

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Tuesday, October 25, 1966

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It was the fullest day that I remember on the whole trip. Such a feast of the picturesque, the colorful, of ancient history, and vivid today, of emotions, of scenes that I wanted to remember, that I felt as overstuffed as a Strasberg goose. Each event could have filled a day. I lived at least a month in this one 24 hours.

While I had breakfast a little past 7:00 I signed mail and then got my hair combed. And then joined Mrs. Marcos and the other First ~~and is~~ in a suite in the Hotel for coffee. There she presented to each of us a mahogany chest with a mother-of-pearl inlay. And as we opened ^{it} there were squeals of delight as we pulled out examples of their handicraft -- a ^{Capiz} ~~lapis~~ cigarette box, a place mat, a set of tinkling chimes, some embroidered napkins -- it was like Christmas!

Then we all stepped into a small air-conditioned bus and began a tour of the city. First to Luneta Park -- an impressive center-of-the-city open space on which Mrs. Marcos has concentrated her beautification efforts. It is a fecund country -- everything grows. There had been much recent planting -- blooming shrubs and ornamental trees. It was wonderfully clean. I noticed lots of waste baskets. The city in general is far from clean, but Luneta Park could be a sort of talisman -- something they would all be very proud of. It might in fact have an effect on the habits of the people.

It was beautiful, and I was full of praise for Mrs. Marcos.

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It was fun to see what all the ladies were wearing. Madame ~~CAO~~ Ky was in an all-white silk suit with a matching turban -- very elegant, -- the only one of us who was a match in youth and beauty for Mrs. Marcos, who wore a beautiful embroidered terno of ^{pink?} ~~penia~~ cloth. So many of these ~~Eastern~~ ladies are like butterflies. Mrs. Holt in her green and white shift, and I in my pink linen were quite simple in comparison.

We next went by the Intramuros ^{Restoration} ~~Best~~ Project -- the great walls built by the early Spaniards when they came to the Philippines in the 16th century -- now crumbling into decay in places ^{covered} with moss, winding for mile after mile around the ancient Castilian city.

Another of Mrs. Marcos' project is to restore the city's gates and the site where the early ^{Galleons} ~~Gallians~~ once landed.

She was a remarkable combination of always thoughtful, well-organized hostess and tour guide as we rode along, steeped in all the facts and g figures and goals of her many projects.

Next we came to St. Augustine Church. Augustinean Fathers took us around and recounted the history of this ancient ^{edifice} ~~edifice~~ which was I believe built in 1599. It has survived fires and earthquakes and the onslaught of the British in 1762 and the ^{deprivations} ~~deprivations~~ of the Japanese in 1945.

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The most fascinating thing to me was the mixture of cultures. There was a Chinese ^{lion of stone} ~~lawn~~ at the entrance of ~~stone~~, and there was a royal stairway of 44 Chinese granite steps ^{connecting} for making the upper and lower cloisters. Our guide told us they had been brought over from China on junks as ballast. And there were antique choir benches and stalls, ~~were~~ carved with what looked ^{like} for all the world the double-headed Hapsburg eagle.

The long corridors were full of religious statues and icons, dating back to the 16th century. And a life-size statue of Our Lady of Consolation with ivory hands and head. It's carried in a religious procession -- some fiesta -- riding on a decorated 19th century ^(? carriage?) carroosa. There were many Saints that were carried in religious processions. Some in the most elaborate velvet ~~gold~~ encrusted costumes, some looking like they were dressed for a portrait ^{by Velazquez} ~~Velaskie~~. Some of the Saints were quite horrible. One had just been most brutally killed apparently, and another was carrying his skull in his hands.

Then there were the remains of what had been a vast and ancient religious library -- printing, dating back to the 16th century -- ^{only} ~~with~~ a shadow, the Monks told me, of its old magnificence and richness. In it there was one letter about the history of Texas and its very early Spanish days. It was a vast and overwhelming mixing of cultures. To me one of the things that stood out most was that during the Japanese occupation, hundreds of

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people -- one guide said 600, one said several thousand -- had taken refuge here and had lived within these cramped walls for four years, carrying on all the business of life, cooking, eating, sleeping, ^{using} whatever sanitary provisions there were right within this church. And that was only yesterday. Lyndon was in Congress and Lynda Bird was one year old. And war is infinitely far away from us. We have not lived with it. I could have stayed all day. Actually we stayed less than half an hour.

Then next we went to another church -- Santa Ana -- where there had been archeological diggings conducted by Dr. Robert Fox, who of all things, used to be in Austin at the University as Curator ^[of our] -- their own archeological exhibit.

A sizeable crowd had gathered around the entrance to Santa Ana church, and we were practically mobbed by school children and shouting young folks as we inched our way to the inner patio.

The Philippino people are very volatile and expressive in general and the Philippino press the freest and the most aggressive I've ever seen. So many papers, so many columnists. But nothing could have dimmed my delight in what happened. These diggings are being sponsored by the First Lady herself -- a many-faceted woman -- and she had arranged for us to be here to actually watch the progress of a new dig -- once an ancient burial site. It was carefully roped off inside the patio of the old church. And there were partially exposed skeletons -- some in a curled

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up position, ^{some} ~~seen~~ earthenware vessels that indicated the Philippines had trade relations with China as much as 500 years before the arrival of the ^{Conquistadores} ~~Kan Biesta Dorres~~ -- this would be about the 12th century.

These were blue and white and of great interest to the knowledgeable archeologists. There had apparently been several layers of these burials going down, down, down. And around each some of the favorite earthy possessions// of the dead person. It gave a picture of this country as the crossroads of many cultures -- a center of trade -- a fascinating mixture. A box full of the artifacts which had been removed were shown to us and each of us were allowed to take our pick. Mrs. Holt chose a white earthenware piece, and Mrs. Thieu a bowl from Siam -- ^Nanamese ware it was called I believe. I choose a Celedon~~sa~~ jarlet. Mrs. ~~Co~~ Ky chose a [?]sawakalat jarlet. And the wife of the Korean Ambassador chose for Mrs. Park a blue jarlet. It was called Marco Polo ware, because it was what he had taken back with him on his famous voyage.

One of the skeletons was curled around a small household stove. It was a rich and spine-tingling experience for me. Every moment fascinated. I noted one of the skeletons appeared to have ^{filed} five teeth. And when I pointed it out to Dr. Fox, he was pleased and said, "Yes, you're right. That was a very ancient Philippine custom."

Then very close to the top of the dig there were Spanish tiles which dated around 1700.

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It was a most awesome cross-section of the life of man over nearly a thousand years.

On our way out I noticed we were walking on slabs of granite on which there were Chinese lettering. I asked about them and was told that these were Chinese graves and that an archeologist~~s~~ from the Smithsonian had just been visiting Dr. Fox this summer and he had spent some time deciphering them for him.

We climbed into the bus and drove on ^{into} the city today, interesting, volatile, clam~~m~~oring. We passed the handsome Fillam Life Insurance Co., all glass and steel with beautiful planting, juxtaposition of the 20th century with the 12th. I had been told that they had done a monstrous cleanup job of the city -- real garbage collection, real washing down of ~~a~~ walls and streets. How much I wish I had known it before!

Several times along the street I noticed a sort of screening, a barricade, like a fence, of palm leaves. I do not know whether it screened off a piece of construction or a row of shanties or what. Part of the cities' cosmetics for the ~~Summit~~ ^{Summit} Conference I suppose.

There were signs on some of the stone walls that had a foreboding look. One of them said, "Fierce Vultures". And ~~another~~ another said, "Wolves". I was told that they were put there by gangs of young hoodlums -- a very volatile, fec~~ed~~ ^{und} country.

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We went next to Freedom Plaza for the dedication ceremonies. It is a grassy plot right in front of Malacanang Palace where there is to be a monument to the Summit Conference. Today a crowd was gathered and the 7 First Ladies mounted the platform in a drizzle -- Mrs. Marcos in the middle -- I was on her right -- and then Zara Holt and then Mrs. Cao ~~Koo~~ Ky. ~~On the~~ On the other side Mrs. Thieu, Mrs. Kittikachorn, the wife of the Korean Ambassador. They played the 7 National Anthems. Then the rain stopped and the sun came out, and all 7 of us took hold of ribbons and unveiled a plaque officially proclaiming this Freedom Plaza. And then back into the bus and to the Hotel Manila to change clothes for what promised to be the most fascinating afternoon of the whole 17 fabulous days. It was ^{a trip to} Calatagan in the State of Putongas, a 40-minute or so flight from Manila. Only Zara Holt had chosen to go with me. The rest of the ladies were weary, I think, and wanted to rest or preferred to go shopping. There are no wares that could have tempted me from what we did that afternoon!

Our destination was a ranch. ~~To~~ me it sounded more like a feudal holding which had been owned for 200 years by the Zobel family.

They met us at the airstrip -- young, attractive ~~Enrique~~ ^{Enrique} Zobel -- he in casual ranch clothes, slim and aristocratic, and she in what looked like ^{Pucci} ~~poor~~ pants and shirt. And the Governor of the Province, Feliciano Leviste, a loud spoken effervescent man who would have been a politician

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in any country -- a local ^{"jese"} ~~haffie~~ for many years I was told. And a crowd of local people who had gathered at the grass airstrip to welcome us.

^{Enrique} ~~Enrique~~ offered me my choice of an air-conditioned car or the red jeep.

That was easy. I perched in the jeep and had a ~~ma~~ marvelous ride through the most beautiful terrain, ^{Heavily} heavily wooded mountains ring the horizon, ^{filled with} ~~low~~ lowering clouds like we would have a storm any minute. Every now and then there would be a glimpse of the sea. We were on a peninsula.

And the narrow road wound between tall palm trees, and I could see a vista of very verdant rice fields -- the greenest green in the world.

^{Enrique} ~~Enrique~~ told me that this used to be a hunting preserve of his families,

^a And there were deer and wild boar. Once his father had ~~a~~ killed a wild boar that weighed 600 pounds. And there were some monkeys still here.

But now it had been turned into a cattle ranch where they raise ^{Brahmas} ~~Brahmas~~ and ^{Charolais} ~~Charolais~~ and Santa Gertrudis. And the rest of it into a banana and

coconut plantation. We were driving through that now -- the most romantically beautiful country -- tall coconut palm and the lower banana trees -- great clouds of white herons floating through them. I felt like exclaiming with every breath. And then we came to an open field heavily grassed where there was a big herd of white Brahmas with their humps and their strange flopping ears, and cowboys on horses herding them.

Then we were going down a long lane, fenced on each side, with great masses of bougainvillea tumbling over the fence -- reds and pinks and purples --

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here and there towering century plants -- and the mountains and the sea in the distance.

We drove down to the Zobel's beach house -- a spacious, open-air ~~Cabana~~ ^{Cabana}, palm thatched, facing the sea, with a few rooms for dressing. I had worn my blue linen. How I wish I had brought some pants! But there were too many things to do. I was trying to talk and take pictures and remember every sight and sound all at the same time. Undoubtedly one of the most interesting humans of the day was Mr. Zobel, the father, aging but very masculine, ^{an} ~~the~~ imposing figure who would be the dominating center of any group. I was fascinated. He told me how he had been on the death march. ^{When} He finally escaped, he weighed 108 pounds. Somehow he made his way back to his ~~own~~ ⁱⁿ own men, and not more than a few weeks he was fighting again. All during the war he said, United States PT boats used to come in close to shore at Crocodile Point and received information from his faithful foreman -- all this while he was off fighting. He told us how also when it used to be a hunting preserve there was no house there then -- only wilderness. Men used to go off on a great roaring hunt, and then the ladies would be brought ^{into} them, riding in hammocks. A banquet would have been prepared in the middle of the forest. All that has changed now. You can see he is not entirely pleased with the changes of the day.

The sea stretched placidly in front of us. It was low tide and there was a long flat of mud across which patient men tramped, carrying huge

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nets. Hovering rather timidly at a distance were a group who must have been their wives and children and the old folks. I went over to speak to them. I do not know what my host thought of that. They~~xx~~ were very shy. It was hard to get them to speak. I asked one of the children "Where do you go to school?" She hung her head. With quiet dignity one of the older women answered, "They do not go to school. We are very poor." I felt like a cruel intruder with all our rich feasts spread out at the beach house. And I sensed a distant drum of trouble.

First at the beach house they passed coconut halves with straws in them, and the most delicious concoction of fruit juices and rum. And then hor d'oeuvres which I took to be the whole lunch -- shish-kebabs -- meat, pineapple, pepper, with what ~~■~~ looked like onions and tomatoes, all ~~secured~~ ^{skewered} on a long stick. I thought it was all of our lunch, and so ate heartily. Not so/ -- along came course after course of delicious food, much of what I didn't recognize -- some highly seasoned.

Mrs. Marcos beckoned the fishermen to come in. It was a muddy, miserable job. The sea here was not beautiful. Far out at anchor there did ride a beautiful white yacht which belonged to the Zobels.

The fishermen trudged in with their huge nets. I walked as far down the muddy beach as I could to see their catch. A pitifully small amount of tiny ~~●~~ silver fish in the bottom of their bucket. I hated to think of how many cents it would turn into.

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Someone brought out guitars, and Mrs. Marcos, being urged by everybody, sang in her warm charming way ^{that} ~~but~~ soon had others joining in or at least tapping their feet. She ended up with "Deep in the Heart of Texas" which everybody feels I am bound to love. Actually my heart does rise to "The Eyes of Texas are Upon You". But I remembered "Deep in the Heart of Texas" ~~which~~ principally as ^{Pappy Lee O'Daniel's} ~~Pappy Lee O'Daniel's~~ theme song.

After lunch we rode up to the Zobel's house -- a low white structure on a hillside with a beautiful view of the sea. During its construction some years ago they had located a number of burial sites, and there were still 37 known burial sites on this peninsula -- artifacts dating to ^{was} the 14 and 15th century. Because they had found indications of burials along what had become their driveway, they had simply dug up their own driveway for my arrival.

We parked the cars outside the fence and walked in with eager anticipation. There was the roped off ^{digging} ~~digging~~, only some 3 or 4 feet deep, and the partly exposed skeletons and grave objects -- a marker identifying each grave, small digging tools, delicate hair brushes, plenty of servants on hand, dish pans full of water to wash your finds. And we all set to work; Mrs. Marcos, Zara Holt and I -- thank goodness I had worn my flat-heel white shoes, and I wish there had been more give in my blue cotton dress. On my hands and knees I carefully excavated

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a jarlet and two bowls which Dr. Fox told me probably either belonged to the ^{Sung} ~~Soon~~ or Ming dynasty and had come through Chinese who traded with the early Philipinos. It was the most exciting afternoon I've ever had. All too soon we got the signal that we must stop. We went to the Zobel's house which is cool and gracious, elegantly "country", glass shelves that showed off marvelously earthenwares and porcelains, Chinese and ^{Thai} ~~Tai~~ and early Philipino, from the 14th and 15th century that had been dug up right on the site of the house when it was being built. And also under the glass tops of coffee tables there were rare and exotic seashells. Mrs. Marcos gave me a chambered ^{Nautilus} ~~rotulus~~. Mr. Zobel, Sr. passed around fruit juice and bananas from his own plantation, took us out to the porch to see the view of the sea. It must be a romantic life they live.

Close to 4:30 we left and were back at the Manila airport and then on to the Hotel at 5:00. I felt that Zara and I had shared a really unique and marvelous adventure, and I felt sorry for the ladies who had gone shopping.

It was just an hour or so of rest before time to dress for the glamorous evening -- the Barrio Fiesta which was to be the magnificent festive ending to the Summit Conference. And indeed I have never seen another night to equal it.

Mrs. Marcos had made to my measurements a native dress called the "mestizoturno" -- ^{Champagne} ~~campaign~~ colored with big puffed sleeves and low neck, and an apron or overskirt, elaborately embroidered, which

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made it traditional for the Barrio Fiesta. Lyndon was given a ^Bparong ta^Tgalob -- the thin embroidered shirt worn with open collar, and outside the trousers, ideal for this climate.

All the First Ladies and quite a few of the women of our party had received a dress from the Marcos' for the Fiesta.

We rolled up to the Mal^acan^ang Palace, which was once the residence of the Governors from Spain, and later was occupied by the American Governors General.

The great banyan trees were hung with paper lanterns -- ^{lanterns inevitable} ~~varietal~~ fairyland, And the building itself with all its multitude of arches was outlined in lights! This was only the beginning. When we alighted from the car we were escorted to a light buggy drawn by a pretty white horse whose harness was garlanded with flowers as was the buggy. It was called a ^Tilbury I learned. Lyndon was asked if he preferred a driver or would he drive. He would. And I beside him, not without a qualm or two because the grounds were swarming with merry^rmakers -- some 3,000 of them. And off to the right a cock fight was going on, watched by some of the guests, and yonder a parade was forming and there were six of these ^Tilburies with their prancing horses and their Chiefs of State -- it made an entrance!

We drove up to a great formal entrance -- the front I believe of Mal^acan^ang. There were more blue ladies with a fragrant lei for each of the First Ladies -- [?]thampogeita I think. And then we took our places in a sort of a box to watch the Santa^cruzan -- a religious processsion that

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marks a certain holiday -- the most colorful pageant I have ever seen.

First there was a band using all bamboo instruments -- a weird, exotic sound. And then ~~various~~ ^{Mathuselah} figures from the Bible including ~~Mathusala~~.

And much more familiarly, little girls dressed like angels. And then a giant multi-colored ~~lattern~~ ^{lantern} with ~~gillions~~ ^{gillions} of electric light bulbs inside going round and round -- a ~~well~~ wild melting of the modern with the

traditional. Then came the queens -- each of them walking under a

flower-decked arch carried by two attendants. There was ~~Loraina la bon de~~ ^{La Reina de la}

~~rada~~ ^{Bandera} -- the Queen of the flag. The Queens of faith, hope and charity.

And then ~~Loraina~~ ^{La Reina} sen tensiata -- symbol of martyrdom -- whose wrists were appropriately bound as she walked to her fate. All of them were

movie stars, and each more beautiful than the last. And then a long line of queens reaching its peak with ~~Loraina~~ ^{La Reina Paz} ~~path~~ -- the Queen of peace.

Another band, another giant ~~lattern~~ ^{lantern}. And the crescendo rose, and there was a series of ~~raina~~ ^{Reina} alanas, each with their consort under a canopy of flowers, carried ~~by~~ by four attendants. Another great whirling lattern.

And then the principal segalla -- the empa rochris with her consort.

~~Someone~~ Someone leaned over and said that this beautiful young woman and the man with her, both movie stars, had played the parts of the President and Mrs. Marcos in a recent movie. Then there were heralds and angels and a Bishop, and finally at long last the image of the blessed Virgin borne on the shoulders of four sacristans to the chant of "dios desolve" by the

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choir ladies, and by a procession of people walking along on each side of this parade who were carrying lighted candles. Intermingled in the procession were men carrying long bamboo poles on the end of which a huge paper ^{lantern} ~~latter~~ swayed and bobbed. It was a wild, colorful, wonderful mixture of the strains that ~~make~~ make up the Philipinos, the Pacific Island background and the Spanish and modern west, and a blending of the gay Fiesta, the emblems of religion.

And then when the chants died away, we turned to each other in the box to admire our turnos -- all the First Ladies had on ivory colored or champagned turnos. And all of the men wore their barong tagalogs, except President Park who came in a dark business suit.

We walked through the grounds, moving among rows of booths which displayed a variety of Philipino foods -- fish and pork and chicken, cooked in many fashions -- some wrapped in banana leaves. I heard that there were as many as 50 dishes, including one called "balute" which was an unhatched duckling roasted in the egg.

Here most of the guests -- and there were 3,000 -- were to load their trays with food and find a table under the trees. But the Chiefs of State and the VIPs were to make our way to the Hall of Hero. We paused briefly by the pit where a cock fight was going on -- eager watchers hanging over the top -- it was horrible, bloody, ugly. The only revolting thing in a gorgeous evening.

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We took our seats at a long table with our backs to the Pasig River. We had heard that there would be a fluvial parade, that some of the guests would arrive on the boats, including the Ministers of Foreign Affairs. But by this time I was pretty saturated with pageants. It was like being in a circus and wanting to watch all of the rings at once. So I concentrated on the banquet in front of me, and never really knew what happened to the fluvial parade.

It was dish after dish -- mostly bizarre -- many of them hot and spicy. Sometime during the dinner, a bevy of beautiful girls came in with great trays loaded with ^{tiaras} ~~arrows~~ made of tiny white flowers. They placed one on the head of each First Lady. But that was not all. There was a crown for each of the Chiefs of State. I must say that General Cao Ky looked quite racy, quite at home, in his. Lyndon accepted his graciously, thanked them very much, acknowledged it with a smile for Mrs. Marcos. And in a few moments it was lying by his plate, but not so quick as President Park's. Before the evening was over nearly all the men had removed their ceremonial crowns except Mr. Holyoake at the end of the table. He was ~~x~~ having a gayer and ~~k~~ gayer time as the evening proceeded, his cheeks quite rubicund. As I looked at him across the loaded board, he reminded me of a [?] highly [?] big Roman Emperor.

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As the banquet reached its end, more entertainment began. A festival dance -- a sort of thanksgiving for a good harvest by the Ifugaos from the Mountain Province. The dances were meant to show the customs of the various provinces and the many, many Islands that make up the Philippines -- Quezon, Lanao. And then the inevitable one where they have the bamboo poles which they click together while the dancers jump between them -- ~~en~~ⁱⁿlighting precision.

At last the finale which combines all of the dances and means a unity between the provinces, with all their different ethnic strains and backgrounds.

Right behind us on the Pasig River I was aware of some activity. When I turned around on the other bank there was a great lighted balloon which was hovering just a few feet off the ground. There I learned it was supposed to represent the Manila Summit Conference. At last, slowly it rose and wafted ~~ix~~ off into the dark sky toward the lights of Manila. Then there was general dancing among the guests. One of the Bayanihan Dance Troop members asked me to dance. I managed to survive -- not very gracefully. But the delight of the evening was to watch Mr. Holyoake. They had been playing the favorite tunes of all of our countries -- "Waltzing Matilda" for Holt of Australia; "Arirang" for President Park of Korea; "Deep in the Heart of TExas" for us. And then they struck up the ^{Maioni?} "Miore" song for Mr. Holyoake of New Zealand. I can only say that he did exactly

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as the painted ^{Maori} "Miore" chieftain who had greeted us in New Zealand. He grimaced, stuck out his tongue, waved his hands -- there were incredible contortions of his face. I would only have understood it having so recently been welcomed by a painted brown man in an animal skin. It is the native custom. He was living it up tonight. He presently rose and did a modified hula with one of the pretty young ladies from the dance troop.

Sometime during the evening I got the signatures of most of the Chiefs of State and their wives -- Mrs. Marcos very dearly put, "To Mrs. Johnson - Love - ^gEmelda Marcos." And I hope someday I will look at it and think that this was a night not only of the greatest pageantry and color and vivid entertainment, but also the night when something important began. The Summit Conference had been signed late that afternoon. In fact the Barrio Fiesta was late getting underway because the men finished their final communique so late. And indeed here at the banquet table signatures to a final document were added by several of the Chiefs of State.

Finally, about midnight Lyndon and I left, going along with most of the other Chiefs of State, although I think plenty of the guests were prepared to dance and eat and drink all night. ~~Never~~ Never had I seen its like! And the preparations, the logistics, the selecting of the guest list was a job so mammoth. I can only applaud Mrs. Marcos and hope that ~~know~~ she can rest for days.