

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, November 14, 1967

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Tuesday, November 14th, the day of our last State visitor scheduled for this year. It was also the very last of Indian summer. The golden leaves of the ginkgo trees had fallen like a dropped cloak around the trunks, and I took my last look at the garden as I hurried over to Lyndon's office a little before 11:00 to join him for the arrival ceremony.

The grounds were very sparsely full.

I had spent a bit of the morning with Marilyn making sure that our house guests, tea guests, and others were invited to come to the arrival ceremonies.

I wore my green ensemble by Marquise, and reminded Lyndon as we stepped out of the office that we were going to be on educational TV.

I met Mr. Sato with a certain feeling of sympathy because I had seen pictures of his departure from Tokyo where almost 4,000 students had protested his coming to the United States and in what ended with a knock-down, drag-out fight with the police. I must say he looked like a man who could handle the situation. He was tall for a Japanese, and young for his years which were more than ours.

Mrs. Sato, in carefully enunciated English -- quite slow -- told me how glad she was to come to our country. Her English was labored, but it was quite a compliment to us which I can never match in any language and much less Japanese.

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The speeches were brief -- the trumpets blew their last note from the balcony for a visiting Chief of State this year. And well before 12:00 I was upstairs in the Lincoln Sitting Room to have coffee with four couples -- Rabbi and Mrs. Levi Olan -- a member of the Board of Regents at the University. And the Leon Stones and the Youngbloods from Austin and Waco. And Dr. and Mrs. Kozmetsky -- he's the head of the School of Business Administration at the University and one of their shining lights they tell me.

By a mistake in the Usher's office, two couples of our house guests -- the Will Odoms and the Sam Winters -- had been asked to join us. And so we were 13 in the little Lincoln Sitting Room. But George brought extra chairs in and coffee and little ham biscuits. And we talked of the University and Austin and Lynda.

And then I started them on their tour in the Lincoln Room, telling them how it was all afloat with pink too and chattering bridesmaids at the time of Luci's wedding.

The University certainly has two lively characters in Rabbi Olan and Dr. Kozmetsky.

Later Frank Erwin told me that Dr. Kozmetsky taught Business Administration at some eastern school in his youth. And then he had gotten out to see how he would fare in the business world. He made lots of millions and returned to his first love -- teaching. And here the

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University had met and mastered the competition. And I've learned that there's no keener than competition among universities but top-notch professors. The University paid him something like \$35,000 a year. And he had in his two years there made gifts of close to \$200,000.

I worked with Bess in my room on the seating for the dinner and on mail and had lunch on a tray. I talked with Jimmy Symington about topics of conversation with the Japanese. And then in bed to rest -- hopefully doing two things at once I read my briefing of Japan and the biographical data on the Satos. I had a short nap. And then up and dressed for the birthday party for Carol Laise.

It was at 4:30 in the Yellow Room with a very small group -- all Lyndon's idea. He is quick to plan things like this -- thoughtful, dear, spur-of-the-moment things. And then quite capable of giving them to me to handle.

I went into his bedroom at 4:30. He was working with papers and on the phone. He said, "You all just go on. I'll come as soon as I can." And it was 5:30, but he couldn't have come to a more understanding group.

Carol, who at once gives you the impression of being both very capable and very feminine, and her most remarkable husband, Elsworth Bunker -- everybody's hero in the State Department, were the first to arrive. And then I was so glad that she had her brother and sister-in-law

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there. And Peggy Brown with whom she had served in some eastern post and who was from Austin and had been my hostess in Korea just a year ago.

There were the Harrimans and the Walt Rostows. The men were soon in deep conversation with Henry Brandon in a corner. But not before I had had time to tell him I liked our story and that he had a world full of readers -- dozens of them who had written me.

The Humphreys were there. And Bob and Margy McNamara -- he in and out in less than 10 minutes. Some friends of Carol from the Department -- the Harry Barnes and the Douglas Hechts. And the Reverend and Mrs. Hamilton. I must admit when I saw the Reverend on the list I flinched. The Doug Caters from our staff, and Mrs. Bob Komer, looking for her husband tomorrow like [?] low and in anticipation.

It was Mr. Barnes I believe who had been in Cyprus when we were. It had become his job to go out and get the stone from St. Barnabas' tomb and deliver it to me.

He had a very funny story to tell about it. They had traveled to the old monastary and duely picked out a stone crumbling away at the bottom of the wall, taking it to a stone cutter and told him what to inscribe. They had come back and there he had a fine, fresh shiny stone, precisely inscribed. "But this can't be that old stone." "Oh no,"

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said the stone cutter, "I didn't think you would want to give Mrs. Johnson that old stone. I got you a nice new one." "Where did you put the old one?" "I just flung it down the hillside."

So together they clamored down the hill until the desk man swears. He found the very stone, got it inscribed. And now it rests in the little St. Barnabas in Fredericksburg.

I sat on the sofa and had a good talk with Carol. Her grounding in that part of the world goes back many years. She had served in India when Elsworth Bunker was the Ambassador there and had of course been assigned to Nepal also. The complete severance of that mountain country from the world around is hard for me to comprehend, absolutely shut-off until just a couple of decades ago.

And then a few moments of quiet talk with Elsworth Bunker. "Yes, Viet-Nam is going to come out alright. It will take time. Korea did. The Dominican Republic did."

His attitude seemed a combination of quiet confidence and optimism, softened with realism. He wanted to come home, he said, to see how deep was the national mood against the war.

Presently Lyndon came in and a delightful cake which had on it an elephant -- no reference to the Democratic party we assured Carol -- but a Nepal elephant, and tennis rackets and other insignia of her life in Nepal.

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Lyndon made a very graceful toast. Champagne went around and we all raised our glasses to the birthday of an extraordinary woman in public service.

By 6:30 the guests were gone. Mr. Per came in for a comb-out. Then I went through that foolish feminine rigamarole about what to wear. Mollie Parnis was coming. I'd love to wear one of her dresses. And with Mr. Sato, the guest of honor, I just must wear my pearls that he had given me on the last trip. And then remembered that educational TV was doing a show on it. So it must photograph well. It couldn't be anything that I had worn lately. I finally wore my Adele Simpson gold chiffon and hoped for the best.

I telephoned my house guests to welcome them. And a little past 8:00 went down on the North Portico with Lyndon to greet the Satos and their party.

Mrs. Sato wore a pale orchid kimono sashed with a gold obie.

Then we came upstairs with Mr. Miki, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Shimodas -- he's the Ambassador, another Japanese official. And the Humphreys, Katzenbachs, and our Ambassador, Johnson. I have not seen the wife of a Chief of State try harder -- and that in itself was pleasant. She spoke English though it was obviously difficult. And we sat on the yellow sofa. Lynda came in and I introduced her around.

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And then there was the exchange of gifts. It is always hard to pry my husband and the honored guest loose from conversation.

Ours, besides the familiar Tiffany desk set and the two gold clocks, included an album of photographs of the Washington cherry trees around the tidal basin and ^{Haines} Hanes Point -- a gesture of thanks for all the new ones the Japanese are giving us.

And their's -- how delightful -- included a soni video recorder. I can just see me getting all my favorite TV programs down at the Ranch laid by for quiet hours. And a lock-up cabinet for jewelry or small items.

And then with Chuck leading the way -- and this I suppose will be his last State Dinner at the White House taking the colors down the staircase -- we descended to the State floor for the pictures at the foot of the steps. And then into the East Room for one of the largest parties of the year.

From the Cabinet, the Fowlers and the McNamaras. There's been quite an exchange of military and trade ministers between Japan and us in the last several years and Trudye has been in on these visits.

The Senate was sparsely represented with the John McClellans and the Daniel Inouyes.

There was Governor Kerner of Illinois.

And the House was quite abundantly represented -- 8 Congressmen

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including the Bill Bates -- she's one of my 81st friends from Massachusetts. And the Jim Wrights. And of course Sparky Matsunaga and Patsy Mink.

Dorothy McCardle said the guest list reflected the vivid imagination of the American sports and entertainment world. Baseball and rugby is very big in Japan and it was certainly represented. Therewere the Robert Gibsons -- he's a baseball star with the Cardinals -- tall, well built, very pleasant and nice looking. And General William Eckert ~~is~~ who is New York City's Commissioner of baseball.

And from the movies, the Kirk Douglasses whom I hardly recognized because he's got black hair and a mustache. And Ida Lupino, now in TV. And our old friend Dick Adler. And of course Tony Bennett, the singer who would entertain us later.

From Government there were the Rosel Hydes of the FCC and Roger Stevens with Christine. And General Maxwell Taylor, Special Consultant to the President -- one of those men who Presidents never quite let retire. From one of my trips, Charles Adams, who had the luncheon for me at the home of Presidents John and John Quincy Adams -- extremely dignified and impressive. And I was pleased that he had flown back from England especially for this visit. And also the Hugh Bullocks whom I had met on my trip to Williams college and found very interesting, and unexpectedly friendly.

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There were old friends, the Jim Rows and the Earle Clements -- she looking sadly feeble. And the Dale Millers and the Theodore McKeldins, and Frank Stanton and Ruth and the Cliff Carters. And Dr. Robert Bahmer with whom I work on archives and Henry Diamond with whom I work on beautification.

Business was well represented with the Leo Harveys of Torrance, the President of the National Association of Manufacturers, Mr. Gullander. And our old friends, George Killions. And Roger Blough of U. S. Steel.

And from our staff, of course Okamoto. And his presence gave me clean pleasure.

The tallest man at the party, and certainly one of the most sought after by the newspaper women, was John Rockefeller and lovely Sharon. He had spent years in Japan, and he was my first name to go on the list.

Lynda, who was not invited to the dinner, spent time with them before and after.

The Washington Government was well represented with Walter Washington, beaming but weary. And Mrs. John Hechinger alone. John had had to go to a D. C. Council meeting. And thank heavens he considered it more necessary than a White House party.

And at the last moment as always two or three couples had dropped out -- illness, bad flying conditions. Inviting someone close to me to fill these places -- someone who works harder than they need to work because they like to work -- is one of my favorite pleasures here. And

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so I was delighted to be able to have Sandy Fox and his wife. And also Dorothy Territo. And because I wanted them to visit with her mother and father -- the Bill Crooks of VISTA -- she's the daughter of the Butts, our house guests.

At last the line of 190 was finished, and I took the Prime Minister into the Blue Room. I had Mr. Miki on my left. Mr. Adams, of "the" Adams family, then Walter Washington and Jim Wright were at my table.

I had spent time on this seating -- selecting a gay place for Mollie Parnis, getting Irwin Miller between Elspeth and Libby Rowe -- two of the brightest women I know and close to ~~fx~~ Frank Stanton. A Congressman next to Bonnetta to whom hopefully she could talk Job Corps to good effect. And my friend Mr. Hugh Bullock by Trudye Fowler.

It was pleasant but not wildly exciting -- Lydia Katzenbach doing more than her share to add gaiety and sparkle.

For dessert, we had strawberry Yamagoochi in honor of our guests. The Prime Minister autographed his menu in Japanese for me.

And the toasts I thought were memorable. Lyndon addressed himself to the crisis that both he and Sato face in East Asia and around the world, and borrowed from Abraham Lincoln -- which he has done quite a lot this year and for good reason -- "I am here, I must do the best I can and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel

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I ought to take. Let us not be frightened from our duty by menaces of destruction to the Government nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might."

The Prime Minister's was brief and business like.

And then we had coffee in the Red Room, and I introduced as many of the newspaper ladies as we came close to.

We took our seats in the front row of the East Room and listened to Tony Bennett and his group of five including a harpist. ~~He put~~

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~~In the East Room we listened to Tony Bennett~~ for about 25 minutes -- the audiences' favorite: "I Left My Heart in San Francisco". That was when they broke into spontaneous applause. One he dedicated to our great President Johnson, a haunting song with a strain of pathos that he called "Country Girl". Halfway to the second number, he began to take off his tie and then his coat, and then he started singing in his shirt sleeves. He was tugging back into them when we mounted the steps to thank him for the entertainment.

It was an early evening. The guests left by 11:15, and dancing by the younger folks began in the Lobby while I circled the floor speaking to the people I didn't have a chance to see earlier.

And then close to 12:00, upstairs. Something I always look forward to -- a night cap with our house guests. Tonight, there were the Irwin~~x~~ Millers, the Will Edward Odoms, Howard Butts, Frank Irwin, and the Sam Winters. Lyndon was doing his night reading. There was a heavy preponderance of soft drink takers in this group. The talks wound to the article in LIFE magazine about the Irwin Millers in Columbus, Indiana. And this most remarkable man struck a spark with me certainly when he began to talk about visiting Mayor Lindsay in New York and taking a walk through Bedford Stockson. The gist of it was this is the first civilization where there has been enormous affluence and at the same time a degrading poverty that is side by side and invisible. I like exploring ideas. I had

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the feeling that this man found it time wasted fully with just chattering, small talk.

I talked of parks with Will Edward Odom who told me that the State of Texas had voted a \$75 million bond issue to buy land for parks. Alas, it seems all to buy the lands and none to develop. I guess that's building against the future.

I tried to give them all a sense of what had drawn us together here, telling the Millers how I had gone through the Butts beautiful library in Kerrville. Thinking of how important the University of Texas was in my life. Frank is now the Chairman of the Board of Regents. It was a pleasant but not brilliant hour.

Lyndon came in in his pajamas and talked to us very briefly -- quite weary.

And then about 1:00 we all rose and went to bed, my feeling that it had been satisfactory but not utterly thrilling as I would like all White House dinners, all overnight stays, in this wonderful old House be for our guests.