

1965

TUESDAY, JANUARY 12

The Japanese State Visit. Robin came upstairs a little bit before eleven. I wore my new Navy dress and fur coat and fur hat. Perhaps it will be Robin's last State visit. We will miss them sorely. The Hands were along on an apprenticeship. It was bright and beautiful. The flags were flapping in the breeze and the colorful line of servicemen stiffly at attention. When the Prime Minister Eisaku Sato emerged from the limousine, his first words were English and not bad. He has a good smile, easy manner, a stocky build. First their National anthem, slow and impressive and rather like a dirge, and then ours. I think all of us stand a little taller when it starts up. I don't think I ever saw Lyndon looking handsomer. ^{Rufus}~~Lyndon~~ and I, both anxious mother hens, persuaded him to put on his overcoat--a new dark blue and beautifully tailored--and his profile looked very stern and strong and solemn. I was proud. His words of welcome and then the Prime Minister's response and that was in Japanese and then was translated and in a very brief moment it was all over. We went inside and lined up to receive his party, including, of course, our own Ambassador Reischauer, his wife, who is Japanese, whose English would not for a moment betray it although her looks do.

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In the middle of the afternoon, I went exploring to the third floor storeroom with Helen, trying to make an inventory--a beginning of an inventory--of the things we brought from the Elms and stored here and have since accumulated, partly to keep track of my possessions, partly to know what might be useful for utility purposes at the ranch or for our little museum project, the Sam Johnson house at Johnson City or Lyndon's birthplace.

Then to the beauty parlor with a straw bag full of things to read, the guest list, so I could fix in my mind a word of greeting to all of those that I knew or knew about . I had already read my briefing on the Prime Minister and the political situation and a sheaf of information on Stuart Udall's approach to the beautification of the nation project. I had decided to be daring tonight and have my hair put up off my neck and high as I used to wear it on special occasions twenty years or so ago, only this time with a postiche on top and to wear something that is so old it is new- a bright red satin with a bow in front that I call my Mardi Gras dress because the best time I remember in it was the New Orleans State Society Mardi Gras some five or six or more years ago, well before the Kennedy days.

Lyndon had had a good visit with the Prime Minister and I gather that they had hit it off well. I thought he had a look of

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satisfaction. Everything clicked perfectly and we emerged on to the portico, the glaring lights and the clicking cameras just as the limousine rolled up and the Prime Minister emerged with Robin and Angie close at hand and their understudies, the Hands, in the background learning.

We took the Prime Minister up to the yellow room, along with his Foreign Minister, the Rusks, the Hubert Humphreys, the Dillons and Udalls, Japan's very attractive Ambassador and his wife, the ^{Takemura's?} ~~Takemura's~~, the Reischauers and the Dukes. We have a very amusing gift for the Prime Minister--a red, white, and blue mail box, vintage 1890, from some small town in the United States, a memento because the Prime Minister was Postmaster General of Japan and long time in the Postal Service and then the usual things of desk box, pictures, and books and he, the Prime Minister gave me the most beautiful string of Japanese pearls and a smaller string for Lynda and Luci and to Lyndon a cigarette box fashioned from a piece of Oregon pine which Commodore Perry took to Japan when he visited those shores in 1854. What an item for our library!

Then the presentation of the colors, solemn moment I always savor and down the stairsteps to the tune of Hail to the Chief, Lyndon with the Prime Minister, I with their Foreign Secretary and the picture-taking at the foot of the stairs

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and then on to meet the guests, some hundred and fifty of them. ^{from} And the Cabinet besides the Rusks, Dillons, and Udalls--and the Udalls have their conversation all cut out for the evening, ^{He has climbed ?} ~~they can fly to~~

mt. Fuji, ¹ the new Secretary of Commerce, John Connor and his lovely wife, ² and from the Senate, Paul Douglas looking a little older, and Emily, Frank Carlson, the Lee Metcalfs, the Jack Millers, she used to sit right by me as Secretary of the Senate Ladies, and the Danny Inouyes. How nice that that attractive man could be sitting in the Senate of the United States to greet the Japanese, ³ and from the House, Tiger and Freddie Teague, the Ralph Rivers, the Robert Staffords and two of Japanese descent are Spark Matsunaga and lovely little Patsy Mink, the new woman member, both from the last State--Hawaii. ^{TP} Labor was well represented by Joseph Stern, George Harrison of the Railway Clerks, James D. Patton of the National Farmers Union and the old ^{"joke"} ~~hobby~~ himself, George Meany on his cane; and business by the Bernard Gimbels of Saks Fifth Avenue, and Gimbels, and Juan Trippe of Pan American World Airways, the Rudolph Petersons of the Bank of America and many more.

There were quite a few from the world of the arts. Fittingly enough, Dr. and Mrs. John Pope, of the Freer Gallery of Art, that wonderful collection of Eastern art, and when I danced with him he told me the intriguing story about his first art collection to be given to the United States Government was

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compiled by a bachelor who quite by chance fell in love with Eastern art, And a Mr. and Mrs. Aschwin Lippe, Research Curator for the Department of Far Eastern Art in the Metropolitan Museum of New York City. I later found out that he is a Prince when he isn't called Mr. Lippe, brother of Bernhard of the Netherlands. Alfred Hitchcock of the entertainment world was the star of the evening. Absolutely everybody recognized him and went up to him and talked to him and the Japanese loved his little signature drawing of himself made with some three or four lines, and Sarah Vaughan, the blues singer who was to entertain us later. From Texas there were the dear Dolph Briscoes from Uvalde. Grass was our subject when we danced, the George Conners, of Houston, and the young attractive John Hills of Houston.

In memories of the campaign my friends the Raymond Firestones, of Akron, Ohio, who provided "instant crowd" when I visited Akron when my trip looked like it was about to be a flop and the William Feldsteins of Milwaukee, our long-time supporters, and host to Luci on one of her campaign trips there, and the John Logans, she, Polly Guggenheim, resplendent in jewels, long-time Republican but very friendly to us in this last campaign, and a hostess for a large Democratic gathering of young people which Lynda and Luci attended.

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From politics, there was Jerome Cavanaugh, the Mayor of Detroit. I'm really getting to know the Mayors of these large cities. And the Governor and Mrs. Dan Moore, of North Carolina. How well I remember her speeches on the end of that campaign train and I think they had a great effect! Too, among old friends there was nobody I was happier to see than Bob Anderson, now of Greenwich, Connecticut--used to be from Texas, Republican, staunch friend, always helper and his wife ~~Eileen~~ and our good friend Okamoto who takes the best pictures, the most dramatic photographer I know. How nice to have him here with the Japanese, but he was only one of many talented Japanese present. Their names are impossible for me, but each of them succeeded. Yamasaki is an architect, others as businessmen--all with unpronounceable names, Sakae, Yamamura, Watanabe, Chinpakato. It seems to be an old custom of the State Department and one certainly followed by us to gather up the nationals from the country that is the guest of honor. It is easy to do in this country made up of so many bloodstreams. It takes rather a long time for them to file past because I like to have a word to say to each of the 150. It may be the only time I will see them all evening. ~~So then~~ ^{# Finally} we filed into the dining room, I taking the arm of the Prime Minister. There were some twenty or so

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at the head table, the rest of them seated at tables of ten, using the Roosevelt and Truman china, the Verma²il flatware and the usual lovely arrangements of flowers. I hope that the Japanese looked at them with the appreciation they deserve, flower arranging being their specialty.

Then the real business of the evening, for me to see if I could really talk to the head man. I found him rather interesting to talk to. I said something about that I think this generation we are living in is one of the most exciting generations that has ever happened in the history of man and he said, "Yes, I think of today, not as the day after yesterday, but as the day before tomorrow." Nice poetic phrase, could mean a lot. I told him about having come across two young Japanese students in the Lincoln Room just a few days before with Lynda Bird, my daughter, who was their hostess escorting them through the White House. They had won a trip to this country because they had been selected as the two most physically fit young people in Japan, a boy and a girl of about sixteen. He said, "Yes, you know this generation is growing taller, markedly taller -- a couple of inches or so more than in the past generation." I said what do you attribute that to--better nutrition? He said, "Yes, in part, but different housing. They don't sit on the floor so much any more. They frequently sit in chairs. That gives them a chance to stretch their legs." What a varied world! He said

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"that we noticed when we had the Olympics that our athletes were smaller than athletes from many other countries. I think by the time the Olympics meet again this coming generation will just about have closed the gap and then down the road the gap will be closed." One thing that he said was he hoped that he could increase the taste of the American people for tunafish that being one of the biggest exports of his country. I looked over my shoulder at Dolph Briscoe, a great cattle producer, and said, "Oh, Mr. Prime Minister, that is going to be hard to sell to the American people."

During the dinner there was one bit of play that I didn't find so amusing. Lyndon kept on looking up saying something to a butler who would then disappear and presently return with a ten gallon Texas hat which Lyndon would carefully crimp in the style so important to Texas ranchers of the Central Texas Area and then present first to the Prime Minister which didn't fit, back it went to get another hat, which did fit and then a third hat for the Foreign Minister, all of which elicited peals of laughter around the room. I found it a very odd bit of dinner play and it wasn't until later that I found out what it was all about.

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Next we had the toast. I liked Lyndon's very much. He spoke of both of our peoples--the Japanese and the people of the United States--as inventive and creative and he added "I hope that we may mutually profit from those traits as we work closely

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together to make the world a better place ⁱⁿ ~~to~~ technology, a more beautiful place ⁱⁿ ~~to~~ the arts, and a more rational place ⁱⁿ ~~to~~ the quest for truth by unfettered minds."

The Prime Minister's toast included a reference to the fact that though there was some friction which were always more publicized than the areas of agreement, the area in which our interest is not at variance is infinitely greater than the area in which they diverge and then he got in a bit of ab libbing fun. He said he hoped that some day President Johnson would give him a ten gallon Texas hat. Evidently Lyndon had had a preview of his toast--so much for the hat incident.

Coffee and liqueurs in the Red Room where I did a bit of pointing out of pictures for the Prime Minister and various guests and then into the East Room, where I gave a very brief introduction of Sarah Vaughan, a singer's singer who also enjoys great popularity among millions of her fellow-Americans who just delight in listening to her sing. Her repertoire varied from "Sakura", a Japanese folksong about oh come see the lovely cherry blossoms, Blues Love Song, to end with a Spiritual "I Feel Like a Motherless Child", the one I liked best of all. And then at a respectable but fairly early time--about twenty five of twelve--the Prime Minister made his adieus, but nearly everybody else lingered to dance in the Rotunda to the music of the Marine band. I always love it and I could barely get around the

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floor with the same person. It is the best chance to mix up people and have a snatch of conversation with a great variety of people.

What you really will say when you go home is that you did more than to just say how do you do to the people who live in the White House although, alas, two of those people, Lynda and Luci, couldn't join us tonight.

Lyndon went upstairs about twelve forty five and I followed within a few minutes with that contented feeling any female has when she can say that her party has been a success, and much more important, I gather that Lyndon's conversation with the Prime Minister had been well handled and gave him satisfaction.