

## MEMORANDUM

*Read thoroly Aug. 22, '77**Sent To*

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, November 2, 1966

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I woke early in Emerald Villa at Walker Hill in the special city of Seoul, Korea. Time has ceased to have relevance, and I am a machine. And the end of the journey is in sight. I am glad and I lean toward it. And yet I want to drain, absorb, live, every moment, every emotion, because nothing like this journey will ever happen to me again.

I ate breakfast and dressed in my pink tweed and left the Emerald Villa with Lyndon early in the morning -- the Deputy Prime Minister accompanying us by chopper to go to the National Cemetery.

It was a chill, autumn morning. The sky was gray, the mountains forbidding. The aides advanced in front of Lyndon with a huge wreath of gold and white chrysanthemums, and he stood with bowed head for a long moment. I do not envy the thoughts of a President at a time like this. The smell of incense burning in front of the flag marked it as a foreign field. Otherwise it could have been any military cemetery <sup>in</sup> ~~than~~ our country. I raised my eyes to the solemn <sup>melancholy</sup> ~~marsh~~ music, looking out on the acres and acres of somber gray tombstones with the forbidding mountains in the background.

And then we were in the helicopter headed for the National Assembly where we arrived to the tune of "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You." Over and over everywhere in Korea they have played old familiar American songs. "Old Kentucky Home", "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia", "Dixie" and time after time "Deep in the Heart of Texas", and the "Yellow Rose of Texas."

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The streets were lined with gayly dressed girls waving American flags and Korean flags, that subtle melting of earth and sky. The National Assembly chamber itself is much like any handsome parliament house. Lyndon spoke to a stern~~ed~~ faced, intent, very masculine audience. This is a thoroughly masculine country I think. He said he had seen millions of faces during his tour and "I have been deeply encouraged by the trip. I leave today with a deep sense of confidence in the future of Asia and the Pacific." He stresses belief that a new Asia is evolving, and he hoped that some great historian would tell the story of Korea and its emergence in the last 15 years. He called it a "modern miracle". His main theme was that the Communist strategists of the '50's were encouraged by the indifference, the fear, and the weakness that permitted aggression of the '30's to move so far so fast. But in Korea in the '50's, they were stopped, just as they are being stopped in Viet-Nam today. He spoke movingly of the Korean soldiers fighting side by side with our men now in Viet-Nam.

We received gifts from the Assembly leaders -- a mother of pearl table, an oriental painting, a mother of pearl vase.

And then we were off to go to Blue House for coffee and goodbyes to President and Mrs. Park. The grounds of the Blue House were in their brilliant autumn dress -- the maples scarlet and gold -- a note of brightness in this rather drab country. And Mrs. Park was out front in a beautiful golden dress, all smiles. A most womanly woman. And slight <sup>dour</sup> ~~dowel~~

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President Park smiled more than at any time I had seen him.

The Blue House was decorated with great urns of chrysanthemums that spilled out in a lovely falling fountain of color -- a special variety I had never seen anywhere else.

It was a brief, official visit. But Lyndon somehow manages to conquer language barriers and to talk very directly -- particularly if he likes the Chief of State as he very certainly does President Park. He said, "I am not asking -- repeat, underline, capitalize -- you for more troops. But if it became necessary, could you provide any?" Park replied, with equal candor, "It would be much easier for me after my election in 1967." In the Assembly there are 110 of his party and 65 of the opposition. So he faces some of the same problems we do.

I felt that here were two men who really understood each other.

We left with President and Mrs. Park in the chopper for Kimpo Airport in the middle of morning and flew low over the city that had been almost leveled by warfare in 1950 to '52, and now was surging with vitality -- block after block of new buildings. And then over a countryside that was pale gold with the ripe harvest of rice. Straw was in stacks. Sometimes there would be people carrying it. President Park told us that the average farm was three acres!

And then we were at Kimpo Airport for the last great surge of emotion -- the farewell -- full honors with 21-gun salute, our two anthems,

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and the hundreds of children in bright Korean dress waving flags and singing first I think it is the "Arirang" song -- a haunting melody that's sad and sweet with a note of pathos. I had heard it in Manila and it will always remind me of Korea.

And then a girl's chorus sang "The Yellow Rose of Texas". And adorable little girls in red satin kimonos, brilliant striped sleeves, and elaborate <sup>Congress</sup> ~~quaffers~~ like little <sup>Courtesans</sup> ~~cortisians~~ came up to give us flowers.

Lyndon leaned over to kiss them. They were so absolutely adorable.

Each one a little dream. Soon my arms and his and Madame Park's were loaded with pink and red and yellow and orange, and Lyndon got into an open jeep with President Park and reviewed the troops at a fast clip.

An efficient man, President Park. And Lyndon told the crowd that he had fallen in love -- he and I -- with their country. And that we would stand side by side in Asia.

We said goodbye to the Parks for the last time, went up the steps of the airplane and still loaded with flowers, <sup>stopped</sup> ~~stopped~~ to look back over the vast field of humanity. It was one of the most moving ceremonies. It will remain I am sure one of the greatest trips of my life.

And then we were off into the gray autumn sky.

I went back and sat with Simone and Marsha to hear about their experiences as advance girls. Marsha was ready to take up residence in Korea. She felt that she had made dozens of really personal friends and

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*was full of*  
warm and praise of everything Korean. Simone almost as much so. But her cooler Canadian blood made her comments more restrained.

We flew over Japan -- an expanse of mountains. I was sitting with ~~Gary~~ *Ohne* oddly and asked him about it. I found to my amazement that he had never been in Japan though his mother had described it to him over and over! And then I saw one of the great sights of my whole life -- Mount Fuji -- rising like a dream from a soft ocean of white clouds. It was a perfect cone rising into a blue sky -- its top capped with the most sparkling white snow. There was an utter silence of perfection about it that was somehow unreal -- dream-like -- a sight I would never forget.

I went up to the cockpit to watch it until it faded into the distance. I can see how a mountain climber would fall in love with it and its unattainable perfection.

About 1:30 I went back to the cabin to rest. Time had long ago ceased to have relevance. I ate a bowl of chili, later some coffee and talked with Liz and dictated impressions of the trip. And somewhere in the late afternoon -- I think about 5:30 -- we converted to local time. We're crossing the International date line and we lost a day, making it Tuesday, November 1st, so I was told, which had absolutely no meaning for me. It was a very long flight, and the clock said 11:40 when we arrived at Elmendorf Air Force Base in Anchorage, Alaska -- back on United States soil. And there was a rush of emotion to that not to be

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compared with anything else, weary as I was. I had expected 10 degree temperatures and was wearing my kangaroo coat for the first time. It turned out to be about 40 degrees and misting rain.

We were greeted at Elmendorf by a crowd ranging variously from 2,000 to 5,000 the paper said, and by General Birchard and Governor and Mrs. Egan ~~And~~ Senator Bartlett and Vidie and Senator Greuning -- his wife too ill to come. And Congressman and Mrs. Rivers and acting Mayor and Mrs. Hostetler. There were King Island Eskimo dancers -- children and grown folks in their fur parkers<sup>as</sup>, thickly padded embroidered coats of skin, and their big boots. And the streets were lined with people though it was near midnight and raining. Lyndon got out and shook hundreds of hands. It was easy to see him in his white rain coat as he moved among the people -- dark broken here and there by the lights of automobiles or even flashlights that people carried. There were lots of children and amazingly quite a few colored people. Somehow I had not expected them this far north. One <sup>woman</sup> introduced herself to me saying she was from Marshall, Texas!

It was five miles to the hotel, and we rode in the bubble top automobile. But no motorcade will ever look big to me again after Korea.

As we approached downtown we saw a huge bonfire. It had been lit in honor of Lyndon's arrival. It was in a fenced off space that had been heavily damaged by the 1964 earthquake. There was quite a crowd

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gathered around the bonfire, and the car nosed its way through it bound to an open space where Lyndon got out and perched on the roof of the limousine and spoke for 16 minutes with emotion and without script -- that on his Asian trip he had seen thousands of people who are determined to be free and that we are fighting there to help them, to save us from fighting closer to home.

I was quite content to stay in the car and shake only the hands of the most adventurous who came up to me, because I was weary almost beyond feeling by this time.

We were at the Westward Hotel by 12:45. There were bands in the lobby and more crowds. We made our way up to the suite, and some of the staff drifted in because one is past sleep by this time and you want to sit around and talk. And there <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ Marvin and Marie and Yolanda and Mary and Ashton. Bill Moyers came in and Larry LeSeur and George Christian and Bill Stinson and Jake.

I discovered that I was ravenous and we ordered some cheese and snacks. It was 2:00 in the morning by this time, so no wonder it took a long time to get it. But I was never more grateful for an apple and some cheese and crackers. I do not believe I had eaten a proper meal in all this long strange day. And so finally we were in bed at 3:00, although it was not really a night, but just a nap.

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*(Time change)*

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The last of the 17 days. It began in the Westward Hotel in Anchorage, Alaska only two or three hours after we had gone to bed -- a long nap. But now time is meaningless, and I am groggy with weariness.

I had coffee at 6:00, and at 6:30 the hairdresser. And at 7:00 Lyndon and I went to the "Top of the World" room for breakfast. There were great expanses of glass that looked out to the mountains of Alaska on all sides. The tables were crowded with the officials of this next to the youngest State -- the Governor, Senator Bartlett and Vide, Senator Gruening without his wife -- she's in a wheelchair most of the time I'm told. Enthusiastic Democrats. # Breakfast was already in progress, and we gulped a few bites between handshakes and introductions. And then we all rose and went into the Ball Room where Governor Egan made a welcoming speech, and Lyndon responded: "IT has been the most rewarding, the most thrilling, the most encouraging journey of my life he said. I believe it may also have been the most important and the most historic." And then he signed the Fish Protein Concentrate Bill -- where better? And then a scant hour after we had walked into the room we left in motorcade for the airport. There were lots of Boy Scouts in the lobby and along the route. I kept on looking for the Eskimo Blanket Toss Exhibition that the paper had described, but I didn't see them. They bounce 30 feet in the air from a walrus hide blanket. There were lots of parkers <sup>up</sup> and boots and Eskimos along the route. I rode with Vide. I had had a note in my



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room. Apparently it was written by a colored woman who had known us in Texas who now lived in Anchorage and who had hoped to see us. She was active in Democratic affairs. If I only knew her name! But alas in the crowd we never made contact. I was surprised at the number of Negroes I did see. It is a bleak, forbidding country -- snow-capped mountains in the distance were beautiful. But the city around me harsh and gray and dreary. There was little green to soften it and the buildings looked new and raw.

There were brief goodbyes at the airport. And then at 8:40, wheels up for Washington!

Liz and Bess had planned farewell skits -- a little ceremony for me to say "thank you" to everybody, and something we could all enjoy laughing at together. So an hour out with complete disregard to time, bloody marys were passed and I introduced the cast. Jim Symington had written the skit. The name was, "We're Landing, Mr. President". He was the master of ceremonies. And he and Bess and Clark sang two songs. Then Clark read an hilarious release, presumably Jim's instructions to Lyndon as he landed in country X -- the description of whose customs food, and Chief of State should never see the light of day.

It was such fun and it reminded me of Clark's family parties on New Year's.

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Then I rose and thanked everyone for the long hours and the hard work, and congratulated all of us on living through all the crisis and gave out the Asian medals to everyone who didn't already have one.

Then I ate lunch and took a nap.

Sometime in the afternoon -- the time was only a variable on this trip -- I dressed and came to the front of the plane and talked with Clark.

As we approached Washington the weather began to get very bad. Never in all my experiences have I been on a big plane <sup>that</sup> tossed and twisted and plunged like this huge Air Force I did. 31,000 miles of good flying, and now within an hour of home, I was scared white! I looked at Ashton and she looked like she was ready to faint. Liz was sending inquiries to the pilot. I knew it was no laughing matter with her. I was holding onto the arm of the State Department man next to me, who amazingly did not appear frightened, and I am sure he had blue marks the next morning.

It seemed endless, but at 8:00 we sat down at Dulles in a windy wet evening. And there was the familiar red carpet leading to the speaker's stand, and the familiar red bouquet of roses that last for a long time.

The members of the Cabinet were lining our way and the Diplomatic Corps and other high officials to greet us. I looked up and saw a great big banner across the terminal saying, "Well done, Mr. President."

There was a 21-gun salute with Lyndon at attention -- he ~~is~~ always seems taller at this moment. And the Star Spangled Banner rang out.

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And if anybody in our party didn't get goosebumps, they must have been unconscious. Home! I had felt a little bit that way in Alaska -- it is the United States. But here we are, really home. And the great trip is over. There was quite a crowd. Later the paper said 5,000 -- many of them youngsters, mostly squealing and happy, waving flags. In the distance a few beatnik signs. And there was Margy McNamara wearing her husband's raincoat which came to her ankles and a hat made out of a folded newspaper like all the children make. And me with no ~~xx~~ hat, laughing big. And faithful Virginia Rusk to meet the Secretary.

Hubert made a welcome home speech. And then Lyndon rose. By this time the rain was really falling. Someone handed me an umbrella. I tried to hold it over him and did for awhile. And then Hubert took it from me.

Speaking of the Manila Conference and its results, Lyndon said, "History will decide. No new treaties were made, no new commitments were offered." The theme of it was, "I returned much more confident and much more hopeful than when I left." He told them about the great vitality of the new Asia, and the unity of all the Chiefs of State that met at Manila. These Nations combined total nearly 300 million people. He had to tell about his visit to our troops in Viet-Nam. And here he was emotional.

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Then we were in the chopper and headed for the White House where the staff was lined up on the lawn in spite of the lashing rain. And there was a double receiving line in the Diplomatic Reception Room -- an excited welcome from all the folks at home, and goodbyes thrown over my shoulder to my fellow travelers.

We went upstairs to the second floor. The Kintners and Vicki and Simon and the Humphreys joined us. And later Jack and Mary Margaret and the Roger Stevens. It was nearly 11:00 when we had dinner. I have no concept of how many hours had elapsed since I had waked up at 6:00 in the Hotel in Anchorage. I was ~~passed~~ past being tired and was sort of numb.

It was after midnight when the guests left, and I sank to sleep in my own bed feeling like I would like to be there for at least a week. #