

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Monday, June 22, 1964

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Began a week of foreign visitors. Inonu, grand old man of Turkey, strong right arm of ^{Atturk} ~~Atturk~~, called back to be Prime Minister in a very precarious period of his country's history, arrived this morning.

Frail, gentle, white moustached, accompanied by his sweet little wife who speaks no English. The ceremony was on the south lawn; fluttering flags, 21 gun salute (the first one always makes me shiver), welcoming speeches, and Diplomatic Corps lined up to greet.

Just as I emerged from the house, I remembered, too late, that the blue and white of my dress, were the colors of the flag of Greece.

Seeing the Inonus, brought to mind, the tumultuous welcome we had had in Ankara, and it took four hours to go from the airport to the downtown hotel, because we were literally traveling five miles an hour through acres and acres of pushing, screaming, cheering human beings. What a load - to think that that many people looked to you to help solve the age-old quarrel with Greece over Cyprus.

At 12:30 while Lyndon was having a stag luncheon for Mr. Inonu, I took Mrs. Inonu on the Sequoia for a sail down the Potomac, and lunch. There were about 25 guests, beginning with Mrs. Rusk. I was delighted that Billy Marcus was in town, and I could ask her. Even more so when I found that Jane ^{Barclay} ~~Barclay~~ had been her classmate in college. I had asked two of my best political friends, Carrie Davis and Lindy Boggs; and from the Senate, there was Bethene Church, and Betty Kukul, and Betty Fulbright.

Thank goodness, one guest, Mrs. Catherine Bracken, of the State

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Department, who is on the Turkish desk, could speak Turkish fluently, and was always on hand to help out with Mrs. Inonu, whose English was as non-existent as my Turkish.

Margie McNamara had just come from a meeting of Widening Horizons, a program to make the summer count for something for the young folks.

And Jane Freeman, one of my favorite Cabinet wives, always makes every party brighter. ^{Finley} It turned out that Mrs. Alfred ^{Finley} Phinney, had the most interesting topic of conversation because she was trying to buy - had practically closed negotiations on - an old warehouse, in a small village beside the sea in Anatolia, a Province of Turkey. Foundations of the warehouse were built in Roman times and there were Roman columns, a few still standing, some tumbling into the sea. She wants to renovate it and take her husband over there for a couple of months each year. There are no telephones, and almost no roads. The people are very friendly and it's out of the world.

One of the guests, Mrs. G. Peter Shirus, told me that her husband was down in Mississippi, helping register the voters, and I asked her, probably not very diplomatically, not to forget the 90%, while she was thinking about the 10%.

Hope Ridings Miller was the press reporter - I think a ride in a yacht would be just ^{The Diplomats} the diplomatic cup of tea!

^{Ch. Taylor}
^{The Diplomats}
^{Emergency?} Mrs. Drew Pearson had interesting things to say about her trip to Ethiopia, to visit Haile Selassie, where she had photographed him with his

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lions.

Mrs. Menemencioglu, the wife of the Turkish Ambassador, is one of the best dressed, most likeable members of the Diplomatic Corps.

It was a pleasant sail on a hot day, with everybody in a mood for gaiety because we were on a boat. My first time, to have a party on the boat since this change came about.

And on the menu we featured crepe suzettes ^{Mevhibe}, that is the maiden name of Mrs. Inonu. I also thought it was a good idea because I'm sure it must have been inexpensive. It was ground meat wrapped up in delicious crepes.

The barrier of decades and language kept me from really making any contact with Mrs. Inonu, but my heart went out to her, because her husband has such a very heavy role to play ^{at} ~~when~~ a time in life when there can't be too much strength left.

Later that afternoon, in the library, I met with a group of Missourians - Senator Symington, Senator Long, Congressman Carston; and a gentleman with unfortunate nickname of 'Cubby', former public relations man - for St. Louis 200th anniversary.

We had tea and 'Cubby' presented me with a Wedgewood plate, showing the skyline of St. Louis one hundred years ago. Familiar paddle wheel boat on the Mississippi. He told me that the city of St. Louis was preparing two sets of the ^{commemorative} ~~commemorative~~ plates in bone china, one to be presented to the

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White House, and one to us personally.

And then came the second big event of the day, the Shakespearean reception. This was the White House's bit to commemorate the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, which all the art world is doing this year. There were over 200 guests assembled in the East Room, with about 46 Universities and Colleges represented, ranging from Harvard to the University of South Dakota, the University of Alabama to Howard University, from Yale to the University of Utah.

Of course, my old friend Father Hartke from Catholic University. There couldn't be anything happening on the stage without him, with a hand in it.

There were three Stratford's represented; Stratford-on-Avon, England; Sir Fordham Flower and Lady Flower; and quite a contingent from England. The Stratford festival in Stratford, Ontario, Canada, and the Stratford festival in Connecticut. For that reason, the Connecticut delegation had been invited - the Ribicoffs, and the Dodds, and a sizeable number of the members of the House; and to my pleasure, Betty and Bill Fulbright.

Of course Lord and Lady Harlech were on hand in the front row and were the principal guests, because, after all, Shakespeare belongs to England.

The Folger Library was well represented; art critics from all over the United States, and amazingly, a Mr. and Mrs. Senori Fecuda from the Institute of Dramatic Arts in Tokyo.

I also had included some old friends, Jane Ickes, the Eliot Janeways,

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Dale and Scooter, and Perle Mesta, and Lois Mosely from New York; and Jean Robitscher and her nice doctor husband, from Pennsylvania; and the ^{Lawn} ~~Lorn~~ Thompsons, who I think enjoyed it more than anybody; and Grace Tully.

And of course, wherever art ~~is~~ rears its head in any form, there are the John Walkers of the National Gallery Art.

I was pleased that the Arthur Schlesingers were there, and also the Roger Stevens; and also the very attractive Mrs. William Lebroise who had been Luci's hostess in Annapolis.

And the ^{Wally} ~~Willie~~ Hopkins, but for them there should be a quiet, "just-us" visit.

Lynda Bird was delighted to see Henry ^{Hewes} ~~Hughes~~ of the Saturday Review, who had interested her so much at the Margo Jones award, and I was delighted at her taste.

Eugene Black of Brookings Institute and the World Bank, and also chairman of the National Shakespeare Committee, had asked us to have this reception, and it was planned as a ~~solu~~te to art.

It was a bad day for Lyndon - Turkey here and Greece coming, and he could not join us at the beginning and I sat down in the front row and the entertainment started. It was magnificent !

Maurice Evans doing a bit from Henry V to open it, and closing it with some lines from The Tempest. And he, alas, was the only one not in

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costume. Poor man had missed the plane and had arrived just in time to walk on the stage, with some Hamlet and Much Ado About Nothing.

Whatever? Ch tape!
But by far the outstanding thing, was Douglas Watson playing Richard the Third, Patricia Peardon's Lady Ann, in a scene in which he was, ^[the] sheer spirit of evil and she was all that's good, and beautiful, and honest. But she fell for him! It was a magnificent tour-de-force.

The actors were from the Globe Playhouse in Stratford, Connecticut, where the American Shakespeare Theatre for the last nine years, has produced Shakespear's plays.

I was entranced for half an hour and at the end Lynda Bird and I went up to thank them for all of our guests, and then I began feeling uncomfortable because Lyndon had not been there with us.

Blue Room?
We went into the East Room where I met everybody and had my picture made with the actors in costume, and Lyndon joined us long enough to say hello to the guests.

And then into the dining room for refreshments, where the wicked Richard the Third ~~and~~ ⁱⁿ his black velvet, his humped back and crippled leg, and the lovely gay ladies in their Shakespearean costumes, added one more memorable picture of entertainments in the White House for me.

Quick on the heels of that reception, Angier Biddle Duke came and fetched me, and Lyndon and I went out to the Turkish Embassy where Prime Minister and Mrs. Inonu had the return reception for us.

This castle-like, regal old home, not air-conditioned and stuffed to

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the last inch, was unbearably hot and I thought myself that I hoped their conversation - and there were only two or three men present - ^[was] were more productive than anything could be in this sort of social setting.

It was short and we returned to the White House, to find Him and Her and Blanco on the lawn. Blanco much gentler and happier now. I think Luci has finally succeeded in winning his love. And we walked, and raced, and strolled around the lawn with them, just Lyndon and I, and then went up and had dinner, and an early bed, except for the large packet of night reading.

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