

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, May 9, 1967

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There is a rhythm to life these days. Weekdays -- crowded, demanding; and then a weekend -- two days, sometimes three, that belongs to us. Time to read and sleep and see a movie and talk and be with friends, to exercise and to catch up on the thinking work that a day full of appointments does not permit.

This day began early with going to Mr. Per of Georgetown for a permanent. And then back at the White House a little past 11:00 in a mad dash to get dressed and be at Lyndon's office at 11:30. There had been a heavy downpour in the morning, but it stopped miraculously, and we walked out onto the grounds at 11:30 -- I in my bright red coat and white hat feeling rather crisp and well dressed against the gray sky to meet the Vice President of China and Mrs. Yen. They were both diminutive, just reaching Lyndon's shoulder, pleasant. Mrs. Yen kept on saying, "Sorry, my English". But she really could talk. There were the trumpets, the stiffly erect military, the salute of canons, the President's welcoming speech and the Vice President's response. But I kept on trying to look at it through the eyes of Betty Weinheimer and Jessie Hunter and Jewel Malachuk who were out in the crowd somewhere. I had told them to be sure and watch it before they departed for Mt. Vernon and Woodlawn and the Custis-Lee Mansion. And then Lyndon went to the office to talk with Vice President Yen, and I back upstairs for about an hour's work, changing clothes and going in to see the gifts.

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Their gifts to us were exquisite -- overwhelming. Two magnificent horses of the Ming dynasty I believe -- these the present of the Chiang Kai-sheks. And an exquisite piece of jade for me. And another piece of jade from the Yens, and an enormous water color of a forested mountain with a waterfall and a temple whose roof is showing through the trees. It could have been the very mountain that Mrs. Drumright and I drove up one afternoon on our visit to Taipei in '61. The trouble is the United States is short on palaces -- especially ^{with} a country-born President. And where would you find a wall big enough. ²

But I look at our gifts -- a very simple silver coffee service, hi-fi equipment and records -- and felt thoroughly outclassed.

Lyndon brought Vice President Yen straight over from his office, and in a few minutes Mrs. Rusk arrived with Mrs. Yen. We had a few minutes visit in the Yellow Room and then followed the colors down the stairs, pictures at the bottom, and marched in to line and greet our 140 guests.

Joe and Trudy Fowler were the other Cabinet couple. And from the Senate Gale and Lorraine McGee and Senator Muskie and his pretty wife, and the Joe Montoyas.

When it's a luncheon, we try to have a Governor from close~~by~~^y. And so we invited the Spiro Agnews. A sizeable contingent from the House. And from our staff, two ^{who} almost never come -- I was delighted to see -- Jim Jones and the Paul Popples.

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Mrs. Drumright and I greeted each other like old friends. I never forget how impressed I was when I learned that she, while the wife of our Ambassador of China, had learned to speak and even write Chinese.

Tom Corcoran, an old China hand, was there -- ebullient as ever. And another legendary name of China -- Mrs. Claire Chennault -- the handsome Chinese widow of that very colorful General.

And old friends -- the Tom Bartles and the Jimmy Pipkins. And because it was noon and they didn't have to be on stage, quite a group from the entertainment world: The Joel Grays -- he's in "Cabaret" now. And Dick Callman who is at the National in "Half a Sixpence". And Mitch Miller who wore a beard before anybody else did. The Mel Tormes. And lovely Veronica Tyler who was one of the winners of the Tchaikovsky Awards, and was here last September.

Another old China hand the Walter Judds. And the usual cross-section of America -- labor, business, educational world. And representatives of Chinese-American groups -- an interesting enough assemblage, but a luncheon never has quite the flare of a State Dinner.

At my table I had the ^{vice} President, the Ambassador, Trudye, Virginia, Frank Pace who had been my host when I had been given an award in New York last December. It was so good to get a chance to thank him again. And the illustrious architect, ^{chief} Ieoh Pei -- a quiet, gentle man. I asked him how the Kennedy Library was coming. He told me that they

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had hit a snag on the land. They would not be able to get possession of it until at least 1968 -- possibly later. I said that just gives you time to perfect every last detail. He said, no, he was going to put it out of his mind until they got the land. Once launched in the stream of working on it he didn't want to have to stop.

The ^{Vice} President's English was quite good, and he told me a tremendously interesting and cheering story of how ^{Taiwan} ~~China~~ was helping 23 underdeveloped countries -- mostly African -- sending agricultural technicians. And also he said they sent along families who did the work right along side the natives of the country. This made a great psychological difference he said, not just showing them how as teachers with a gulf between, but working right along beside them.

I also asked him how all the wonderful Chinese treasures, for instance those beautiful things that they were giving us, had been brought from the mainland of China to Taiwan. I did not really understand the answer. It was something about a great many treasures had been sent to ^{London} ~~London~~ for safe keeping, others had been sent for exhibition around the world. It would really make an interesting saga. And some day I would like to hear it unravelled.

Both the Vice President and the Ambassador signed my menu in Chinese and in English.

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Thank God for an occasional success story in this troubled world. And it seems to me the story of Nationalist China is one.

Lyndon's toast capsuled it a bit, and I thought it was extremely good. He said ~~that~~ since 1952 your per capita gross national product has doubled. Since 1960, your exports have tripled. Today you have one of the highest living standards in Asia. And then an old proverb I liked very much -- "Give a man a fish and he will eat a meal. But teach him how to fish and he will eat forever." And then on a subject that Lyndon repeats over and over like a refrain -- the race between population growth and food supply. In China he said, the population growth rate has dropped from 3.5 to 2.7, while the food production has increased by almost 6 percent. This in the past ten years.

And I hope all the newspaper people as well as the Congressmen pricked up their ears when he said, and it was a great day when in 1965 I was able to ^{tell} the Congress that free China no longer needed American economic assistance.

The Vice President spoke in good English and without notes quite briefly -- ^{the} the Republic of China is proud to pledge its support to the resolute stand of the United States in upholding the cause of freedom and justice in our part of the world.

A group of magical singers sang three songs. One, a Chinese melody which brought smiles to all of the members of the Chinese groups' faces.

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The party was over a little before 3:00. We escorted the Vice President and Mrs. Yen to the front Portico to bid them goodbye. And then I went upstairs for a quick session with Adele Simpson to try on an evening dress that she is doing for me, some of the gold lamé from one of our visits which is draped in a pale gold chiffon. I feel that I have actually become friends with several people in the fashion world, and Adele Simpson is certainly one of them. She is easy, natural, and quite down-to-earth.

Next in the full day was tea in the Green Room with Christine Stugard and her girls from the Correspondence Section, and also Lucy Ferguson and her staff. I feel remiss that they are not more brought into the glamour and swirl of White House life. So many thousands of people will never know us face to face or by talking to us. But they will get letters from us, and they will judge us by them. Some even frame them and even put them up on the walls or give them to the local newspaper. It has happened to me. And then you certainly are abashed by that typographical error or that trite turn of phrase, or proud of the well-phrased, beautiful letter. So from time to time and not well at all I try to bring these girls into our life as well as teach them some of my thinking and phrases and how I hope they present us to the world. At a reception I usually ask Christine to give a name of one or two of her girls to Bess for the guest list. This time we simply had tea in the Green Room and talked about Luci's new house and

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life in Austin, and mail handling and their current problems. And then we went down to the theatre and saw a film, "The President - December 1966" which I myself had not seen -- highlights of life at the Ranch, the Christmas parties -- rather well done, but it was far from a glittering occasion and I had that sort of a dull feeling of opportunity missed. I get a C- when I left them about 5:30.

On the way back upstairs I ran into Congressman Rostenkowski who was escorting Mayor Daley and his wife and two of their children. So I took the Daleys on up to their rooms on the third floor -- their other three children were going to join them in a little while. And I got them all settled; and then did some work with Ashton on the mail, had a bit of rest, and dressed for the Democratic Campaign Committee Fund Raising Dinner. Tonight we were going for the whole show. We left at 7:15. Lyndon had even gotten tickets for Betty and Jessie and Jewel. He is good and he loves people who love him -- especially those unquestioning, undemanding ones like these three. And he takes boyish delight in doing things to make friends like these happy. It was a dinner like dozens or hundreds of other such. 3,000 people in the Washington Hilton who had paid \$250 a plate -- the proceeds to be divided equally between the Senate and House Congressional committees.

Phil Regan singing the National Anthem as he has since time began, and looking very little older. A new touch -- or so it seemed to me -- was Newton Minnow being Chairman. He was bright, and I loved his story

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about the very pregnant lady that he saw at the Democratic gathering who wore a sandwich board which said, "Adlai's the Man".

Lindy Boggs and Ellen Proxmire were co-chairmen with him. And Speaker John McCormack led off with an impassioned fiery speech, really excellent. It ~~is~~ always surprises me when this comes from a man who looks as gray and weary as he does. I guess it is just the professional in him coming out.

And then Ed Muskie introduced Hubert with what was really I thought the best speech of the evening. He caught and capsuled the very essence -- the achievements -- of Hubert in public life. One noticeable omission to me -- he never mentioned Lyndon's name.

Hubert was dependably funny. He is always a fresh breeze at any such dinner. A moment that I liked best was when Newton Minnow presented Mayor Daley with an award -- "The Vote Getter of the Year". Congressman Kirwan, who sat next to me and who is quite deaf, introduced Lyndon. He is indeed an old pro and the years are showing.

And then Lyndon spoke. And in many ways I liked the speech which was very much underplayed. ~~xxxx~~ He was quite forthright about the obstacles before us in '68. Our success, he said, depended upon our ability to persevere when the going is tough. And he called upon the Democrats to beat back the wreckers who were trying to dismantle the legislative achievements of this Administration. The appeal of course was for party unity, the mood quiet and straightforward. And he repeated over and over that it would take

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character to stand for the things that we believed in, against all the criticisms and obstacles we were going to face in the coming months.

I wished for a little more fire. It was ~~also~~ almost too solemn, too judicious.

Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, Chaplain of the Senate, long-time part of our life in Lyndon's years on the Hill, dismissed us with the benediction, and we were back at the White House by 10:20 where the Daleys joined us for a night-cap on the second floor. All of the children went upstairs. It was an hour of good talk. To me he is one of the most interesting people on the American scene. And they are as a family.

She is beautiful, serene, always present, capable in her job of mother—

And there are lots of little Daleys—^a And of smiling supporter. And Mayor Daley is almost the last of a breed which I must say I like and admire.

He is a big city boss and he does it well. He loves his job and his people.

In a society riddled with doubts and frustrations and uncertainties I believe he has few. This is a case where man has met job, and I am proud that

we can call him "friend". It is a small thing to invite him to come to

the White House and bring all of his children. But I hope it will make a

little memory for them and I tried to see if they would like to have a swim

in the pool or a quiet tour of the house. I should have thought of offering

a movie for the youngest ones instead of going to the speech.

By 11:30 Lyndon was into his night reading. He is captive all the week nights, and what a glorious relief weekends are.