

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

Monday, March 28, 1966 ~~WHD~~ WASHINGTON

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The day of the visit of Prime Minister ^{Indira} / Ghandi from India -- a day that was bright and clear and cold. My voice had sounded like a frog last night. This morning it still did. So I asked Dr. Young to give me some pills.

A little before 11:00 I joined Lyndon in his office, dressed warmly in my off-white coat, last year's rollerbram straw hat. I could make a career dressing for this job! And at the appointed moment we went out on the South Lawn for the arrival ceremonies. It is always a breath-taking experience. The wind was snapping the flags, the troops were at attention, tourists lined the ropes. And up on the balconies above us trumpets blew and the drums rolled as long, black limousines pulled up to the entrance. And out stepped Prime Minister Indira Ghandi in an orange ^{SARI} ~~sari~~ with a black western coat on over it, and a scarf protecting her head in the biting wind. There was the inevitable picture, me presenting her with the roses, and then we walked up on the red-carpeted platform. How orderly to have names taped on the floor -- that is, if you can read English.

This is the first time in my stay that there has ever been a woman Chief of State. Add to this the particular ^{alchemy} ~~outcome~~ of a Nehru name with the ~~splendor~~ size of the Indian country as an Asian democracy and you have a day alive with drama.

Thank goodness we won the battle with Lyndon as to whether he would wear an over coat. He did.

They reviewed the troops, Lyndon towering over Mrs. Ghandi. And there was the moment when they struck up our National Anthem, and as always, I

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stood up two inches taller. And then they were back on the platform for the speeches. Lyndon greeted her as the leader of our sister democracy. And she recalled, warmly, his visit to her country, ^{but} warned that our two countries could not take each other for granted or allow our relations to drift. Back in the Diplomatic Reception Room we stood in line and greeted the Indian party, our own State Department officials, and of course the dean of the diplomatic corps who is always there.

I could think of any number of things that I ought to do. Desk work, reading. But I felt like a top that has run down, and all I wanted to do is to go to bed. So I did, and slept the afternoon away til nearly 5:00. I had a shampoo and set, with my hair up in honor of my brand new dress, ^{apple} ~~apple~~ green chiffon by Mollie Parnes.

A little before ~~XX~~ 8:00 the Humphreys and Rusk's arrived, and I left them in the Yellow Room standing nervously by the telephone waiting for the summons from the Blair House and tried to coordinate Lyndon. My thoughts went for a minute toward Jimmy Simington. ^{The} delicate logistics of this job -- I do not envy him.

We met the Prime Minister at exactly the right moment ^{as} The limousine rolled up under the Portico. She was dressed in a dark, purple ^{SAR} ~~very~~, very elegant with a big gold leaf design. If I had only two words to describe her I think I would say, composure and assurance.

Up stair in the Yellow Room there was the exchange of gifts. Hers, two beautiful rugs, the designs borrowed from the ancient Persians, ^{they told her} ~~I told her~~ ^{how} ~~Chit~~

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how the civilizations had rolled across that country. A sari and purse for Luci -- go with her eyes. A handsome red sari for me, books on the art and history of India. These I shall love. And the most delightful saddle which I was told is used ~~at~~ⁱⁿ Indian villages. I could find no stirrups and wondered how the rider managed. It was all red and yellow and embroidered and decorated and handsome. All of their gifts ~~we~~ had the stamp of Indian artistry and handicrafts. Ours in comparison were not so imaginative. A silver tea service, ^{?! ?!} Vasseo and Owers, a leather-bound book about our National parks, ^{?! ?!} Beesby and ^{?! ?!} Harret. We are the only nation that has National parks. They are always thrilling to me, ^{Ch} ^{Taper} [?] A picture taken of the country from a satellite flying above.

Luci came in all dressed up in pink and greeted everyone with the greatest delight, right after my having told her that of course we really wanted her, we needed her, but she didn't have to -- absolutely nothing was required of her.

Then downstairs the ~~formal~~ formal pictures. And the three of us in the ~~Reception~~ receiving line: Lyndon, the Prime Minister, and me. After feeling absolutely like a robot in the middle of the afternoon, I had come alive in response to the excitement to the importance of the occasion.

It was a star-studded dinner list. Besides the Vice President and the Secretary of State and Virginia, there were two other Cabinet Officers -- the Freemans and the Connors and Arthur Goldberg from the U.N. Upstairs we had a moment's conversation about his trip to the West coast and his confrontation with the young students at the universities. They had booed him in a mass protest. I stand against the students in California. I don't

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know what to make of them and my tolerance is very tenuous. He had gone, he said, because nobody from the Administration had been willing to speak before them and he thought somebody should. There could have been no better spokesman than him. He said they are mixed-up kids. Why should so many more of this particular kind of mixed-up kid be produced in California?

From the Senate was Aiken and Bill and Betty Fulbright, the Hickenlooper's the Mike Mansfield's, the Stuart Symington's, the Everett Jordan's, and the young and handsome Ross Bass, the John Sherman Cooper's, she a blazing jewel -- he was a former Ambassador to India, a sizeable contingent from the House, including George Mahon of Texas, and two men that used to be of strategic importance to India, David Bell of AID, George Woods, International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. And Jack Vaughn^u of the Peace Corps was out of town. His wife was there. Leonard Marks of the USIA, without Dorothy,

From our Staff, there were the Valentis and the Watsons. Two other former Ambassadors were present. Ellsworth Bunker. If I were handing out awards he would be on the top of my list for a life-time of service to his country. And ^{Halbraich} ~~Tim Carbreth~~ who had helped Lyndon in briefing him about this visit -- the background, the personalities we could expect. Another Asian Ambassador whom we had met on that trip: Kenneth Young who had been our then Ambassador to Thailand.

The guest list was the usual ^{melding} ~~meeting~~ of what makes this country run. In the art world, Marion Anderson, my all-time favorite. In business, the Charlie Englehard's -- Jane wearing her diamond earrings that look like they came

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off the chandelier. Genial James Farley, always in our corner, I think. And Boots Adams, ⁷ ~~knows~~ David Lillianthal. How would you categorize him? Thinker? Planner? Businessman? In the educational world, ^{to} Philip Hoffmann of the University of Houston. Young, attractive, dynamic, and proud Texas has them. From Labor, I. W. Abel who succeeded our friend, MacDonald, with the United Steel Workers. And the Paul Jennings, the International Union of Electrical Radio and Machine Workers.

Kay Graham looked lovely in rose colored chiffon. She has survived that tragedy with a brilliant vitality.

And someone I had especially invited hoping that I could have a couple of hours tomorrow to talk about the Library and the School of Public Service and a possible Director: Dr. and Mrs. George Harrar, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, who knows more about where the educational brains are stashed away in this Country than nearly anyone, according to Frank Stanton.

^{Florence} Lawrence Mahoney was there. Hope Rydings Miller represented the Press -- she's with Diplomat Magazine. And then tall, ^aesthetic, John D. Rockefeller III came down the line. I had a nice moment talking about Jay, whose political future fascinates me. He's one of the most remarkable young men I've met in years. And that most attractive couple, Sir Robert and Lady Jackson. I spent a delightful hour Sunday afternoon with her, being briefed myself on what's going on in the world. She can make it so vivid. And she talks about the problems of the cities and speaks of ^{somebody commuting} ~~so many committees~~ spending three hours a day getting to and from work. She calls it the "unlife" of the

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commuter. And as for his wife stashed away in the suburbs, spending her hours among ~~the~~ people of practically the same social and financial strata, ~~she~~ she calls that situation the "unfamily". To be able to use words brightly, with freshness, to make a picture -- it's one of the best tools that ~~anybody~~ anybody can have.

With the receiving line over, we went into dinner. The first course of sea food was delicious, the breast of pheasant only fair. But I was delighted that after checking it out we found that it didn't have to be vegetarian.

Lyndon was enormously attentive to Mrs. Nehru, the Ambassador's wife. And well he might be, she's one of the brightest women in town. And her husband one of the handsomest men. I enjoyed having him on my right and hearing his first-hand report of the tale of their courtship and of their annoyance with McCall's article -- which I thought was rather nice except for just one word.

When are we ever satisfied with newspaper stories?

Lyndon was courtly and impressive with Mrs. Gandhi.

In his toast he announced plans to establish an Indian-American Foundation to promote progress in all fields of learning in India. The Foundation to be set with \$300 million worth of Indian currency it owned by the United States in Indian banks.

Very gracefully, he quoted Mrs. Gandhi's father.

In her reply Mrs. Gandhi said, "I like, Mr. President, what you have said about ~~going to~~ ^{wanting} to make a reality & match up with dreams. India, she said, is changing today. There are different levels of development between different states. There are several centuries side by side. Years ago people said there

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is no better life -- God wills it this way. But, she added, ~~the~~ today we never hear people say that anymore.

That attitude on the part of hopeless people, hungry and ignorant, reminded me of the general theme to a lot of William Faulkner's books about the people of the deep South.

Somewhere in the course of the evening, B. K. Nehru leaned over to me and said, "Your husband is a passionate man." He meant in the pursuit of his beliefs, his ideas in working out a program, and what a good word to choose, *particularly active* ~~perhaps student~~ on such a brief acquaintance. Passion has propelled him all his life. *He's been [demonious power] and perhaps made up sometimes for the* *lack of the [broad] education those people with whom he deals in the high offices of Government.*

We had coffee in the parlor, and I had a moment to say to Mr. George Harrar that I wanted him to sit down with me some time for an hour and talk about the Lyndon Baines Johnson School of Public Service, *and* to say "hello" to our additional after-dinner guests *and* The Roger Stevens, Christine Stugard and her husband, Juanita Roberts and her mother, *and* ~~Nan~~ Mansfield looking very long-haired, young woman of the future. And Bob Knudson, whom I was so glad to see being a guest for once. The Oscar Cox^s and the Philip Baldwin^s who had come in from Marshall, and I just hadn't had a moment to work them in a really private visit.

The entertainment I was very proud of. The only thing that I regretted was that with a croaky voice I did not feel like introducing *Isaac* ~~Oscar~~ Stern, that

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famous violinist, Abe's close friend. He'd chosen the program based on his own impressions of Mrs. Ghandi, and he'd been entertained in her home -- hers and her fathers -- in New Delhi in 1954. It was absolutely the cream of the cream of the classical. And I felt very proud, though I can't claim to understand Vondosho Vihiden.

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When the entertainment was over, after having heard from the Ambassador *about* the staccato schedule of Mrs. Ghandi all day long ~~was~~ *we were* immediately at her side, *Shole* though she chose to walk out we would be right there to say goodbye.

With great grace and assurance, she made her farewells, putting her mink stole around her sari, as Lyndon put her into the car and I stayed inside.

Then the band struck up "Hello Dolly" and Lyndon and I danced one dance to get the guests started. He changed me with Boots Adams' very young and lovely wife. When we began to talk about families, I discovered that his children ranged all the way from a daughter 45 to ~~x~~ a son 10. I refrained from asking how many wives this covered.

Then a few words to the Philip Baldwins, and I was off upstairs/ at 12:30, leaving Lyndon to dance an hour longer. His displays of energy are beyond my abilities to compete with. The dinner had been, I thought, a success. *though* But I had not carried my full share of it, I had drawn my full *meat* ~~need~~ of high excitement from it.

The phrase I remembered most was B. K. Nehru's: "One out of every seven people in the world is an Indian."