

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

Monday, April 3, 1967

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Lyndon and I awoke late, blessedly, for it had been 2:00 when we had gotten to sleep. It was a beautiful golden day. My hair was a disaster and I ~~have~~ dressed in my Navy silk and the blue and white hat that Luci had borrowed all last year, which covers everything, and went down for the arrival ceremony on the South Lawn at 11:30 for the President of Turkey and Mrs. Suni.

It was absolutely glorious -- the South Lawn full of eager spectators, the magnolia soulangeana bursting out, the daffodils in drifts by the tennis court.

I was happy to remember that somewhere out in the crowd, personally escorted there by Ashton, was nice bouncy John Louis with his niece and nephew who are over from France.

The arrival was like many others. And each is so dramatic that it would be an affront to life to forget any~~one~~. The big black limousines rolled up and Jimmy Symington squeezed out, introducing President Suni -- heavy set, very military, in his late sixties, And his plump, comfortable wife, who communicates with a smile but no English. It was beautiful pageantry. Red uniforms on the balcony and the glorious bursts of the trumpets, the flags whipping in the wind, my heart turning over at the first sudden shot of the 19-gun salute on the Mall. Lyndon escorting President Suni in review of the troops around the South Lawn. The welcoming speeches to the battery of cameras and then into the car. The President with Lyndon

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in the first, and Mrs. Suni and Sylvia in the next. And I was trying to explain to her about our not-so-great ceremonial avenue, and the Inaugural parades there and the Capitol dome there in the distance and the red-coated fife and drum corps in the uniform of George Washington's day, all the time looking at the moderate-sized crowds along the street and remembering that roaring welcome in <sup>ap? Ankara</sup> Anchorage where it took us 2-1/2 hours to drive from the airport to the hotel, swamped by millions of enthusiastic Turks.

~~We satiated~~  
Well, Washington ~~satiated~~ And they come here, Heads of State -- a dozen or two a year.

Mrs. Suni was beaming. We departed then at the Blair House and ~~then~~ came home where I lunched with Lynda in my room.

There is something very special about this day -- this week -- because for the first time in five months we have both of our girls under this roof of the White House with us.

In the afternoon I took a long ride with Mary Laska <sup>or</sup> and Nash <sup>Castro</sup> ~~Kestul~~.  
Haines Point, Pennsylvania Avenue, the Jefferson School, a review of the things we have done in the past two years, as spring comes into full flower.

[see made]  
The rather firm decision to plant our white dogwoods -- a thought of ours and gift of the Inaugural Committee -- along the banks of the Potomac as you approach Memorial Bridge on the highway from the Airport. I want them identified and remembered as the gift of the Inaugural Committee of 1964.

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These rides around Washington are both quiet <sup>balm</sup>~~bomb~~ and quick <sup>adrenalin!</sup>~~adrenalin!~~.  
I love seeing what's been done. I yearn to see more. My enjoyment of Nash and Mary grows with each season.

Back at the White House I worked at the desk, had a rub and then went into the Oval Room to look at the gifts. I was not pleased with <sup>[four lists?]</sup> Alice. The usual books and photographs, all right; the set of placeplates, not as handsome as I would like; and a copy of George Washington's sword. This for President Suni was rather good. There is for us an enormous, handsome Turkish rug, a life-time of handwork I am sure. And for me a dress and jacket of exquisite fabric incrésted with embroidery.

I put on my John Louis <sup>Chiffon</sup>~~Chiffon~~, with its rather psychedelic drift of colors, and then <sup>the other</sup> John Louis came in, bubbling as I knew he would about his visit to the White House and the arrival ceremony.

<sup>There followed</sup>  
Over the usual tense moments of seeing that Lyndon was into his tux and down at the front Portico just in time -- we weren't quite -- and then the President and Madam Suni alighted with the <sup>[Chiffon?]</sup>essen bells in swift pursuit. And we went upstairs for a drink and get-acquainted ceremony, taking with us just their son, Dr. Atillis [and I,] and their Minister of Foreign Affairs and his wife, Dean and Virginia, and our Ambassador Parker Hart.

Lynda and Luci came in. Luci quite lovely in her apricot chiffon, part of a <sup>Tram</sup>~~truss~~, and her hair piled high, excited because she had as she said, her first manacure in five months and it was such fun to be <sup>elegant</sup>~~elegant~~ again!

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John Louis was so touched by her delight in that that he insisted in giving her her hair-do. And it was lovely. To me <sup>Lynne?</sup> [she] looked regal and rather vulnerable, in a young, sweet <sup>fey</sup> way. In her hair she was wearing the pin that had been worn to a party for General Lafayette. Miss Hudspeth had given it to her.

Following the colors, we took our guests down the grand stair case, photos, and then on to the East Room to receive the 140 guests. From the Cabinet, Joe ~~Fala~~ <sup>Ford</sup> and the McNamaras, Justice and Mrs. Brennan from the Court, and not a very large contingent from the Senate, Stu Symington without Evie who is ill; and Bill and Betty Fulbright hotly pursued later on by all the reporters, Thurston ~~Martin~~ <sup>Martin</sup>, and Senator and Mrs. Tower of Texas who I myself had put on the list when I had combed it and had found that they had not been to a State Dinner in over three years...

Tall, impressive Governor Love of Colorado was there. Congressman Bob Jones of Alabama, The Ray Hares -- he'd been Ambassador to Turkey when we made our marvelous visit there -- and Betty Furness. Everybody has told us how many hours she has spent working on her job, how much she loves it. And from business, the John Harpers (Aluminum), the George William Millers (Textron), the George Culmans of Philip Morris, and a balance from labor. There were old friends and house guests: Roy <sup>Huffman</sup> ~~Huffman~~ of Houston, and Ruth and Janie <sup>J. Lee</sup> Johnson from Ft. Worth. I asked them to join me after dinner for a night cap on the second floor.

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For entertainment, ~~Bea~~ Lilley. A few people asking for autographs and she as wide-eyed as any. I did want her to have a good time and I worried a bit about her until I saw that she was sitting next to Walt Rostow. And ~~Spyrus~~ Skourus, who was seated next to Lynda Bird. From the Press, my traveling companion, Francis <sup>Levine</sup>, and handsome Eric Severide <sup>of</sup> CBS. The young Charles Weltner of Atlanta, usually with the Democratic National Committee and something of a hero with young intellectuals. Interesting things said during the evening to me, Dean ~~Atchison~~ <sup>Johnson</sup> <sup>relect</sup> <sup>atortlec</sup> intellectual of yesteryear, telling me quite earnestly that Lynda Bird looked like NeverTeeTee(?) <sup>reperitite</sup> And Adolph ~~Birdie~~ <sup>Birdie</sup>, another old timer, wandering quietly around the Red Room with his wife looking at Presidential portraits. I went up and talked with him. He told me that he had first come here during President Taft's time and reminisced a bit about all the Presidents he had worked for. He is <sup>statly</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>articulately</sup> on Lyndon's side in the Viet-Nam issue and with keen pleasure I expressed our gratitude. I was seated between the President and the Minister of Foreign Affairs and found to my delight that the Minister spoke some English. But like many of these evenings it was one I had to work at, relying heavily of course on the very real delights of my visit to Turkey. <sup>Ankara</sup> ~~Ankara~~, Isnia, Istanbul and its romantic <sup>bazaar</sup> ~~bazaar~~ where I purchased copper and its beautiful harbor. We talked about archeology and President Suni told me that they had discovered as many

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as six cities, layer under layer under layer, that everywhere you dug in Turkey you were likely to find signs of man's past. <sup>18</sup> Because Anatolia especially was sort of a bridge between Asia and Europe. Willie Day had thoughtfully sent me a note about the President's wedding present to Luci. So I was able to thank ~~ys~~ him for the beautiful rug which would someday add character to their home.

I smiled across Monroe's ~~vermace~~ <sup>vermace</sup> at Lyndon, bracketed between two Turkish-speaking ladies and ~~reach across~~ <sup>Chap?</sup> reaching across Miss Cogliango to talk to Mr. Justice Brennan. Both Lyndon and President Suni invoked the memory of the Truman Doctrine 20 years ago this year with words of praise and my eyes searched for Dean ~~Atchison~~ <sup>Acheson</sup>'s face. He must remember it with satisfaction. "In the words of one commentator, who is still with us, the Truman Doctrine was a disastrous entanglement in an anti-communist crusade which could only lead to a much wider war," Lyndon said, and then went on, "Today Greece and Turkey and Korea are taken for granted as dynamic freedom-loving nations. And I hazard the guess that in 20 years the Republic of Viet-Nam will similarly be taken for granted. I hope I shall live to see some of ~~the~~ today's problems settled! But I dare say that there will be plenty others. And ~~you~~ <sup>who</sup> can predict of what sort, engulfing us in the world, ~~which~~ <sup>st</sup> ~~st~~ <sup>st</sup> idently competing for attention. I think of the Speaker and his story about the man who came into his office saying he had the worst problem in the world to discuss with him. And the Speaker said to his visitor, "Did you see



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that man that brushed by you as you were coming in and he was on the way out?" "Yes," said the visitor. And the speaker said, "Well, he had the worst problem in the world."

We went into the Red Room for coffee and liqueurs, and one of the guests I was most delighted to see, Sherman Birdbeel <sup>well</sup> from Austin came up. I had heard at the last moment from Bill Deason that he was in town and added him to the list. And we had much to reminisce about.

It was nearly 11:00 when we went into the East Room to see one of the most off-beat performances in the White House entertaining that I have seen <sup>who wrote it? - Jules Verne?</sup> and one of the most delightful - Selections from "Akabon", "Voyage to the Moon". I introduced it with some words of praise for Sarah Carwell, <sup>Caldwell</sup> its very imaginative, creative Director. It was hilarious, a sort of <sup>Jules Verne</sup> ~~Jewels Burns~~ fantasy, costumes of black and white plastic raincoats and umbrellas and moon rockets and wacky scientists and everything turning out all right in the name of love. The story was printed in both English and Turkish and such a handsome program that once more I was proud of our White House arrangements.

Our guests made their departure right after the entertainment. The next day the press made much of the fact that Senator Fulbright had left ahead of them. And Lyndon was hardly ten minutes behind them. But I lingered for half an hour saying goodnight to all the guests. And then with <sup>Ruth and</sup> ~~Ruth and~~ Ruth and <sup>Lee</sup> ~~Janie~~ Johnson and Roy and Lynda and Luci, settled down for a good

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talk and night cap on the second floor. Ruth had found a George <sup>Caleb Bingham</sup> ~~Calepingham~~,

2 Pikes Peak which he had purchased for their museum. An unheard of feat.

And Roy -- it was in the back of both our minds, his and mine -- that

<sup>Dane</sup> ~~Deanie~~ was not there with us. He told me all ~~about~~ about his children

and their scholastic accomplishments. One of them, Roy, Jr., is a

Professor at Harvard, speaks eleven languages and writes nine. ~~XXXX~~ It

was a brisk, wide-ranging, interesting hour~~x~~. We talked about everything from campaigns of 20 years ago to art in Texas and landscaping everywhere.

Lyndon was in bed with his night-reading. And I was so sorry that he missed it. This was the heart of our visit. A half hour doing just what I wanted to do!