

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, January 27, 1964 WHD

Today was the day for the Queen of Greece.

In the morning, a little work and then getting dressed up and that is when it begins to dawn on me that I really don't have any new clothes.

And then about 5 or 10 minutes of one out on the front portico to meet that beautiful woman, that extremely capable, assured, career Queen, Frederika of Greece, with her daughter, Princess Irene. The handsome Ambassador from their country, Mr. Matsas, was on hand. He's the sort of man that looks -- well, that you'd like to know better.

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We went upstairs to the Yellow Room, with only a very small group, Mrs. Carilu, the grand mistress of the Court, and two or three more members of the Greek party; Chief Justice and Mrs. Warren, who are always on hand, bless their hearts; and the Balls.

The Queen is always one who gets right down to what the State Department calls, "substantive conversation," and so I could overhear her saying to Lyndon, "something about Cyprus, forty miles straight, between there and Turkey, can get there in a motorboat, if anybody comes across, if there's any shooting, it will be all over. Our soldiers will start moving. But if we can be assured that they won't bother us, we will take the Bishop by the beard." Actually, she said that. And the watch word is if they move; so it's all a sort of power keg, the least match could set off a conflagration.

She has beauty, jewelry, brains, humor, she is also something of a firebrand, she might be difficult for the politicians of her country to

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deal with, but she^{is} somebody who works at her job, and I admire her tremendously.

After a drink and after the presentation of presents (and incidentally, one never gets to finish those drinks one has up there), we went down the stairs, Lyndon escorting the queen and I came with Princess Irene and Lynda Bird, stood at the bottom of the steps and had our picture taken. And at least I ~~did~~^{fare} pretty well in those, I think.

And then, this time, not to the tune of Hail to The Chief, because it was not a State occasion, we continued on into the East Room, to the receiving line.

I may be the only living human being who enjoys a receiving line, but it's the only contact I have with the people who are invited to the house, our house for the time being. It's my moment to express a little friendship, a little pleasure, interest; and so I do enjoy it.

From the Senate, there were the Fulbrights, the Sparkmans, the Symingtons, the Harrison Williams (almost the first time I've seen his wife down here); and Maurine Neuberger. And standing in for Rusk, there was George Ball.

From the House, the Albert Thomases, and the Peter ~~Froelich~~^{Froelichhausens} (looking like 10 generations of aristocrats had produced him) ^{and} thank goodness I had a few minutes to tell him how lovely I thought Blair House ^{was}; and young John Brademas, with whom we've been on some pleasant weekends; I was so happy to have Walter Jenkins there from our office,

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and I hope it was at least an hour's respite from the turmoil he's living in now.

And sweet little Marie Fehmer.

And then, how strange! ^{that} The first person from my home town of Marshall, Texas, should be Dr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Cole, the President of Wiley College, a negro!

Of course the guest list was heavily loaded with Greeks who have made a success in this country, who have contributed to the blood stream of its culture, its business, its achievements. Most of them I didn't know. Dr. Komanduras, who is co-founder of Medico. Mr. and Mrs. Plumides, he's the President of the American Hellenic Educational Progressive Association. Several Greek journalists, Greek bank presidents, Greek educators, Greek publishers. I think ^{Elia Kazan} ~~Elia~~ Kazan must be a Greek too, and I did so want one more minute to discuss with him, having seen After the Fall last week in New York.

To me, it was almost the most fun of all, ^{Journales} to have the Greeks I've known longest, George and Helen ~~Brown~~, at whose country place I spent so many happy afternoons.

And then from home, we had the Alfred Negleys, who stayed on and spent the night with us.

And a Greek party wouldn't be complete without Drew Pearson, that great traveler, ^{and Luvie} ~~that leavy~~ of whom I have become so fond.

^{was there} Mrs. Charles Lindbergh because she's going to write a story about

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me perhaps, and we thought it would be a good opportunity for her to see how the house runs now that I'm here.

But without a doubt, the most noticed Greek, was one of simple origin and simple achievements, Mr. and Mrs. John Galatos of Corpus Christi, Texas, because in the middle of the seated dinner, he got up, walked over, leaned over the Queen's chair and over Lyndon's chair and chatted with them, telling them how he and his wife were married on the very same day that the Queen and her husband were married, and how their child was born on the very same day, or just practically that, and how he, where he had known Lyndon 35 years ago in Corpus Christi, had predicted that one day, he would be President of the United States.

We certainly made Betty Beale happy, I think, by having her seated next to Adlai Stevenson, although she did have some heavy competition from Mrs. Lindbergh.

And it was a particularly nice time to have Blake Clark, who is really a Greek, ^{Deena} ~~Dina~~ (the last name is unpronounceable) on whose TV program I had appeared once —

In my description of my trip to Greece once, I think perhaps, the most relaxed and TV program I ever did.

This is the first time Lynda Bird has been present at a State occasion, in fact, at any important occasion since we've been here. She was seated next to the Princess. She doesn't - she doesn't say much about enjoying it, I hope she does. To me it seems such a marvelous opportunity.

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With dessert, I got up and said my few words of introduction of Lois Hunt and Earl Wrightsman, and they wandered among the tables, singing a medley of songs; a teeny bit of Puccini Opera; a sort of tour, a musical tour of the American theatre, which was utterly delightful except that perhaps that it kept our busy guests a little too late, since lunch ended at 3 o'clock.

One of the most interesting guests, was Mrs. Aline ^{Saarin}~~Saren~~, wife of the great architect, and I just wished - that's always one's greatest regret at these big affairs like this - that you don't have time to sit down and absorb each individual. I wished that I could have sat down and listened to her talk.

Lyndon's toast was charming and true, and adequate, because so much that we are, goes back to a little Greek town, of several thousand years ago.

And the Queen rather stole the show, because she was a wit, and she said that we had - the ~~delphic~~ ^{delphic} oracle must have left their country and come to ours, since John Gavatos was predicting that Lyndon would some day be President!

When I had bid the last guest goodbye, a little past three, I went upstairs to the Queens Sitting Room and I found that's the quietest place, one least likely to be interrupted in, and had a couple of hours with Mrs. Lindberg. It had only been planned to occupy about one hour, but because I liked listening and talking to her, I, myself, rather prolonged it.

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I was interested in such a diversity between her books Gift of the Sea which was so introspective and delicate, and sort of an essay ~~and~~ purely intellectual; and then her book, Dearly Beloved, which was a -- well, it had some humor in it, it had some bitterness, and it -- human beings lived pretty rough lives in it, pretty painful lives, at any rate. And she -- well, that they should both come out of the same mind, intrigued me.

I haven't the vaguest idea if she will ever write even one line on me, and don't care, but I'm glad to have spent some time with her.

It was interrupted in order to run down to the southwest portico and meet Warrie Lynn, and throw my arms around her, and hug her, and say "Come in, and help us run this place, dear." And Lynda Bird was down there, and naturally, Lynda's unfriends, the photographers.

Then after Mrs. Lindberg left, back to the desk, to work until about 7:30 when I got in touch with Nancy and Alfred, who were spending the night upstairs, and then we had drinks and we walked and we talked and we planned, and I think I got somebody who might do my needlepoint for me, and she gave me the most adorable owl, that looks like he might have come straight from Athena's shield.

Then Lyndon asked us to join him in the pool. By that time it was about 9 o'clock. It never bodes well when we have such a late dinner, because that always means that it's been a harassing day, a day of disappointments and failures, and troubles. So we went over and we went for a swim with him, and it had been a bad day.

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Cyprus and Panama, and a few troubles in Texas, don't all mix up to make a cream puff of a life.

We had dinner about 10:30 and the Mathises came over and joined us for coffee and then we went down and saw a very brief movie about the Presidency, and finally everybody, at long last to bed.

Sandwiched in with the day, and herein lies the crux of my dilemma, because it is sandwiched, was a little talk with Luci, during which she showed me a little Kodak picture of a sign in Maidenrock, Wisconsin, stretched across the street--and probably Maidenrock is the size of Johnson City--was a sign that said, "Welcome, Luci, to Maidenrock."

And then a little talk with Lynda, in which she told me some more about her walks each night. It seemed that the night before she had walked all the way to the Capitol and back!

It's obvious I'm not going to win the battle to keep us all close together unless I apply more time to it than I do to the press, to my public duties, to Lyndon's business.