

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1966 - page 1

began

Monday, October 31st, Halloween, ~~and in Kuala Lumpur, Asia at the very early hour of about 5:30~~ began in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, at the very early hour of about 5:30. Sleeping and eating get short shrifts on this trip. Coffee and then the hairdresser, and then a last look at the arts and crafts of Malaysia that have been gathered together in a sort of sun porch room for us to make purchases from, and about 6:40 with Ambassador and Mrs. Bell we left for the Palace on top of the hill. The band was playing the Star Spangled Banner on fifes. The Grand Chamberlain greeted us, and we walked under the gold ceremonial umbrellas up to the porch where the King and Queen awaited us.

Inside in the reception room delicious looking little morsels were passed on beautiful trays. I took some but never really got to eat them. That too is typical of this trip. Then we said ^{our} goodbye to the King and Queen, and to this beautiful rich green country. There were people all along the streets to the airport (though not [?] think^c at this early hour.

Ch. Taper

We walked down the red carpet, shaking hands with the American sector, the diplomatic corps, the government officials. One little group of American children in Halloween masks which carried me back 15 years and thousands of miles.

At 7:40 we were wheels up for Korea facing a 6 hour flight during which I slept, ate an ample lunch, and read about Korea. One

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/66 - page 2

gets to regarding these long flights as an oasis, a haven, a much desired period of insulation, in this 17 day crescendo of activity. Somewhere between Kuala Lumpur and Korea, we passed over Vietnam, right over Saigon. There were fighter planes accompanying us then - our own. I ^{was} ~~went to~~ sleep. I did not see them. But as we approached the ~~per~~ Special City of Seoul, I saw off our wings three little fighter planes flying in perfect formation, and off the other wing three more -- a thrilling entry.

And if I thought I had seen everything in welcomes, I was indeed completely wrong! Nothing was ever like Korea in all the visits in all of my life. We arrived at Kimpo (?) ~~Ok~~ International Airport about 3 o'clock local time. Ambassador and Mrs. Brown came aboard the plane, and for the second time on this trip I felt that I was in the hands of very special ~~fine~~ friends -- first the Clarks in Australia and now Mrs. Winfield Brown who had been Peggy Bell in whose home I had visited when I was in the University back in the 1930s where I had known her mother, her sister Kitty and brother Francis Kelley. They are one of the most extraordinarily able Ambassadorial couples I have ever met, and I don't know a job where a man needs a working wife more.

They escorted us down the steps of the plane, and here the pagentry began, for the railings were festooned with flowers -- a mass of flowers from top to bottom -- and we were facing a sea of men and women and children, the first emplacement of the 2 million Koreans

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/66 - page 3

that welcomed us. There were President and Mrs. Park at the foot of the steps. I had been hearing ever since the beginning of the Manila Conference that Mrs. Park did not accompany the President because she was making preparations for our visit, but I had no idea of the scope of the preparations. I was to see them in the next two and a half days, ranging from new China and silver chop sticks for the State Dinner, the first such service they had ever had ~~xxx~~ I am told, to the familiar ^{American} music that was played for us along the streets, to the mammoth Korean and American flags that floated in the air anchored by balloons above the civic square.

Suddenly a squad of ROK Air Force Jet fighters ~~zoomed~~ zoomed out of nowhere and from low overhead, leaving a pathway of red, ~~x~~ green, blue, yellow and pink smoke, and the bands played our two national anthems, and we stood very erect, and the cannon boomed out the 21 gun salute. Anybody's ~~xx~~ whose pulse didn't race was a child of dullness indeed.

I looked up at the rainbow colors in the sky and thought of the two other rainbows we had seen on this trip -- Australia and the ~~Philippines~~ ~~Philippines~~ Philippines -- and I took it as a good omen.

Lyndon and President Park reviewed the troops standing in a jeep. Somehow this seems like the Koreans -- no nonsense. It was thoroughly done, quickly over.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/66 - page 4

President Park is a slight, dark, tough looking man. I believe him a good friend and a formidable enemy. He looks like smiling doesn't come easy to him. Nevertheless he was smiling most of the time during this afternoon. He completely lacks the hero image, the glamour, the physical charm of Marcos and yet there is something commanding about him, something very firm, and I would lay my bet on him.

Mrs. Park is smiling all the time, a very womanly, gracious, gentle, thoroughly high class person. She is ^{for me} among the favorite first ladies who have ever come to visit us in Washington, ~~with me~~.

I was soon loaded with flowers, always presented by children.

// During the speeches I raised my eyes to see what the terrain looked like. There in front of us ^{were} ~~was~~ the austere forbidding mountains rising dark against the sky line — and the years of '50, '53 when Korea was a painful word to Americans loomed darkly in my mind. It was a time of stress and uncertainty, and ~~wrenching~~ ^{wrenching} national decisions, and more than 50,000 Americans died somewhere in those same mountains. And now this country Korea is one of the success stories of Asia. I hope I shall live to see the same thing happen with the beast that we wrestle with today. Perhaps it is this bond of association that made Korea for me the most dramatic stop of all, although from the very beginning

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/66 - page 5

it seemed stark, almost drab country, with little grass and few trees to relieve the grim mountains and the great city, more than 50 percent of which had been destroyed by the invasion in '50 to '53.

But my feeling that these were a tough, determined, industrial^{ous} intelligent people going places grew with every hour that I was there. I liked them.

It was past 3:40 when we got in the limousine and led by our motorcycle escort of 31, began the ten mile or so drive to the heart of the city. It was a tremendous, emotion packed two hours. Things I will never forget: a sea of ~~axes~~ faces on all sides, and ^s the ^{the} whenever we came to an open square ~~with~~ tributary streets into it were full of people as far as your eye could see, and all the windows above you. The amazing variety of signs, homemade, many of them with pictures of Lyndon, some sentimental "Welcome King of Kings" "The Greatest Leader of the World" and "The friendly handclasp we welcome you" "We Like LBJ With All Our Hearts". Many right out of a western movie picturing Lyndon in cowboy boots and a big hat and two guns saying "Welcome, Texas Giant" - "Gallop, Cowboy" "Thanks, Texas Bby, We Love You." and one hilarious one: "Texas Bull We Like" and even one that said "Welcome Blue Bird", and there were big posters of Lyndon and President Park. It was a man's country. I don't remember any ^{posters} of me and Mrs. Park. // →

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/66 -- page 6

School children lined up in their uniforms, black and maroon and blue, many of the girls wearing trousers. Mrs. Park explained they did in winter. We passed innumerable bands, a group doing a harvest dance with a dragon and masks and a king and a crown.

// Once on the edge of town Lyndon made his way through the crowd to a rice paddy, and I saw him balancing atop a narrow dyke while he reached over to greet workers in the field. Eight times he stopped to shake hands, standing in the door of the car waving and talking. Once he sat on the roof waving Korean and American flags while the crowd around him went wild. I soon saw that I was no match for this crowd. To get in to it was to be swallowed up and devoured so I stayed inside the bubble top car with Mrs. Park and the interpreter, ^{getting} ~~looking~~ out only to receive flowers and ~~back~~ bend over and greet children and wave and smile and nearly get run over as they made a dash for Lyndon, and then back into the car where the stack of flowers grew higher and higher on the shelf behind Mrs. Park and me. //

We passed a huge monumental arch which Mrs. Park called the South Gate, and on every inch of it and what appeared to be steps were standing girls in colorful native costumes.

Emotions grew higher, the roar of the crowd louder; there was no end to the signs. Lyndon in a mandarin hat, "Leader of the world," "Arch-enemy of Communism," "our bosom friend," "Lady Bird Fly High Up"

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/166 - page7

"You Outpolled all Your Opponents in our Gallop Poll," Please Come
President Johnson, Apostle of Peace, and one whose philosophy
was a bit mixed up "Welcome to the King of Democracy." Another
delicious one "We Love Brave Johnny." There was not one single
demonstrator nor hostile sign.

Between the South ~~Cage~~ Gate and the City Hall Plaza we
were ~~w~~ showered with ~~confes~~ confetti and flowers. The air
above was thick with them, The windshield covered. And there
at the Plaza ^{when} we thought emotions had reached their peak, and there
could be no more, we heard the roar of the massed crowd estimated
at 350,000, and a chorus of 2000 girls in bright traditional dress
sang the ^{Aurang} ~~Aurong~~ (?) song, and high in the air above ^{floated} ~~flew~~ two
giant ~~big~~ flags-- the Korean and the American -- which were anchored
by balloons.

Here the Mayor was to receive us and give us the Golden
Key to the city. We climbed the steps to the reception platform
between two columns of girls in pink satin, scattering rose petals,
and then at the top ^I ~~we~~ turned to face the mass of ~~people~~ ^{They} 350,000
people. It was an awe-~~si~~ inspiring sight. ~~We~~ swayed like wheat,
Some were pushing to get closer, and those in front couldn't move,
and I could see that some -- the girls in the singing chorus -- were
being trampled. The crowd was on a razor edge between ~~extasy and~~
^s ~~ectasy~~ and frenzy. It was frightening. Here and there I saw police
moving in with their sticks making people sit down, carrying out girls

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/66 - page 8

?
who had fainted
^ on their shoulders.

President Park was speaking impassively. I could not see that he noticed. He said the Korean people were welcoming the American President as "our closest friend, our most honored guest, the foremost political leader of the free world ;in this century. We have been much indebted to you as comrades in arms," and looking at him and at these people I believed him when he said "Please be assured that ours is not a nation which will indefinitely be indebted to others, but rather is a nation which knows how to requite its obligations, which has a keen sense of responsibility and which abides by good faith."

Mayor Kim (?) presented the real gold key to the city of Seoul to Lyndon. His nickname, delightfully, is Bulldozer because he gets things done in a tough, fast fashion.

// While we were seated waiting Lyndon's turn to speak, he ~~for~~ leaned over at me and said "You've got confetti in your hair". Take your comb and get it out." I shook my head, not wanting to comb my hair in front of thousands of people, and to my embarrassment he took out his comb, leaned over and flicked it out piece by piece. I was annoyed. So much for my sense of good public relations. It was the thing that caught the eye of the Korean press, all the women especially, and was repeated to us over and over. Apparently to them it meant that he was solicitous of me, careful with me, and they liked it. //

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/66 - page 9

In his speech Lyndon said "To an American the free soil of Korea is hallowed ground." He spoke of the 54,000 Americans who had died in the bitter '50 to '53 battle^s of our two partnerships against red aggression, that one and the present one in which the South Koreans have 45,000 soldiers besides ours in Vietnam, and of Korea's remarkable ~~economic~~ economic progress, and then it was over and we made our way from the crowded square, and left by chopper for Walker Hill, feeling absolutely exhausted by the emotional pitch of the last two hours.

Walker Hill is a resort clinging to the high hills overlooking the special city of Seoul named after an American General who died in the fighting of the 50s. We were to stay in Villa Emerald. The Browns took us there, and it was a charming place furnished with antique Korean chests, some lovely porcelain^{ans}, some of their national treasures, I understand, and a beautiful screen with ~~alternate~~ alternate panels of butterflies and fans. Its large picture windows looked down upon Seoul and off to the mountains.

By now we had made a complete circle, leaving Washington in the fall going to the Spring of forsythia and tulips in Australia, and here in Korea back to the golden gingko trees and bright red maples -- the last of them we had left in October Washington. I had time for a little talk with Peggy and then the much needed ministrations of the hairdresser, and into my green Princess Margaret evening dress

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/66 - page 10

over which I wore the long cloak of Korean fabric that Mrs. Kim had given ^{and of the} me to the State Dinner given by President and Mrs. Park.

A little past 8 we left in a helicopter with the Browns for the Blue House, the Korean White House or Presidential residence. there on the front steps we were greeted by President and Mrs. Park and I would swear the band was playing Dixie! In fact, in all of this roaring, tumultous day we were curiously accompanied by a wellknown old time American songs. It was just as though somebody had gone through Seoul with sheet music -- 50 Favorite Songs of America. I had heard Oh Suzanna, Way Down upon the Swanee River, My Old Kentucky Home, and over and over and over Texas, Fight, Yellow Rose of Texas and the Eyes of Texas. One more example of the infinitely studious and industrious way they had gone about making us feel at home.

Later I was told that Blue House had been painted just three days before our arrival and also the Capitol had been as well as the Korea House and the Art Gallery. Blue House was spacious and handsome, but there was something austere and spare about it, a characteristic I sensed in everything about Korea -- its buildings, its people.

There was a receiving line in the Grand Reception Room and we met the guests, some 200 of them, and then we went into a private room for the exchange of gifts. Somewhere, I don't quite remember, except that it was at a quiet moment, we met one of the

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/66 - page 11

Parks' daughters, a shy, sweet girl, and this lent the visit another touch of the sincerity that so marked it - to share their homelife with us. Mrs. Park gave me two lovely brocades, one yellow and she explained she had selected it because she knew it was my favorite color, and one embroidered with lillies of the valley. She told me smilingly this was the flower of happiness.

I never ceased to be amazed at both her thoughtfulness and her diligence, all the infinite details that had gone into planning this visit, from personally supervising our apartment at Emerald Villa -- the Browns told us that both she and the President came out and walked through room by room, changing, asking for additions -- to ordering the 2 qnd one-half tons of confetti that fluttered through the air above us at City Hall Plaza, and the millions of chrysanth^meums that festooned our way everywhere, to choosing everyone of the dances and auditioning them, of the 30 minutes entertainment after dinner.

From Blue House we went directly to the Capitol Building where we were greeted by Prime Minister and Mrs. Chang (?), and then up the curving red carpeted staircase -- I held on to President Park's arm; a staircase in long dress and high heel shoes is always a mental hazard to me -- into the main hall for the state dinner. The President ~~nevertheless~~ murmured to me that they had had to divide the dinner into two rooms but they were connected by sound -- the same problem we have in the White House. The four of us were seated side

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/66 - page 12.

by side at the head of a long horseshoe table. I was a sponge soaking up every detail -- the walls festooned with flowers, a lovely miniature screen at each place, ~~and~~ a menu card made in authentic fashion with folding panels of wood and silk with a peacock crest embroidered at the top, and the menu done alternately in Korean characters I cannot distinguish from any other of the Eastern languages (they all look like chicken scratching to me) and in English, x

First, ginges - steamed rice in a bowl. Everything was in a bowl -- delicate blue and white bowls and small dishes. Nothing that I would call a plate. And glassware, all with the peacock crest. And ^csilver chop sticks! I understand that everything was bought new and especially for the visit. Abalone soup and ambrosia casserole and mustard ~~and~~ spiced vegetables, such strange unknowns as ~~fried~~ fried sea greens and toasted sealabar (?), and I was relieved to see such familiar names as sliced cold beef and charcoal broiled beef. But, Amazingly they came in portions the size of your little finger -- everything did -- lots of dishes and very small servings. The keolul pan, or 9 delicacies, were mostly unknown to me. Some tasted like shredded pickled vegetables. Since I liked the people so much, I suppose I can ~~dare to~~ dare to say, that I liked the food least of all, and it was only when we reached the deserts ~~that~~ -- honeyed pine nut ^{nugget} and that simple old familiar fruit, apple, that I really enjoyed. ^{what I was eating} The rice wine, about a thimble full, was strong and stinging, but it was

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

10/31/66 - page 13

not re-filled. In fact, I had the feeling that Koreans do not eat heavily or drink heavily.

It ended with gensing (?) nectar tea, and then there were toasts with champagne, ~~and~~ ^{and} a custom of this part of the world is ~~that~~ ^{that} the national anthem strikes up, the guests rise, glass in ~~chance~~ hand, and stand until the anthem is finished, then the President makes a toast, and then you drink. One sits down and in a few minutes the process is repeated. The other national anthem, the guests standing at attention, glass in hand, the toast, the lifting of the glass -- quite a lengthy process.

But the evening was not yet over! We drove next to Citizens Hall, the four of us together in a limousine, and all the other guests in a bus. What a night for logistics! Ours moved smoothly. At citizens Hall we were escorted to a box, the four of us, to watch a 30 minute entertainment of Korean folk dancing which began sedately enough with typical court dancing, beautiful girls dancing gracefully with flower crowns on their heads. The costumes and colors and musical instruments had been the same ~~for~~ for hundreds of years.

This one came from the Three Kingdoms Period of about 600AD.

The tempo changed. The ~~4~~ ¹ bangataria (?) which is a miller's song, and then to the Twelve Drum Dance which is a form of Buddhist Monk dance, and the dancer races around the stage, ~~w to the~~ ^{on} beat of the separate twelve drums, hurrying madly from drum to drum

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

10/31/66 - page 14

*Finished & ready to give to
Library - except Ch. 11 & 12
page 11 & 12 - egg
7/31/81*

striking each with all his might. I leaned over to the President and said "That reminds me of Lyndon trying to get all of his work done."

It was a veritable crescendo of activity, but we hadn't seen anything yet. The evening closed with the Farmer's Dance, the traditional festival music of the farmers in Korea celebrating a rich harvest. Dressed in bright costumes ~~of~~ the farmers whirled on to the stage, each with long streamers of ribbon attached to his hat which as he danced floated, ~~looped~~ looped, circled around him in a madly increasing tempo. The dancer would use his neck with all the agility you would use your arm -- to the left, to the right, whirling it like a wheel with a tour-de-force of skill and sheer physical strength. The dignified audience loved it. As our star took the center of the stage bounding, somersaulting, twirling ever faster and faster, his neck miraculously keeping the ribbon spinning around him, they clapped, they cheered, it was like watching a football game! Finally, the dancer dropped from exhaustion, and the next one took over. A wonderful finale for the evening! Miraculously, it ended on time. We gratefully said goodbye because it had been a very full, and wearing, and glorious day, and by midnight we had helicoptered to Walker Hill and were in the comfortable Villa Emerald to spend our ~~x~~ first night in this special city of Seoul, which had greeted us with the biggest crowd ever to turn out in Korean history, the 2 million people being twice as many as the crowd that welcomed President Eisenhower in 1953. ###