

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, March 9, 1964

*Ch
tape*
This morning at 10 I met with Liz, Bess and Angie Duke, to discuss the coming foreign Chiefs of State visit. . . The Jordanians, the Israelians, four or five prospective others, ranging from State visits, *to* working visits. King ~~Hassam~~ *Hussain* of Jordan, is the first, coming in April.

In reviewing those we've had, *and* planning for the future, we decided that dancing would be good for those groups where we spoke the same which had language, /the same sort of music, and did the same dances. But that would be a total flop, *if* there was a serious language barrier.

The entertainment was a great help in - where there was a difficult-to-bridge gap, *language and background.* *That* might result in vast silences. . . And that although stag working lunches were good enough, a stag working dinner would be rather deadly and it would be much gayer to have men and women, *and* pretty clothes, *and* entertainment at night.

Then I had a session of work, with a sandwich at the desk, and then at 2 o'clock, *tea* with Mr. Boudin, the celebrated French decorator who had worked on the White House with Mrs. Kennedy. He was quite impressive, rather professionally charming, I thought; elderly, and French to his fingertips.

Mr. West sat with us. He told us about the fabric that had been selected by Mrs. Kennedy, *early last fall,* for drapes in the East Room. Mr. West confirmed that the present drapes were wearing out badly and that they would have to be replaced soon. It appears that everything had been planned previous

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to November 22nd, but that the fabric had to be woven to order. The first full length panel will be available in about two weeks and he promised to send it over to me to look at. It's a fait accompli and I can only hope that there's enough money in the treasury of the historical association to pay for it.

It looks like this will be the first order of business when the new committee for the Preservation of the White House has its meeting.

Mr. Boudin had done the Elms for Mrs. ^{Mrs. T.} Nestor, and we talked about the lovely rose fabric on the walls in the large salon. He told me the name of a famous French chateau, where the identical fabric was used and suggested the possibility that they might need some more of it - and here's one of the times when I wish I were a real salesman, because there is certainly some available for a good price, out there on the walls at the Elms. I let him know that it might be had, but I'm not enough of a salesman to make him drool at the prospect of getting it.

At 4 o'clock we had one of the concerts for young people. This time it was half the children of members of Congress, ranging from 13 to 20 years old, plus a group of 40 students from Foxcroft School in Middleburg, who had just finished going through on a special tour,

One of whom, incidentally, was Susan Englehard, the daughter of the Charles Englehard's from New Jersey.

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The entertainment was Charlie Byrd, who plays on his guitar, everything from jazz to Bach. I entered the Blue Room after everybody was seated, and introduced Charlie and his group. We had 30 minutes of good music, of a remarkable range and variety, my favorite being a Duke Ellington medley. There was an attractive program on each chair, for a child to take home as a souvenir, and then Lynda, Luci and I went to the Blue Room and shook hands with everybody.

A lot of the children I had known ages, and watched them grow up. Missy Grant; the Carl Alberts' smart little daughter; the two Talmadges', who had come all the way from school in Georgia for this; and Barry Goldwater's pretty blond daughter, who had followed Lynda Bird as queen of the Azalea Festival. I regretted that I hadn't been foresighted enough to ask all of the Cabinet children of similar age, to come down and serve as assistant hosts and hostesses. The children filed on in to the State Dining Room for punch and cookies and I made my exit.

Lynda and Luci had to leave too soon because they would have been good at mixing with the youngsters, but they must have a picture made with their daddy, for a story for Life; and then he corralled them into making a little speech to a voting registration group from New York State, that was in his office.

In preparation for my trip to Greece, Mr. Jernigan of the State Department

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and Angie Duke came over about 6:30 for a drink and a discussion of the Cyprus situation, so I ^{understand} know a bit about what I face when I get to Greece.

It seems that the general idea of the Greeks is, ..if you're not for us, you're against us. And nothing less than coming out on their side, will really satisfy them.

It's the age old problem, minority groups, 80% Greeks, 20% Turks, trying to live on the island of Cyprus - mutual distrust, fear, hatred, that's being whipped into a froth and assuming the proportions of a powder keg, all of which makes me wonder, one more time, how the world can look at the United States and belabor us for the way we handle our minority problems. It seems that we handle them with more conscience, with more hope, with more effort, to do right by minority groups, than just about anybody in the world.