

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, December 20, 1967

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December 20th began very early for Lyndon -- at 5:00 -- although he had talked very late with Sol Linowitz who had come in the evening before, and Under Secretary of State Lincoln Gordon. I think it was about 2:00 when I sleepily heard him come in after bidding them goodnight.

Sol Linowitz was a delight to have around. He just came back from a tour of a great many South American countries. He was full of optimism, he was reporting great popularity for the U.S. in those countries, and some measures of success in their economic progress. How pleasant is the harbinger of good news. He impresses me as intelligent, quick, "it-can-be-done" sort of man, as yet quite uninfected by any of the ails of bureaucracy. I liked him. We left in the middle of the morning in the helicopter -- Lyndon and I, Lincoln Gordon and Mr. Linowitz and Jake and Marvin and Mr. and Mrs. Maguire and Dr. and Mrs. John Roche. They were going to have a meeting -- I think a press conference -- so I left them at the Civic Center and went to the Presidential suite on the 9th floor for just a few minutes to plan hanging some more paintings. And then to St. Austin's Catholic church for Beth's wedding which I eagerly look forward to. Lynda and I were a bit early, but it was a meeting of old friends and I wanted to savor every minute of it. And the hugging and the kissing started on the outside of the church -- Congressman Pickle.

Lynda and I were shown to seats very close to the front -- in fact the row in front of us as the family filed in there was only Margery looking

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very pretty and composed and serene. But I soon saw why -- because all the family was in the wedding.

First my eyes lit on little Lyndon -- an acolyte. And in a moment I noticed another acolyte was John. And then I saw a third was Joe presently.

Down the aisle came the bridesmaids -- Mollie and then Luci, looking solemn enough to be carrying the holy grail instead of a little bouquet -- and very pretty. That was not all the Jenkins. Presently came Ann like a tiny fairy in a long dress and a basket full of flower petals <sup>hand</sup> ~~on~~ witching elfin face, attracting every eye. And it was about this time that I discovered the fifth Jenkins -- Walter -- was one of the groomsmen. And then came Beth in a beautiful wedding dress -- prettier than I have ever seen her, smiling sweetly, on the arm of Walter. And that was a sight to see. He was so dignified and quiet and radiated happiness. Our heart was full of pride as I know were many there. And the church was full of old friends. Governor John Connally, Congressman Jack Brooks, former Congressman and Federal Judge Homer Thornberry, and old friends back to the days of little <sup>Gene</sup> ~~Sam~~ Latimer and Sherman Birdwell. For all of us, it meant something very special, I am sure.

It was an hour ceremony, with a great deal of kneeling for the bridesmaids. And I found my eyes glued to Luci and my pulses racing wondering with every swaying move she made if she were going to keel.

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over. At long last she very quietly rose and sat down for awhile, and then kneeled again. And at 1:00 it was over. And Lynda and I started together out to Green Pastures. We took a little detour through Zilka<sup>er</sup> Park which I had not seen in years, and which as the city grows is becoming more and more important as an open green space. So far it is treated very respectfully and lovingly. And up on the cliffs to see the Austin Municipal Gardens Center which has a superb view -- an attractive structure -- and some interesting planting. <sup>though</sup> Perhaps some of it might be considered a bit cute.

We were at Green Pastures a little before 1:30 and ran into Becky and Bob on the way in so that we stood in line with them and talked. She had only a brief letter from Lucia. But she had seen Becky's baby. She was ecstatic about Becky and her husband and the baby. She looked as always extremely smart and handsome. Philip was still at Princeton, though it didn't sound like he absolutely loved it.

I put aside all attempts to get me to the head of the line. Today is my day to act like anybody else. And finally when it came my turn, I greeted Beth and Peter happily, with all the worn-out phrases, but with a heart full of joy. Then I threw my arms around Margery and around Walter and kissed him. It was a great hour. Our past unrolled in front of me -- along with Walter's. I talked with <sup>Gae</sup> Jean Latimer who had known Lyndon before I had. ~~He~~ She had been his secretary when we married. And

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Russ Brown whom we had all known back in the '30's. <sup>Sherman</sup> had been Lyndon's first secretary after he went to Congress. I am not sure whether he had hired Walter or whether it had been John in about 1938. Mary <sup>Ko</sup>oke made it all seem as much like home as possible. <sup>The Guadalupe</sup> ~~Wabaw~~ reminded us of happy vacations in Acapulco, and the business structure of Austin 1966 was well represented. So it was a happy scene. I stayed an hour, and then went to the beauty parlor. And then out to Luci's where I found her just returned from the wedding and her little apartment bulging with the Nugents and the Felsteins who had come for the wedding. And Helene who had been sharing Luci's bed while Pat slept on the sofa in the living room. How wonderful and adjustable is youth. But I think Lyndon and I still take the prize for the house guests we managed to crowd into our first little apartment on Kalorama Road in a one-bedroom apartment. We had at one time Lyndon's Uncle George and my Aunt Effie and my roommate Cecille Harrison, and one of his secretaries who couldn't find a place to stay.

Sometime next Spring or summer I must start helping Luci look for a larger apartment or house.

I arrived at the Ranch a little before 7:00. Bob McNamara had flown in. The business shuttle between here and Washington would not end until close to Christmas Day. Lyndon and the Secretary worked, and I went to bed early.