

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, March 11, 1964

Arriving at Athens about 8:45, we were met at the foot of the steps, by Prince Michael, a relative of the family, and Madam Carlou, lady in waiting to the Queen Mother. There were troops, and National Anthems, and President Truman and I, in company with Prince Michael, walked down the line of troops. And then we went in our limousines, and headed for the Hilton, ^[was] the Athens Hilton, which, after the manner of all Hiltons, glass and steel, and stark and bare, and very new. . . Comfortable enough but not the charm of the Grande Bretagne. Since it was only about 2 am. to me, I had a hard time acting awake along the road, but Prince Michael livened things up a little, by searching for a topic of conversation and saying, "President Truman, my grandfather was in your country. He was aide-de-camp to General Grant." And then Truman said, "Young man, as far as that little lady over there is concerned, and me too, you're grandfather was on the wrong side." Prince Michael was rather abashed, but it gave me a wonderful opportunity to say, ". . . that we have had our wounds, and suffered deeply, but the years had taught us that if we are going to be one nation, we've got to be united, and forget our hostilities." I just hope it meant something to him in terms of Cyprus.

Really the more I see of the rest of the world, the prouder I am of the United States.

Ambassador and Mrs. Labouisse, our old friends, had also met us at the plane, and presently they joined us at the hotel, and escorted us to the palace, to sign the guest book, a matter of only a few minutes.

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And then back to the hotel for a little rest.

And then at noon, Mrs. Labouisse had arranged just exactly what I would have liked most, a small lunch, just the six of us, she and I, Liz, Robin Duke; two very attractive women from the Embassy, Mrs. Brewster and Mrs. Maury.

We drove out along the shore line of the Aegean, to a small restaurant perched high on a cliff, went in - there was a fire built in the corner, and whirring merrily, because it was crisp day, although bright.

We began with octopus, which I by-passed, and lobster which I enjoyed. Went on to a very delicious fish, that only an hour ago, had been wriggling in the Aegean, and a good salad of tomatoes, cucumbers, and that excellent Greek cheese. And ended with Greek coffee which tasted as though it had come from the very bottom of the pot, because you practically had to eat it with a spoon, rather than drink it - and very sweet.

Mrs. Labouisse filled me in on much that has happened since I was there in '62, in August. Our friend, Karamanlis, is, of course, no longer Prime Minister. When the government fell, there was for a time, a caretaker government, of which he was in charge. And then there was the campaign, to which he did not pour himself with enormous effort and earnestness and enthusiasms, thinking that because he had given the country really a very good administration for eight years, that they practically owed him a return. It didn't happen that way. An old time Greek politician, Mr. Papandreou, about 75, once long ago, briefly, Prime Minister, and who was described

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by several people to me, as a demigod of the first quality, won the Prime Ministership by a sizeable majority. And here something interesting is injected, his son had gone to the United States, become a citizen, married an American girl, and was teaching Economics at the University of California, in Berkeley. His son gave up his American citizenship, returned ~~to~~ his wife, to Athens, to serve as Minister under his father.

Since the old gentleman, himself, is a widower, it was with the young Mrs. Papandreou, an American girl, that I went around that afternoon, and also with Mrs. Kastapoulis, the wife of the Foreign Minister.

They picked me up, along with Mrs. Labouisse, about - oh, 4:30 and we drove out through the city, to the most charming spot, high in the hills, a little Byzantine Monastery. It was built during the time of the Byzantine Empire, and yet it incorporated columns, statues, little pieces of marble in the walls, in the garden, as decoration here and there, from Pagan days. They had sort of borrowed them from some old Pagan temple, or maybe it's best to say that they've used it as a marble quarry, for their construction.

Inside the church, which was very small, the walls and domed ceilings, were covered with Biblical pictures, still fresh and brightly colored, after how many centuries! There were no pews, there were standing positions along the walls for the worshipers, a sort of little pen where you would walk in and a place to lean your elbow.

The garden was quite charming and lovingly tended. You could see the little cells that the Monks had lived in. And a great big room with some

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enormous stone things, that had been the olive press. Services are no longer held there, nor do any Monks inhabit the place. It's just for tourists to look at.

In spite of the cold weather, the almond trees were blooming, very much like peach or pear blossoms at home. And all along the winding road, up to the Monastery, I had seen a great deal of planting that must have been done by the hand of man. Cypress trees, tall, straight, funeral trees, that I would have called cedar, or in the language of the south, a cemetery tree, although higher. To them they are cypress. There were eucalyptus, there were pine, there were others I didn't know.

I found that a wealthy and patriotic Greek lady had devoted her own life, funds and organizing ability to get anybody else to, to help replant this part close to Athens, which had been badly denuded of all trees during the German occupation, when everything was cut down to furnish fire wood.

We drove past the Acropolis, and arrived on a high hill about sunset with a magnificent view of the Acropolis, and there, against that background, we had our picture taken, the young Mrs. Papandreou, Mrs. Kastapoulis, and me. I kept on wondering what was going on in the mind of this young American woman, what divided loyalty, what prospect for the future, what hazards she faced. She said something interesting about her husband's economic interest in the future of the country, how Israel had about the same sort of a climate

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and resources, and they had done so much with them. ² And indicated that they were possibly going to make a study of an industridization along the same lines.

One thing sure, tourism, a chief source of their income right now, won't exactly blossom in the climate of mobs surrounding the Embassy and throwing stones. . . And uncertainty about who is going to invade Cyprus, when.

The Ambassador had told me that it had just been decided, ³ that the Queen would receive all the visiting delegation at the castle that night, ⁴ for an informal supper reception.

I had a funny time getting dressed. I put on my black evening dress, which is quite strapless, and therefore not appropriate for any occasion connected with a funeral, and I draped around it, ² my black lace mantilla, high over my shoulders and throat, ³ and coming down low over my arms, ⁴ and being pinned in the back with a pearl pin. And it looked real merry widow. But then I took that off and put on the long sleeved ⁵ black jacket, ⁶ I had ^[made] made for the occasion - and looked rather Salvation Army, but in a smart way, I hope. Finally, I set out with the black lace underneath, and the black jacket thrown around me, for what was one of the most interesting evenings I ever spent.

The invitation, in French, "diner Palaise Royale Dauphine 9 o'clock," was limited to two members of the Chiefs of State, and so therefore, ⁷ it was President Truman and me, however, the Ambassador went along with us, as

*Must mean
"Chiefs of
Delegation"*

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a sort of shepherd, I suppose.

Upon entering Mrs. Carlou, the lady-in-waiting and oh, what a busy time she must have had, told me that Queen Fredericka wanted to receive me and she led me upstairs and down halls, and finally to a very small sitting room, where I found Queen Fredericka, dressed most beautifully, in long black, looking so beautiful and somewhat forlorn; I wished I could have really communicated with her because I admire her and I know what a break in this life, the death of her husband must be. But the words were rather trite. Happily, I remembered her visit to our country, and how sad that so immediately upon her return to her own, she found herself faced with the desperate illness of her husband.

It was a brief but graceful meeting and then I walked out into the hall -- one of and there I encountered the most remarkable members of the whole entourage. A very elderly lady, who floated along in a grey habit, must have been from some religious order, the Princess Alice, the mother of Prince Philip of England!

Then we gradually melted into a vast banquet hall, where there was a long buffet table set up, heavily laden with a great variety of meats, salads, jellied dishes, and beer and orange juice to drink.

And it was there that I got the very first opportunity to see the great galaxie of Chiefs of State, and representatives of Chiefs of State, that had come to the funeral.

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From some 30 or 40 countries, I think. There was so much of [che] royalty that I had met on my trip to Scandinavia only last October - the King of Denmark, and friendly Queen Ingrid of Denmark, and beautiful Ann Marie, their princess, who is going to be married to young King Constantine of Greece; spry and elderly King Gustav Adolphus of Sweden; King Olaf of Norway; and then from my Benelux trip, the very attractive young king of Belgium, ^{an} Bodouin; and the slight, amiable, moustached Grand Duke ^{Jean} ~~Jan~~ ^{co} ~~Ch~~ ^{Ch} ~~Gran~~ of ~~Luxembourg~~ ^{Luxembourg}, and his Grande Duchess Josephine Charlotte.

And then one of the most solid and impressive members of royalty, Queen Julienne of Holland, and her very attractive husband, Prince Bernard.

Among royalty, ^g actually on the job, the tallest and handsomest, ^g was the Duke of Edinburgh, husband to Queen Elizabeth, who, after all, it must be remembered, is also a cousin of King Paul. I hardly see how he finished handing out the cigars that morning, because it was just that very morning that he became ^{at} father for the fourth time.

And there was Prince Ranier of Monaco, [looking rather world weary and bored]; and of those close to the throne, there was the brother of the Shah of Iran, taller and handsomer than the Shah, really a terrifically attractive man.

A numerous and interesting group, ^g were those Kings out of work or pretenders, ^A whatever you would call them. There was King Umberto, of Italy; the Duke de ^{na} ~~B~~ ^{na} ~~g~~ ^{na} ganza, pretender to the throne of Portugal; the Comte de ^{Paris} ~~Pierre~~, a Bourbon, ^g I believe, pretender to the throne of France, _____

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established, that is without deGaulle on it; King Michael of Rumania, son of Queen Helen, grandson of Queen Marie, who's handsomeness was blunted by a look of great frustration on his countenance. There was even a Prince Nicholas Romanoff, and I wondered where into the Russian hierarchy, he fitted. There was pretender to the throne of Spain, Don Juan, father of Juan Carlos, who is married to the oldest daughter, Princess Sophie of Greece.

From a tall, uniformed, heavily be-medaled gentleman behind me and I think he must have been of one of the royal families no longer in office I heard the most interesting remark, I wish I could remember it exactly. It went something like this "...There are three sorts of people that speak the same language, to understand each other - wandering gypsies, royal families, (and here I can't remember what the third kind was, and it intrigues me)."

Of course, all eyes were on Archbishop Makarios, the representative from Cyprus, and as Angie had said, he is not the man to go unnoticed.

Ch
Kaps Someone kindly escorted me to the only table in the large room. It had about [?] chairs at it, and I sat there with the plate of food, together with Queen Ingrid, President Truman, and several other people whose identity I was not quite sure of, but I think one was the Duchess of Kent. And for the first time, I was aware of something, the Diplomats always take notice of in our country, and that I always find rather amusing and ridiculous, that is, how much time a Chief of State spends with a certain foreign delegate, because [that] Queen

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Fredericka was sitting with Archbishop Makarios for quite a long time, chatting with him in a corner.

A great clutch of the guests were royalty from small German states, now extinct, but very much recognized in all royal circles. They were the relatives of Queen Fredericka; there was Princess Theodora of Baden; Prince Peter Schleswig Holstein; Prince Ludwig of Baden and also Prince Max; Duke Karl of ^{at}B~~u~~tenburg; Prince and Princess Wolfe of Hanover; Princess Marguerithe of Hohenloe; Prince Fred Wilhelm von Poisson; a Prince Ernst August of Hanover; - - it began to sound just like the map of Germany before it became unified.

President Truman wanted to leave at the earliest possible moment, and Ambassador Labouisse left to take him home, saying that he would return forme in a few minutes.

Eating was unimportant, and looking and listening was very important! I found it fascinating but I'm afraid I would have seemed gauche to Angie and many sophisticated people because I walked up to those whom I had met on trips or had been our visitors in the United States, and introduced myself and just chatted with them.

I left early, not unmindful of the fact that it had been about 1:30 stomach time when I had arisen that morning, and I gave a thought to Lynda Bird, who — clear across the world [^] was being hosted ^{ra} to the last of the six groups of members of the House of Representantives and their wives, who were coming to the

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reception for briefing, upstairs tour and dancing.

Much later, I learned that she had been star of the show and had bewitched everybody.