

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

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Sunday, June 25, 1967

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It was one of the strangest days I've spent as First Lady. It began very early at the Ranch -- 6:30 -- coffee and juice -- and getting ready for an arduous day that I faced with reluctance. ^{It} It was to be Lyndon's second meeting with Premier Kosygin, at Glassboro, New Jersey. And sometime the day before he had asked me very casually, "Don't you think it would be a good idea if we asked Kosygin's daughter to come with him and you took her to lunch?" I ^{dragged} ~~drag~~ my feet as much as my sense of duty would permit. I simply did not want to be ^{prized} ~~prized~~ from my comfortable bed of calm and pleasant hours. So it was actually only with a half acquiescence from me that I heard, sometime close to dinner -- we were at the Haywood -- that yes, she had accepted. She would be there with her father. ^{There} There followed that evening a period of complete misunderstanding -- confusion and disagreement between Lyndon and me over how it should be handled ^{by the} ~~wise~~, broken by a restless night -- the only nice part of which was a rub by Chief Baltimore who told me an hilarious funny story about what the Chief of Police of Glassboro said when he was presented with the fact that the summit meeting was going to be held in his town, and he with a force of 16 policemen, ⁱⁿ ~~for~~ four of whom were on vacation. ^{The} The Chief of Police is reported to have said, "Aint this a bitch!"

I made numerous calls during the evening until it got too late -- to Liz about how to handle the press and how not to. To Betty Hughes who

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was to be our actual hostess as the wife of the Governor of New Jersey. I was depending on her completely to arrange the lunch and three or four interesting hours. And to McGeorge Bundy -- and talking with him is always comforting to me. And my morning talk reported on the evening before dinner he had had with Mrs. Gvishiana^{ap.?}. He pronounced her the easiest possible girl to get along with -- intelligent, well educated in political science and history, excellent English -- you couldn't pick a better companion to spend four hours with, ~ "When he's on deck in this job" as the expression ^{goes, he} is. He sheds an aura of comfort to me at least.

Betty Hughes -- whose personality, lively^c intelligence, humor, and extraordinarily articulateness ~~that~~ far outweighs even her 250 pounds or so of solid flesh -- had suggested a | delightful day for us, ~ lunch at the Governor's beach home, a New Jersey State Park on the Atlantic seashore. It all hinged on whether Ludmilla Gvishiana would ride in a helicopter. Just before we were aboard ourselves we got the word that she would. Among many other calls before leaving, I telephoned Bess 2 or 3 times about gifts, getting word to Mrs. Gvishiana that it would be a beach party -- quite informal -- rehearsing the scenario. I never felt so uncertain and ill at ease about a State visit before. I suppose because of all the confusion about how it should be handled ^{by the} press, ~~wise~~^{wise}. We had the stern admonition that the Russians too had to agree to and pass on

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concerned press coverage.
everything that ~~was said press wise.~~ And this was something that I had never faced before.

Mrs. Burg came at 8:00 and combed my hair -- an absolute life saver after wind-blown days. And then we were in the Jetstar to San Antonio and into Air Force I to Philadelphia -- talking to Arthur about his trips to Russia, searching for topics of conversation with Ludmilla, reading the papers, and then changing into my brown suit. *It's adaptable,* it goes well.

One cheery note was seeing Lynda and Warrie Lynn who as always was all smiles and all happiness.

We reached Philadelphia a little before 12:30 and then choppered to Glassboro, and here began an absolutely unique chapter in my experience. It was a little town, *no* no more remarkable than San Marcos. The college campus was shaded by enormous oaks, had the aura of age, and Hollybush -- the home of the President, Dr. and Mrs. Robinson -- was Victorian red brick *turreted* ~~turreted~~, old fashioned, and almost prototype of the *a* ~~College~~ President's house of half a century ago. *It* It was only later that I found out the things that had gone on in that house -- in the hectic hours of Thursday night and Friday morning -- something like 14 window air-conditioners being put in and telephones in every room -- White House lines. And their very beds being moved out with the ~~a~~ sofas and chairs -- vintage about 1908 and tables with curly *cues*, and the old family pictures -- weddings,

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christenings, graduations, were still sitting around the rooms. It was absolutely delightful and could not have been faked. The real McCoy -- a part of America. I thought it was an absolute stroke of genius to have the meeting in such a place as ~~this~~ this rather than in some elegant glass and aluminum U. N. conference room or Waldorf suite.

But there were only a few minutes before we went out to meet Chairman Kosygin and his party. We emerged onto the steps of the old Victorian house and up they drove, ~~at~~ the hammer and sickle flag flying from in front of the black limousine, ~~at~~ across the drive? Lined up under the oak trees behind the rope there were more cameras and newspaper people than I think I've ever seen for any meeting, ~~at~~ most on the ground, some on platforms in the air. And there they were -- Chairman Kosygin ^{and} a very solid ^{and} strong-featured man in his 60's I should think, unbending and tough looking, but pleasant enough. And his daughter, Mrs. Ludmilla Gvishiana -- a very young-looking 38 -- slim, almost no makeup, casual hair-do, completely at ease, in an undistinguished navy blue white trimmed dress. She could have been a professor's wife ~~at~~ on any campus in thousands of American towns.

Lynda Bird was with us every second. She stays as close to her father as ~~he~~ she can. And it was apparent from the very first moment that she was soaking it in like a sponge. And I relaxed and withdrew a little, wanting her to take the lead.

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We stood for quite a while for pictures and there was a great roar of cheers from the crowd. And then at some moment -- I cannot for the life of me remember whether it was after the Kosygin joined us or whether it had been earlier -- we walked out to the roped-off ~~xxxx~~ edge of the hill. Down below us over the drop were massed the students of this college -- there were only some 2800 of them and it was summer time -- and there must have been great numbers of Glassboro citizens and others with them because it looked like thousands of people, many with homemade signs -- a large one in Russian, one that just said simply "Peace", and all of them -- all of them -- in friendly, holiday, eager, hopeful, mood -- a tone of real friendship. It was a moving moment.

We went back into the house and I took Mrs. Gvishiana upstairs to give her an opportunity to powder her nose -- laughing to myself at any legend she may have heard about the luxury of American bathrooms because this one wasn't, although it was quite adequate. And then the Robinsons offered us a drink -- iced tea I believe. And then Lyndon asked us if we would like to come and see the room where they would meet. It was a long simple table, and there beside Chairman Kosygin and the always glowering Gromyko, like an evil spirit hovering over the meeting, was the Russian interpreter whom I think was very capable, and ours -- ^{and} Secretary Rusk and Walt Rostow. And the very affable

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Dobrynin and patient and philosophical Llewellyn Thompson, our Ambassador to Russia. And very x x few others, whom I did not know. And we would all sit down to lunch together, I was told -- about 16 of them. And that would crowd the room. Then Lyndon took us into the next room where he and Chairman Kosygin had met on Friday alone -- just the two of them with the two interpreters. And where they would meet again in about an hour.

I had that chilly, spine-tingling feeling that I was face to face with something important, and then suddenly I looked at the chair that Lyndon would sit in and it was the very twin of the one that sits in his boyhood home in the pink parlor -- the one that Mrs. Johnson's mother had given her to start housekeeping with -- Victorian, already well aged in 1907. This one upholstered in green velvet, and behind it a sofa to match, also nearly identical with Mrs. Johnson's.

What a day. ~~This~~ This possibly very momentous -- certainly dramatic -- confrontation. And the setting so quaint and homey -- ~~an~~ authentic Americana!

We said goodbye to the men, and to someone I said "God Bless" and then had a quick thought that that's a strange thing to say to a Russian. And Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Gvishiana and Lynda and I and Liz departed Hollybush, got into the chopper and ~~x~~ set out over the New Jersey countryside.

It was a 45-minute ride, and Betty Hughes was the tour guide -- no better one in all the land could have been found. She pointed out the

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acres of vegetables below. Her State is called the "Garden State", and they have many truck farmers. And there are hills of low, thick scrub pine, cranberry bogs, and once we went over a race track. And always throughout the trip there was a long double line of the great highway that brings the thousands of tourists from the big metropolitan ^{Center} ~~cellars~~ to Atlantic City. I pointed this out to Mrs. Gvishiana and told her how our American highways are such a great part of ^{our} economic life and how recently we had begun to try to add to them esthetic values as well as their great functional ones. I am going to send her home too with a sense of the rising desire of American people for ~~beautify~~ ^{beauty} beauty in their lives. ^A We went over a drive-in movie. We flew over Atlantic City itself and I pointed out the big convention hall where Lyndon was nominated in '64. And then as we flew along the Atlantic coast Betty showed her a public beach where anybody could come in for 25¢ and there were places to change into your suit. And the great long endless stretch of the Atlantic and the endless sandy beach. There were thousands of people sunning and swimming. It was a great sight. We saw the boardwalk and the big hotels. And I was every bit as interested as Mrs. Gvishiana.

It was apparent from the beginning that Lynda Bird took to her and she ~~x~~ I believe to Lynda. They talked most to each other. And Betty Hughes, our official hostess, was an endless, excellent, highly amusing talker. And I was quite quiet and so was Liz. There was never

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any need for an interpreter. And as McGeorge Bundy had said, she was really unpretentious and very easy to be with.

Then the weathered, gray clapboard house right on the shores of the Atlantic came into view. It had been the Governor's summer residence for some 10 or so years now. And at present it housed Governor and Mrs. Hughes and about 7 of their 10 children, not to mention the numerous visitors that are always in tow with children.

With weeks of preparation we could not have provided a better presentation of the American home than this. Seven children, from Tommy, aged 6, who was wearing a shirt with "Peanuts" on it -- this was one of the few ~~x~~ things that stumped Mrs. Gvishiana -- to the 18-year old son who had his surf board handy and was ready to give a demonstration with his friends, to Betty's mother who was spending the summer with them and three neighbors who had dropped in for cocktails last night and who had been roped into cooking lunch since the cook had left the day before. I was more and more aghast at what we had presented Betty Hughes with.

Well, the neighbors were all smiles and the lunch was delicious -- chicken cooked with wild rice and wine sauce and tossed salad and fresh New Jersey strawberries served with powdered sugar and whip^{per} cream. They were delicious.

The talk ranged from an American super market which Betty said

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she really ought to see. But Mrs. Gvishiana said she was afraid she couldn't get in one and really enjoy it without being swamped with a crowd. She tried to go to Macy's because she had heard it was the biggest department store and she really wanted to see it. But the press and the crowd had become so overwhelming that she had bought the first pair of black shoes she could get and fled she said -- to education in Russia. She told us that everyone started to school at age 7 and went for 10 years. And that I gathered was similar to our elementary and high school put together. After that they were at college level and the competition was very keen, she said, to go on into what would be considered our university education.

I spoke of this being a State Park we were in and described some of our National Parks to her and found her quite conversant with the names at least such as Yellow Stone, which she said she would so much love to see. I asked her about Parks in her country. She said they had no system of national Parks as such. But as industry grows and as the great industrial cities grow and expand they are feeling the need to maintain some green wilderness as she put it, and I believe she said that it is in the planning for the future.

I asked her if a stranger went to Russia and had only a few days -- such a person as me, -- what should I try to see? And there was the usual neighborⁱⁿless of that very neighborⁱⁿless question -- so varied,

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so diverse, her country, just as ours was, with so much to see -- but of course a stranger would want to see Moscow. One can always learn from the Capitol of a country. And then she thought perhaps Leningrad would be the most interesting. It was like Venice, built on the water. It had been built by Peter the Great. She spoke of him with great ease, although I have sort of assimilated the legend that Russians don't look back to their past on the other side of the revolution. Anyhow she said it was built 200 years ago. And the rich men around Peter the Great brought in architects from Italy and France and Germany and built great homes and palaces. And it still bears a stamp of a European city.

She was easy, talkative, and at times quite animated. And I couldn't help but salute her for being willing to come here all alone. And she was so far outnumbered with Americans -- no counterpart from her country although we had asked her if she would like to bring a friend.

She and Lynda chatted quite merrily. Actually she's midway between my years and Lynda's years.

She seemed quite impressed with the kitchen when we took her through. And Betty gave her the full treatment about the washer and dryer and disposal and all the electric gadgets and the relative ease of keeping house -- and what a household -- 7 children, mother-in-law and innumerable guests -- with one servant it appears.

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Meanwhile, Liz was taking in this small but interesting and innocuous ~~of~~ conversation ~~and color~~ ^{bits} and relaying them to the very large size contingent of press who had been stopped down at the highway a city block or two from the gray-shingled house right on the seashore.

Its most delightful feature was a big picture window that looked right onto the Atlantic, and up the coast and down the coast as far as you could see, the soft sand of the beach and then sand dunes. And these-- oh marvelous to behold [^] had been meticulously planted with little tufts of grass about six inches apart. Betty explained to me that this was a conservation project to hold them there against wind and erosion.

After lunch I presented Mrs. Gvishiana with several books -- "The Living White House" and the book on the Art treasures of the National Gallery -- telling her I hoped she could come again to see some of our treasures. She and Lynda had been excitedly discussing the Hermitage. And an antique mirror -- a modest antique -- ~~circled~~ 1780 -- framed in a sort of Chippendale mahogany. The sort of thing that a young bridal couple would have received as a gift about the time of our revolutionary war.

She had been discussing our history at lunch and was quite well versed in it -- the dates of the war and the peace and names of founding fathers.

And we also gave her a wrist watch. She graciously removed her own and put it on.

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Liz and Betty are both good managers -- two of a kind, and ^{this} had truly been Betty's day -- not mine. And presently Liz said in her eagerly polite way that almost always gets results, "Wouldn't you like to walk out on the beach so that they can get a picture of you looking at the sea?" So there we went -- Betty and Mrs. Gvishiana and Lynda and I -- to face the Atlantic with the wind whipping our hair, and sand up to our ankles. And the dozens and dozens of photographers jockeying for positions almost into the waves, and the pencils flying over the pads while we turned to each other ~~and~~ ^{had} whatever innocuous conversation one can conjure up at a moment like this. We had the Governor's house and the sand dunes in the back. And then of course we reversed it. The press scrambled around in front of us and we turned around with our backs to the Atlantic.

Throughout it Mrs. Gvishiana ~~was~~ was good humored and at ease. They asked her if this reminded her of anything in her country. She said "Yes, of two parts of it. The sand was like the Baltic and the hot weather was like the Black Sea area -- in Georgia."

Her manner throughout was very friendly, and all of us were at ease. But I did notice each time that it was always she who said, "We can go now don't you think?" or "That's enough, yes." But when I tried to think back about anything she said, it was absolutely nothing that couldn't have been repeated anywhere -- interested, friendly, animated --

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that could have been from a guide book.

Back in the house we sat down in the family room and shook the sand off our shoes, about a half a tea cup each. How I would have liked to have been on that beach barefooted! And then she had had her eye very carefully on her watch several times and reminded us that her father said she should be back by 5:00. And we reassured her each time, and Jim Jones ushered us into the car and then ^ginto the helicopter^e and this time we flew straight back with much less conversation -- mostly between Lynda and Ludmiller^a.

We were back at Hollybush a few minutes before 5:00 -- the appointed hour. The rows and rows of newspaper people had apparently not budged an inch. They were still under the oak trees in the wilting heat. It was a humid sweating day. And the storm clouds were piling up above us. And down below we could hear the murmur of the crowd -- the students, the citizens of Glassboro. They too apparently had not budged. I heard later the people had gone through the crowds selling hot dogs and cold drinks just like they were at a country fair -- sort~~ing~~ of making an all day outing of it.

Betty and Mrs. Gvishiana and Lynda and I went back into the room that had been set aside for us. It was actually the Robinson's bedroom -- beds removed. And the Dr. and his wife came and joined us and we talked of their school, and I told them about Lyndon's days

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at a very similar place in San Marcos, Texas nearly 40 years ago.

Dr. Robinson smiled and said, "Yes, that was well known to everybody that the President had attended a Teacher's College." And still the men talked -- minutes, then an hour, and more passed. Reaching for good fortune we all took this as a hopeful sign. I do not know just when they emerged. It was well after 6:00. They called us out, and Governor and Mrs. Hughes and ~~the~~ the Robinsons and Lynda and I and Mrs. Gvishiana went out on the front steps to join Lyndon and Mr. Kosygin and the great battery of cameramen went wild -- pictures of the whole group -- pictures of the two principals -- pictures of the four or five of us. And then a very brief address by Lyndon which said very little. And a somewhat longer one by Premier Kosygin, largely a repetition of thanks to the city of Glassboro, to the college, to the Robinsons, to the President. I cannot remember their words, but there was implicit in what they both said -- a statement that they ~~had~~ had made no great progress but that they felt better for knowing who would pick up that telephone when they got on that hot line.

And then, in response to the roars, we went over to the embankment once more -- more carefully roped off now it seemed to me -- the Premier and his daughter, Lyndon and I and Lynda Bird. And he always reaches out an arm -- Lyndon does -- and brings in other principals. This time Betty and Governor Hughes. And we all leaned over and shouted down greetings and waves to the students and town people below.

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Kosygin seemed firm, tough, pleasant, courteous, all at the same time. I could not possibly take the temperature of what had gone on in those hours in there except to know that it was no great victory or else I could have read it on my husband's face.

Gromyko glowered throughout and Dobrynin beamed throughout. And then we were all saying farewells at the car, special words of "come again" to Mrs. Gvishiana. And then they were on their way -- down to the open field and into their helicopter. We were right behind them in a following car. There we said a goodbye to the Hughes and mounted into our helicopter, though we sat on the ground until our guests were aloft and gone.

And then we waved goodbye to Hollybush and Glassboro and a little before 7:00 were chopper bound for Philadelphia to change into Air Force I for Washington.

It was a short ride home. The first word I remember Lyndon saying was "WELL, I'd say we didn't budge an inch today."

Most of the ride was consumed with when and where should he make his brief televised report to the American people. It was decided immediately when he hit the White House lawn. There were TV crews there ready with a microphone poised just a few feet from where he would emerge from the helicopter. He worked on getting his statement ready, and a little past 7:30 we were on the ground.

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It was a quiet speech. He conceded^{we} were a long way from agreement. But there was a hopeful air. He said he thought their 10 hours of talks had made the world a smaller and a little less dangerous place. That it had improved their understanding of each other's views. And that out of their discussions might come the beginnings for some future agreements.

And then by 8:00 we were upstairs, almost the end of what must have been one of the most tiring days in my husband's life. I had thought that I would go bowling. I always welcome exercise at the ~~x~~ end of such a day. But Lyndon got immediately into his pajamas -- a highly sensible thing to do. He turned on the TV and I decided I couldn't^{miss} a word of the remaining chapters. So we had dinner on a tray in the bedroom with George Christian joining us. ⁴ And the evening consisted of ^{1st} ~~an~~ enumerable telephone calls on Lyndon's part. Notably, I remember, to Senators Mansfield and Dirksen and Fulbright to report to them his feelings about the day's talks. And then almost immediately after he had gotten in bed, the Chairman, Mr. Kosygin, went on a press conference at the United Nations. It lasted nearly an hour and a half. What an endurance contest because he too had shared this grueling day. I thought he acquitted himself quite well, though gone alas was all the cordiality that had marked the outward manifestations of our meeting at Glassboro. He was very tough in reaffirming the hard-line positions on both the Middle East and Viet-Nam. He did give a ray of light and hope on

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one issue -- that he and the President had made some headway on a treaty to ban the spread of nuclear weapons -- not headway, but hope, a glimmer of light. They both had the same philosophy -- aim -- and they would work for something to come out of it.

^{forum}
What a form it was to have a press conference in -- face to face with all the representatives of the countries of 120 or so Nations -- particularly the Arab nations hanging on every word. It was made more interesting because many of the questioners, naturally, ^{the} ~~the~~ journalists and TV people, were Jews, ^{And} the questions were tough.

In the telephone calls that went on later, I gathered something of the feeling of those four hours of talks that Kosygin unrelentingly thought of Israel as a perpetrator of aggression, and drunk with power and intoxicated with success. And Lyndon's opinion -- that he had come here for one purpose -- to talk about withdrawal of troops. That was what he hammered over and over and over.

McGeorge Bundy said, "Do you think he got notice that the first reports were too soft?" That is, I presume, if you've been touched up between Friday night and Sunday morning by the Chinese and the Arabs.

Kosygin had said something like this -- "I am charged by the Arab countries

^{with} ~~for~~ selling them out. I am charged by China ^{with} ~~for~~ selling them out. I ask you, have I sold anybody out?" In answer to his repeated insistence that

Israel had started the war, Lyndon answered in what I expect was considerable

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forcefulness clothed in mild words that maybe perhaps the closing of the Gulf of Aqaba and the massing of Egyptian troops with statements that they are going to run Israel into the sea could possibly have been considered an act of aggression?

Now, as we look back on the day, it was one great try. And even if no headway was made, the thirst of the country was somehow assuaged for a meeting -- a face to face confrontation -- a willingness to work at it. I am so glad that Lyndon came and met him, and met him twice. And I am very proud of him. And somehow relieved, and he is very tired.

George did not leave until after 11:00, and it was 11:30 when Lyndon turned out the light and went to bed.

One ray of light and humor and gaiety in the day is Warrie Lynn's presence. For a brief while I went into Luci's room and we had the happiest little talk. She says she and Lynda have more fun than they ever had before, more to talk about, more devoted to each other.