

MEMORANDUM

June 14 - Roy White
June 17 - West
June 21 - Nancy Neasey, Emily Selden

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Thursday, June 1, 1967

Checked & Ready to give to Library
- except go over turning-down
w/ Harry Middleton
CJG Aug 5/81

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Thursday, June 1st, came in with brilliant sunshine -- more keenly welcomed after this cold gray spring. I had just coffee for breakfast, and at 10:00 left for Mercedes for my Spanish. All that's left is Mercedes and me ^{and} Senor Lopez Maguire. I could take just an hour and return to the White House a little past 11:00 for a quick change into my red wool with the crisp white hat -- too hot looking for June, but the air is still snappy.

as we remembered
They were as easy and smiling and likeable ^{as} them -- the Holts. The Prime Minister calls Lyndon, "Lyndon". The only Chief of State I can think of who does. And I quite easily called Mrs. Holt, "Zarah", but stumble over "Harold".

There was the full greeting ceremony -- the 19-gun salute and the trumpets from the balcony, and the strange lift of heart when their National Anthem rang out. And of course it turns out to be "God Save Our Gracious Queen", which to us is "My Country 'Tis of Thee". Their reviewing the troops was curtailed by the presence on the lawn of a huge shell erected hopefully for the musical review. But ^{alas} ~~about~~ with weather predicted at 60 degrees, we'll be inside tonight.

I felt the extra warmth in Lyndon's speech of welcome. He reads them though he is so much better when he doesn't. But every other Chief of State reads his also. But not Holt. He got up ^{and} surprisingly, ~~and~~ if there were any notes he didn't look at them. And the difference was marked, and a plus for him.

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He told the President quite simply that he can count on the loyal support of Australia ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ all his efforts for the peaceful conclusion of the Viet-Nam struggle.

I am sure there were more staff members who were greeting others they had met when we had visited that country than at any State visit.

There was the receiving line in the Diplomatic Reception Room, and then Lyndon and the Prime Minister turned quickly and went to his office for talks. And I went back to the second floor and worked with Ashton, and was having lunch on a tray when I heard the sound of a crowd of men. Lyndon had picked up the Prime Minister and all his party and brought them upstairs for lunch. My concern was not so much for Zephyr who can handle the 12, but for those who were probably confronted with guests arriving for ^{the} luncheon in honor of the Prime Minister at the Embassy.

The funniest things happen to a First Lady. A week or so ago it was Lassie in the Jacqueline Kennedy Garden -- the beautiful white dog who teaches children on TV not to throw away litter -- since it was billed as a reception Bess asked if Lassie should stand in the receiving line. And this afternoon it was receiving a brooch from the Organization of rock hounds. It seems, like everybody else, they have a convention this year in Washington, and ^{the} [this year a] highlight is the presentation of a brooch which shows our mineral heritage and has a ~~single~~ ^{semi-} precious stone

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from each of the 50 States, to the First Lady. She is to keep it while her husband is in office -- wear it they hope, though really it is designed for show -- and will be ^{then} displayed in the Smithsonian. It turned out to be a delightful time! Everybody was so enthusiastic about it, and leaned over my shoulder telling me the story of the different stones -- the diamond from Arkansas -- our only source of diamonds -- the pearl from the Alabama River in Tennessee -- quite a large and pretty one -- we are short on these too. But not at all short on beautiful tourmalines -- pink and pale green. And right in the middle a very handsome stone from Johnson City!

All of the stones had been contributed by their finders. There were several tactites -- these from outer space coming down in meteorites it is presumed -- and they too were found in Texas. It was a beautiful and quite romantic piece -- the stone ^{brooch} -- and could have been really quite wearable I think. But alas perched atop it there was a large gold eagle (the gold -- California's contribution) and below it radiating ^{it} spears of crystal, perhaps to represent the arrows in the eagle's claws, so that the whole thing by this time measured some 3 or 4 inches wide.

Bess had arranged tea for them in the East Foyer. They were a very enthusiastic group who pursue their hobby with fascination and love to talk about it.

Back upstairs I worked at my desk, and late in the afternoon went

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to the Queens' Room for tea with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Russell -- the Senator's nephew -- and their four children. This is Bobby's brother, ~~not correct - ch name Vandiver?~~ and Betty Vanderbilt is their sister. I liked them at once -- fine looking people. We had a lot to talk about -- Bobby's brave wife and the house full of children that she is raising cheerfully and competently, the Senator's remarkably successful return to good health from serious illness two or three years ago, politics in Georgia, and the children's swim in the pool.

Back in my room I worked in bed on mail, going over the dinner guest list, planning my table and suggesting people for Lyndon's. And then Jean Louis came and worked on Lynda Bird and on me. I wore my yellow Stavropolous with the daisies, and I had a very high but quite severe hair-do. But I thought it looked distinguished. There is always that last-minute flurry when we are phoning back and forth, "Are the guests ready to leave Blair House?" Or maybe to say, "The President has been delayed. Hold them a few moments." I am sure a Protocol officer must need both tact and tranquilizers. This time Lyndon was late. Bess, the ever unflappable, met me in the Hall with a grave expression. "I am afraid there is something that will cause us more trouble than the President's being late", she said. "There is a report that a Russian ship has been hit." And then suddenly he was there. His manner jovially reassuring, and in the fewest moments dressed. And we were downstairs

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at 8:14 on the front Portico although later we understood that the Prime Minister had indeed stopped and waited a few minutes at the gate. ^{Zarak}~~Zarak~~ emerged with a pert hair-do and a gorgeous silver caftan made in her own shop I heard later from a gift by a Chief of State. And we escorted them past the lights and the pictures, upstairs to the Yellow Room where the Humpheys and two sets of Clarks -- Justice Tom and Mary and Ambassador Ed & Anne -- were awaiting us. And Virginia Rusk without the Secretary.

Miraculously it was a gay evening made so in large part I think by the quality of our guests. And the clouds of war stayed for the time in the background.

We gave the Holts a vermeil coffee service, a painting of Chicoteague ponies on a beach, and a very off-beat present -- an initial ^{sp}spear-gun for undersea fishing. We hear he has taken up skin diving and is a great enthusiast. He did tell us indeed that the coral reef was one of the great places of the world for snorkeling, skin diving -- all sea sports. They have a vacation house, and invited us to it. Zarak said she would show me a place where orchids dipped into the sea. And then they gave us a pair of gold candle sticks with green opals -- a stone for which Australia is famous. And a pair of handsome gold earrings with tiny diamonds for me.

Then the color guard came in. Jimmy Symington informed us that he would like to have the four of us proceed down the stair steps alone while the others joined us by coming in the elevator. This is because ^{tonight} the

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National Geographic is taking the picture that will replace the Erhard greeting in the earlier edition, and they think it's more effective if not crowded.

Lynda had come in earlier upstairs -- a wave of compliments following her around the floor, in a new pale green chiffon dress with her hair piled high. She was going on to the Hope Ball, but she must have covered some ground in the East Room ahead of time because so many people told me how lovely she was.

If I could count the pluses in our lives during the last year, I would place her mastery of the art of dress and grooming, her sense of style, her grace on social occasions, as a very real satisfaction to parents. The more so because it is all earned. She didn't begin by having it.

We ~~we~~ took our places in the East Room and by they came -- our 140 guests -- led off by the 10 members of the official Australian party. And then the McNamaras from the Cabinet. And from the Senate, the Hickenloopers, Mansfields, the Ralph Yarboroughs -- very full of their visit to Australia -- and Senator Quentin Burdick. From the House, Bob Poage from Texas came without Frances -- he's just about the most traveled person in the whole House of Representatives and had been to Australia I think he said 5 times. The Frank Karstens who seemed so pleased to be there, that made me very happy. The Carl Perkins and the Fred Schwengels. I had a chance to introduce him to Zera as the

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Congressman who had made available to all the school children who came to visit the Capitol a guide book that would give them the real sense of history to take home with them.

There were several members of the military. General Vicellio who had been in the Pacific with Lyndon. And Admiral Brown who had fought in the Coral Sea Battle. And Jim Webb ^[NASA] -- we have tracking stations in Australia.

From the world of Arts and Entertainment, there was handsome Dick Adler, Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein for whom I think the show must have been wonderfully reminiscent, And the Harold Mertz who have the collection of Australian art that all of Texas and Mississippi poured up here to see last Fall.

From Fashion, Mollie Parnis and Mildred Custin of ^{Bonwit} ~~Gon Wit~~ Teller.

The Holts have a very diversified interests -- the theatre -- he especially loves it. Fashion -- she's in business. And they share their whole country's love for active sports. So we had outstanding tennis players whose names I didn't even recognize. And then quite a lot of businessmen with interest in Australia. The ^{? ch. name} Chauncey W. Cooks of General Foods -- he incidentally was born in Texas. And I clicked too with the memory that his son ^{son} ~~who~~ attended the University just a few years ago -- in fact I was quite on the ball. All evening I congratulated ~~xxxx~~

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myself. And the B. K. Johnsons and the Peter Larkins of the King Ranch who have vast acreage in Australia.

There were the William Beineckes -- a donor to the White House of the Library. And just completed today is the catalogue of the Library. I had sent him an autographed copy with an early prestigious number -- 3 I believe it was -- and had the opportunity to thank him.

There were several Texans -- the Jerry Bells of Austin who had flown up with us on Air Force I and spent the rest of Tuesday night with us here at the White House. And the Jack Blantons and the Trammell Crows of Dallas. And Negro college president, Dr. Edward Guinn. And the Ed Scurlocks.

There were old friends -- Max Rabb, stout Republican though he is. And the Charles Engelhards -- they are ~~good~~ close personal friends of the Holts. And the Bill Crocketts -- he had been with us to Australia. In fact throughout that long, hazardous, wonderful trip -- his last hurrah with the State Department before he left, leaving no one like him in the place.

There were several who had been to Australia with us -- Ashton and her husband, and Tom Johnson and his pretty young wife. And Marta Ross who had taken up residence over there for two weeks advancing it for me.

And there was beautification donor / Rose Zalles, whose \$70,000 gift will brighten the west sector of the Ellipse within the next two years I hope.

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I had a delightful table. The Prime Minister -- I still can't call him Harold -- and Margy McNamara and John Bunting and Rose Zalles and Jack Blanton from Houston, and Patsy Webb and Bill Bundy and Mrs. Hammerstein. I asked her if I had one night in New York what show should I see. She thought a minute and said, "Perhaps Cabaret."

Ambassador Waller and the Prime Minister were both good company. The Prime Minister expressed regret that the British were disengaging themselves from 3/5 of the people of the world, as he put it, by withdrawing from an active role in Asia. What a pleasure it was not to have to talk through an interpreter, and to hear of something good going on. And the something good is a general economic condition of Australia, where a new resource, a new mineral or some source of wealth, is being discovered in rapid succession. It was interesting too to hear repeated that it was the oldest continent, the oldest land mass, and yet the youngest country. It is refreshing to find someone our junior with no thousands of years of culture behind them. But a lot I believe in front of them.

Lyndon's tone was optimistic too and recounted that the vigorous Australian people have a living standard among the world's highest -- hardly ^{any} poverty and are virtually all employed and have the highest rate of home ownership in the world. "History will some day record what the casual, the cynical, the short-sighted or the impatiently critical among us may miss. That is our shared success in helping to build a

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secure, stable and prosperous new Asia. And then the lectern was brought over to the Prime Minister who rose to give it room, and though the butlers punched every button and scurried around to find if it was plugged in right -- the lights refused to go on. The Prime Minister waved it away and talked off the cuff which is clearly his forte anyway.

During Lyndon's speech I had noticed him writing on the back of his menu a few brief notes, and this apparently is the extent of his preparation for a speech. It was to my thinking one of the best I have heard in this room. Of Viet-Nam he said, "And you, Mr. President, I believe will go down in history not because you took up that struggle which had been so clearly perceived by President Eisenhower and President Kennedy, but because more clearly than any other leader of the human race, you have seen the Asia of tomorrow -- the burgeoning, blossoming Asia of a new era. To my mind, he continued, the 20th Century may have been the century of Europe, but the 21st Century will be the century of Asia."

It was an evening thoroughly in good spirits. Lyndon rose for a second toast to the two Ambassadors -- the Wallers and the Clarks -- and for the members of the opposition party who are with us tonight, especially the ^{? ch name} Tikols who are having their 25th wedding anniversary -- this bit from Liz -- she always provides us with such warm human things.

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The singing strings had as always been a great success -- especially when they swung into the "Waltzing Mathilde", and half the room recognized it.

We had coffee and liqueurs in the Red Room and the Green Room. And then after a brief visit with those who came by, went into the East Room for entertainment -- the "Salute to the American Musical Theatre" by the Manhattan School of Music -- a medley of show tunes beginning with the "Black Crook" in 1865 and winding up with the "Impossible Dream" from the "Man of La Mancha".

There was plenty of nostalgia, and songs you remembered romantically because of the things you were doing then, and familiar names -- Victor Herbert and Jerome Kern, Rudolph ^{Frank} ~~Fremmel~~, Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Porgy and Bess, and Oscar Hammerstein, Cole Porter and Richard Rogers. I came in along with Oklahoma -- the best of them all I thought. But one of the most delightfully done was the "Rain in Spain" from "My Fair Lady".

The chorus was all in silver sequins, and the soloist^s -- one in bright red sequins and one in bright blue. It was a great success, and had the audience toe-tapping and dreaming of their past and leaning over to their partners to remind them of something about the song they were doing now.

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You know that electric feeling in the air when a party is a success. And this one was. It's the best wine for any hostess.

We filed out into the Hall again about 12:00 -- champagne was being passed, the Marine band struck up a lively tune, and ~~Lyndon~~^{Lyndon} took Zera out onto the floor. I went around with the Prime Minister and a young man from the show and noticed ^{that} the Jerry Bells dancing together were having an ecstatic time. And so were the young Tom Johnsons -- one of the best looking couples there.

At about 12:40 we accompanied the Holts to the North Portico to say goodbye, and I danced just a little bit longer and then went upstairs to the second floor to join our house guests for night-caps -- the Clarks and the Wynns, the B. K. Johnsons, and the very attractive Peter Larkins -- the last two ^{couple} of the King Ranch.

Lyndon didn't join us for quite a few minutes. He was having a gay time -- he loves to dance. Sometime in a world where there isn't a war or we have no responsibility in it, I hope we can dance a lot.

I talked with Lela about the Indian museum that she is creating with a friend in Greenville, Mississippi. The Smithsonian has helped them. She said that once you let the people know that it is going to come into existence, everybody begins to bring down from their attic the Indian pottery and tools that had been picked up long ago by the family and kept stored because they had no proper place to display it.

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The B. K. Johnsons and the Larkins told us about the public tours of the King Ranch now and the piece of literature they had prepared to make a self-guiding tour that won't require work from the Ranch hands. They said I must come down sometime. I would truly love to[!]. Ed and Ann were expansive in saying how much the Holts were enjoying it all. It seems that Lyndon has really invited them to come to the Ranch on the 17th -- the very day that Luci is expecting a baby[!]. There is no limit to his willingness to take on more and more it seems. As for me I am checking out on the 13th if it is humanly possible.

It was nearly 2:30 when we bid our house guests goodnight and went to bed with the feeling that this at least had been a successful *foreign* fine relations encounter. In fact it's almost hard to call them foreign. And a very happy party.