

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, March 13, 1964

And what a long day this was. It began rather early, about 9 o'clock, with a tour of the ^{Agora} ~~agora~~, with young Mrs. Papandreu, Mrs. Kostapolis, Mrs. Labouisse, and a most knowledgable and attractive young archaeologist. The ^{Agora} ~~agora~~, which seems to have been a sort of combination marketplace or commercial center, and civic center of the old Greek city, is a number two tourist attraction in Athens. There is a temple, I believe its the Temple of Ephestus, actually in better condition than the Parthenon. And then the carefully unearthed structural outlines of a dozen or so buildings; and then one long building, completely reconstructed by the Rockefeller Foundation, on the exact lines of the old ~~agora~~, or market place. It is a museum, filled with amphora, jewels, reproductions of burial sites, all brought very much alive by the attractive young guide, if only the edge of my interest hadn't been so blunted by weariness and the 48 hours of pageantry I had just lived through.

After that we went to the American Embassy with Mrs. Labouisse and Mrs. Brewster, and Mrs. Maury, met the Ambassador, and joined President Truman, to go out in front of the Embassy grounds, where all of the staff were gathered together, remembering that about three fourths of them are Greek, and the rest American citizens, and spoke to them very briefly. All the while, much aware of the strain that was being placed on all of those who were Greeks, by the current Cyprus situation, and aware too, of an infinite amount of patience it takes to be a Diplomat.

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, March 13, 1964

Page 2

The atmosphere had not been ~~lightened~~ ^{heightened} that morning by hearing Mrs. Papandrea say very softly, "The news from Cyprus is not good, not good."

From the Embassy, we drove to the airport - and there was a happy, gay sight - a whole group of American school children, living in Athens, who had turned out to greet us - the cutest, brightest little faces, all saying, "Give our love to the President." Or maybe even, "You're prettier than your pictures."

I hope that the Ambassador and Mrs. Labouisse went home to a hot tub and a sleeping pill, and a good stiff drink, because they had really been put through a hard time.

We said our grateful goodbys to everybody, boarded the plane, for what turned out to be a thirteen and a half hour ride home, instead of a nine hour ride.

I completely lost track of time, everybody's watch said something different, we arrived at the Shannon Airport, instead of going back by the Azores. I met the mayor of Limerick, a lady, the first woman mayor they had had in 750 years. I can't imagine how - maybe it just means the city had just been in existence that long - because I can hardly imagine that 750 years ago they had one.

I had a taped interview, everybody went around shopping madly, I did buy a bottle of perfume for Mrs. Truman, walked briskly up and down the airport grounds, to get a little fresh air after being in the plane so long,

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Friday, March 13, 1964

Page 3

then boarding it again, for an interminable ride to Washington. I made some good use of the time, by talking to each member of the delegation, at length, trying to get their impressions. Actually the delegation itself, was one of the most interesting parts of the whole trip to me. . . .

Tried to sleep and found it impossible, and finally at 6:45 United States time, arrived at Andrews, to be greeted by Lyndon, who had gotten there five minutes earlier, after having had a low flying plane trip over five states, that were flooded by the Ohio River, one of the worst floods in history. He had met the Governors of the states, had surveyed the damage and discussed his plans to bring some kind of Federal aid, and all the time he had had along with him, shanghaied, two luncheon guests, Ed Weisl of New York and Mr. Newhouse, of the newspaper chain.

We told President Truman goodbye and I must say, I have never had a better traveling companion.

And then we got in the helicopter and headed for the White House, where we found two more houseguests, Jim Cain, bless his heart, down to attend a heart specialist gathering; and Jesse Kellum, paler, quieter, than the Jesse of a few months ago.

I joined the gentlemen for dinner, but since this was about my fourth meal in a day of some 21 hours, I can't exactly say I was hungry, so very soon after dinner, I said goodnight and went to bed, glad to be back in the land of the free, with Friday the thirteenth over, safely.