

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

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Thursday October 20th I awoke early In Cobham (?)
Room in the Governor General's House, Wellington, New Zealand
First I had coffee and read the papers, but I couldn't resist the urge
to explore. The house is a big rambling frame structure built I
~~think~~ think in late Victorian days, scattered in comfortable dignity
on a long spread of rolling green lawn. The major rooms are
named after former Governor Generals. I went to Newell ~~(?)~~ Room
and looked at paintings they had gathered there. My preference
was a water color that shows the Victorian-type houses, green
and pink and white, ^{along} ~~from~~ the steep~~s~~ sloping streets that look
somehow like they were congealed in time -- one of the Victorian
decades, and comfortably, happily, nothing has changed.

Somebody had quipped that Kipling was probably still a
best seller ^{here}.

I was filled with a sense of anticipation and excitement --
didn't want to miss a moment -- so I walked downstairs. On the
stair landing there is a big stained glass window with the Windsor
Crest " ^{"Dieu et mon droit"} ~~il n'y a pas d'autre~~ ? " and in the great hall downstairs
crests of the families of the former Governors General. Sir Bernard
is absolutely ~~quite~~ unbelievable. He could have walked right out of the
pages of a book -- tall, erect, ^{sublime} ~~rubrical~~ face, a monocle and a
bristly white mustache. He is too perfect to believe. A "very proper
model of a British Governor General. His father had been Governor
General, and both of his grandfathers. How perfectly cast.

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And Lady Ferguson, his wife, very slim and tall, assured and elegant.

The side halls were lined with pictures of the former Governor Generals, and the dining room chairs are done in needle point. as part of the preparation, Lady Ferguson told me, of the long ago planned visit of King George. Unfortunately he became ill and did not come. But Queen Elizabeth saw the chairs when she came very much later. And those in the sitting room had been recovered in red leather with the ^{and} crest of the crown on them.

I had just started out doors when Sir Bernard and Lady Ferguson joined me. They showed me the tennis courts. My old friend the Japanese cherry trees were beautifully in bloom. There were lilacs and calendulae and calycularrias (?), and everything was so well-maintained.

Sir Bernard said that the first British Governor General to occupy the house had said loftily "They call this a Government House. I wouldn't even stable my horse here." To me it looked quite splendid. There was a magnificent ^{so} rhodendron tree, not a shrub, this, ^pprobably 20 feet tall and a mass of pinky, lavender blossoms that would have made my Virginia friend wordless with envy.

Then it was time to go in and see that tyrant of this trip, the

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hairdresser, and next to join Lyndon, Sir Bernard and Lady Ferguson to meet the staff who were lined up very properly by the front door -- a civilized and pleasant custom, one of the many things I like about the British. Here I can ~~xxx~~ scarcely say New Zealanders because these people were so very British.

Then we went into the drawing room to exchange gifts. Some really intuitive person had lit upon the idea of a copy of George Washington's ceremonial sword which reposes in the Smithsonian as a gift for Sir Bernard. They gave us an encyclopedia about New Zealand and a charming water color. And then suddenly it was time to go. The wife of the Prime Minister, Mrs Holyoke, and our Ambassador's wife, Mrs. Powell, came for me. We made our goodbyes to Sir Bernard and Lady Ferguson. I hope that we shall meet again.

Then we drove down the winding road from Government House which was lined with school children¹ scrubbed, attentive, wholesome looking, all in their uniforms, and out the gateway with ~~the~~ its imposing arch on to the road by the harbor, -- Things I will remember about Wellington: the harbor, the steep hill, the bunches of white daisies and yellow broom, purple flowers, all apparently wild, and great masses of flourishing, wild nastursiums, and calla lillies in abundance! Nothing had prepared me for how pretty, how scenic it would be. Down the Main street there is a median strip

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with Norfolk Pine which they call Christmas trees and decorate for the season, and all the streets are lined with Victorian type houses in very pastel colors that really look like they have been the same for the last 6 decades. A pleasant country and content¹ or so it seems from a few hours view¹ not goaded by any need for progress

I had heard Mrs. Holyoke described as the perfect wife for a government official. She was a bit plump, comfortable, gracious, easy to be with, and our own Ambassador's wife, Mrs. Powell, had adapted herself to the country by learning to spin, in this ~~like~~ land of sheep and wool how appropriate! She is a thorough advocate of New Zealand and a delightful woman.

Our morning was planned around parks and flowers. We went to the Lady Norwood Rose Garden and Begonia House. They are on grounds that from '42 to '48 were Camp Anderson, and housed several hundred American naval ~~troops~~ troops. A former Mayor, who had come a poor immigrant to New Zealand and grown rich, had given the lovely rose garden and the begonia house as a memorial to his wife, Lady Norwood.

Mr. Archibald and Mr. Galloway took me through, with the inhibiting accompaniment of a big galaxy of press, gave me a spray of orchids. We saw a wild flower exhibit of native New Zealand flora, and we saw a demonstration of what one could plant in ones own ~~yard~~ yard with assurance of success. An excellent idea. But I would have

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learned more and enjoyed more ;if I hadn't been on view myself.

Then as we drove around through the park there ~~where~~ were wonderful panoramic glimpses of the the blue harbor and the hillside, and the city below us. We stopped at Carbourn Lookout for pictures of the great view, including some of the huge tree like ~~ferns~~ ferns.

At one point I ^{spoke} ~~made~~ a few words ^{and} talk of my appreciation and ^{presented} ~~the presentation of~~ a placque of my own that says "You are nearer to God in a garden than anywhere else on earth."

And then at the top of the hill we boarded a cable car -- a venerable sight-seers item[^] of wood and shiny brass and open windows , and went down a breath-takingly steep track with a gorgeous view of the ~~harbor~~ harbor ~~xxxx~~ below for a very short ride with the Secret Service men hanging on to the outside. It was gay and at the bottom there were about 5,000 people to welcome me. We made our way to the Powell's car, and at our Embassy residence I quickly changed clothes and joined Lyndon for what was the high-point of our visit to New Zealand: the downtown motorcade to Civic Square.

Of this the Press said " The staid city of Wellington gave him the warmest, most boisterous welcome in memory that a foreign head of state has received in New Zealand. Sixty thousand people lined the streets to see the President drive from Government House to Parliament in his open top limousine this morning. Authorities

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said the crowd was bigger than that which turned out for Queen Elizabeth when she visited Wellington three years ago."

Of course, Lyndon stood up in the car and waved and smiled and shouted and shook the hands within reach and did nothing to speed up the itinerary so that it took us nearly an hour to drive to Parliament House. ^{I was} ~~To me~~ being divided between enjoying what was obviously a wonderful welcome from these people we had been warmed ~~me~~ were very staid and cold, and on the other hand being uncomfortable about Mrs. Holyoke and her guests who were waiting for me at Warham (?) for our luncheon. [#] That is not to say that there were not objectors. Outside Parliament House there were a group of youngsters with signs -- the now familiar ~~xx~~ "Hey, hey, LBJ, how many kids have you killed today?" and a surprising one so many thousands of miles from home "Bobby Kennedy for President." And of course, "Withdraw from Vietnam", But they were about 500 in number, according to the police, as against 60,000 shouting happy greetings.

At last it was over. Lyndon was out and headed ~~into~~ inside for the State Luncheon, with apologies for being delayed by the graciousness of the people of Wellington, and ~~xxx~~ in a few moments I was at Warham (?) -- an attractive, unpretentious house set in a pretty garden for a luncheon hosted ^d ~~ed~~ by Mrs. Holyoke, and attended by the wives of Ministers, government officials, and a few from the diplomatic corps, including my old friend Miranda White from the

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^{Club}
International days! Her husband is now Acting Secretary of
External Affairs. We had a nice talk about the Senate Wives and
~~House~~Wives we have known together.

This luncheon could have taken place almost anywhere --
beautiful flower arrangements; they are so thoughtful to work on
them because word has preceded me that I am interested in flowers
A white fish patty, this is a land of the sea, and then some lamb.
What else? Then a delightful desert called ^{Paulownia} pavlova (?) -- white and
elegant with lovely red strawberries. Then Mrs. Holyoke gave me a
box made of PAUA shell, and then back we went to Parliament
House to join Lyndon.

The luncheon was running late and a little past three I left
with Lyndon for the airport and the lovely drive along the harbor,
the people still clapping and cheering. Nobody must have done
business that day. I think the schools and the shops and the offices
all emptied.

At the airport we said goodbye to Sir Francis and Lady Kitts
It seems like everybody is Lady this or that. And here, once more
as in Jamacia, I had had that strange feeling of being an imposter
when I signed my name at the guest books that were everywhere --
" Lady Bird Johnson."

We departed in a New Zealand airplane with the Prime Minister
and Mrs. Holyoke to the tune of a thousand New Zealanders singing
the Aurielle (?) Farewell, and Lyndon having one last foray into the crowd,

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to the delight of the people, and when the papers say it was to the dismay of the security officers, ^{they} surely cannot have included the Americans who are plenty used to it.

On this 100 mile ride to Onakea Airbase, we had one of the quietest, ^{test} most pleasant interludes of the visit. And I found that Prime Minister Holyoke is a botanist and a man of humor. we passed over the most green, verdant country and they said "Look your last. When you get to Australia it will be all dry." There was a great swathe of golden flowers on a mountainside and they said they were black-eyed susans. From Onakea Airport we went by car across beautiful rolling countryside, lush farm country, to Sanson and the Armand Wilson farms. The farms were divided into very small fields, paddocks they called them, filled with the fattest sheep I have ever seen and marked off sometimes by fences, ~~or~~ sometimes by a very thick, ⁱⁿunpenetrable hedge of gorse which I soon learned was a curse to the farmers but has beautiful yellow flowers. They told me that only 15 years ago, or thereabouts, this was wild pasture land covered with gorse. They had gotten rid of it with bulldozers, had fertilized and seeded with low flying planes, and transformed it into very rich farm land for the most productive sheep I have ever seen.

By this time we were so far behind schedule that we were bent on cutting out everything possible, ^{to} my regret because I would have loved to see more of the farms. We only saw the sheep shed and

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the very nice couple, Mr. and Mrs. Armand Wilson, who took us in and we watched a precision operation -- a farm worker gripping a sheep magically with his knees and one hand, while with the other he operated electric shears that in less than 2 minutes cut the ~~fox~~ fleece off in one whole perfect pattern, and left the sheep as naked as a new born babe. He had ^{been} just as docile as a rag doll. The minute he was turned loose, he pitched and reared and ran out the ~~gate~~ chute, and you saw what skill it must have taken to hold him while he was being sheared.

We watched about three sheep being sheared. Lyndon picked up a whole blanket of fleece. I touched it and it was oily, and very soft. Our sheep are indeed the poor relations of these.

And then with waves and thanks and handshakes, and special greeting to the children, we were back in the car headed for Ohakia (?) passing crowds along the winding road, and by five o'clock said goodbye to the Holyokes, and wheels up for Australia. It was a three and one-half hour flight. I signed some mail and then I went gratefully to sleep.

The difference in time is completely incomprehensible to me, but the clock said 6:15 when we arrived at Fairbairne (?) Airport in Canberr~~ra~~a. It was sunset and chilly. I gratefully wore my gray coat stepping out of the plane, with a ^{great} ~~late~~ sense of excitement and expectation to see this country Lyndon had talked about for 24 years.

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At the bottom of the steps we were met by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Harold Holt, both of whom had visited Washington, and the Governor General Lord and Lady Casey, a remarkable couple - the sort of people that have made England great, and bustling, ebullient Ed Clark and Ann. As we stood ramrod straight for the National Anthems - first the Star Spangled Banner and then God Save the Queen - I looked at the bleachers in front of me filled with people and behind them suddenly in the fading light I saw a perfect rainbow, happy augury, and there was a ~~w~~ swift little thrill when I first saw troops wearing that tilted Aussie hat.

There was a 21 gun salute. Lyndon reviewed the Honor Guard and then he spoke. "When I first came here a quarter of a century ago I thought that I had not left home at all, so much did your plains and your hills and your bush country, your cattle and your cattlemen and your sheep, remind me of my native land of Texas." This set the tone for the next three days.

"Here in Australia was the same openness, the same verility, the same self-confidence, the same generosity of spirit that I had treasured in my own country," and then further on this was repeated very often and for good reason. "The Japanese were just 35 miles across the Owen Stanley Range and they were coming in your direction."

And then the business of the day. "I cannot say that miracles

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will occur at ~~Manila~~ ~~Manila~~ Manila. I carry no magic wands."

Then on to the long hard business of the war against hunger and disease and ignorancex. The papers said ^{||} the airport welcome was a near-riot. ^{||} Throughout the President gave an impression of controlled power though conducting himself with poised dignity, ^{||} protocol apparently means nothing to the tall Texan."

I soon got in the car with Mrs. Holt and slowly with many greetings and handshakes Lyndon and the Prime Minister made their way into the motorcade, and then began the hour and a half long for ride to Government House ~~and~~ the official call on Lord and Lady Casey. On the way he stopped 9 times to speak to the crowd, and Good I became familiar with two Australian customs: "Get on your mate" a friendly salutation that in our country would translate ing "Good for you, pardner", and then the crowd cheered "Hip Hip Hooray" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

It was quite dark and Ann and Mrs. Holt were telling me all about Canberria as we went in, but I could see nothing but the faces of people who endlessly lined the road. It was around 8 o'clock when we reached Government House and went in for our official call which is supposed to last 20 minutes and which lasted nearly two hours. Lady Casey invited me into a private room with her and we had a few minutes conversation quite alone which I thought was extremely gracious of her. She said "I want to tell you how much we

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like your Mr. Clark. You know Edward is many men." He is, indeed. I was surprised that she had found that out on ~~shot~~ short acquaintance. She knew Barbara Ward, Eddy Jackson, very well, ^{she} was one of her favorites. She often visits them, she said, and she knew Jackie Cochran so we had much to talk about. A^T 74 she flies her plane as Lord Casey does his at 76. The authorities had asked him to desist. With the respect for law that I like to think is very British, he has acceded, but she said, so Ann^T tells me, "I agree that Lord Casey's life is valuable to the Government, so he has no right to risk it, but my life is valuable only to me, and therefore I intend to keep right on flying."

Mrs. Holt told me how the queen handled the crowds. She said she waved with her left hand for awhile and then with the right. She was very interested in Lyndon's response to the crowds. She said "Your husband is ^a ~~the~~ romantic man." He is. Mrs. Holt is a plump jolly brisk extraordinarily natural person, very refreshing. She is a business woman. She has had her own dress shops until he became Prime Minister.

We had drinks and I had a chance to see again Mrs. ~~Waller~~ Waller who has been so nice about helping prepare me for this visit. She is the wife of the Australian Ambassador to Washington. It was close to ten when we left Government House. The Holts ~~also~~ had invited us on a very impromptu and casual basis to come to the Lodge, their residence, ~~x their residence~~. I was dead-tired, Lyndon was

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exhuberant, and so when Mrs. Holt suggested that she give me a plate of fresh garden asparagus and send me straight home to the hotel I quietly kissed Lyndon goodnight and slipped out, but not before I had met a young, soft, well-mannered member of their household, a baby kangaroo, right in the middle of the living room! I met also the Prime Minister's son and two pretty, young daughters-in-law whose hair-does and skirt lengths were unmistakably 1966.

I welcomed getting to the hotel and to bed. Jerry told me we would go in the back way as there were some demonstrators at the front door. Later I heard there was a crowd of about 3000 milling around -- some to cheer and some to jeer, with welcoming signs and hostile ones that said "None of the Way with LBJ" and "Try LBJ War Criminal", and some wacky ones such as "I like Beer" and "Down with Ireland"

I went gratefully to bed and it was midnight before Lyndon came in.

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For Speake -
Geo. Ball

Roosevelt 2 year
in the 40's -
Druman?

Kennedy - Johnson
5 1/2 year
ending Oct '66