

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

WHD
Wednesday, October 9, 1968

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I was up early, worked a little with Bess, and then went to Lyndon's office for the arrival on the South Grounds of Prime Minister and Mrs. Holyoake of New Zealand.

It is always a special anticipation when the guest is someone I have met before. And I had spent a part of this morning remembering and going over some notes of our trip to New Zealand almost two years ago this month -- the lovely harbor, the wild flowers on the hills, rhododendron and cherries in October, the fabulous sheep-shearing exhibit, and the gifts the Holyoakes had given us.

The Prime Minister, stepping from the car, was as ruddy and as exuberant as I remembered him. And Mrs. Holyoake as sedate and motherly.

On the bench by the canopy I glimpsed Lyn clutching his New Zealand flag, his legs sticking straight out in front of him. And two lively little Mann boys -- Jeanie Mann's children sitting by him. I pointed them out to Mrs. Holyoake. ~~Above~~ Above us on the balcony there was a TV crew recording the pomp and display of the full military honors. It is pleasant to have a guest of honor who speaks English, and he spoke it well. So many of our British trained visitors are good speakers. One phrase struck home particularly -- "you have truly known the ordeal of power, Mrs. President."

As we walked in Lyndon stopped to scoop up Lyn, still clutching his New Zealand flag, introduced him to the Prime Minister. And then the

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Prime Minister with complete ease walked on into the Diplomatic Reception Room with Lyn holding on to his finger.

When the short receiving line was over and the men had gone to their work in the oval office and I had said goodbye turning Mrs. Holyoake over to Bess, I went upstairs for what has come to be one of my favorite rituals about a State Dinner -- that is selecting a little group of guests that I especially want to visit with -- some that are not house guests and will not be seated at my table -- for a cup of coffee and some talk in the Lincoln Sitting Room. This time it was the Bob Strausses. He's helping run Hubert's campaign in Texas. And the Tom Frosts from San Antonio. And the Leon Uris whose books "Topaz" and "Exodus" I have enjoyed immensely; one of my personal self-indulgences in this house has been to have a quiet time with an author -- John Steinbeck or Upton Sinclair; a businessman whose made his special mark on our country's life -- Tom Watson or Erwin Miller; especially bright people from the whole range of our country's society.

Mr. Uris was talkative and fun. He said they lived in Aspen. There had been a heavy snow fall. They had come through a blizzard and snow drifts to attend this dinner. And I was enormously flattered. And he talked of his new book which will be about a liable suit in England. And then he said something that especially pleased me. He had heard about the Library. He said, "I have a safe that's locked and I've lost

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the combination. But if I can open it, I'll give you some original manuscripts." I will not let him forget it. We talked of Hubert's campaign, and how HemisFair had introduced San Antonio to the world, though they had lost money. And a little bit before 1:00 I dispatched them on a tour with a guide and walked back down the hall. How different the house is when Lyn is here. Passing the Treaty Room. There by that august door was the engine of a little toy train. Down the hall I could see three little figures coming -- the two little Mann boys holding little guy Lyn by the hand. He just gets a big grin whenever he get within sight of them, and off they go hand in hand, as companionable as can be. He's very independent since he's had that haircut. It's changed his entire personality. And in one of the lovely hippo white chairs there was a little pink teddy bear -- well, it will be that way again as it has been in the past. That's one of the wonderful things I love about this house.

I had a sandwich and fruit salad in my room all alone. Recorded, called the house guests to greet them as they came in, worked with Ashton. The house is indeed bulging with guests. I had turned over the Queens' Room to Luci, suggesting that she and Deeny might inhabit it and leave the children in her room. And upstairs were the Warren Woodwards. I had called them to bring Barbara Bird, my namesake, especially in my remaining time. I want the children of my friends to share this house. And there were the Malcolm Bardwells who had^{been} present at my wedding.

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And the Jess McNeels³, And the Howard Cox'. And this is the part of Lyndon's very real democracy. He had asked the Melvin Sultemeiers -- the nice looking young man who works on our Ranch and who was just married a few days ago -- to come up and spend their honeymoon at the White House. So here they were -- their interest in sight-seeing, rather at a minimum, but enjoying being here nevertheless.

Lynda and Luci and Lyn came in and climbed on the big canopy bed with me, and we had a happy long talk, dispensing before too long with Lyn however. What a joy it is to have a nurse here with him. He is adorable but strenuous. Someone called that Mary Margaret Valenti had had a little girl. Chief King came and gave me a brief rub.

But most of the afternoon was talking with Lynda and Luci. They are having a very companionable time this trip. When I am with Lynda alone she will tell me how much Luci helps her and how she's going shopping and select everything that the baby will need, and also send lots of her own things from home. And when I am with Luci alone, she'll be bubbling with happiness about how she's enjoying Lynda. It has not always been so as every parent knows. And I am getting any parent's pleasure from this sort of companionship that they are sharing. But it is not good all over the house. My office is literally falling apart. Liz in the hospital and Simone went this morning for something long planned. And Carol has a misplaced disc or some very painful back ailment. And

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also confided that she is pregnant. So is Marta, so is Ashton. I think we will all just about make it to January 20th.

Mr. Per gave me an elegant hair-do. I put on my most beautiful dress -- the gold brocade with the matching coat. Had some pictures made, and then began that vigil -- this time without Bess and her comforting presence -- of waiting for Lyndon to return when he is late and then a little later and then in a flash is ready. And then we were down on the North Portico to greet the Prime Minister and Mrs. Holyoake. Not even the director of the astronauts could time these arrivals perfectly. And there was just a moment there when Lyndon and I stood on the Portico alone, and leaned over and talked to each other. And I knew full well that this was the picture the papers would use. You eventually get a sense of it.

We took the Prime Minister and Mrs. Holyoake and the Corners -- he's their Ambassador, and a very attractive couple -- upstairs to the Yellow Room to join Virginia Rusk (Dean had called this afternoon that he was ill) and the Russ Wiggins -- his first time with us in his new job -- and the Fowlers and Lynda and Luci.

The Holyoakes had brought us some toys for the children, and a sheep skin rug naturally and some jade cufflinks which Lyndon admired very much.

We had a brief visit and then followed the honor guard downstairs and stood between the flags in front of the stage to meet our 140 guests.

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From the Senate there were the Fred Harris and the Walter Mondales, expressing growing confidence in Hubert's campaign. And Congressman Bob Jones of Alabama, and two with whom we had campaigned -- the Lee Hamiltons and the Joe Resnick.

The business world was well represented. There were the William Hewitts of John Deere Company. I had him at my table. And the William Hiltons. Lyndon referred in his toast to how when we visited New Zealand the staff and the press corps were housed in a ship on the bay and they named it the "Tilten Hilton".

And there were Jane and Charles Engelhard -- she was at Lyndon's table wearing the most beautiful diamond earrings I ever saw. And the Edgar Kaisers -- he's working real hard on one of Lyndon's greatest enthusiasms -- to produce some really cheap houses that the poor man can buy. And the Arthur Watsons of IBM.

Because New Zealand is so sports minded, we had asked Lt. Arthur Ashe, the Tennis Champion, and seated him by Walt Rostow, our tennis champion. And the Stanley Dancers who own champion race horses from New Zealand.

And from my own special interests, there were the George Hartzogs of the Park Service, and Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Reed of National Archives who ~~works~~ works especially on Presidential libraries.

Our guest of especial interest to the New Zealanders was Lt.

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Commander Richard Byrd, Jr., the son~~x~~ of the Admiral. New Zealand was the jumping off place for many of his explorations. And he is much remembered there.

And
~~From~~ the world of arts and entertainment was very well represented this evening -- lovely Maria Tallchief who had danced for us on the lawn in one of the most beautiful dinners we ever gave. The Otto Premingers -- she in a stunning white satin dress. Later the press described what I thought was a voluminous skirt as pantaloons. And I also heard to my dismay that the Premingers and the Urise~~y~~s met face to face and they do not speak. And there was a cute little Japanese actress, Pat Suzuki.

The press too was here in rather full force. The Richard Clurmans of TIME, the Carroll Kilpatricks of the "Washington Post", and two on my beat, Karen Klinefelter and Frances Lewine.

I fondly imagine that I fare better and even that Lyndon fares better from the women.

From the staff, the Larry Temples and the Stuart Ross'. And decorative and beautiful at Lyndon's table was Mary Lasker. And there was Perle Mesta who remains season in and season out the favorite of the press, and our good friend too.

And there were children of old friends -- the Gerald Andersons -- he's the son of Bob Anderson who was Eisenhower's Secretary of Treasury.

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I continue with much pleasure seeking out the children of our friends, just as so many of mine have been good to Lynda and Luci. And another was Deeney Hoffhines Mann at Luci's table and looking aglow with excitement.

Mine was an easy table. Plenty to talk about with the Prime Minister and excellent English. And next to him LaDonna Harris. Then Martha Graham, the very dean of American dancers. And Dr. Melville Grosvenor of National Geographic to whom Lyndon referred with praise, and added that ~~when~~ when we get out of here he is going to ~~be~~ get me a National Geographic map and we will find some Islands that Captain Cook overlooked. And Mrs. Watson. We talked about Madame Shoumatoff. She's painted all of their family. And Senator Mondale and Mary Bundy. Next Mr. Laking their Secretary of Foreign Affairs who had been stationed here as the Ambassador for ~~★~~ about 6 years.

It was a delicious dinner. And the Prime Minister signed a very impressive and legible signature to my menu.

The Prime Minister in his toast spoke in a straight-forward manner about Viet-Nam. We fought because we felt deeply that if we did not fight, if we did not win, the world would not be worth living in. And then coffee and liqueurs in the Red Room and the Green Room and up and down the Hall. And I had a chance to introduce the Prime Minister to the young Sulteme^rs. Our resourceful staff had rounded up some evening clothes. They love to do it. And to several of Lyndon's secretaries.

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And then rather quickly, because the whole evening was running late, we went into the East Room. I introduced Miss Graham in a few words that were certainly warm and I hoped graceful, and her company who would perform the dance called "Diversion of Angels". It is a very different thing -- modern ballet -- and often as in this case does not depend at all on costuming. They were gray or brown -- almost colorless. Just one dash of bright red. But they were exquisitely skillful and certainly created a mood or a series of moods.

Afterward Lyndon and I led the Prime Minister and Mrs. Holyoake and Miss Graham up on the stage and there were pictures with all the performers, now absolutely dripping wet. And jokes about that hazard, the chandelier. And into the halls for champagne. And quite soon Bess and Tyler gathered up the Prime Minister and Mrs. Holyoake and we accompanied them to the North Portico for goodbyes.

I went upstairs shortly afterwards and asked one of the aides to locate the Woodward's and the McNeels and Bardwells and Cox'. And all but the McNeels did join me in the West Hall for a night-cap. And lo and behold down the Hall came Lyndon with a small group including Helen Thomas whom he had just shown his portrait. Such an amazing man.

We had a long hour of good talk, missing only the Malcolm Bardwells who had gone to sleep.

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Lynda and Luci came in for awhile. And Lyndon had brought the Tom Frosts. These are the warm, quiet, good times after a State Dinner.

Little in the papers had been good today -- "Bress, Sanders, Denied Judgeships", "Disorder - The Making of a Riot on 14th Street After White Policeman Kills a Negro". Poor Mayor Washington. "McCarthy Won't Back Ticket". This I no longer consider bad -- just ludicrous.

It was nearly 2:00 when we went to bed, and I as satisfied as I could be with what we had made of the day that we had to work with.