

1964

Wednesday, July 22nd

A busy day. Work on the mail, calling the Governors whom we have invited to the State Dinner next Monday for the President of Malagasy, asking them and their wives to be our house guests. After all, it's a long way to come from Nebraska or Iowa or California just for a dinner, and to spend the night is a lot more intimate and homey.

And then, after eleven o'clock the now familiar ceremony of arrival on the South Lawn for the Prime Minister of Malaysia, Tunku Abdul Rahman. Tunku means Prince. Not accompanied by his wife. This short, stocky, spectacled Asian -- very articulate and really quite humorous -- who is Prime Minister over some 10 or 11 million people who inhabit the island of Borneo, or at least a part of it, that portion of the long archipelago that extends down from Thailand, Cambodia, VietNam -- the most sensitive part of the world these days -- was really an interesting guest. Up to now his young country has very successfully resisted the efforts of Communism to take them over.

We streamlined the ceremonies as much as we could. Flags, salute, welcoming speeches, reviewing the troops, outdoors -- but then because it was so very hot Angie had us come inside in the Diplomatic Reception Room to greet all the diplomatic corps -- a very good idea.

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One of the delightful moments was seeing the seven-year-old son, Richard Ong, of the Malaysian Ambassador, all dressed up in a costume of his country, outside awaiting the Tunku's arrival.

Our entertainment for him was a luncheon. We met upstairs with the Tunku and his Secretary of State, Dato Mohammed Ghazali bin Shafie. Dato is a title which means Sir or Lord. Datine is the feminine version of it. Their Ambassador -- and incidentally his wife, Datine Ong, a highly capable and outgoing woman, as so many Asian women are -- and, of course, the Rusks and our Ambassador to Malaysia, James Bell, the Dukes, and two Bundys -- the McGeorge Bundys and the William Bundys. Then downstairs to a luncheon for about a hundred, which included the white-thatched Governor of Virginia and Mrs. Harrison. It is getting so that more foreign visitors land in Williamsburg than do in Washington. Our very valued assistant, David Lawrence of Pennsylvania, and two mayors of large cities, the Henry Maiers of Milwaukee and the Raymond Tuckers of St. Louis. And from the rest of the world there were the Felix de Weldons, <sup>He's</sup> he's doing a big piece of sculpture for Malaysia. And Rene d'Harnoncourt, my six-foot-nine friend from the Museum of Modern Art.

The Texans present were the John Lynches of Houston, Dr. and Mrs. Bill Morgan of Austin, and the W. R. Dickens of Dallas, and one

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one of our District men, Glenn Williams of Bryan with his wife. Tim Fitzpatrick from Abe Fortas' office, who is helping spearhead the Young Citizens for Johnson, was there with his wife. Ivan Smith, the red-headed playboy millionaire from Beverly Hills, who had been -- and how unlikely -- an advance man for us in 1960, was there with a pretty little kitten of a French wife. And a couple I had met and liked on my campaign trips, former Governor John Swainson of Michigan, a youthful double amputee, — He lost to Romney. — <sup>a</sup>And his pretty wife Alice.

Dear Robin Duke's friend, Mrs. Harcourt Amory, who helps her out by being Chairman of the Blair House Fine Arts Committee.

The luncheon was remarkable for several reasons. One, in moving the loudspeaking equipment across the table, the waiter knocked a full glass of red wine off on my dress. And second, both the Tunku and Lyndon were offbeat and humorous in their toasts. The Tunku was remarking about how, on his other trip to the United States -- he had been here during the time of an election -- he could well realize what a terrific job it was to cover this enormous country. When he came to just the perfect pause, Lyndon interrupted him quickly to say that he, Lyndon, would be mighty satisfied if his Party got the 85% majority at the polls that the Tunku had received in his election. The Prime Minister continued

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by saying that he was happy that he didn't have to stand for election in such a vast country. "I wish you luck. I shall say no more for fear of treading on dangerous grounds, so I will content myself by wishing every success to the voters," which brought down the house for the second time. Lyndon's interruption had delighted them too. The Tunku went on to praise the Peace Corps, to take a swipe at the Indonesians, "nextdoor neighbors who plainly consider us a tasty morsel to tempt the appetites of giants." About 80 million people -- they are about the fourth or fifth in population of any country in the world and a bristling menace to their Island neighbors, the Malaysians.

About five o'clock that afternoon, Mary Lasker came to see me, bringing a Grant Wood picture of Spring in the City, which she wanted to give the White House if we could find just the right place to put it. And also, for Lyndon's birthday, for his very own, two wonderful letters, one entirely in George Washington's own handwriting inviting a friend to the wedding reception for Nellie Custis; the other an official Order written in 1789 establishing the Department of State of the new young republic -- only it was called the Department of Foreign Affairs. She was bringing his birthday present early because she is leaving for Europe next week for her place in the South of France, where she always spends about six

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to eight weeks in the summer, and where she has invited me, and oh, how I yearn to go.

We went over to Lyndon's office and tried to visualize the Grant Wood picture in the Fish Room. . . Did a little rearranging in Lyndon's office with some Lowestoft cachepots that would be full of greens underneath the George Washington on the mantel. And then quickly went back to the West Hall to join Richard Adler, the handsome, intense, attractive producer of Pajama Game and Damn Yankees, who has given so much time and talent to the Democratic Party and the Kennedy Administration and now the Johnson Administration. He wanted to talk about recording White House entertainments and making a very special handsome album of them to offer for sale as a sort of collectors' item, with the proceeds to go to the Kennedy Cultural Center for the Arts. All of the artists' work, even the pressing of the records, everything, could be obtained free and would give it a certain clan because it was a White House entertainment. And he suggested an introduction by me. I told him I would be glad to do anything I could for the Art Center and this sounded like it had real good possibilities, although I thought his price of \$25.00 per album won't appeal to record collectors like Lynda!

Then we talked of the success of some of the programs in the past such as the dinner for Segni of Italy, with Robert Merrill and the Christy

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Minstrels, and the somewhat limited appeal of the readings from the Irish for the dinner for DeValera. And I made it clear to him all the time that I looked forward to a limited future only and that he might be sitting in that same spot talking to someone else six or eight months from now. He said if that happened he wouldn't be sitting in this country at all -- he'd have his money in a Swiss bank or something and be off on an island.

When I said goodbye to them my next appointment was already waiting for me. I had asked the Texans who had come for lunch to stop by and have a drink with me because I scarcely had time to say hello at a luncheon for a hundred. The Lynches, the Pickens, the Glenn Williams and their three children, and Dr. and Mrs. Morgan, whom I had asked to be our house guests. We met on the Truman Balcony, my favorite spot in what Lyndon calls "this compound," for Texas news and reminiscences, and then later Dr. and Mrs. Morgan and I went for a walk in the Rose Garden. Lyndon saw us and beckoned us into his office. It was a good time for the doctor to see what sort of hours he keeps because it was about 9:40 when he came in for dinner.

And after that I had a good long talk with Luci at Interlochen. She said, "Mother, if you want to get an inferiority complex in one quick lesson, you ought to be out here. These children are fabulous. They know so much, Mother. Music is their life." Her big day is tomorrow,

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with a concert in the afternoon for all of the students at Interlochen and their families, and then in the afternoon a concert for the public. She told me that the Today Show had taped her first practice session with the orchestra, and she was real worried because she wasn't a bit good and had been getting better all day long. I think she'll make out all right as long as she considers them fabulous and understands her own shortcomings and is absolutely natural.