

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Thursday, March 12, 1964

This morning I dressed early, in solid black, with my mantilla draped over my <sup>a</sup>m~~o~~line hat, and set out with President Truman and Mr. Labouisse for the Cathedral for the requiem mass <sup>for</sup> ~~of~~ King Paul.

The entrance to the Cathedral was flanked by solid flanks of photographers with flashing bulbs and a uniformed palace aide here and there, heavily laden with medals and ribbons. The dim interior of the Cathedral, <sup>g</sup>was really rather small, but into it crowded the most brilliant pageantry I had ever witnessed. In the center of the Cathedral, on a raised dais, was the coffin of King Paul, draped with the royal standard and with the crown on top of it. On the floor, all around the casket <sup>g</sup>was a raised, velvet covered platform, on which reposed many, many, lovely, <sup>g</sup>elaborate pillows, each bearing the coat of arms of a country, and on the pillows, <sup>g</sup>medals, ribbons, decorations representing Orders or Honors that had been given to King Paul in his lifetime.

In the front of the church, <sup>g</sup>was Archbishop Christostomas of Athens, 84, the head of the Greek Orthodox Church, and the most amazing assemblage of high appellates of the church, <sup>g</sup>I have ever seen, <sup>—</sup>about 50 in number, I think, most of them in long, brocaded robes, a different design in each, vying with each other for magnificence; bejeweled, with medallions and topped with a gold dome of a hat, that, <sup>g</sup>I understand, <sup>g</sup>weighs about seven lbs. A few of them wore the long, <sup>g</sup>black robes, <sup>g</sup>and the pill box hat with the

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flowing veils, and every last one of them had a beard of great proportions.

On the right of the coffin, was seated the royal family. Queen Frederika, truly regal and beautiful, in a long black velvet, flowing coat-dress, topped by a heavy veil, on the arm of the youthful new King Constantine. Beside her, Princess Sophie, and Juan Carlos, on the other side Princess Irene, and behind, all the assembled kin, including the lovely, young Ann Marie of Denmark, who was engaged to marry King Constantine.

On the left side of the church, were lined up visiting chiefs of State. The two gentlemen on my right, I never knew for sure, but I think one was the Prince of Lichtenstein, and then I and President Truman, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, King ~~Baudouin~~ <sup>BAUDOUIN</sup> of Belgium, and Frederick the 9th of Denmark, King Gustav the VI of Sweden, King Olaf of Norway, and Prince Philip of Britain.

Standing in the rear of the church, were all of the other delegates from many countries - and how I would have hated to be a Chief of Protocol that day! Not a word of the service did I understand, or of the six hymns that were written, I know, by John of Damascus, twelve centuries ago, but there is one line, I think, that reads, "There is no difference between King and soldier, rich and poor, just and sinner."

At the end of the service, Queen Frederika went to the coffin, knelt, and kissed the cross on top of it, and then she was followed by King Constantine who did the same. There was also a sword on top of the coffin. And then came the two princesses. Then the white-skirted, blue-jacketed Royal ~~Eberson~~ <sup>EVZONES</sup>

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guards, each of whom, I think, must have been chosen for his handsomeness, marched in, picked up the pillows bearing the medals, and walked out with them. <sup>EVZDNFS</sup> Eight ~~Elsons~~ appeared, and how fascinated I am by their costumes; their legs covered with what you might call either leotards or white union suits, the starched, stiff white skirts with the long flowing sleeves, and the elaborately embroidered blue jackets; the little black caps with the great display of tassel, and the heavy shoes, with the huge pom-pom on the front.

They lifted the casket and marched out, and my chief feeling was that I wish somewhere in the ceremony, they had said, "Here we are, saying goodbye to a human being, a man, King Paul."

The casket was loaded onto a gun carriage, and pulled through the streets of Athens, by 100 blue-uniformed Navy men. The King was a great Navy man himself. There was a long, long rope, <sup>and</sup> in a double file of the sailors pulling. There was a riderless horse, a dappled grey, one of the King's favorites, I was told. Then Queen Frederika, regal throughout, veiled down to the waist, and young, dignified, solemn, King Constantine, with sword and baton, and behind him Princess Sophie; a man whom I think, was the Queen's brother, and Princess Marie, wearing no veil.

Then there was a line of royalty, including the King of Sweden; the King of Denmark, Queen Juliana. And in the next row, I found myself — pleasantly enough, with Prince Ranier of Monaco, and Prince Philip of England. Right behind me Archbishop Makarias.

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As we walked the mile and a half from the cathedral to where the procession ended, <sup>g</sup>at the Hotel Hilton, with a million estimated Athenians lining the road, I saw a few women, <sup>g</sup>with candles, ~~and~~ a few women weeping, but not much evidence of grief. It worried me rather.

President Truman rode in a car, I'm glad to say, for it was a long walk, about an hour and a half. Prince Philip said, "we measure our pace to the oldest Priest, and he is 92."

He proved to be a delightful companion, if one can even say that word, <sup>g</sup>in speaking of a funeral procession. I asked him if there was any tradition about why the coffin was pulled by men, instead of horses, and he said yes. When Queen Victoria died, and the body arrived at the railroad station, they loaded it on to a carriage, and hitched the horses to it, it was necessary to pull it up a long hill. The horses began to shy and <sup>rear</sup>~~are~~ and prance, and be utterly uncontrollable, so they unhitched the horses, called in the Navy, applied a long rope, everybody took hold, and off they pulled. And since, royalty has been carried to its grave by humans.

Once, along the way, he asked me if I had ever been to Greece before and I said, "Yes, I had a delightful time on the Island of <sup>C</sup>Korfu with the King and Queen in August or September of 1962." And he said, "Oh, yes! I was born in that house." How mixed up those royal families get and how difficult it would be to unwind all the strings of relationship <sup>^</sup>to an outsider, that is.

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He went on to say that he was exiled when he was only one year old .

As we walked along between the crowd, which was really quite a sea of faces, whenever there was a cross-street, I was conscious of a strange noise, to me, the best way I can describe it, is a hiss. Later I heard that it was an effort to hush (sh-sh-sh) to make people ~~to~~ refrain from chatter but I rather doubt it. I simply do not know at whom the hissing could have been directed; [that] the royal family and all the principles of state were in a group so very close together.

Just as we arrived in front of the Hotel Hilton, an unpleasant little incident occurred. The cortege began to break, each to get into his own car. Archbishop Makarias turned off to the left, to get into his limousine. The crowd gathered around him [and] in a great cluster, and began to cheer and clapp and shout. Mr. Labouisse told me that he raised his hands in salute and did nothing whatever to discourage them.

Mr. Labouisse rode with President Truman and me to Taktoy Palace, a beautiful country place, 16 miles from Athens, the summer home, in the hills, with a beautiful wooded area, a sort of park, in which is the family cemetery, not unlike many of the old homes in the south.

The funeral procession itself, was wending its slower way through the little villages, with all the family behind, but the rest of the Chiefs of State arrived there, walked down the paths to the grove, where there's a small chapel, and five tombs, and there, we all stood around, on one

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foot and then another, not knowing exactly what to do.

Queen Julianna, who had a very laudible way of helping out and taking charge, I think, came walking up to us, to President Truman and Mr. Labouisse, and me, and said, "Somebody ought to be making introductions, somebody ought to be going around, seeing that we are presented to each other. We don't know all the people here," and looked rather nervously around. And she said, "Mr. Labouisse, why don't you go out and introduce yourself to them and then bring them up and present them to us?" I thought, "What an excellent idea."

So Mr. Labouisse, obligingly, turned around and approached the first couple that he saw, and brought them up to introduce them. Ironically enough, it turned out to be Prince Loraton, of Cambodia, whose countrymen, just yesterday, had been throwing stones at our Embassy. But not to be stopped by a bad beginning, Mr. Labouisse looked around, and brought up whom the Crown Prince of Ethiopia, / We had met when Haile Selassie was in Washington. The Chekov de Mobile of France, the Foreign Minister, and the Chief of Protocol of Jordan, whose King will be coming to Washington soon to visit us.

Queen Julianna's tendency to help out, reminded me of how in the Cathedral, two or three hours earlier, she had looked around at me, and gestured rather frantically at me to take off my right glove, pulling the fingers on her own right hand. I did so, and looked around, and observed that every woman in the Cathedral within eyesight, had a bare right hand but a glove on her left hand. Queen Julianna leaned over and said something

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like this, "It's just like the man wearing his hat in church." I was grateful because how would I ever have known?

Finally, someone began to lead the way down onto the sylvan path, because evidently we were not yet at the real burial place. Off to the right you could see a cross and a tomb. Another block or two along you could see <sup>[the trees]</sup> the trees to the left, <sup>choose</sup> another tomb. We passed several, apparently each monarch would ~~use~~ <sup>[his]</sup> his own site during lifetime. And this line has been going on a hundred years because, the night before at the palace, I had seen a great many women wearing identical gold pins, <sup>and w</sup> When I asked what they were they said they were given for the centennial celebration of this ruling house of Greece, when they had met the year before, for a very happy gathering.

After a walk of a quarter mile or so, <sup>down</sup> down a gravel path, we arrived at the clearing where there was a newly dug grave, and there we all began a very long wait, <sup>which</sup> which lasted an hour. Fortunately, someone presently arrived with two chairs, one for the Princess Alice, who <sup>wraith-like</sup> wraith-like in her grey religious habit, <sup>was</sup> was leaning on the arm of Prince Philip. All the kinfolks were gathered on one side of the path, and all the other Chiefs of State on the other. And the second chair was given to President Truman, bringing about the most amusing little bit of double talk. <sup>To</sup> To the nice young man who offered him the chair, <sup>President Truman</sup> President Truman said, "You are going to make an old man out of me yet." And the young man answered, thinking

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of the fact that it was going to be quite a while before the coffin and Queen Frederika would arrive, said "I'm afraid it's going to be quite a long while."

Mr. Truman answered, "I hope so.", referring, of course, to his approaching old age.

We waited on that pine forested hilltop for a full hour. Then down the path, came the procession, headed by a court chaplain, carrying the holy Icon of Pinus, then King Constantine and Queen Frederika, who had in her hand, one small wild flower, a lavender, cup-like flower. Later on, someone said, "Oh, yes! Now it's the time for the ~~nemeneze~~ <sup>one more</sup>."

The eight ~~Ebzone~~ <sup>EVZONES</sup> of the royal guard carried the coffin such a long way through the woods, lowered it into the grave, removed the royal standard, folded it carefully, and gave it to King Constantine, who kissed it and then handed it to his mother, who also kissed it and kept it in her hands. Then the national anthem was being played, in mourning time, and a chorus of young boys, in long, red robes, on the other side of the burial place, sang the anthem. At the end, three shots were fired, and then Queen Frederika approached the grave, threw in her wild flower, knelt, crossed herself, and walked out.

The King approached, and saluted very gravely, and then other members of the family did the same as he in their turn, and then the Chiefs of State. When it came our time, we approached the grave, President Truman and I, and bowed respectfully, and turned and walked back up the path. I thought



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that this spot, that the King himself, had selected, and on which he had piled 62 stones in the course of the years, one for each year of his life, was as beautiful a place as one could find for the last resting unless it's a certain spot on the Pedernales River.

Then we all turned around and went back to <sup>Taktoy</sup> ~~Detoy~~ Palace; the seven kings, the former kings, three or so queens, some two dozen princes and princesses, and all the notables from around the world.

Inside <sup>TAKTOY</sup> ~~Detoy~~, it looked very much like a comfortable country home of a well-to-do family; bright, cheerful, chintz, big chairs and sofas, and once more in the long dining room, the sort of lunch, and by now it was nearly four o'clock, spread out on the buffet table, that was not unlike what might have happened at home, on such an occasion, when neighbors would come in with ham and potato salad, and fried chicken, so that all the visiting relatives would have something to eat. But by this time, there had been a long day and President Truman was well ready to depart for some rest, so I hardly had a small plate of food and a few words with some of the passing nobility, before Ambassador Labouisse and President Truman swooped me up and out we went, making our last goodbys, our last word of sympathy to the young, solemn, (soft-faced), very nice looking young man that now has to assume the burden of being a King, and Queen Frederika, regal to the last moment.

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Ambassador and Mrs. Labouisse had the delegation, the present Archbishop  
~~Yarvakos~~ <sup>de</sup> <sup>Prodemas</sup> <sup>.ca</sup> Yarvakos, Congressman Brahmus, Mike Manatos, Judge John Pappas, Mr.  
Plumides, the Angier Biddle Dukes, Harry Vaughn, Cliff Daniels, Liz, and  
also Robert Dowling, he was there representing the Mayor of New York, and

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General James VanFleet, who had played such a great part for President Truman in Korea, retired Ambassador Carl Rankin, and all the Embassy staff, some of whom I had come to know when I was here a year and a half or so ago; and too especially, Mrs. Brewster and Mrs. Maury, whom I had come to feel quite fond of on this trip; and Miss Marion Mitchell, who used when I and is now to be here ~~and~~ was here before ~~when I had~~ gone to Karachi, but was back for a brief stay.

We loaded our plates abundantly, because really, <sup>[there]</sup> it had been a lot of food offered and little eaten up until now, for me at least. . . Enjoyed several drinks and then a good dinner, and then President Truman played the piano a little bit, there were delightful toasts, and at an early hour, <sup>2</sup> we all dispersed, <sup>3</sup> homeward and to bed.