

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, December 14, 1965

Page 1

I slept until 8:40. What a delicious feeling! And how perverse now that I am back in Washington with a laden desk and deluge of things to do.

Jean Louis, gay and bouncy, did my hair. And then I worked at my desk a while, looked out the window to see the assembled troops for the pompous ^{circumstances} ~~ceremony~~ for the arrival of a Chief of State. And I rushed over to Lyndon's office a little before 11:00 to go with him to the arrival ceremony.

Colonel Cross, very handsome in his full uniform, -- what a change from Ranch khakis -- escorted us out on the lawn. And then with clock-work precision, up rolled the big black limousine with Pakistan's green and white flag flapping from one front fender and the stars and stripes from the other. And out stepped Lloyd with handsome, smiling Ayub Khan. He is my favorite Chief of State -- the most attractive one I've met. Very much a man and with the presence, dignity, the look of strength ^{that} fit him for the role of leader. He and Lyndon have a natural ^{affinity} ~~authenticity~~ for each other in spite of our troubles of today.

This is the first State Visit in a long time. I no longer feel the same high excitement, but it is good drama -- the 21-gun salute, troops at attention, these two fine looking men marching along to review the troops. And while they were, I looked out in the crowd

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, December 14, 1965

Page 2

and saw to my amazement several Indians in full feathered head dress.

I turned around to my left to greet Minister ^{Bhutto} ~~Buto~~ -- he who has had some rather acid things to say about the United States -- a bit of a trouble-maker this last year -- and had my mouth open to point out to him the Indians in the crowd. All of a sudden thank heavens something clicked and I changed it to an inane comment on the weather!

^{Bhutto} ~~Buto~~ was quite young -- educated in California, interesting looking, but seemed rather "chip on shoulder", or was I only being guided by what I read about him?

There were the usual two speeches. President Ayub's I thought practically without notes very earnest, low key, straightforward and persuasive.

Then we walked into the Diplomatic Reception Room and stood in line to meet the greeting party -- United States officials and Ayub's entourage.

I was surprised to find former Ambassador Ahmed the number two man under ^{Bhutto} ~~Buto~~ -- himself very able and a good deal older than ^{Bhutto} ~~Buto~~.

Then Lyndon went off for a long talk in his office with Ayub. And I upstairs for lunch on a tray with Luci, to working out about her school -- she will not leave Georgetown although she will no longer be in nursing when the new term comes. She has dropped chemistry. I am not sorry she is dropping nursing. I think her real talent lies in expression --

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, December 14, 1965

Page 3

creative writing perhaps, or drama. But it will be a hard unhappy story to tell.

"Paddy is in every other sentence. I am beginning to be convinced that this is enduring.

I worked an hour on the Christmas album that I am giving Lyndon for his present -- pictures going back to 1936. How valuable the old ones have become in one's 50-year old eyes!

And then Lyndon came home and asked us to have lunch with him. Though we had already had it, we pretended and had clear soup. And he launched into a long conversation with Luci. He's going to send the child and "Paddy" in the plane up to spend a part of Christmas with Paddy's family. Luci could not have been more thrilled with a star in her hand! It is no doubt that Lyndon's figure is infinitely better looking, but the lines in his face are deep. I think the loss of weight is a great plus. Nevertheless, it does reap a lot of inquiries from reporters, from friends -- how is he really feeling? Well, how he was feeling at that moment was dead tired.

And so we went into his room which is blessedly dark, and took a long, long nap. It's just as though I had found something I had been hungry for. The weeks at the Ranch had been so pleasant, ^{but} they have not included much real sleep.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, December 14, 1965

Page 4

There were two sweet, oblivious hours. And then Lyndon returned to reading reports and talking to staff. And I worked on the Christmas album. Some of the titles just rolled out -- the picture of Lynda and Luci asleep on Christmas Eve, 1948 -- Luci with thumb in mouth and Lynda with a big smile. It was a natural for "while visions of sugar plums danced in their heads".

And then with a pang, I saw the last Christmas picture in Mrs. Johnson's house. It was Christmas Eve of '57. It marked the end of a tradition, and none of us knew it then.

Then it was time to call and greet my house guests -- the Ed Harveys of Corpus Christi and the Tom Millers of Austin. A one last look at the guest list while I was getting my hair combed. I checked to see if Bess had sent a seating chart to Lyndon and a guest list to all in the house -- especially Mrs. Hobby.

I wore my gala dress -- white satin and sparkles.

The house was beautiful for Christmas. But since President Ayub heads an Islamic nation, we had pulled the curtains across the creche.

I had some pictures made in front of the Christmas tree, and then some much needed ones upstairs with Lyndon, just the two of us. We never have posed ones together.

In a lightly falling mist, we went onto the North Portico to greet Ayub -- cameras flashing to our right and left. Lyndon is always very

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, December 14, 1965

Page 5

considerate in the crush and the confusion of those moments. We gathered in ^{Bute}~~Bute~~ and Ambassador Ahmed and ^{Bagram}~~Bagram~~ Ahmed into the picture. And then we went up into the Oval Room.

This is always one of the most pleasant parts of a State Dinner. Tonight there were some 15 of us -- Ayub's party and of course Hubert and Muriel, the Balls substituting for the Rusks, the ebullient Goldbergs -- and earlier I had heard that Ayub was quite taken with Arthur -- and slight Alabama born Walter Makonohay^{Ch. sq.} -- our Ambassador to Pakistan. And the Lloyd Hands, Ann looking like a girl out of a Botticelli painting, in a pale pink chiffon with sparkles and a high piled hair-do.

It was here that it became apparent that the mood of the evening was business. The men gathered in clusters and talked. I dislodged President Ayub for a moment to present our gifts with a little explanation. One, a picture taken in space from a satellite as it flew above Pakistan, books, "The Bakum, Ayub Khan", a tiny television set. And then they were back talking again. This kept on and on with Bess looking in hopefully and Lloyd trying without success to get us moving.

At last President Ayub Khan turned to me and said he had brought some small gifts. Actually, they were two very elegant oriental rugs already spread out on the floor. And we had been walking over them without calling attention to them until the moment of their presentation.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, December 14, 1965

Page 6

And a box of lovely brocade.

In bounced Luci and in a very short skirt and flats, just in time to receive the two boxes -- one for each of the girls. And then Lloyd ushered us out the door. To my disappointment the colors had already disappeared. I like that moment of theatre when the officer says, "Sir, I request permission to remove the colors". And very stiff and erect, four servicemen walk in, walk out with the flags and we follow them.

We encountered them -- flags in hand -- at the top of the stairs, and went down to "Hail to the Chief", paused for pictures at the bottom of the stairs -- Lyndon as usual gathering everybody into the group. And then I shall always be impressed by it -- the entrance to the great East Room -- the moment of expectation as the President and his wife and the visiting Chief of State arrive to greet the guests. I always feel a little detached, like a spectator.

Tonight the Cabinet was represented by the Freemans and the Gardners -- the first State Dinner for the Gardners since he entered the Cabinet.

And the Hill, very sparsely represented -- only Senator Daniel Brewster and his wife and Lindy Boggs without her husband and the Harris McDowells.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, December 14, 1965

Page 7

Sarg Shivers and Dave Bells both of whose Agencies, the *Agency in Pakistan*
Peace Corps and AID, were with us. and my old friend, Walter
Washington, with whom I have planted trees all Fall around Washington
school buildings, and his wife Benetta, heading the girls Job Corps.
I was delighted to have them to something besides a working session.

Perle Mesta, looking resplendent in a beautiful pink outfit
with ever so many diamonds. Later on we had a moment with which
she told me she wanted to do something for the beautification program.
What marvelous news!

And Patsy Derby, for her first State Dinner -- wide-eyed and
thrilled.

Business was represented by the Reynolds Gurdlers of Sinclair--
he too had a word to say about beautification and his company's interest.
And the Bob Woodruffs of Coca-Cola from Atlanta.

There were quite a few Texans. Besides our three house guests,
the John Jones of Houston, the Herman Laves of Frito Lay of Dallas.
And the Jess McNeils of San Antonio, whom Lyndon later ordered in,
bag and baggage to spend the night with us.

And from the world of the Arts, the Robert Merrills, although
my favorite memory of him is in fringed buckskins singing, "Tumbling
Tumbleweed", and not in black tie. Handsome Gregory Peck and his
wife who looks French. And Dr. and Mrs. Pope of the Freer Gallery
of Art. And the Rudolf Serkins, who on Sunday had given a concert

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, December 14, 1965

page 8

that was a triumph everyone said. And Adele Simpson -- her dresses are good for me. And quite a lot of press.

I did my best to make the receiving line personal and chatty. But I was conscious that we were about 30 minutes late and that restrained me.

There was one long table for about 20, and the rest of the 137 guests in the happy arrangement of round tables of eight.

The President was on my right, ^{Bhutto} ~~Bute~~ on my left. And rank and luck combined we put Dorothy Goldberg and Jane Freeman on their other sides. So I never had to worry about conversation.

Ayub and I talked about their new Capital -- Islamabad -- which ^{is} ~~Doxier~~ is laying out ^{about} China. He said, "I think the great tragedy of today is that there is no dialogue between your country and China." He beamed when I told him what Barbara Ward had said about Pakistan being a shining example of an underdeveloped country that was making great strides forward.

We talked about birth control. He says they are really getting underway this year with the program accepted by the people -- in no way ^{at} odds with their religious scruple -- hindered certainly by their ignorance -- but which he believes will keep population growth within the bounds of what the country can take care of. At least it has a complete Government backing and sponsorship.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, December 14, 1965

Page 9

And then I talked with ^{Bhutto}~~Buto~~, and it turns out that the housing development of Kharangi, which we saw when we were there, is his brainchild. It was one of the most interesting things we saw on our trip -- ambitious in size, so well planned to suit the terrain, low in unit cost. Lyndon wanted to adopt it and bring it back to use in poverty areas in parts of our own Southwest. I remembered I learned a new word there -- "ekistics" -- the science of city planning.

One thing ^{Bhutto}~~Buto~~ said that I thought was rather revealing -- he said that on some visit he had made over here -- I judge perhaps it was one where he represented his country at the funeral of President Kennedy -- he had said something that he understood made the President perfectly furious. I looked at him blankly. I had never heard anything about it. I refrained from saying what I thought, "Sir, you overblow your importance." I doubt that ^{Lyndon}~~he~~ ever heard about it. Actually I thought he looked quite intelligent and likeable, but almost as though he were determined not to be liked and expected it. Quite different was Ayub -- so calm and reasonable and strong looking. And yet some of the fire perhaps was gone.

When he rose to make his toast, it was really, as Isabelle Shelton said, "As though he was speaking directly to the President, as if there were no one else in the room." "I am only talking to a friend now. May I have the liberty of doing so with a great heart?"

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, December 14, 1965

Page 10

It was a very simple, candid, touching expression of the way things are with us now. He spoke of our warm and friendly relations in the past. And then, "It hurts me to say that our relations have to a certain extent been soiled. And I think that has happened because of a lack of understanding of each other's difficulties and problems."

He thanked us for our help, and said that he is the first to admit it -- "Not only in my heart, but in front of my people." And then, "In a period when the world has shrunk, people's expectations have risen -- they want the good things of life quickly. The people are not prepared to wait. They are impatient. Therefore, there is great pressure."

I could look at the face of ^{Bhutto}~~Butto~~, multiply him by 90 million -- "Oh," but he says, "There are 100 million now" -- and feel something of this pressure. "Lately, unfortunately, we have been bedeviled with a major conflict. My endeavor has been to live in peace with our neighbors -- especially with our big neighbor, India. We need peace if we are to get the things done for our country that need being done."

It was a touching, stirring speech. He makes you want to be his advocate. I feel that these are a people we could understand.

Lyndon took him straight upstairs with a few of his Ministers for further talks while I led the guests into the Red Room and Green Room for coffee and liqueurs.

13
Balance of Tuesday, December 14, 1965

and Angel
Lyndon ~~and I~~ talked about 30 minutes upstairs, and when we returned we went right in for the entertainment. It was called "The Music for the White House." Gregory Peck narrated it and the Westminster Choir, assisted by the Marine Band, using some old instruments that had been under lock and key at the Smithsonian for the last 100 years sang a medley of tunes that were popular in the 18th and 19th century. George Washington's March, Sea Engagement, These things Shall Be, and finished with John Adams' Prayer for the White House.

It was a great idea, but somehow it did not come off. Actually, that I must say of the whole evening. One society writer's headline "Customary Bounce Missing," I cannot deny; somehow in my spirit I felt it although I have never been more anxious for a Chief of State to feel graciously welcomed, and for the ~~hours~~ hours of talk to be productive. President ~~Lyndon~~ (?) left right after the entertainment. and Lyndon lingered for a few minutes; then went upstairs where our house guests joined him, and I spent another 20 minutes or so thanking all the beaming young people of the Westminster Choir whom I understand had ridden a bus all night from New York and had been rather poorly housed in Army Barracks and had spent a day of practice to entertain ~~xxxxxxx~~ us. Well, they don't all come off, and Bess is so great. I don't want her to feel sorry about this. I went upstairs a little past 12:30 to find that however the party had seemed to me,

at last

great to our houseguests. The Millers, Oveta, Ed Harteş, and Albert
Jess McNeils, all were gathered around Lyndon having a night-cap --
his a ~~dietic~~ dietetic drink -- and we all sat down and had a re-hash.
This is the most fun of any party, and I am glad we have begun having
special friends spend the night at the White House, although I think
I shall not talk about it from the day I leave.