment I am excited at the prospect of starting over. We've just borrowed and paid up long-sagging bills again and that leaves me grouchy for days, and in no mood to turn in and have the dinners and many obligations I owe. This place is tantalizing because it leads one on, yet one is so helpless without the wherewithal to do these things that are expected.\*\*\*\*\*

Back to things temporal, political. I had the pleasure, the big satisfaction of seeing Dan's final triumph, in this latest political mess. At the Galveston convention, Sterling was just there, that's all, accepted and shelved so to speak. Because of the terrific force of Dan's campaign for Sterling called the winning stroke, Dan was called "the man of the hour, most popular man in Texas today." The call for him from the convention floor was spontaneous, editorials and comments all most flattering. Many of those who



were all set to holler "the King is dead; long live The King" have realized with the good old Dallas News that Dan is "A Lion not so Dead." I am so glad for him of this last fling and that things happened as they did, for he was feeling a bit down-cast (unadmitted) he has had so many rotten breaks to defeat him these past four years, and he had so wanted to make a fine record. Now he will go out with a "good flavor in the mouth." We hope Sterling will make a good Governor (is it our egotism that denies our power to another). \*\*\*\*\*

January 4, 1931

I knew that it would seem but a week-end from the time I wrote "five months more" to writing as I do now "only a little more than two weeks left" of this life. And it has fled away I know not where, except in a round of affairs, mostly social; and strangely enough not as I had thought on a decreasing tempo, the shelving. Really it has been almost our party all along, the Moodys I mean. Instead of any let-down, Austin people have seemed to vie with one another in being lovely to us and doing us honor. It is just that they want to give us a good send-off? Are they just naturally kind; or do we really hold a place all our own? Anyway they have given us a warm glow, that we shall not forget. Even the party I gave to present Mrs. Sterling became almost embarrassingly my party. But she was great, and so genuine, she enjoyed it all. She is a smart woman, exceeding him by much. Yet she has traits that may "do her in" in this place, yet others that will serve her well, one especially good is her marvelous memory of people and her real interest in them. Since I have been in the Mansion, I have not seen the like of the crush and jam of that party! My friends, who composed the house party, were wonderful and filled the Mansion with

flowers, and all seemed so interested in the "spirit of the thing." A "first," the out-going lady presenting the in-coming one with a grand gesture. I had a new dress, Mrs. Foster designed it, black velvet, and for once I felt adequate. This gave me a good send-off. Outside of a sort of laryngitis which both Mrs. Sterling and I came up with on the eve, "barking" at each other, it went off beautifully. We enjoyed the crush lines of people several deep stretched way out into the street, very "White-Housey" and we shook hands steadily from four to six-thirty. I was worried once or twice about the food supply; but Crys and Heddy were my "runners" and kept me posted from the kitchen and I had anticipated a large and curious crowd.

It was fun to hear people attempt to "bemoan my leaving" and in the same breath "rejoice in Mrs. Sterling's coming," I took a dirty advantage of the climbers and all came. Anyway people were nice, all the way. These months have gone by filled with happy events personal and official. The S.M.U. game and the "private affair" of old-timers; the Thanksgiving game and official party for A and M President and Lady, the Staffords, Laws, etc. and Texas won. Christmas was satisfying and a new thrill on account of "Dan-Dan." Dad and Mother, Grandad and Heddy and Dan's kin dined with us and Weaver came belatedly. I loved having my Dad with me, but a terrible fear gripped me to see him so broken but so game, the cane he tries to hide and the fact he could hardly pull the long Mansion stairs. \*\*\*\*\* The New Year's reception, our last official one, went off fine; and I cherish the bouquets they flung at us (I mean of words dear ones). The gracious and kind Austin Ladies gave me a beautiful silver tray as a parting gift, and I wept perversely when it came, a treasure always. Engraved

thereon "To Mrs. Dan Moody, First Lady of Texas, 1927-1931

Whose Youth, charm, sweetness, and well-balanced  
mind have won for her a permanent place in the  
hearts of the Women of Austin."

I was feeling free lately thinking I was through; now it seems Dan wants another game dinner, and I must do that; and Tuesday is Dan-Dan's second birthday. I grow panicky at the thought of packing and inventory-izing and getting the Mansion in order for the next ones, to say nothing of settling the Moodys elsewhere. So much to be done in the short space of two weeks; so many things I wanted to do. "I have left undone those things I ought to have done----and done those things."

Today I felt relieved at the thought of getting away from a band of servants, who seem to eat, eat incessantly, to the tune of our grocery bills! I shall miss it all but I shall be free. It is nice to have had this experience, while young, a something to cherish always; but for Dan and me it is not the end, it is the beginning. \*\*\*

New Year's Eve we led the grand march at the big ball, and in the evening I thought long over things Charles Marsh said to me, as we danced: "You and I are always one to take the long chance. I wanted Dan Moody to do that. I had already talked to Franklin Roosevelt and it was as good as settled, a Governor of Texas breaking a third term precedent was unbeatable, and a young popular man. It was a cinch that he would have been vice-president, and then President." (He mentioned Roosevelt's health!) In other words Dan had a ten to one shot had he just held firm to his decision, maybe Dan's fatal weakness. He let his friends trick him out. "Now as a mere Ex in private life, well F. D. R. now has nothing to say. Dan now has only a chance in a hundred or

a thousand. But you and I will always take the long chance and gamble."

And I thought to myself "King-maker," "God???"

But there is a "Divinity that shapes our ends," and what does it matter anyway? I wanted to do the Dallas News Story on the Mansion before I leave being First Lady; and I wanted to win a Golf Tournament, I've gone to the semi-finals. Maybe I'll never get further than that in Life; but I have had something, Love and Life and Friends and God--only Reverse it!

## **APPENDIX**

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Fort Worth Texas Governor Dan Moody died at age 72 on April 29 in his Austin home. Through his law and political career had many high spots, some could have been much brighter than the day in Abilene—during the middle of his first gubernatorial campaign—when he married Mildred Paxton.

**By J. TOM GRAHAM**  
 Reporter-News State Editor  
 Ma Ferguson was running for election in 1926, and her husband Jim was stumping the state to help her attain the traditional two-year term given to governors in Texas.

But opposing the Ferguson name was a young red-haired attorney, who made his reputation as a prosecutor of the Ku Klux Klan (then at its political strong point in the state) when a salesman was whipped and chained in the public square at Taylor. Daniel J. Moody entered the governor's race determined to "oust Fergusonism."

Only two years prior to 1926, Moody had stood with the Fergusonists in a common fight as Ma downed Klan-supported Felix D. Robertson for the governorship and Moody became the state's youngest attorney general at 31.

But the friendship was short-lived, as the Taylor native who

wore the nickname "Honest John" announced opposition to Mrs. Ferguson, criticizing what he considered to be wrongful administration of highway department funds and the liberal partition policy toward convicts the Ferguson administration had initiated.

The campaign was balked-potato hot in no time.

His Husbandship But Moody also had been waging another campaign—to win the husbandship of Abilene's Mildred Paxton, daughter of George L. Paxton Sr., longtime president of Citizens National Bank. Miss Paxton, who had already earned three degrees in her young life, toured Europe and served as the first formal woman's page editor of the Reporter-News, had already accepted Moody's proposal.

They had been going together several years," recalled Mrs. H. A. Pender, sister of Mrs. Moody. They reportedly met at a wedding for Mrs. Roy Bradley.

The attorney general—afraid that some of the campaign dirt might land on his bride-to-be—preferred to postpone the wedding until after the election, but Mrs. Moody has been quoted as replying:

"Think I'm going to sit back and let you go through it alone? We marry now or not at all."

So amid political charges hurled at Moody like "witch burner" and "ruler of San Antonio with the Texas Rangers," the future governor halted his campaign and set the wedding date as April 26 in Abilene.

of Mrs. J. D. Sanderfer and the presentation of a "lovely silver bowl" to Miss Paxton by club President Mrs. R. E. Rankin.

On April 17, the young Moody arrived in Abilene, and the women's pages of the News reported that life was almost a constant reception for the young couple until the April 20 twilight vows. As Moody arrived, Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Pickard gave a breakfast on April 17 for the couple and families.

A death of a grandmother in the Paxton family on March 25 had toned down the nature of the receptions, and it was requested that they be kept simple and small.

Reception Exception One mammoth exception was on the night of April 17 when M. B. Hanks, the late Reporter-News publisher, Mrs. Hanks and Mrs. Faucett held a reception at the Abilene Country Club which turned out to be a prophesy of things to come for the wedding. They expected a crowd—but not the one that turned out. Guests poured in from all over the state, and crisis arose as food supplies ran low as the Simmons Band played on.

And the mad pace continued in campaign style: Mrs. Thoinas E. Brownlee and Mrs. Cross Paxton gave a luncheon in the Brownlee home in Over Place, an evening dinner party in the Swenson home at College Heights, a breakfast by Mrs. Sidney Paxton and Mrs. E. T. Pender in the Payton home at Complete Place.

Meanwhile, Moody's campaign supporters still promised. "Not even the fast approaching nuptial ceremony at Abilene to drive from his (Moody's) makeup all of the militancy of the (political) war in which he intends to keep up the offense."

Flustered "There were so many people," she continued, "that it was difficult to form the wedding procession. I had three children in it (her daughters Joy and Mildred and son Hal), and I was kind of flustered."

Simplicity With all Texas wedding, the April 29 twilight wedding, with the theme "simplicity yet formality," arrived, and the throngs gathered.

"The thing that I remember was the crowd," said Mrs. Pender. "You could hardly get down the lobby. Since he was remaining."

MRS. DAN MOODY . . . 'most admired' for governor, there weren't any invitations sent out. A notice was put in the newspaper saying, "Everybody come," and "everybody did."

The Reporter-News describes the crowd as "every space filled, overflowing out into the street" of the old First Baptist Church Building, North End.

The Paxton house was packed next to the church, Mrs. Pender stated, so the couple just walked over, but they could barely make it against the crowd.

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**HOT-LIVED FRIENDSHIP** — Jelly ignoring each other after a hot campaign, Dan Moody and Mrs. Jim Ferguson are seated side by side during the ceremony which made Moody governor and "Ma" a private citizen again. Moody interrupted his campaign against her to marry in Abilene in what has been called the city's biggest wedding.



**FIRST BABY OF TEXAS** — A red-headed baby boy, Dan Moody Jr., was the first baby born in the executive mansion in Austin. The picture was made when the son of Gov. and Mrs. Dan Moody was 10 days old. Dan Jr. came along after the couple had been married two years and were established in what legend says Moody decided before the marriage would be their home: the governor's mansion.

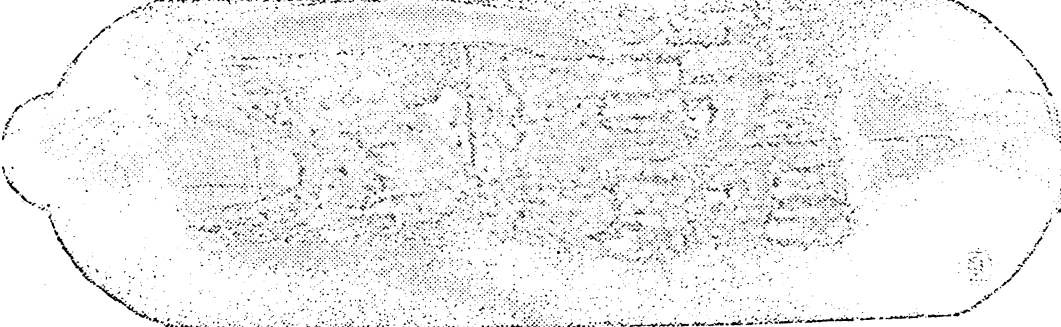
Moody did come out after the wedding with "blade flashing" and drew 49 per cent of the vote in the first primary. He went on to defeat Ma 493,723 to 270,395 in the runoff and became Texas' youngest governor at 33.

Legend has it that Moody decided long before the marriage that the couple's first home would be the governor's mansion. Lucy stayed there for two terms before Moody retired from politics at 37 to build a law career.

At an Abilene speech years later, Moody remarked, "I have done a good deal of business in Abilene and spent a good deal of time here, but I finished that business over in the Baptist church one night some years ago, and I haven't had the opportunity to be here so much in recent years."

Mrs. Moody is still a frequent Abilene visitor as a member of the Board of Development of Hardin - Simmons University and the sister of Mrs. Pender and George L. Paxton Jr., of Abilene.

As for the wedding, the Reporter-as is skinned it up as "a maze of social affairs unprecedented for brilliancy in the annals of Abilene society."



**REPLACES MA** — Texas went back to the idea of having a "first lady" who was first lady and not governor when Dan Moody beat Ma Ferguson following his marriage to Mildred Paxton of Abilene. Mrs. Moody is shown above in her inaugural gown.

Mrs. Bradley was matron-of-honor; Miss Helen Paxton, Mrs. Moody's sister, was maid-of-honor; and Ernest May of Austin was best man. Mrs. Henry J. Bass sang, "Just a Song at Twilight" and "Believe Me When All Those Endearing Young Charms," and the ceremony was performed by Mrs. Moody's uncle, Dr. Lee Scarborough, president of Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, assisted by Dr. Millard Perkins, pastor. An army of out-of-town guests, including Mr. and Mrs. Amon Carter of Fort Worth, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Reed of Austin and many others.

**Family Cottage**  
An "informal" reception was held for the couple in the Paxton home following the ceremony, and as it seemed too often in Moody's life as he started on campaigns, it rained. "They were going to go down in the direction of Buffalo Gap," Mrs. Pender said, "but it just poured down, and the roads were too wet to drive. They spent their first night at a family cottage that was vacant at 3rd and Hickory."

As the heat of the governor's campaign kept going up, Moody supporters continued to promise in the press, "Through the next two weeks, Dan Moody will be far from the maddening crowd, his mind filled with things far more tender than Jim Ferguson. But there will be no halt and no pause in his campaign."

To keep Abilene informed with a step-by-step account of the wedding, Frank Grimes and Howard Earrett had Page One made over and over, Bedick said. "We took time about going down and getting the report and making over Page One," he added. "I wrote a past-tense lead for the Associated Press describing the marriage — then I went down to the old Baptist Church building and had to climb high up on the south side window and look in to make sure it was going like I said."

# The Abilene Reporter-Journal