



H. R. Haldeman Diaries Collection, January 18, 1969 – April 30, 1973

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Tuesday, July 29.

A day in Bangkok. Started at 6:45, with a banging on my door and two footmen came marching in announcing breakfast is served. I sent them away and tried to go back to sleep. No luck. My room is absolutely freezing, due to super effective air conditioning. It's about 80-90 degrees outside and was 58 degrees in here last night. Trying to get it warmed up. No luck.

President had his talks with the Prime Minister and government leaders this morning, then lunch with same. A session with our Southeast Asia Ambassadors this afternoon at the embassy. Pat Nixon got up at the crack of dawn to go to the floating market.

Chapin and I went on a lazy four hour shopping tour, and got some brass, bronze, jewelry, etc. Saw a little of the city, but not really very much.

In late afternoon the Prime Minister gave a reception. An interesting procedure. All the guests were lined up around the four walls of the room, two to three deep. President and Prime Minister moved around the room and shook hands - instead of a receiving line. Worked pretty well. Then long toasts, national anthems, then stand around and talk a while. Good hot and cold hors d'oeuvres. The anthems were also played on arrival and departure.

No evening activity - so we had dinner in our palace dining room. Fabulous, again. Good beef soup, delicious fish course with excellent sauce, a very good chicken with vegetables, salad, then a group of Thai dishes - horse's tongue in curry on rice, a sort of chop suey with cashews, and a crab in crab shell. I even ate the horse's tongue. And a coconut custard in coconut shell for dessert, plus fruit.

President on the warpath regarding some of the news coverage as reported in his summary. Feels we're not getting as good a play as the facts warrant. Probably right. There is a problem, though, because the motorcades are the only real public opportunity and they are almost entirely children and military - all obviously completely organized. These people are not demonstrative like



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Europeans or Latins, and so there's not the Berlin type of enthusiasm, although they are very friendly and warm in their own fashion.