The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training
Foreign Affairs Oral History Project

AMBASSADOR RAYMOND A. HARE

Interviewed by: Dayton Mak
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INTERVIEW

HARE: This is the first tape of an interview with Ambassador Raymond A. Hare conducted by Dayton Mak during the summer of 1987.

Over a period of several days, I (Dayton Mak) had the pleasure of interviewing Ambassador Hare. These tapes are the result of conversations which dealt with the Ambassador's life from his early boyhood in Maine until retirement in 1966. The Ambassador wished to make them entirely informal and generally free from lengthy discussion of any particular situations or problems with which he was confronted in his

professional career. The Ambassador's views and comments on specific diplomatic situations or problems can be found in other interviews, the tapes and texts of which are available elsewhere.

This record is meant to give an overall view of the Ambassador's career as he saw it, an indication of what he thought was significant in his early background and education as well as his views as to what were the most important aspects of his career. In the interest of brevity I have taken the text of these tapes as transcribed and have edited them to eliminate materials which might be considered extraneous or a duplication in the hope that they will be more useful to students or others in search of historical material. This text is, therefore, not a full transcript of the tapes. I hope that they are, nevertheless, an accurate summary of his comments. The original and complete tapes are, of course, available for those who wish to hear the Ambassador in the original.

The text of the Ambassador's comments begin here:

"Very often, when one is asked to look into the past, one tends to recall only the more momentous or the most historically significant incidents or periods in his career. In my case, I presume that my years in Cairo during World War II would fall into that category. But to me, the years of my boyhood and my early background in general were very important influences on my life and career in the foreign service and have a distinct place in any discussion of my career.

When I was seven or eight my father joined the Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce, which has hatcheries and fish rescue stations throughout the country. His first assignment was to Havre de Grace, Maryland. This was only temporary, however, and we soon moved to Maine to a place called Boothbay Harbor. Boothbay Harbor, was of course a seaport. The hatchery was manned largely by ex-sailors. To get from Boothbay to just about anywhere, you had to go by boat, for there were no cars. This in effect made me a distinct part of the environment itself. Our house was built on a wharf and gave us full view of the harbor. In order to get to school I had to go part of the way by boat and walk the rest of the way. Most coastal and freight traffic in those days was by sailboats of all sizes and shapes. It was all very colorful with many types and sizes of schooners, including, I recall, a six master, unusual even in those times.

Being associated daily with the "old salts" I learned much of the love of the sea, how to tie all sorts of knots, how to weave nets and many other things having to do with the sea. I was not so much an observer of my environment as a distinct part of it. I recall that we had a boat which we called a "one longer" (one cylinder). It was always hard to start. No matter how foggy the weather I had to cross the harbor to get from the hatchery to the town of Boothbay Harbor. I couldn't tell you how we managed to do that, but we did. It seemed that we became a part of the sea itself.

One particular memory sticks with me vividly. I remember particularly that the New York Yacht Club would pull in to Boothbay Harbor every year with their magnificent

yachts on route to Bar Harbor, and we would profit by the opportunity to get a close up view. We felt that were seeing "high society" at sea. To this day whenever I see a beautiful ship of any kind I get a profound reaction, something akin to hearing a beautiful piece of music.

My schooling at Boothbay Harbor likewise made a strong impression on me. For the first several grades my mother taught me at home, then I went across the water to West Boothbay Harbor to a little, one-room red school house with five grades, one teacher for all five and behind the school were two back houses, one for girls and one for boys. They say that one remembers the name of one's first grade school teacher even if one forgets the name of the last important person he met. I shall never forget the name of Miss Welt, my first grade teacher at Boothbay.

Miss Welt was a marvelous person as were so many of the teachers in those days. Where they got their education I don't know, but they were dedicated to teaching us and were determined that we were going to get an education, simple though it might be. Subjects were chiefly the basics such as reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and that sort at thing with a little bit of Bible study thrown in. One was expected to learn the names of books of the Bible if nothing else (at least that's all I remember).

I then went to grammar school and I recall that by the time one finished ninth grade you knew the English language as few American coming out of any educational institution now know it. The teachers were strict, and they were dedicated -a good combination. There were no Parent-Teacher Associations as far as I can remember; the teachers pretty much had a free hand. The education I received there in Boothbay Harbor was good, solid stuff and has been of use to me all my life.

A third thing I remember particularly about my years in Maine was my introduction to democracy in its most basic form. At Boothbay Harbor, and I presume elsewhere in the state, they had what they called "selectmen," who were elected to perform certain duties: but the basic decisions of the community were made at an annual town assembly. That was called the "town meeting," and even we children were permitted to skip school that day to attend it. It was a delightful experience and an impressive one.

It was in Maine also that I got my first impression of patriotism. There people took their patriotism seriously, and there was an unquestioned and almost reverential quality to it. However, no one talked about it or gave patriotic pep talks; they were just naturally and basically patriotic. Memorial Day was truly a memorable occasion. On that day the townspeople would go down to the wharf and throw flowers on the water, after which there would be a gun salute. A spine-tingling experience.

It was at Boothbay Harbor also that I entered the great American work force. My first job was to do odd jobs for the "city people" who would come each summer to Maine on holiday. We "maniacs" as we called ourselves, would carry mail for them and do odd

jobs to earn some money. But we felt that we "maniacs" belonged to Maine and the sea, while the city visitors were to us merely a seasonal phenomenon.

I am very glad to have had those formative years in Maine. I feel that it had a good influence on me. It was straight-forward, honest, basic and somehow it made me come closer to myself.

From Maine we moved to Northern New York state to another fish hatchery at Cape Vincent. There life was less provincial than in Maine and did not make such an impression on me as did Boothbay Harbor. I went to high school there and in the summer got jobs acting as sort of houseboy and fishing guide for a summer family. I also got a job working for a man who had a truck garden. My job was to weed the long rows of onions, crawling up and down on my knees- this for twenty five cents an hour. I'm not sure jobs like that would have much appeal to today's youth. Another Cape Vincent job was to collect milk from the farms for a dairyman. I would go around early in the morning, hitch up the old horse and ride out into the country, fill up the great tall milk cans and bring them back to the dairy man for delivery. All this may not have been so unusual or important, but I do think it was a useful step in my general development.

From Cape Vincent we went to Manchester, Iowa, this time to a trout hatchery. Our house was on a lovely stream, which separated us from the hatchery. The stream was full of watercress, which, incidentally, we never though of eating. I went to high school there and again was concerned with earning some money, now to help to go to college. I got a job as "soda-squirt" and general clerk in the local drugstore, which in itself was a revealing experience. Anyone who has lived in a small town knows the importance of the drug store in the life of the community. Little goes on in the town that isn't known to the clerks in the drug store. I suppose life in Manchester was much as Sinclair Lewis portrayed in his novels of the Midwest. The flavor of my Midwest experience remains with me. There is something about life in the great open spaces that has a certain fascination, but not, I admit, equivalent to that of the sea which I had experienced in Maine.

My labors at the drug store netted me a total of $85.00, which I intended to use for my college education. Fortunately, I had a good record in high school at Manchester, and I was able to get a scholarship for my tuition at Grinnell College in Iowa, for Grinnell had a fine scholarship record and the advantage of being nearby. As I say, I had a scholarship for my tuition, but that left the matter of meals to be considered. First I got a job as bell-hop at a local hotel, but lost it when the boss gave my job to a local fellow when I went home for Christmas vacation. Eating then became quite a problem. Some of the times I would buy little cans of food and eat them in my room. Though I was president of my class at the time, ironically, I had little to eat. I still remember the time an upper classman who lived across the hall from me took me to a restaurant for a meal. It cost the tremendous sum of 35 cents, and I actually had a piece of meat, something I hadn't seen for ages. During my last three years, however, I was fortunate to get a job (I worked all

through college) as busboy in the girls' dining room, which meant that my meals were taken care of.

It was at Grinnell that I experienced what was probably the turning point in my life. We had a history professor, a fine man and educator, who was particularly interested in foreign affairs. His eyesight was poor, and he hired me at 25 cents an hour to read to him. He was particularly fond, I recall, of The Christian Science Monitor, especially its treatment of foreign affairs. One Sunday as I was reading to him, the professor had a visitor, who turned out to be James Norman Hall, author of Mutiny on the Bounty and other stories about the South Seas. So I found myself reading poetry to Mr. Hall! I was very grateful to the professor, whose name incidentally was Paine, but whom we called "Peggy" Paine because he had one wooden leg. He made a great impression on me and, in fact, put a stamp on me that is still there.

Looking back on Grinnell and my years there, I find that it was rather ideal- small in the sense that you became an intimate part of your environment. It was co-educational, which I think is a good thing, the boys and the girls mixing together naturally, so that they share a common experience. As I think about it and the number of friends who were together there, I can't remember a single Grinnell marriage that broke up. I wonder if that shared experience in college didn't contribute to the success of their marriages.

In my senior year at Grinnell I was asked by the Dean if I would assist him in his freshman introductory course in which the head of the departments or professors would give a lecture or two so as to give the freshmen an idea of what the professors and their courses were like. One day the dean called me in to say that the Near East Colleges Association, which included Roberts College in Istanbul, had written to say they had several openings in their teaching staff at Istanbul and did he know of anyone whom he might suggest. He asked if I were interested. Here was the chance I had been waiting for. My association with Professor Paine had sparked an interest in foreign affairs, and I had been thinking of foreign journalism as a possible career. This seemed to fit with what I had in mind and I jumped at the opportunity.

So I went to Roberts College as what they then called a tutor, with a small but adequate stipend. This was a very rewarding experience, perhaps more so than I realized at the time. It gave me the rare opportunity to associate with a variety of young men from that part of the world -- from Bulgaria, Romania, Albania as well as a few from Turkey. There were also refugees -- Russian Jews, some local Greeks, Armenians, etc. In thinking back on those years I wish that I could have been a more experienced teacher, better able to impart to the students what knowledge I could have given them. It is tempting to wish that I could still try a stint of teaching. I think that it would be interesting.

It was at Istanbul that I sowed a rather late blooming seed--an interest in Islamic architecture. On weekends we used to wander about old Istanbul with its marvelous monuments. I became very interested in those magnificent remains and in their history

and, without realizing it acquired an interest in Islamic architecture and buildings per se. Since then I have done a lot of work in pursuit of this hobby and have in fact, given the Smithsonian Institution about 2,000 slides I had taken over the years. Perhaps this interest of mine may have had something to so with one of my son's having chosen to be an architect.

In my last year at Roberts College the Secretary of the American Chamber of Commerce resigned and I was offered the job. We were a small organization with only three other employees, all Jews descended from Jews who had been driven out of Spain centuries ago. We issued a little monthly publication and generally tried to help American firms trying to maintain trade relations in the Middle East.

My work at the Chamber brought me in contact with the American Consulate, which proved to be the contact which launched me into my career in the Foreign Service. First, an opening occurred in the commercial section of the consulate, and I was hired, with the condition that I would be permitted to take the examination for the Foreign Service. I studied hard for the exam and finally took it under the punctilious supervision of Consul Allen, who was apparently acting in that capacity for the first time and wanted to make sure that his performance was above approach. I think he was more nervous about the whole thing than I was. In any event I passed the written exam and returned to Washington where I passed the oral exam at the State Department.

I was duly appointed Foreign Service Officer and, sent back to Istanbul, where I did much the same work as I had done before. My chief duties were in the consular visa section. However, rather than facilitate the immigration of aliens into the United States, we were in a period in which the policy was to discourage immigration. This was not a very congenial task. I also had duties in the shipping section of the consulate, which put me in touch with the American ship captains, who would come in with their ship's papers. They were mostly big, rough old fellows who seemed to delight in calling me "sonny," I being apparently "a callow youth." There I hit the idea of growing a moustache to make me look older. I still have the moustache.

As I recall, one of the main American products with which we dealt at the consulate was petroleum exports to the United States for refining. In those days the United States was a seller of oil products to the Middle East, not buying or extracting it as is the case today. Turkish tobacco, having a special aromatic quality and fineness of texture was particularly desired in the U.S., and several major American companies maintained permanent offices. Sausage casings were another export.

It was during my stay in Istanbul that the famous Turkish figure Ataturk emerged as the strong man of Turkey. Ataturk was a very dynamic and yet a rather imaginative figure in many ways. He was a hard, tough man, yet he was very imaginative. Though he had been a distinguished and successful military officer, his main interest was not military but political. Upon gaining power he quickly had a natural following of very fine people, very high class Turks both military and civilian. His idea of course, was to westernize

Turkey and so rejuvenate it. He quickly outlawed the veil for women, discarded the traditional tarbush and ordered the substitution of western script, with slight alterations, for the old Arabic script. None of this came about easily, and to my knowledge many of the older Turkish officials continued to surreptitiously use the old script. Interestingly enough, one of the Ataturk's stronger supporters, Inonu, an aristocratic, finely tuned gentleman, laboriously took notes in my presence in the new script, determined as he was to maintain the changes instituted by his leader.

The revolution of Ataturk was not just a struggle for power. It was really a revolution for change, and the revolution became the instrument of that change. One asks "What about Ataturk? How was he regarded?" At the time I was there he was a rather awesome figure, regarded with a certain fear. His methods were often abrupt, even cruel, but, as time went on he became a sort of demigod, particularly among the young people. I recall a youth celebration in later years and remember clearly a young girl declaiming the great achievement of Ataturk; she was literally foaming at the mouth in her excitement. It is still not easy to define the attachment that Ataturk holds over the Turks even now. The fact remains that he did indeed change the country and its orientation. After him Turkey was never the same.

From Istanbul I was sent to Paris to study languages at L'Ecole des Langues Orientales Vivantes. Unfortunately the method of teaching languages at the time was more "morte" than "vivante." The method of instructions was by emphasis on learning by rote. I tried to master Arabic and Turkish but discovered that the school was more geared to learning about the languages than in their use. The method involved remembering what one was told by the professor then regurgitating it back to him.

I remember that one day Jimmy Moose, who was also a student with me, and I went up to the Place de l'Opera and bought several magazines the equivalent of TIME in Arabic and took them back to our "repetiteur," who was supposed to help us learn Arabic. We showed him the magazines, and said "Look here, we have now been in your class a long time and we can't read these ordinary, simple magazines and we defy anyone in our class to read them." Our instructor leaned back smiling benignly and replied, "You Americans are so practical." He was absolutely sincere, and it was plain that he had no concept of teaching us how to became Arabic speakers.

We spent three years in Paris, supposedly learning Arabic from our professors. However, if my proficiency in Arabic was rather limited, my French improved a lot. I recall that during one of my interim TDY's at the Embassy in Cairo, I overheard a group of people in Alexandria on the beach talking a foreign language with great gusto and apparent great facility. I asked my friend what language they were speaking, and he replied "French." The French language of Paris was a far cry from some of the French spoken in Egypt. Incidentally, French was the language used for social purposes in Istanbul as it was generally throughout much of the Middle East. English has now pretty much displaced French in that part of the world, much to the distress of the French, who have a special

feeling toward their language. In a way it tends to symbolize to them "La gloire de la France."

During my stay in Paris I audited courses at the Sorbonne, which was great for my French. I recall that it served me in good stead in later years, as for instance, when I was sent as member of the U.S. delegation to the Peace Conference in Paris. John Campbell and I were at our delegation and were required to take notes on the proceedings. I was having trouble hearing the English translation, as the neighboring delegation, the Australians, were talking among themselves the whole time. So I hit on the idea of listening to the French translation. It worked.

But, certainly the most important thing that happened to me in Paris is that there I met my wife. She was a student studying French. I proposed and she accepted. As I was shortly being transferred to Beirut, we decided to be married there. This turned out to be not so easy. My wife was a Roman Catholic. She knew that her Polish Catholic father would want her to be married in the Catholic church, which was fine with me. Lebanon was then under a French Mandate. So I went to the office of the French High Commissioner in Beirut to ask what the procedure was. He suggested that the U.S. Consul do it. I explained that he didn't have the power to do so. He then suggested I go to the Capucin church (Catholic) in Bab Idriss and ask them. They were willing, but said they'd have to get special dispensation from Rome, and that would take some time. I explained that my fiancee was already on the boat en route to Beirut and we couldn't wait that long. He suggested that I go see the Papal Nuncio to see what he must advise. I did so and got much the same answer. In desperation I said, "Well, I guess we'll just have to have the Protestant pastor do it." With that the Papal Nuncio said, "Wait a minute - wait a minute." He rang a bell and in came a monk with a long robe, sandals, and he said "Would you see if there isn't any authority that I could have to marry this couple." After a long wait the monk returned waving a scroll and said "You can do it, Father, you can do it!" So we were married in the Capucin Church in Bab Idriss. That is how we were married in Beirut, and we are still married happily after fifty years.

A word about Beirut in those days. It was by no means the sophisticated Mediterranean town that it became. There wasn't even a real hotel. One usually lived in a "pension," a sort of boarding house. Soon after I arrived the first hotel, the Saint Georges, opened - not the entire hotel, at first, just the bar overlooking the sea. My bride-to-be and I dropped into the bar to discuss plans for a modest reception. The barman overheard us, and suggested that we reserve his bar, since patrons were still rather sparse; in our youthful enthusiasm, we agreed and the reception somewhat unique in format seemed to go very well. Afterward, we went up to the mountains on our honeymoon at the Hotel Sursock, at Souk al-Gharb and were escorted by the splendidly uniformed head kawas. He was in high spirits, thanks to alternating champagne and arak at the reception, and insisted in accompanying us to our bedroom and patting the bed for good measure! It was certainly an occasion to remember.

Life in Beirut in those days was simple. There were some aristocratic families, wealthy and cultured, who lived quite a separate life. They generally spoke French, traveled often to France and frequented several clubs which were quite exclusive. Most of these socialite families were Maronite Catholics or Greek Orthodox. There were also wealthy Moslem families who were very friendly. Lebanon was (and still is) a collection of religious and ethnic groups, each living its semi-,separate existence. While people had a certain feeling for Lebanon and being Lebanese, their first loyalty was their family, their native village and their religious group. If you ask a Lebanese "Who is that gentleman?" you will be told that he comes from a certain family, the location of his family village (generally in the mountains) his religious affiliation, i.e. Maronite, Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholic, Protestant, Shiite Moslem, Sunni Moslem, Druze, Armenian Catholic, etc. etc.

As a representative of the United States Government, we were expected to pay calls on the heads of these groups. Outwardly all seemed to work well. Each group had its own charitable organization and took care of their own needy; it seemed to be a bucolic sort of world. There were little fissures to be sure, but if subjected to strain the entire nation could fall apart. Well, this has happened as we all know. Fragile Lebanon has fallen apart. It is a sad thing, and like Humpty Dumpty getting it put back together again won't be easy.

We hadn't been at Beirut very long before I learned that I was being groomed for the job of desk officer in the State Department for several countries, including Turkey, Lebanon and Iran. It wasn't long then that we were transferred from Beirut to Tehran. My wife was pregnant by then, which didn't deter us from starting across the desert for Tehran in our car. There was one bus line, run by a Britisher (called Nairn) but there was no road, only tracks and certainly no markers. Travel in the desert has its problems. As people pass along what seems to be a proper path the sand is churned up. Seeing this "mess," travelers try to bypass the churned up part thus creating an ever widening set of tracks. The story goes that some people, in trying to circumvent these churned up paths found themselves ending right where they started. We got lost several times, even though we had an experienced driver with us.

We spent one night at "Fort Rutbah" in the desert before reaching Baghdad. From then on I drove myself to Tehran. It was early winter and the roads were rough going and icy. We had to pass over some high mountains. The road was precipitous and we often found ourselves skidding and looking down into a deep ravine way below. That was no fun. Finally we pulled into Hamadan where there was an American missionary station. If ever it has been blessed it was blessed that night by us.

In Tehran my work was largely consular and not particularly worthy of mention. What was interesting, however, was that this was the era of Reza Shah, the late Shah's father. He was a tough man and ruled the country with a rod of iron. I remember that he was particularly anti-clergy, which kept them very much out of sight. I don't recall even having heard the word "Ayatollah" though they must have existed. I do recall that there

was this religious area of Qom, which was sort off limits to us. We would detour around it. That is about the only impression I have of what is now this tremendous impact of the Shia, their terrorism. You just didn't go to Qom, that's all.

Reza Shah, like Ataturk, was a very dominant personality. He was also in a sense a revolutionary in that he wanted to modernize Iran. But while he wanted certain assistance, especially construction firms from the West, he did not want any foreign influence of any kind. We, as foreigners, were not allowed to associate with Iranians except for a few people in the Office of Protocol in the government. We would be invited to the palace for a New Year's Day reception, but there was no meeting otherwise. I recall that when Rives Childs was transferred to Tehran from Cairo he was traveling with an Iranian diplomat friend who was also being transferred to Tehran. On arrival at the border, his friend said, "Well, goodbye, perhaps I won't see you again," and he never did.

Once I was invited to play tennis at the American Elburz College in Tehran and I happened to meet two young men from the Bakhtiari tribe in southern Iran, who had been in school in England.
Forgetting such restrictions, I invited them to tea; they came and were taken by several policemen when they left and warned never to do so again.

My next assignment was to the Department of State, where I served as a desk officer for several countries in the old Near East Division under Wallace Murray. While most of my duties were those of a normal desk type, there was one rather animated incident when the Iranian Minister was detained at Elkton, Maryland for speeding, At first he had difficulty in explaining that his title was not that of a man of the cloth, but he was eventually released and went on his way. However, the incident became public and the Shah, feeling that Iranian dignity had been besmirched closed his Legation. However, since this only involved the humiliation of the Minister, it was indicated that this was only a one-way break and our Mission in Tehran continued as usual.

It was my next assignment, however, that I consider of particular importance. That assignment was to Cairo. World War II had started, but we were not yet in, although we were very interested observers. War was the life of Cairo. Life was a sort of mixture of military, political and social. It was a whirlwind sort of place where everything was happening; people were going along having parties and at the same time people were out fighting in the desert. You went to a party and several British officers might approach the hostess and say they were sorry but they were due back to the desert, while a couple of others might show up a bit dusty, and having heard that a party was going on they came along to join in.

When I got to Cairo in 1939 we had a Minister, Judge Fish from Florida. He was a political appointee and a fine gentlemen. The first thing he said to me was "Hare, I don't know much about this business. I'll do the best I can; but you keep me in line; don't let me make mistakes." He was very generous-minded and was particularly good at social contacts. But it wasn't long before our setup changed; the Minister returned to the United

States and the only other diplomatic secretary was transferred, leaving me as the only diplomatic officer in Egypt. This was about the time that the Italians came into the war. Our office did have a consular officer and an economic officer but no others; until a military attaché came a year later I reported on military matters as well as other routine functions.

In Cairo, I got very close to the people at the British Embassy and would be invited to their briefing sessions and things of that kind. We established a good working relationship, which provided me with important information to send back to Washington. The Cairo press had some able editors, and I would go around regularly to talk to them. Between them and my British friends I could keep quite good track of events.

One source of intelligence was a little man I called the Shadow. He was so inconspicuous that I think he could have walked into and out of a room without anyone noticing him. But he did get around, and he would turn up at the most extraordinary places. For some reason he took a liking to me. From time to time he would bring me Egyptian documents and when I asked "Where did you get that?" He'd say, "I got it from a government office." "How did you get it?" I'd ask, "I stole it," he'd reply. I said "You take it back, I don't want that stuff." Another time I was sitting in my office in the early evening when my phone rung. It was the Shadow. "What's going on?" he asked. "I don't know, what is going on?" "Well, the British Ambassador and General Stone, the commanding general, have just gone into the palace." "Where are you?" I asked. "In the palace," he replied. That was the famous incident when the Ambassador and the General had delivered King Farouk an ultimatum that either he "shape up" or face the consequences. My inconspicuous little shadow stayed there in the palace and by telephone gave me a blow by blow description. One came by information in peculiar ways! Incidentally, I never paid him a cent.

I would like to digress a bit here to say a little bit about American policy in the Middle East. Up until the beginning of World War II our policy had been one particularly and consciously devoted to promoting protection of specific interests, largely commercial. Our Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, admonished our delegation to the Lausanne conference of 1922 "to maintain the integrity of our position as an independent power, which has not been concerned with the rivalries of other nations which have so often made the Near East a theater of war." That was not a bad policy for the time, and it was clearly stated and closely followed.

But as time went on the Palestine "problem" became an important issue. In Israel the Wailing Wall was the subject of controversy. The Department of State was flooded with letters and telegrams on the subject. The question became so acute that the Department issued a statement in 1938 that while a Joint Resolution of Congress supported the idea of a Jewish National Home, that resolution was merely a specification of interest and "did not constitute a commitment to any foreign obligation or entanglement." These statements constituted our policy, and I think that we knew what we were doing.

I would be remiss if I did not refer to President Washington's policy toward the Barbary pirates in the 18th century. Washington justified the establishment of a U.S. Navy before the U.S. Congress: "From the best information I have been able to obtain, it would seem that our trade in the Mediterranean without a protective force will always be insecure and our citizens exposed to calamities. These considerations invite the United States to look into the means and to set about the gradual creation of the Navy." (Shades of the Persian Gulf today!)

During the war our policy began to change. We suddenly became very involved, primarily in support of the British war effort in various ways. Our Lend-Lease legislation permitted us to do many things along this line that we could not have done before. We set up a Middle East Command with General Maxwell as its head, and we had representatives on the Middle East Supply Center. Meanwhile our American Mission began to grow. At first I was alone, then a military attaché came, then we had a Minister, then the USIA, or whatever it was called in those days. These were followed by "the beautiful people" as we called them, such as the Red Cross and OSS, and then the inevitable officers club, of course.

At the time, we were helping the British with supplies, we were also helping the Russians. To do this we set up the Persian Gulf Command, which was responsible for getting supplies to the Russians via Iran.

During these five years in Cairo my family joined me until the Italians entered the war. Our Minister, Kirk by name, felt it unsafe for families to remain in Cairo, so my wife and Leila Wilson went to Jerusalem for about six months until it became clear that the Italians were not the threat they seemed to be at first. Later when the Germans under Rommel moved into the Western desert, the threat was real, and my family was evacuated to the States, via Gura, Africa and Brazil.

I left Cairo in 1944 for assignment to the Department of State and to rejoin my family. There I had a series of varied assignments. First there was the Dumbarton Oaks Conference, which preceded the setting up of the UN. I was an advisor; then the Chicago Aviation Conference where I was a liaison officer. Finally, I was transferred to our Embassy in London, where I set up a section in the Embassy to deal particularly with Near East matters and act as sort of liaison with the Near East people in the foreign office. This proved to be a useful device as it made possible a continuing liaison at the so called "working level" of the foreign office. While major decisions were, of course, made at a high level, the actual spade work was done at the lower levels. It was mutually useful and an example of my idea of the way such affairs should be run, if at all possible.

My contacts in the foreign office were often with people with whom I had worked in Cairo. This made for an easy and more constructive relationship. Many years later I was again able to make good use of my old Foreign Office contacts. Assistant Secretary George McGhee sent me to London to negotiate what became known as the Tripartite Declaration with the British. My old friend from the past, Michael Wright, who had been

my main contact in Cairo, was my opposite number there. Sometime later Michael and I worked together again, this time in Washington, in connection with a joint British-American meeting to discuss our past war interests and "to clear the air and see where we stood," that is, after the war. This, incidentally was meant to be a very confidential meeting, so much in fact, that we set up a dummy conference on economic matters with publicity while we held our real meeting secretly in the bowels of the Pentagon. I was secretary of our delegation and Michael was secretary of his.

I recall that we did not however try to come up with an agreed joint record. The result was primarily an agreement that we recognized that Britain had certain continuing responsibilities and that we were not challenging them, but time had changed and there had been developments in our American interests, which had to be taken into account. I think this avoidance of an agreed statement was a good thing. Often, if you try to refine your differences, you start falling apart. An agreed document can often times be an obstacle to really constructive work.

While our pre-war policy was of letting the British to more or less "carry on," we were necessarily more engaged there than before. There was the development of oil discoveries by American companies and we had certain strategic interests there as well. But basically we continued our wartime tradition. That situation couldn't and didn't last long, however. Post-war Britain was much weakened, as was France. We found ourselves being forced to assume responsibilities which we had previously assiduously avoided. This business of sliding into a position of predominant power was not a comfortable posture for us. We quickly discovered that, despite dropping gold all over the place and generally acting the part of angels, the role of "Mister Big" is a tough one to play, because people just do not like "Mister Big." It has been time and again, in Cuba, the Philippines, and throughout Latin American that, despite common interest and sincere attempts to be helpful, a small country does not like a foreign country that is in a position of dominance.

So the United States moved into the Middle East picture, not out of desire to dominate, but primarily to maintain a Western position there. At the same time our co-belligerents in the war, the Russians, were getting rather belligerent, but this time in opposition to western interest, talking about North Africa and Islands in the Aegean and things of that kind - generally throwing their weight around in the Middle East. While some of this was probably posturing, their general demeanor was seen as serious, and keeping the Russians out of the Middle East became and continues to be a centerpiece of American policy. This policy has not been completely successful. One need only look at the Soviet assistance in building Egypt's Aswan dam and the substantial arms they have supplied to various of the Mid East countries. All in all, however, they, too, have had their problems.

I was ambassador to Egypt during the Nasser period, and I recall that he told me in the course of one of our many chats: "If they (the Russians) ever make the mistake of getting into the Middle East politically, you'll see what will happen, we will show them." It was very clear that the Egyptians and others weren't about to get rid of the British only to

inherit the Russians. Nasser also made an interesting remark regarding Lebanon at a time when there was trouble between Lebanon and Syria, which was then backed by the Egyptians. "You know one thing," he said, "you can be certain of: I'll never touch Lebanon - never! If there was even one small group opposing me, they would raise hell and I wouldn't do it." And he didn't. He had a lot of sense, you know.

I forgot to mention another important situation which pushed us into getting involved in the Middle East, and that was the strong support of American Jewry for the newly born state of Israel. They felt strongly about Israel and exerted great pressure domestically. There were other aspects to the Palestinian problem, of course, but the impulsive force was the fact that it became a factor in American domestic policy as distinct from American foreign policy.

Let me go back a bit to some of the things that I mentioned briefly which might bear a bit more elaboration. I mentioned that I was on the delegation to the Dumbarton Oaks conference, which was held, of course at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington. That was a strange sort of conference, at least from the standpoint of the U.S. delegation. We had a number of luminaries on it, but Secretary of State Stettinius, Jimmy Dunn, Alger Hiss and Leon Posvolsky were the negotiating components. We would all sit around a table and solemnly discuss something. Then when the actual negotiations would start, the Stettinius group would leave and the rest of us would just sit with nothing particular to do. It was a frustrating experience. Stettinius had, I recall, a sort of Chamber of Commerce type of approach. He seemed to feel that if you called people by their first names all would be solved. One of the first things he did was to call Gromyko by his first name, Andrei. I got the idea that he felt that if he could do that then relations would become all right.

Now for a little story in connection with the Chicago Aviation conference. The conference pretty quickly settled down into a competition between the differing attitudes on aviation policy between the Americans and the British. The British favored the "chosen instrument" policy whereby a country would have one principle carrier (e.g. BOAC), whereas we favored a policy where there would be free competition. Since we were talking about things of real significance there was obviously considerable spirited discussions. One day the head of the British delegation, asked to be excused from the discussions as he had some important business to attend to that afternoon, something that had been planned for some time. We said "all right," and as there wasn't anything to be accomplished without the British there, some of us decided to take the afternoon off, too, and go see "Oklahoma." And who should be seated directly in front of us but the head of the British delegation! When he saw us he laughed and said "You know, before I left London, Noel Coward told me, if there was one thing I did in the States, I should see 'Oklahoma'." So there he was.

In 1946 I was transferred back to Washington to attend the first session of the newly created National War College at Fort McNair. This was a wonderful experience, working and studying with a group of men from the Army, Navy and Air Force as well as from the

Foreign Service, most of whom had seen active service during the war. It meant a lot to all of us to return to an atmosphere of contemplation and study. I found it particularly rewarding to have the opportunity of getting to know these officers personally as well as in classes. When my family arrived they lived in Alexandria while I was given housing in armed forces bachelor quarters. I found it interesting to note the differences in the officers of the several services. The army officers were usually more reserved and didn't participate so much in the discussions. The air force personnel were very brash and bubbly and of higher rank than the others, although usually young age-wise. We State Department officers seemed to have more in common with the naval officers, perhaps because our general background and experience had more in common.

During the course of a year we got to know one another quite well and became good friends. These friendships stood me in good stead later on when I found that I could sometimes find an old friend over at the Pentagon who could help solve a problem concerning the State Department and the military. Before the end of my full term at the War College, and regrettably before the customary trip abroad, I was pulled out to go to Nepal with Ambassador Satterthwaite, in order to establish diplomatic relations.

Our trip to Nepal had some highlights which I recall with amusement. On the plane crossing the Atlantic a Sikh gentleman sitting just in front of us turned around and displayed a handsome book bound in leather. "Don't you want to see my book?" he asked. We didn't really, but suggested that sometime later we would do so. He persisted that we should look at this book; and we politely refused, whereupon he turned the corner of the supposed book and poured himself a drink. The center of the book had been carved out and the edges reproduced in grooved silver, cleverly imitating a real book. In Bombay we had another amusing experience. We had heard that one of the hotels in Bombay had a pleasant roof garden (I think the hotel was called Green's) where one could have dinner. So we left the hotel were we were staying, and went over to the Green's, which happened to be having a very amateur talent show and one of the contestants was a little Indian boy, all dressed in white and sweating profusely - it was hot, hot. His offering was "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas:" It was marvelous!

From Bombay we went on to Delhi stopping at a small native state called Bundi. We hadn't planned to stop at Bundi, but on arrival we were told that a tiger hunt had been laid on for us and that the beaters were already at work. We were permitted a bite to eat and then we were to dash off to the hunt site where we climbed to a little platform in a tree called a mocha. There we were joined by the Maharajah or whatever the head of state was called - and an Australian photographer who had in some way infiltrated our party. When the beater came near, all the little animals came flying by, then there was a silence, a sign that the tiger was approaching. The tigers ordinarily seem to be directed in some occult way to pass by the mocha of the ruler, who courteously asked Joe Satterthwaite and then me to take the gun, an honor which we both politely refused for fear of disgracing ourselves. Then sure enough, here came the tiger; just then the photographer in his excitement jumped up, and - the tiger saw him and his white shirt. The Maharajah tried to get in a shot but to no avail. Off went the tiger, much to the disgust of the Maharajah;

but then we heard a shot from a nearby mocha where another member of the party had been lucky and had bagged the tiger. This was fortunate, since setting up a tiger hunt is a big deal indeed.

At the time we arrived in Delhi Lord Mountbatten was Viceroy, and I mean Viceroy. He was a charming fellow, but was certainly no shrinking violet. Government House was run in real royal style. Joe Satterthwaite and I were invited there to lunch; and at a certain stage an aide came and escorted Joe up to talk to Lord Mountbatten. When Joe had finished the aide came and escorted me to take his place. I recall that in the course of our brief conversation he remarked, "You know, when I was in the military and had military responsibilities, and something had to be done, people would say there just isn't time to do that. I told them 'Do it in half the time then.' And that is what I am doing here, too." Well, that is the policy he was following, and what happened was a catastrophe. Partition took place, with extensive loss of life.

Mountbatten wasn't alone in thinking that things should be done quickly. I remember that the Moslem leader, Jinnah, told me that he too favored quick action. "At present," he said "The British presence is holding this together, but once the British leave, there will be chaos. This should be settled quickly." So he and Mountbatten were on the same wavelength.

We left Delhi for Nepal by train, having rented a small sleeping car where we could cook, sleep, etc. This was fine until we came to a wall of mountains, which meant the end of the line as far as the railroad was concerned. From then on we had three choices, one could walk, one could ride a horse, or one could be carried in a "dandy," a sort of sedan chair carried by bearers, in front and behind.

There was no road, just a trail which went over and through the mountains to the plain on the other side. Since it was night we decided on the dandy, which was a good choice. The trail was deliberately filled with stones to keep it from being washed away in the rains. As we worked our way through the mountains, our guides would light torches which reflected early on the bodies of our perspiring dandy bearers. It was an impressive sight!

At first, we went up to what I remember was a sort of fort-like structure, where we spent the night. Next day we continued on into Nepal. That part of the journey was very rough going, and we had to switch to horses for the climb. I wasn't much of a horseman and was pretty timid about all this. It was all right going uphill - you didn't have so far to fall - but when we would get to the top of a hill I would get off and walk down. That's the way we got over the mountain to Kathmandu, the capital.

Having arrived safely at Kathmandu we prepared ourselves for the ceremonies in connection with the establishment of relations between Nepal and the U.S. On the day of the official signing of the agreement we were picked up at the house where we were staying by a member of the Rana family, a family of Indian origin who were said to be

born as colonels and constituted the ruling class. Our particular Rana was a nice young man who was wearing one of the famous hats, or helmets covered with solid gems with emeralds dangling from it. Our young man escorted us to the Durbar and turned us over to several officers who took each of us by the hand guided us through the ceremonies, showing us where to sit and just what to do. Then we sat around and waited while the astrologers sitting nearby conferred among themselves. Finally they nodded, and we signed the agreement. Apparently the stars had said the time was auspicious for signing.

Sometime after the ceremonies I remember we were invited by several of the officials to a picnic. The idea of a Nepalese official eating with a foreigner was unheard of at the time. The officials solved this by having the servants sort of disappear so that we could eat in peace. The picnic was a normal thing to us Americans, but to the Nepalese it was as big a precedent as signing the treaty.

As my next assignment was to have to do with South Asian affairs, my superiors thought it a good idea that I meet some of the foreign officials of the area as well as to visit the countries and places with which I would be concerned in my new job at the Department. So in preparation I had alerted the various consular and diplomatic offices in the area that I would be coming and asked them to arrange meetings with appropriate officials. I did a lot of studying and reading and generally tried to prepare myself. This turned out to be very useful. During the trip I saw, according to my notes, more than one hundred people, most of them important personages. They knew that I was going to be concerned with their areas and was interested in their situation. I had no policy directives, nothing at all to sell them but merely wanted to listen to what they had to tell me. I took copious notes throughout the trip, which I later turned over to Columbia University. I had been urged to write a book based on these notes. However, I thought it would have been better to write it in collaboration with someone familiar with the basic ground, but the right person never came along, and the notes at Columbia remain unedited.

I met a number of people, and some of them stick out in my mind particularly. Phil Talbot was there as a foreign correspondent and was also connected with some foreign policy organization. Also there were Humphrey Trevelyan, whom I later met in Cairo where he was serving as British Ambassador during the Suez crisis and Ali Jawar Jung, who was Minister of the Interior in Hyderabad. He took me to what turned out to be one of the last meeting of the Council of Ministers of Hyderabad. Our paths crossed again when we were both Ambassadors in Cairo, then in Paris when I was visiting there and he was Ambassador, and then again in Washington when I was in the Department and he was Indian Ambassador. He was one of the finest diplomats I ever met. We worked closely in Egypt where he could see things in Nasser that perhaps I couldn't see, and I could see things that perhaps he couldn't see. So we worked closely together, and it was a very productive relationship.

Regarding Nehru, I saw him twice. The first time he seemed a bit stand-offish; perhaps he wasn't feeling well that day. The conversation seemed to lag until I happened to mention the Asian conference which has just taken place. He perked right up, and we had

a good talk. The second time we met we talked about area affairs, particularly about the situation in India. He was very congenial, and we talked at great length. He said India did not want to be part of the current political struggle between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. and that as far as the Soviets were concerned the Indians had, indeed, at one time been somewhat favorably impressed by them, but the Indian government looked at the Russians from a purely practical point of view. I remember one expression he used; it was that as a developing country, he was impressed by how the Russians were able to "pull themselves up by their own bootstraps" - economically.
As for the U.S., he said there was some fear of American economic penetration in the area. However, the Indians had come to realize that in the development of the area India would have to draw to a certain extent on American help. It all ended up quite amicably. One thing that I remember in particular was that, when we were discussing the Asian conference and as he was talking about the delegation from Tibet, all of a sudden his eyes lit up, and he told me about how he had met a beautiful Tibetan woman. Nehru liked women, you know. So much for Nehru.

A third important and impressive Indian whom I met was Jinnah, the head of the Moslem League. I met him twice. He impressed me as being a very dignified gentleman, a sort of high class barrister. He, like most of the Indian legal people, had been educated in England. He was tall, polite and gracious and had great dignity. In discussing the upcoming partition of India, he remarked that he hoped that the part that went to Pakistan would be a place where the Sikhs and the Hindus could dwell amicably. He also emphasized the danger of not having partition, the danger of a completely Hindu dominated India. He expressed the view that partition should be done quickly as I mentioned before, otherwise there would be chaos and a real breakdown. He also mentioned that he envisioned Pakistan's playing a role with the Moslem countries of the Middle East. I remember that when he said goodbye he looked at me with very sharp eyes as if "cataloguing" me and said "I know you now. I won't forget you." Sure enough, the next time I saw him he greeted me warmly. Again he spoke of the necessity for fast action and said he had warned Mountbatten that this had to be done. Perhaps Mountbatten had in fact been influenced by Jinnah. But his time he expressed a different view with regard to Pakistan's common interests with the Moslem states of the Middle East. Now he played down the idea saying "any idea of a Pan-Islamic movement was definitely out of the question." Apparently as he got closer to the real thing he was thinking a bit differently.

I was, of course, anxious to have a meeting with Gandhi. I can imagine that he must have been quite bored by my coming - everyone wanted to come to see him. I had expected to see a little wizened-up fellow. As a matter of fact he looked like a rather healthy Buddha, and quite lively. We didn't have much of a conversation. He seemed to be sort of passing the time. I mentioned one thing that I remember. I said "I've been traveling around through India and I don't see much enthusiasm for these things that have happened." He replied, "No, you didn't see much enthusiasm. The reason is that this partition is coming and people are troubled by the concept." I remarked on his looking so healthy, and he said he was glad to hear me say that because he hoped to live a very long time. Actually, he

didn't live much longer after that, but it wasn't because of bad health. I was glad to have had the opportunity to visit with him but must admit that I found him rather enigmatic.

In 1950 there was a Foreign Ministers' meeting in London which I attended. We were supposed to prepare some briefing papers for our delegation. We in the advance party went to London ahead of our delegation, and there we got a message from Washington saying "couldn't we cut down on the amount of material we had put in the briefing papers?" So we went to work and cut them down and sent them over to Paris. Then we got another message from Paris asking "Couldn't we cut down some more?" On the day of the conference I rode to the meetings with Dean Acheson. We were supposed, as I recall, to discuss the matter of the Italian colonies in Africa at the meeting. The Secretary said to me in the car, "Ray, what line am I supposed to take, anyway?" So all the briefing he had on the subject was what I gave him in the car going to the meeting. But he was so knowledgeable that a few words sufficed. I don't want to imply that all the preparation of briefing papers is worthless. Not at all. It is good to do all this ground work from which you can extrapolate ideas as needed.

At that time, when George McGhee was Assistant Secretary for Near Eastern and African Affairs, I was his Deputy and my office was next to his. One day he came bursting through the door with his usual verve, and said "Ray, we've got to do something about the Middle Eastern arms business." This being a period when the armistice agreements were running out and there was danger of an arms race developing. "This situation could easily get out of hand, and we big powers have to do something about it," he said. So he and I worked on the draft of an agreement which subsequently became known as the Tripartite Declaration of 1950. I was sent to London to negotiate it with the British. There I found my old friend from Cairo days, Michael Wright. I remember that at our first group meeting, Michael, in a spirit of camaraderie, tried to arrange the table so we could be closer together. This was just after the war and the furnishings in the Foreign Office were pretty well worn. So they had pulled together several tables to make one big one and covered the whole thing with a big green baize cloth. When Michael tried to move the table it just collapsed, water pitcher and all. We all had a good laugh.

Michael took me over to the Imperial Staff, and he and I explained the document; and we got that approved. Up to this time we had not discussed our plans with the French, who were not then playing a very active role in the Middle East, following their war time difficulties. However, they had, of course played a historically significant role in the area and we felt that the time had come to see if they might be disposed to participate with us. So we put it up to the French Foreign Minister at the end of the conference. He was visibly annoyed to be brought in on such a take-it or leave-it basis. But he was a wise man who had the wisdom to see that, although the French position had been greatly weakened, our suggestion could be a step in the restoration of French prestige. So without actual tripartite negotiations there developed the Tripartite Declaration.

All of that was in 1950, a busy year for me. In that year I was sent to Saudi Arabia as Ambassador. Jeddah in those days was very primitive but very interesting. Little had

changed in the city over the years -- the old houses with the Mashrabiyyah decoration, overhanging balconies and all that sort of thing; water only came in by barrels from the hills someplace, and the only time the telephone seemed to work was when the Foreign Office wanted to get hold of me to say that the King wanted to see me in Riyadh. In Jeddah our communications was largely not by telephone but by hand-carried notes. Though the King lived most of the time in Riyadh, the Foreign Office was in Jeddah, and that is why our Embassy was located there. The King did have a palace in Jeddah but only used it infrequently.

One of the most impressive men I had to deal with in Saudi Arabia was the Minister of Finance, Sheik Abdullah Suleiman. He was from one of the families from the Dammam area on the Persian Gulf side of Saudi Arabia and came from a culture quite different from the desert culture of the royal family. His family was one of those who had done business in the Gulf and in India and was well known for its shrewd traders. Sheik Abdullah had one rather inappropriate habit for a Saudi: he drank rather freely. I found it best to get to his office before ten o'clock in the morning; otherwise he would interrupt our business conversation and say, "My teeth are hurting me, my teeth are hurting me." and he would leave and get some "teeth remedy." But he was one of the cleverest men I have ever worked with. He could see right through what you were talking about.

In Saudi Arabia you might think that the main thing we would have discussed would have been oil. It wasn't. You see, oil had gone through a certain phase; there had been the exploration period before the second world war and some drilling; they couldn't drill much because they did not have the materials.

During the war there had been this close relationship between Roosevelt and Churchill, and Roosevelt did everything he could to help Churchill out. One of the results was Lend-Lease. In this connection, the American company, at that time called CASOC-ARAMCO, needed money to meet Saudi demands. We were not in a position to help them, and, they did not qualify under Lend-Lease. So we suggested to the British that they might wish to fill in and help out. This caused a flare up as some contended that we were just handing the Middle East oil over to the British. This was solved by declaring the Saudis eligible for lend-lease. So that settled that little problem.

During the war, the British and we had been interested in oil in the Middle East from the standpoint of reserves in wartime terms. I remember that we ourselves had set up a petroleum commission in Washington headed by Harold Ickes. He was sort of the petroleum czar in the United States. This joint British-U.S. interest in Middle East oil caused some anguish among some British and Americans. There was an interesting exchange between Roosevelt and Churchill on the subject with Roosevelt telling Churchill that he didn't want anyone horning in on the American side and we wouldn't horne in on the British side. Churchill wrote back that he was glad to know that we were not "casting sheep's eyes" on British interests. That little exchange stopped as far as I know, but Ickes had a lingering feeling about the importance of keeping the American government's hand in the oil business in the Middle East. There was one idea of a sort of

joint U.S. Government-CASOC arrangement for the development of oil reserves, but CASOC was not happy with it and indicated they were not interested in any such arrangement.

Then Ickes had the idea of an American sponsored and financed pipeline to the Mediterranean. That eventually fell through too. So you can see that although you would have thought that when I went to Jeddah as Ambassador, my briefcase would have been full of instructions on what to do about oil and that telegrams would probably be flicking back and forth on the subject. No such thing! As a matter fact I can't remember, and I should have remembered if it had been so important, ever receiving an important telegram about oil all the time I was in Saudi Arabia. One basic reason was that by that time the American Government was backing off direct involvement and there was a tendency to look at oil as a business matter and the oil companies tended to do their own negotiating. They became sort of an autonomous entity and did their own negotiating with the Saudis, which in many ways was good. There were many things that they were able to do, a lot of good things such as helping the Saudis with sanitation problems and things like that which would have been awkward for the American Government to do. The oil company did its own negotiating not through the American government. About every year under Saudi pressure they would send a group out to renegotiate the agreement, because oil agreements despite all the fancy phases, never held for long. Situations change and the status of the agreements tend to change. So every so often the two sides would get together and renegotiate in terms of any new considerations that had developed.

I recall that during one to those periods the negotiations had ground to a stop. I happened to meet Sheik Abdullah accidentally when my car broke down. He invited me to his house for a cup of coffee. I said "fine," and I got into his car and went and had coffee. We talked about many things and finally came around to the matter of the stalled negotiations. I said to Sheik Abdullah, "You know, Sheik Abdullah, my daughter is very unhappy." "Do you have a daughter?" he asked. "Yes," I replied, "I have a daughter." "What's wrong?" he said: "You know my daughter, her name is Aramco; she married you some time ago and she wants to be a good wife and get along well, but sometimes she has difficulties, and this makes her unhappy. And, it makes any father unhappy if his daughter is unhappy." Well, I don't know how significant our conversation was, but shortly after that they began negotiating again. Things like that can make a difference you know; they are very human, and you may laugh at them, but they work sometimes.

Actually, the main purpose of my mission was because we had a very important airfield at Dhahran. This was soon after the war, and the Russians were acting in a very alarming manner. Dhahran airfield was particularly important as a staging point in the event there was trouble with the Russians. We did have an agreement with the Saudis regarding that airfield, but it was imprecise and we wanted to put in some installations -- not guns or that sort of things, but facilities. Negotiations went on for a long time. The chief Saudi negotiator, Sheik Yussuf Yassin really made life miserable for me.

He was an accomplished obstructionist. Finally, I sent our translator Muhammad (Effendi) Massard to see him and find out what was the matter. We seemed to be getting to a certain point, and then everything would suddenly stop. He went to see Yussuf, as he often did, and this time he came back with pay dirt. He said that Sheik Yussuf says it is very difficult for them to conclude an agreement of this kind at this time, not that there was any real objection to what we wanted to do, but it looked very bad for them from the public relations aspect. If we could make the agreement appear to be one in which the Saudis were getting the best at it, but still let us have what we needed, it was possible that something could be worked out.

I telephoned the Department and was given the go ahead. Soon after, however, Sheik Yussuf met me and said "Something has happened and the King has decided not to have that agreement." (I learned Afterward that Rashid Gaylani, the Iraqi, had put the bee in his ear). Sheik Yussuf said, "I suppose you will want to see His Majesty, won't you?" I tried to think quickly and decided that something had happened, something drastic. I thought, if I go to see the King now I'll get turned down with a bang. So I said, "No, Sheik Yussuf, it's all right." He said, "What do you want to do? What do you want to do?" I replied, "We'll just stay here; we're comfortable" (which we weren't). So we just sat. Several days later he came by and said, "Would you still like to see His Majesty?" I replied, "No, Sheik Yussuf. Don't bother." We had a couple more visits, over coffee, and finally he said: "You know that last point we were discussing?" I said: "Yes," and we were off discussing again. What had happened? You simply had to let it work itself out. So we got the agreement, and we got everything we wanted. According to it, the Saudi Arabian government rejects the U.S. Government demands, but in the end it didn't make any difference. In effect it was a good agreement for both sides. Sheik Yussuf took it up to Egypt to show them, he was so proud of it, and they complimented him on a good agreement. So we got what we wanted, and he got want he wanted. Some might call this devious, and, of course, it is. But it works and it was devious in an honest way. When we finally got the agreement I asked the Department, "Please do not publicize this, do not play this up as something we have gained or won." I know that if the American Government should publicize this as clever diplomacy that could spell the end of it. Any agreement which you force the other fellow to accept and that he is uncomfortable with, simply won't stick. So we didn't play it up as a win, and it worked out all right. True, we lost the agreement later on, but that was another story.

Secretary Dulles came out to visit Dhahran in Eastern Saudi Arabia while I was there, and he had sent word that he did not want anything special prepared for him. I went on ahead of him to be sure that all was ready for him and found that they had fixed up a separate "palacio" and decorated it with garish abandon. I told the Saudis that I appreciated their efforts but knew that the Secretary would appreciate if he could stay with his staff in the regular guest house. There was one part of the guest house that had two little rooms and had been used by some dignitary at some time or other, and was referred to as the "royal suite." It had a very, very hard bed. That night I woke up in a sweat and thought. "My God, the Secretary will have it in for me because of that bed." I had been put in it once, found it difficult to sleep on the bed, it was too hard. In the morning at breakfast I said to

the Secretary, "I'm very apologetic about what happened last night." He said, "What happened? What happened?" I said, "That bed, that bed," and he said, "What's wrong with the bed?" I said, "It's so hard." "Oh," he said, "As a matter of fact I forgot to bring my bed board with me, and this was the first time that I had a bed that was proper to sleep on."

There was also another story of Dulles's visit. As he was leaving he said to me, "Good job Ray, good job. There's just one thing that I haven't done, that we missed." I said, "What's that, Sir?" "I didn't get a chance to swim in the Persian Gulf.' I didn't know just what to think about that, but I found out later that he was really serious. He had a little whim that he liked to swim in any body of water that he got close to.

We got only occasional visitors in Saudi Arabia. One was David Rockefeller, and that was just after all liquor was banned throughout the kingdom. All the non-diplomatic foreigners had to get rid of their liquor and no one could import any. David came to our house, and I did have some bourbon - not very good bourbon, some I used to make cocktails with. I gave him a bourbon and soda, and he said "Ray, that's some of the best bourbon I've ever tasted."

I remember another amusing incident while we were in Jeddah. Fritz Larkin, Chief of Foreign Buildings in the Department was coming to visit the mission. Fritz was known as a difficult man, one who could really make things difficult for you. So I told my wife, "Fritz is coming. Put him in the regular guest room with that noisy air conditioner: Give him enough to drink and feed him well, but don't complain." Our house, the embassy residence, was old and terribly shabby. My wife's bedside table was an orange crate. The whole place was a shambles, and I wanted Fritz to see it when he was in a good mood. Maybe then he would take a more kindly view of our need. So he came, and we acted as though everything was perfectly normal. At dinner, my wife, nonchalantly put her elbow on the table, which flew up in the air. All during his stay, little things would happen "inadvertently." The next day we were having cocktails before lunch. I'd not said a word to him about the state of the furniture or residence. Finally, after his second martini, Fritz said, "Oh hell, Ray. Give me a pad of paper and I'll write the orders for you." So that day he wrote to Paris, and we got curtains and rugs and furniture and paint, in fact everything that we needed. It changed Jeddah, because for the first time someone had some furniture from Paris, and the people used to come and have it copied.

We left Jeddah and Saudi Arabia in 1953 for Beirut, where I was named Ambassador to Lebanon. In discussing my dealing as Ambassador with Saudi officials I mentioned the able Abdallah Suliman who occupied a key position in decision-making in financial and economic matters. Prince Faisal, the titular Minister of Foreign Affairs, was the other most important official and only outward-looking member of the court., but was somewhat diffident and tended, unfortunately for me, to delegate negotiating responsibility.

But of course, real power lay with King Abdul Aziz, to whom we frequently refer by his family name as Ibn Saud. Although subsequently, As Ambassador, I had frequent occasions to meet with him; I first met him when I accompanied Alexander Kirk, our Minister in Cairo, who was also accredited to Saudi Arabia and went to present his credentials.

It was in the spring and the King used to go camping, along with his court at that season. So we visited the King at his encampment, and were allotted a tent site of our own along with similar individual accommodations of other important people, upon whom we were expected to call to pay our respects.

I particularly remember one such visit when Minister Kirk, at loss for polite small talk, happened to remark on the beauty of some gazelles tethered just outside. The result was that on return to our camp we were besieged with gazelles as a gift of our host.
Later the King gave a farewell seated-on-the-ground dinner for Kirk and staged a camel parade in his honor. Realizing that an appropriate expression of appreciation was called for, but recalling the gazelle incident, he was careful to qualify his expression of admiration of the camels with the observation that they terrified him physically.

As I looked back over the years to my association with the King, I can only say that, to me personally, he remains the most outstanding public figure with whom my path crosse during forty years of service. He was great physically, great as a warrior, great also as a man of peace, great in unifying diverse tribal elements into a single country, great as a man of high principle and religious faith, but especially great as being endowed with that supreme virtue of natural wisdom. He was, in fact, a sort of 20th century unique incarnation of a patriarch of the biblical mold.

Incidentally, he also had a very human sense of humor such as when, teasingly, he suggested to my wife that, with her permission, he would be glad to provide me with another wife, and then laughed heartily when she replied that I already found one wife too expensive.

Perhaps I should also add a footnote that, although the King was very Arab conscious in a fraternal sort of way, he was nit an extreme Arab Nationalist like his neighbors. True, he felt strongly about Palestine, but he didn't perpetually harp on the subject - which was a distinct relief so far as I was concerned. As I mentioned earlier, I had served in Lebanon before. I described pretty fully the provincial nature of the city and its social and political structure. And I described my visits to the heads or the many and varied religious and political communities and alluded to the fissures which were evident even then in the social fabric of the country.

While Beirut and Lebanon had changed much, Beirut having become a much more sophisticated city, little had changed in the social structure. As a newly arrived Ambassador I had to make the rounds on the myriad patriarchs and political leaders. While this might seem a boring, tedious tank, it was useful and a good thing as it showed

them all that you respected them and their positions. One of the more interesting and amusing courtesy calls was the one my son and I paid on leaders of the Druze sect at its headquarters high up in the mountains. I recall that it was all very pleasant and picturesque. Afterward I learned that the Druze leaders were impressed by our visit and thought that the Americans must have something special in mind, not merely paying respects, since nobody had come up to see them for a long time.

Now a little about our program of aid for Lebanon. By the time I got there our aid program was well under way. Aid programs are a tricky thing. One tends to think that if one lends assistance to a person, group or country, that the aid would be appreciated. But one must remember that to the recipient, aid is considered as coming from an impersonal entity. The American government has lots of money and aid comes from someplace and that's about it. I found that the Lebanese were complaining that everything was not working. Why didn't the American do this? Why didn't the Americans do that? I decided that a change in our way of presenting our aid projects had to be made. From now on the question we had to ask the Lebanese was. "When are we going to stop it? When will we finish it up so that we can turn it over to you, the Lebanese? That is the purpose of our aid, that you can take it over yourselves." It was interesting to see what a change there was in the negotiating atmosphere after that.

I was only in Beirut for something over a year when I was transferred back to Washington to be Director General of the Foreign Service. That was in 1954. The Department was in the throes of another reorganization, this time it was the Wristonization program, which had as its key element the union of State Department personnel with the Foreign Service. There was nothing particularly wrong with the idea, and the old regulations that we had would have permitted it, but this was served up as something dramatic. The odd thing about it, among other, was that so many of the non-foreign service officers who were active in promoting this amalgamation, didn't themselves want to go to the field, and leave the familiar home environment of Washington.

In putting into effect this reorganization the planners wisely specified that whoever was put in as the head of the new system should be a much respected Foreign Service Officer. Loy Henderson was chosen, and it was an excellent choice indeed. After all, he was "Mr. Foreign Service."

Earlier I told you that I had been involved in a number of conferences and special occasions, probably because I happened to have some experience in the particular subject and also happened to be stationed at the Department. It seemed that it didn't make much difference what position I happened to have at the time. If there was a conference, I was sent to it. One of these which I remember well was the UN meeting at New York during the discussion of the Palestine situation. At the time the American position was to favor a UN trusteeship, the reason being that the problem was going to be a chaotic and difficult one, and the trusteeship would provide a sort of staging period into whatever might be decided on later as a permanent solution. I remember one day I was working with Charlie Ross on a UN speech which Phil Jessup, I think, was supposed to deliver. As I walked

into the hall the Secretary General Trygve Lie saw us and said "You've recognized Israel." Charlie Ross said, "It can't be." Lie replied, "Go ahead and look at the ticker in my office," which we did. Sure enough, we had recognized Israel. I think the head of the U.S. delegation, Senator Austin, was tipped off a few minutes ahead of time because he was absent at the time the announcement was made.

Jumping a bit in time, I'm reminded of my days as Director General of the Foreign Service. John Foster Dulles was Secretary at that time, and I saw him quite often. Occasionally my secretary would come into my office rather breathless, and I always knew what

it was. She would say, "The Secretary wants to see you." At that time Dulles was working on what he was convinced could be a real, final solution to the Palestinian problem, and he would call me in occasionally to talk about it. When he called you in to talk about something he didn't do the talking, he asked you questions, and he listened to what you had to say. He was a very interesting man and quite different from what you might think. One time he called me in to talk about some aspect about this plan he had for the Middle East, and somehow he got talking about certain things that countries ought to do. Dulles it should be remembered was a dyed in the wool Presbyterian, a real churchman, and he thought in fundamentals. He had strong ideas on which he acted. Dulles, in this particular case, said "Ray, you know, to me the countries in the world should be like people in a society in a local group where we have hospitals and fire fighting organizations and that sort of thing; everyone is supposed to do something for the community. The world ought to be organized," he said, "So that the countries of the world would pull their weight for the community of the world." I know that to many people Dulles was a stern, unsmiling person. But I found him quite personable, one whom I rather enjoyed working with. I didn't find him austere or obdurate as many did. As for his plan for the Middle East, I remember that he arranged for a speech before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York where he exposed his plan. It stopped there, as many plans do.

Turning now to my years as Ambassador to Egypt, I'd like to make a few observations about the 1956 "nationalization" by Nasser of the Suez Canal. The canal itself was NOT nationalized - the canal was always Egyptian. It was the Suez Canal Company that was nationalized, not the canal. You recall that Nasser had been attending one of those non-aligned meeting in Yugoslavia when, on his way back to Cairo, the announcement was made that we were pulling out of our offer to help finance the Aswan Dam. It was obviously a blow to him and, when he got back, his counter was to nationalize the Suez Canal Company, something he had in mind for some time. Dulles intervened actively and in time came up with the idea of a Suez Canal Users Association (SCUA). I don't know to what extent he though it would work, but he was trying to avoid a conflict over the situation, a major problem. This was and remained our policy, and this is what got us into difficulty with the French and British as the situation developed. During that time I had many discussions, particularly with Foreign Minister Fawzi, in Cairo. Fawzi was a delightful man, quiet and highly intellectual, in fact his manner of expression was so

finely tuned that I used to say that I was going over to see the Foreign Minister and do a little knitting with him because everything had to be done so very delicately. As I recall it, the Egyptians had made several very affirmative suggestions for the solution of the canal problem, but they were quickly rejected by Selwyn Lloyd. As you know, they, the British, had decided with the Israelis and the French on the attack on Egypt, and they didn't want any peaceful solution. What they wanted was a crack at Nasser. This was also a dearly held ambition of Prime Minister Anthony Eden.

The next thing that sticks in my mind here is that I was sitting on the roof of the Embassy Residence one Sunday when a U.S. Marine guard came over with a "very important" message. I got myself into some proper clothes and went back to the Embassy. The telegram was to the effect that something was going on in Israel, it wasn't clear what it was, but there was a great deal of military movement. The question was, what for? It might be for a movement against Jordan, but the Department wanted our estimate in Cairo as to whether this could be directed at Egypt. So I called our staff together and worked through the night trying to puzzle it out. But we couldn't figure out any reason why the Israelis at that particular time should be attacking Egypt. I don't think my friend the British Ambassador Humphrey Trevelyan knew either in the beginning. However, soon after, in the evening, he came over and said "It's Egypt!" I heard it first from him. This caused us immediately to implement our evacuation plan, which actually took place in stages because the Israelis apparently jumped the gun a bit and had gone as far as really intended before the British and the French had gotten into their ships and lumbered around and gotten into the thing. When it became clear just how serious the situation was, we began evacuation to Alexandria with the help of the Egyptian officials. One of our problems was that while we had this very carefully planned evacuation, the French, who had none, tried to scramble into our evacuation, which was a bit difficult. Also, our route to Alexandria was across a desert road which went around an Egyptian military installation. By this time the British were really moving in, and their planes were flying around, making us rather nervous. I didn't want them dropping any bombs on our convoy, so I sent several urgent telegrams off to London, which I understand got to the desk of Eden who got very annoyed with one Raymond Hare for bothering him about this.

Anyway, eventually our group got to Alexandria and on to a couple of navy landing crafts which took them to other ships for the final evacuation to Malta or Cyprus, I've forgotten which, and they were eventually transferred to American civilian ships. A curious thing happened in the process, one which had a strange effect on many of our people, leaving then starry-eyed and wondering. They were transferred to a small ship called the Chilton, as I recall. When they boarded the Chilton they were met by the ship's crew with a degree of warmth and friendliness that touched them deeply, so much so that whenever our group could talk about it Afterward the tears would come to their eyes. The sudden spirit of camaraderie had come like a miracle, and they would talk about it as a sort of "Chilton miracle."

During this period when the British and the French movement was in full swing I used to see Nasser fairly often at his request. It was rarely at the same place; we used to move around for our meetings. One time he asked to see me at the Army headquarters on the way to Heliopolis airport. On this particular day Sadat was sitting on a chair outside Nasser's office. Nasser said to me that there was a request that he wanted to make. He wanted to request American assistance against the British and the French. As we refined this a bit it turned out that what he meant was that he wanted American military assistance. In effect, he asked for intervention of the Sixth Fleet against the British and the French. I responded, "Mr. President, you have asked me a very serious question, as serious a question as one country can ask another - to intervene militarily against people who are our friends. Now do you mind if I ask you a question?" He said, "No." "Are you asking my government for active military assistance against the British and the French or are you asking me, expecting that the reply will be negative, and that then you will be free to say, 'Well, I've asked the Americans,' and then you would be free to turn to the Soviets?" This was the only time I saw Nasser really angry. I said, "Wait a minute now. You asked me a hard question, and I asked you a hard question." "No" he said. "I really meant it." I said, "All right, thank you very much." So I reported this conversation to Washington and got back a reply saying in effect "We would do everything we could in the United Nations." That was the reply.

When I gave Nasser Washington's reply, I, of course, got a rather cold response. Nevertheless we did, in the United Nations, take a very strong line against the British and the French, much to their anger. Sometime later Nasser remarked to me, "You remember the time when I asked you that question about helping us?" I said "Yes." Nasser sort of chuckled. We got over a tough one that time. Nasser and I had many talks together. He liked to talk and discuss things. Except for the time mentioned above, most of our talks were about quite routine matters such as questions about property and that sort of thing. As I said, he liked to talk. If I saw him in the morning about ten o'clock he would breeze in smelling of lotion and all fresh. He used to sit up late at night, so he got up rather late. Frequently he would go over to his desk and pull out a paper that he was working on late the night before, and he would say, "Look what this is: Very often they were questions of an economic nature that he had been working on, such as development plans for Egypt and the like.

When Nasser and I met about a particular matter or project, we wouldn't talk just about that subject. He liked to talk about many things. We could talk about world affairs, about area problems and just about anything. In one of these conversations he told me his concept of how to handle the Palestinian matter. "As long as the Arabs and the Israelis are across an unmarked border or at least an unmanned border, there would be trouble. The best thing, he said, "Would be for the United Nations to station a force completely around Israel, and then just wait and see what happened." I think that is sometimes called the "refrigerator" concept, and while it had certain appeal, the idea was never pursued.

Another problem we discussed was the Lebanon situation, when Syria was so much involved there, with the support of Egypt. I remember that he told me: "You know, I

wouldn't get involved there as long as one Lebanese faction opposed me. I would stay out of the place because it would be poison and I would be miserable" He was right. He was right!

We also talked about Yemen sometimes. He was interested in talking to me about Yemen as Egypt was having trouble down there, and they were thinking of moving in more heavily. I remember I told him, "Mr. President, there's one thing to remember about Yemen. Everybody, including the Romans, who went into Yemen got burned doing it. If I could give you any advice, stay out of there!" My advice was not followed, and Nasser had reason to regret it.

Then also we would talk about the Soviets. You recall that at the time of the British and French invasion threat, the Soviets did a lot of saber rattling, or missile rattling as you call it. It became clear to me in talking to him that Nasser realized that this was a missile rattling gesture rather than the real thing. At least he didn't take it for the real thing. This leads me to say a word about his attitude toward the Soviets in general. As Nasser would put it, his attitude was the same as he had toward the United States; Nasser didn't want to be allies with either of us. He didn't even want to be seen neutral, either; he wanted to be non-aligned, not tied to anybody, anybody at all. " As for the Russians, he said, "We try to have correct relations with them, and we exchange visits occasionally," which they did. But he added "If they ever interfere in Arab politics, then they will hear from us." And sure enough, they did in Iraq. All the public relations facilities were turned loose against the Russians. Even in the mosques, which I would often visit because of my interest in architecture. I would hear the mullahs there preaching against the Russians. They turned it on really full blast.

I recall some little things that Nasser used to tell me occasionally. "The trouble with you Americans," he once said, "Is that you don't know how to handle public relations. Listen to my next speech." Well, I listened to his next speech. He avoided using the classical Arabic, but spoke in the colloquial dialect. He felt at home in it and his audiences felt at home in it. The result was that he could get people sort of livened up by using this colloquial speech. He would go pretty far very often, one thing leading to another, and he would cover all sorts of points, all with a great deal of vehemence. What he didn't seem to realize, public relation-wise , was that what he was saying went out over the international air waves. What people heard sounded very different from what Nasser intended. This always had a negative influence when we were discussing Egyptian problems with American officials.

Nasser liked to talk about his family, which he usually did toward the end of our meetings. He particularly liked to talk about his little son, who apparently was very mischievous. Perhaps he saw something of his own youth there, but he liked to describe the mischievous antics of his son. He was very close to his family; he would plan his vacations so he could go to the beach with them, and he often showed movies in his home. He was always very correct with his wife, very correct.

Sometimes, toward the end of our conversations, we would go over the fact that really our relations ought to be better. Our discussions would go something like this: One of us would say, "Our relations ought to be better," and we would agree to that. Then I would say, "The problem is, what do we do about it? We talk about having better relations, but what can we do to symbolize what we really mean?" He didn't ever want to suggest anything that would be refused, he didn't like that. So he would say, "Oh, we should turnover a new page." One day when he said that I said, "Fine. What should we write on the new page?" Then you would get a reply something like this. "You must understand Arab psychology better" or something of that kind. We always seemed to end up this way.

One day I went around to visit the Lebanese Minister to Cairo, Ghaleb Turk, whom I had know previously in Saudi Arabia. He asked me, "How are things going?" I said: "All right." And I told him much the same as I have just described. I told him that we'd had these conversations and we had agreed that we should have better relations, but I could never get Nasser to say anything specific about what they really would like us to do. He said, "Do you mind? I have some good relations at the top of the government in the Presidency. Do you mind if I say a word about this?" I said I didn't mind. "You can say you talked to me, that's perfectly all right. But you are not my agent, you understand. But if you want to tell him that you talked to me, go ahead!" Shortly after that, Hassanein Heikal, an important journalist and confidante of Nasser, came to see me. Well, he bounced in and said "I hear you were talking to Ghaleb Turk." I said that indeed I had. Heikal then asked, "Do you know what we want?" "That is what I am asking all the time. Can you tell me?" He replied, "Yes. We would like PL 480 wheat!" Well, this fit right in to my own thinking at the time. This was something that we could easily do, as we had wheat practically running out of the bins. Mainly we were selling this PL 480 for what we could call "wooden nickels" - that is, you got local currency in payment for it.

This PL 480 idea was to me an ideal answer. I felt strongly that in a situation in which the Russians were being aggressive in the area, we should not try to do them one better of the same kind. If we wanted to do something we should make it an American move, and preferably an American move that would have some broad appeal. Well, here was an American move that would have some broad appeal. I telegraphed this back to Washington and got clearance to discuss the matter. Heikal came in to see me, and when I told him we were willing to discuss it he nearly fell out of his chair, he didn't think we would do it. We did, of course, and the remaining months of my time in Egypt were spent working on the PL 480 agreement. My successor in Cairo once said that it gave rise to a sort of honeymoon period. Before this our relations with Egypt had been difficult.

Right after the Suez affair the Egyptians were appreciative of our position in the United Nations. But after several months they realized that we had not really changed sides - that we were not anti-French, anti-British or pro-Egyptian. In other words, we had not changed our spots, and they became very unhappy. To add to their anger we had done some things that were quite unfriendly; we had refused to sell them certain things they

badly wanted, and we had held on to some money of theirs. But this anti-American attitude gradually subsided for a time, largely owing to the PL 480 agreement.

Now finally, whenever you talk about Egypt at that particular period of time, Nasser looms very, very large. This is understandable because in a sense Nasser was Egypt at that particular time. He was not the typical hard-boiled dictator that one might think; he didn't like blood, he didn't liked violence. He was rather restrained except for those speeches. He liked to talk to people, different people, so he was quite approachable if you were willing to talk to him in a normal way. In fact he liked to talk so much that you would go in and you would be there sometimes a minimum of an hour, but more likely an hour and a half, two hours, two hours and a half, three hours. That's a lot of time and a lot of talk.

I soon saw that it was going to be hard to remember all that he had said during such long conversations. I had learned a long time before that if you want to make record of a conversation without seeming to do so, if you could just memorize a series of words which indicated the progression of the conversation point-by-point you could usually reconstruct the conversation. Then on the way home you repeat to yourself the word progression to keep the conversation in mind. So I thought it might be useful to do this in my conversations with Nasser. Ordinarily, with a Chief of State one isn't supposed to be taking notes, of course. So I said "Mr. President, I know it's not considered normal to be taking notes when talking to a Chief of State, but you talk so interestingly and frankly at some length that I don't want to forget it. I realize that you are not talking just for me; so do you mind if I just take down a few words so that I might better recall your observations?" He said "No. I don't mind, do you mind if I do the same?" So we would sit there with little pads taking notes. He was a man with whom you could do that. This does not mean that Nasser and I ever agreed on practically anything as far as I am concerned, but it did mean that we could discuss any problem reasonably and most often helpfully.

In considering Nasser one must understand that he was born of conspiracy. The revolution in Egypt had been brought about by a group of bright young officers. They had thought things out seriously and drawn on such sources as communism and Thomas Jefferson. Nevertheless, their methodology had by circumstances to be undercover. Out of these years of conspiracy, Nasser, and I think most of that group, were willing to discuss matters with you, but they were always suspicious, and you had always to keep that in mind.

Now, one last observation about Nasser. There were always lots of visitors who came to Cairo and most of them wanted to meet Nasser. Some were notables, who presented no problem, such as Hubert Humphrey, Eugene Black, and Jack McCloy. But a fair number of those who came were what I called the "belligerent." They saw in Nasser a dictator type and wanted to give him a piece of their mind. Over a period of time Nasser developed a marvelous technique of speaking to such visitors. And it was rather

amusing, because these people who had gone in with eyes flashing used to come out with stars in their eyes.

We are always hearing about the tremendous progress that was made at Camp David in settling the Arab-Israel dispute. The thing is hailed as a great Carter victory, but in fact despite all the talks and all the serious effort there has been little real progress in solving the main problem, the Arab-Israeli problem. The one aspect in which there was not only progress but success was the fact that Egypt and Israel decided to establish relations and to conclude a treaty. Actually both Egypt and Israel wanted to get the other off it's back. Egypt did not want to be threatened by Israel and Israel did not want to be threatened by Egypt. Neither of them wanted a belligerent frontier. So when it came to discussion they were able to talk serious stuff, and Begin himself was able to make some serious concessions because it was something both wanted.

This is something people tend to forget about negotiations. The ideal negotiation is one in which there are certain elements that both want, and they are bargained for. It is like going into a shop; the man wants so much for his clothing, and you have so much money, and you finally agreed on a price. In the end, when you leave the shop both of you got something that the other fellow had. That's what this is in a simplified form. This was the major product of Camp David. It has had its difficulties since and still does; but the situation is better than before and this could even be a step in the long road to improvement in the basic problem.

After Cairo I was brought back to Washington to be Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs in the Department. That was a job the Bob Murphy had, and it was a sort of specialty Department, outside of the chain of command. Bob was a Roman Catholic and one of his specialties was to handle contact with the Holy See representatives in Washington. I had heard that, and I didn't quite know what I was doing there. Also I had to deal with labor, and that was interesting, dealing with labor people. There was a lot of miscellaneous things. One of these was doing the job when we decided to eject some foreign diplomat. It was my job to carry the bad news, and there were a couple of these with the Russians. I decided I would try to make these things as painless as possible. I knew that the Russian had a place down in Rehoboth, so I would ask the offending diplomat if he or the family had been down to Rehoboth
recently and how was the weather. We would talk about that sort of thing and then I would say, "By the way, a member of your staff has been declared "persona non grata" and we would appreciate your taking the necessary measures." Afterward I was told, I've forgotten by whom, that one of the Russians remarked, "That man Hare is a funny man: He can say the most unpleasant things in the nicest way."

The most important function of this particular office was its relations with the Pentagon. I found my assignment to the War College was very useful to me as was having worked with the British in Cairo. We used to meet weakly in a group where we would present our individual ideas, come up with some joint ideas or simply iron out difficulties. One of the last things I accomplished in that job was to arrange for an exchange of officers

between the Department of State and the Pentagon. These were generally younger officers. The last I heard it was still going on, but that was some time ago.

One day someone from the office of Chester Bowles, the then Under Secretary of State, came into my office and asked what I would like to have as my next post. That was in the early days of the Kennedy administration and there was a general movement in posts and that sort of thing. I hadn't thought much about it and I said, "Well, one post that would be interesting would be New Delhi." He practically turned white, and he said, "Chet wants that!" So in consequence I went to Turkey, and I am glad I did.

I arrived in Turkey in a rather troubled period in a way. After Ataturk, when Inonu and others were in charge, the Republican Peoples Party had carried on. Then an opposition party arose, which tended to have certain relations with the religious people, who did not subscribe to what might be called the principles of Ataturk, to which Inonu and most of the military had so faithfully adhered. Subsequently, elections had been held, and the opposition party, the Democrats, had come in power for several years. Then the military, which backed the more traditional policy, staged a coup and put on trial several of the leaders of the Democratic regime, including the former Prime Minister, Adnan Menderes. When I arrived in Ankara, the government was in the process of holding trials out on the island called Yassiada. This cast a gloom over the place because the prospect was that the verdict being sought was the death penalty. This was strictly an internal Turkish affair, and the American government played no overt part in the political side of the matter, but Turkey was a friendly country, and the idea of this severe punishment for Adnan Menderes was very distressing to us. I received instructions from the Department to make known our negative reactions, which I duly outlined to Sarper, the Turkish Foreign Minister. Sarper was a fine man, and he, too, was very disturbed by the trials and opposed to the idea of executions. He asked me, after I had made my comments, if he could have a copy of "that document of yours," referring to my talking notes. I said, "I'm sorry. I don't have a document, all I've got is just my notes. If you want, after I get back to the office, I will jot down the points that I have made to you," emphasizing that I was passing them on to him - not officially, but in a friendly way. He said "Fine."

So I went back to the Embassy and wrote out the notes, which were essentially my instructions; but they weren't delivered as a formal document from the American government. They were delivered as my personal speaking notes, reflecting ideas that came from the American government. This had it's utility. It got the idea across without having to be stuck with a formal document.

Tragically, Menderes was executed, despite our attempts at intervention. Incidentally, I had a telephone call the other day from George McGhee saying there was a lovely Turkish young woman, who I think he said was the grand-daughter of Menderes, and she was here seeking some information regarding the fate of her grandfather. (I think that was the relationship). She was supposed to telephone me to see if I had any thoughts on the subject from memory. I haven't heard from her, however -- it did serve to call to mind

that this thing is still alive, though it goes back some years. These problems drag on forever, just like the Cyprus question, a large problem that drags on forever.

As you know, Cyprus is a small island off the southern coast of Turkey. It is actually visible from Turkey. Inonu once told me that they, the Turks, had made many concessions to the Greeks, and the only thing left in the South was Cyprus. There has been violence on Cyprus because of the fact the majority of the population there was of Greek origin with a smaller Turkish population. The Greeks had tried to push their policy of Enosis, which in effect would unite Cyprus with Greece. This had been accompanied by a terrorist campaign led by one Colonel Grivas. The British, who had been in charge in Cyprus, gave the country its independence and in a way washed their hands of the problem. The Archbishop Makarios, whom the British had deported for his trouble making , returned to the island and was elected President. The old problem of the two ethnic elements rose again, and real violence erupted. We became particularly interested in the problem largely because it involved two of our NATO allies, Greece and Turkey. The Cyprus problem was typical of some situation where both parties can state their positions, but neither can go beyond a certain point without feeling that they are giving something away. This gets so crystallized, so stylized that, though you talk of negotiations and try to promote a reasonable solution, you aren't actually prepared to do so. For instance, in the case of Cyprus, if you talked about the country in terms of the "people" of Cyprus, that means that you were pro-Greek. If you talked about the country in terms of the "peoples" of Cyprus - in plural - that meant you were pro-Turk. Actually, the Turks never aspired to have the whole island. Their idea was to have full association in the government or a partition of the island.

This problem of Cyprus came to he boiling point while I was Ambassador to Turkey. The situation reached a point where there was imminent danger of hostilities. We had established a sort of "watch committee" at the Embassy to keep tab of the situation, and each morning at our daily staff meeting we would go around the table reporting items of interest and views on what was going on. One day in the morning staff meeting after listening to the various reports, I said, "I feel there is something different about what you are telling me." They told me, "No, Mr. Ambassador, it's the same" I said, "I know it's the same, but it sounds different somehow. I just felt it." After you have worked with something long enough you sort of get a sixth sense in the way you feel about it. I said "prepare a telegram" (what I called an "amber" telegram), saying that this situation should be "watched."

Later in the day I got a small piece of information that fit exactly into my suspicions. I felt that something was in the wind as far as the Turks were concerned. I telephoned the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs and said, "Mr. Minister, I have a very urgent matter that I would like to discuss with you." He replied, "I'm sorry, I can't do it now. I'm going to see the Prime Minister in a few minutes". "This is really very urgent, I said. "Please!" He said, "Well, I have to see the Prime Minister in twenty minutes. Can you get here by then?" "Surely," I said. Getting there was made a bit easier by the fact that the Foreign Ministry was not far from our office, and the offices of the Foreign Minister and the

Prime Minister were on the same floor in the same building. I got there and told him, "We are both acutely aware of the situation in Cyprus. We both follow it, and somehow today I had the impression that perhaps something was different which might indicate an intention on your part to take military action." He looked at me funnily and said, "Well, perhaps you are not wrong. As a matter of fact the decision on the subject is going to be taken at eight o'clock tonight; and if the American Government has anything to say about it, they should say it by that time." This was about five o'clock or thereabouts in the afternoon. I got back to the office very fast and wrote a very urgent telegram. I got a reply right back, it was mostly boiler plate , all the obvious things. I was to tell the Turks, please don't do this; you could cause this, you could cause that and everybody would end up in a dangerous situation. I don't remember exactly what the telegram said, but I think it said in effect, "Use you own devices."

I went around to the Foreign Office; it was about 7:30 or so when I got there. Anyway, it was before the meeting time. The Foreign Minister suggested that we should go in to see Prime Minister Inonu, which we did. I started out my plea with him, which was nothing special, mainly boiler plate . Inonu said, "Well, it's quite true that we are thinking about a military movement into Cyprus." He explained that this was a move to protect the Turkish community there, the Turkish enclave. I had my instructions to dissuade them from military action and also, having been around in military situations a good part of my life, I felt that this was a very dangerous move for the Turks to take. First of all, I knew that they were not really set up for an amphibious operation of this kind. Such an operation takes time and it requires all sorts of special equipment. So, if the Turks were going to try a landing, that would be serious and things would probably get much worse. On the other hand, if they used their Air Force, that would be disastrous because their air force was very strong and the results would again be disaster. Either way they chose the prospect would be dangerous.

Inonu got up several times to leave, and each time I would say something to make him wait a little longer. Finally, he said, "Mr. Ambassador, all my people are waiting in the next room to discuss this matter; they are waiting for me, Mr. Ambassador, what do you want?" Well, I had no instructions to say what we specifically wanted, but I had learned - it's the old thing when in doubt, play for time. So without hesitation I said "Twenty-four hours, sir." He said, "Well, I don't know. I will see what I can do. We are supposed to go at eight o'clock tomorrow morning." Well, they didn't go. The move had worked. Meanwhile back in Washington they had developed a letter to the Turks from President Johnson to Prime Minister Inonu. It was called the "Johnson Letter," but I've learned since that Dean Rusk and Joe Sisco had worked on it. I don't know if Johnson ever saw it or just gave perfunctory approval. It was a very tough letter, but it was reasonable in the sense that it was a warning. Here we were, joint members of NATO; we were friends of both Greece and Turkey, and if Turkey should make a movement whose end we couldn't see or predict it all might have wider and graver consequences. We could not guarantee what we would do, we couldn't guarantee our support in a situation of that kind.

The letter was not well drafted, however, and there really was no necessity for its severity. After all, my play for time had worked, the move had not taken place. This was a time to act firmly but with diplomatic restrain. I took this message to the Prime Minister and gave a copy to Erkin. When Erkin had read his copy of the letter he became really furious: "Mr. Ambassador, after this the relations between Turkey and the United States will never be the same," he said. Inonu on the other hand said, "Mr. Ambassador, I think I'll read the last paragraph first." The last paragraph was a very nice one asking him and his Greek counterpart to come to the United States to discuss the matter. It is very hard to understand how Inonu would think of something like that, that he could draw on such wisdom. He had had no time at all to study the message or to consider it. His reaction was instant and amazingly wise.

For a long time after the Turks were fairly boiling over this famous letter. It seemed to me, and to some of my Turkish friends as well, that although the letter was a difficult one, a tough one, it would have been better to have published it and let people see what it was and what it was not. Otherwise the Turkish public could imagine that just about anything was in the letter. The imagination can run wild in circumstances such as this. Well, the letter was indeed published eventually and the flap subsided to a certain extent. However, people sometimes like to keep tucked away in the drawer of their desk such sensitive issues and pull out and start all over again in certain circumstances regardless of the original problem. This letter is that kind of thing. People have been bringing up the Johnson letter ever since. The other day, in fact, a student or journalist - journalist it was, came to see me about it. He had been commissioned by his editor in Turkey -I think the paper was HURRIYET- to do a research on the Johnson letter. He had talked to George Ball, who had worked on it back on this side and now he was coming to see me. We talked about the thing for some time, and then I got, I must say, annoyed. I said, "Look here. This was something that happened a long time ago; it might have been done better, but it was done in good faith. What is it and why does your editor wants to raise the Johnson letter again after all these years. What for? Frankly, I resent it, and I want you to know it! This is gratuitous provocation!" I don't usually get tough with people who are with the press, but that's the way I felt about it. It's like dragging a dead cat around and dropping it on your doorstep.

During my stay as Ambassador to Turkey, our relations with Turkey were of many types. Of course they were a member of NATO, but most of the problems concerning NATO were geared to what seemed to be a continuing round of visiting NATO officers doing the circuit. We had a perpetual group of NATO officer coming in. The Turks were very good hosts, and this includes the Turkish military. The NATO people weren't the only ones who came to visit. They came in various capacities. There were so many that I forgot them

But my earliest visitor of importance was Dean Rusk, who came with a delegation to attend a CENTO conference and all stayed with me at the Embassy. My wife had not yet arrived; so here I was entertaining an entire CENTO delegation, and I had only just moved into the house myself. Dean Rusk endeared himself to me when, while we were

sitting around having a drink, he announced, "Tomorrow we will all have breakfast at eight o'clock, and everybody will have scrambled eggs." So we solved that prospective culinary difficulty. I've always thought about that with a great appreciation.

Another visitor of prominence was then Vice President Lyndon Johnson. Prior to his coming a whole advance group came and informed us of things that had to be done; it was really awe-inspiring the things we were told had to be done; otherwise presumably the world was coming to an immediate end! Sure enough, when he came he was difficult. He used to go through the motion of harassing his whole staff nearly every day. Fortunately, I got along with him fine for some reason. He wanted all sorts of things. If it was a hotel, he didn't want anybody else on the same floor. He wanted always to have a massage, and he would go through several masseuses before he got one he liked. His arrival in Ankara was particularly interesting. It was a Sunday, and I went out to the airport as did Inonu, who was obviously terribly disturbed about something. He rushed up to me and said "Disaster, Mr. Ambassador, disaster!" I asked, "What's the matter?" "Nobody here, nobody in the streets. It's Sunday afternoon and everybody's sleeping, nobody is in the streets!" I said, "Don't worry," but Inonu again remained very agitated. So Johnson arrived, and I rode with him accompanied by a very able member of the Foreign Office, who had been in Washington and spoke excellent English. As we went along we would come upon a hovel or something of the kind on the side of the road, and Johnson would shout, "STOP!" He would get out of the car and go over the hovel and try to talk to somebody. He did this several times along the way into town. By the time we got to Ankara people were practically hanging from the chandeliers. Johnson told me Afterward how he did this. "When you go in like this and you want a crowd you stop and the little boys run ahead and pretty soon the crowd begins to form for you!" Some days later on, when he visited Istanbul and we were to pay our respects on the Governor, he said to me, "Now today - you saw what I did in Ankara - today I will just bow to the people along the way." As we went along he would bow gracefully to everybody. There were people along the street, but no crowds congregated. He was an unusual man, in some ways very intemperate. His feeling towards the Kennedys, for instance, are well known. I've heard him give vent to this feelings once, and I found it embarrassing. He did have very strong dislikes, but also he could be very pleasant.

I met Johnson again during my final tour in Washington as an Assistant Secretary for NEA. As a social gesture arrangements had been made for him (he was President at that time) to host a boat ride on the old Sequoia for Chiefs of Mission from the Middle East countries. It was very pleasant. The Sequoia had two decks, I was on the top deck, and so was Johnson. He started going down the stairs, and I was following dutifully when he turned around and said, "Ray, why are you leaving me?" I said, "Mr. President, this job of mine is only a temporary one; prior to my previously arranged retirement, I am in no sense leaving you." He said, "I don't understand why you are leaving me," and he meant it. That shows that, as you often find, it is a mistake to caricature people.

As I mentioned, Dulles also had his softer sides. Nasser had other sides, too. One of the greatest mistakes is to categorize someone for "that something," which may be just one-tenth of his character, you just don't know except by experience.

We had other important guests as well in Ankara; Duke Ellington came, and we had a big reception for him. He had just left the house when we had a telephone call telling us that President Kennedy had been assassinated. The Turks' reaction was immediate. All public places of entertaining were closed throughout Turkey, they even named a street after the President. Peasants and people from all walks of life came walking into my office just to shake my hand and leave. It was very touching. But Washington said "The Ellington show must go on." "Like hell the show will go on" I said. It would have been absurd and totally inappropriate to put on a concert, no matter how good, when Ankara was in mourning. So the good Duke, a splendid fellow, did not get to play.

The Frederick Marches came, so did Fulbright and Martha Graham, too. Then the Ruler of Sikkim came, along with his American wife. The Indian Ambassador called me and asked if the Ruler and his wife could come to the dinner party I was giving. I said "Sure." They were a strange couple. He was very outgoing, liked a good time, and he drank with gusto. His wife, the American girl, used to sit with her head bowed and her hands folded like she thought a demure little Nepalese should, I guess. It was a bit ludicrous.

Little incidents tend to stick in my mind, such as when our first astronaut made his historic flight. I was giving a dinner party that night, and I kept leaving the room to listen to the radio reports to see how things were going. Luckily, I was able to walk back into the room with the news "He's down" just as it was time to serve the champagne. Nice!

I look back on Turkey with a great deal of pleasure. I had become interested in Islamic architecture when I was at Roberts College and used to go visiting the sights. I was not conscious of doing anything serious at the time, but apparently I was absorbing it, as in a museum. As time went on, and particularly after I became Ambassador, I had facilities for getting around that I wouldn't normally have had. As a consequence I undertook a quite extensive survey at monuments, which I would first study in available literature, and then visit, photograph and take notes. All this material is now in the Smithsonian for research purposes, in the Sackler section.

Turkey is a large country, and there was a lot of ground to cover. But having airplanes and service people, part of whose duties was to keep up their flying hours was fortuitous and gave special dimension to my exploring, in addition to long trips by car. In so doing it apparently got around that I was interested in architecture and so, if it was known that I would be coming to a certain place, there usually would be an old man among the group meeting me who would be a sort of local historian, sometimes with a little notebook covering items of interest in the area. They were always very pleased to share their knowledge and would sometimes guide me to monuments, not included in the tomes of scholars. I enjoyed it immensely and to be frank, was also aware that in Turkish eyes, it reflected well on my position as Ambassador. It brought me closer to Turkish reality.

I had planned to retire from the Foreign Service after my tour of duty in Turkey, and various farewell plans had been made - and had to be canceled. Due to a hitch in the personnel system in the Department, the position of Assistant Secretary of State for NEA became vacant temporarily, and I was asked to take the job for the interim. Having been on the seventh floor in the old days at the apex of my career, I now found myself once again back on the sixth floor. Incidentally, I was in the same phase, as I recall it, that Averell Harriman has been in, and neither of us had much difficult in making the adjustment.

You will recall that I mentioned the PL 480 agreement with Egypt and how it inaugurated a period of good relations with Nasser and Egypt. Well, when I got to this new job in Washington, one of the fist things to hit my desk was this PL 480 agreement. It wasn't a very happy document, however. By this time our relations with Egypt had deteriorated, not so much because of any one big thing, but because of a whole series of things: conferences that Nasser had attended; speeches that he had made; that sort of thing. As a consequence it became impossible to get the old type of PL 480 agreement through. I kept going over to the Hill to try to resurrect it, and every time I though I was getting someplace, Nasser would make another speech, and there would go all my work. Finally the PL 480 was succeeded by another type of agreement: PL 480 died without a whimper!

I made it clear that I was in the Assistant Secretary position only temporarily and I think I must gone to Dean Rusk some thirteen times asking him: "When am I going out?" He and others kept saying, "It will be, it will be." Eventually it worked out. One of the principal reason for my wanting to retire from the Foreign Service was that I had been offered the job as President of the Middle East Institute. Up to then the Institute has not had a full time President operating on the spot. Mr. George Camp Kaiser had been the guiding spirit during his lifetime, but when he died there were several people who took over the job. But none of them had the time to take up office in the organization. Terry Duce, Kermit Roosevelt, and they sort of had to do their best out of their hip pocket. Meanwhile money had become a problem, personnel had become a problem. And it was decided that what was needed was a full time president on the spot- and I happened to be the first one they tapped for the job. I accepted it, and I was looking forward to it as a sort of decompression chamber, you might say, after having been in the Foreign Service.

I had been told when I approached the job, "Now you don't have to worry about money or anything like that, we'll take care of that. We want someone with a bit of prestige and that sort of thing just to take over the job and run the Institute." Well, I hadn't been in the job more than a few days when I found out that not only were we broke, we were in debt. Some of our biggest contributors had been slicing their contributions. So, it turned out that my job during the three years I was there was to raise money. Like a college president, you are quick to find out that though you would like to spend your time inspiring the youth, you are actually raising money. That was the same thing with me, raising money.

During this time we were able to build up the staff of the Institute. We were able to draw on the School of Advanced International Studies (SAIS) for staff from the graduate students. These young people were majoring in Middle Eastern Affairs and had a real interest in the area. Furthermore, they knew the names of the Middle East personalities and places, so things like that weren't strange to them. Though they could only stay with us from two to three years, they could be replenished, which was useful to us. I think the Institute was also useful to them too. While it wasn't necessarily designed that way, it turned out that over that period of several years of working with the Institute as active members of the staff they got a variety of experience, such as working as a member of the editorial staff of the Journal, something they could include in their "curricula vitae." We all know how important that is to give us a start, and all of them did very well wherever they went.

The basis of the Middle East Institute was a good one. It was meant to interpret and facilitate the understanding of the Middle East by Americans; that was basically it. By our constitution, or charter, or whatever it was not supposed to be, and it has never been, a polemic organization. We have tried to be fair to all sides in the Middle East. We have tried to bring in Arabs and Israelis to our conferences and that type if thing. If an Israeli journalist comes, or an Arab journalist comes, we've tried to bring them into the Middle East Institute to talk things over. Many of the matters which come to your attention and which happen to be part of what you are doing are by their nature very contentious and this does unquestionably impinge on you. But the Institute is and must continue to be a place where everybody from the Middle East can come provided he isn't a terrorist, and where he can feel that is an open forum for honest speech.

Since leaving the Institute I have had no formal connections with it. Though I have been pretty active as a consultant without remuneration. People come to my home, professors, authors, media people and various others who are interested in the Middle East and want to talk about it, to discuss certain aspects of it. One of the most interesting to me, and perhaps the most important project along these lines was one initiated by Ambassador Armin Meyer. Armin had a class at Georgetown U. which was focused on the idea that the students should try to familiarize themselves with the actual working of diplomacy through making contact with ex-American ambassadors, of which there is quite a number here in Washington. This to learn about the way the Foreign Service works and that sort of thing and to discuss special matters that they might be writing about in papers for the class.

It was been interesting to see how this has developed. I left the Institute in the 1960, and the first students that came were the sixties students. They felt that everything that has ever happened was wrong and since you were part of things that happened - you were wrong too, obviously. They come in bristling when they were supposed to be coming in to consult with you. That's the last thing in the world they really have on their mind. You learn how to handle things like that eventually, but it was that period when everything that is or was, is wrong. I know that occasionally I used to address classes and I had several techniques to deal with people of this kind. One was, if you looked over a class

you could invariably spot the fellow that was going to cause the biggest trouble; you could tell by his expression. So you had to direct your whole lecture perhaps to him; you keep looking at him all this time. That helped a little bit. Then another advice I used; I think it wasn't too devious, I knew what they were asking for, so as I came to the end of a discussion, I would say "Now I realize that we are going to come to the question period which I know is the most important part of an occasion of this kind. But would you mind if before I ask you for questions I ask myself a few questions, just to get things started a little bit." Then I will have thought of about five or six of the nastiest, meanest questions that could possibly be asked, then I would ask them to myself, you see. Their faces would get long because they were usually the questions that they wanted to ask. I could hear them and could usually put more bite into them than they could because I knew more about it.

Well, that was then, but during the eighties and particularly the last five years or so up to this year, I have seemed to notice a change, and I have checked with some other people who have witnessed the same phenomenon. That phenomenon is that students are much more serious. As we sat around my study and started discussing their papers, some particular thing that they had come for, sometimes we would talk for two or three hours Afterward - just talking; they wanted to talk. They didn't want to tell me, they wanted to talk, and it was very pleasurable. Incidentally I found then, as I had found also in the Middle East Institute in dealing with our younger staff, that often any help that I might have for them might be one thing, but I found that I was getting more out of talking to younger people about serious things than I was with my contemporaries. There are very few things after a while that your contemporaries have got to say that you don't pretty well know; they may put them in a few better words, but also there is a question of how you talk when you sit here with a student right next to you. You begin thinking more yourself. I found it an extremely satisfying phenomenon. I myself have, in these circumstances, gotten a tremendous amount out of these discussions.

These are students who are eighteen through twenty-two, you know. I've gotten ideas out of them, perceptions out of them that I would not have gotten from their elders.

This is the end of the story which I have been asked to try to tell. Before we finish, however, a few thoughts remain.

The one thing that, as I look back, the one thing that stood out particularly was this wave - tremendous wave of change from the time when I was a boy in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, going to school to the time I left the Foreign Service. It was a different world, one tends to be overimpressed by things that happen that are contemporaneous with your own experience, but when I think and look back to, say, when I was at my grandfather's house in Martinsburg, West Virginia, they didn't have electricity, they didn't have plumbing, they had a back house - two holes or three holes, they didn't have a car; in fact nobody had a car in those days. My grandfather was a contractor, and did have a good business, but we had no telephone, and one could go on and on and on. I remember that my father was rather an amateur inventor and at that time inventing was the key word in a certain

type of change that we now call technology. It wasn't technical at all, it was practical. There were the men like Edison. My father, I remember, would speak in very reverential terms of these other people, the inventors. I sometimes think that we forget that was the way of looking at life then. Of course the fuller one's career, the greater the number of things that are worthwhile that you would like to talk about or explore, and that's what I am trying to do a bit; but I do apologize for the certain degree of hesitancy in trying to tackle such an important problem. However, I have been importuned by a friend whose initials are D.M. to take a try at looking at some of the aspects of this change. This is what I will try to do for a few moments in a one-on- one context discourse, without notes, except for one single card. That card just has dates on it so as to be able to maintain a certain logical sequence to some of the things that have been happening. I'm talking about what I am trying to do, what I have been trying to do. As I said, as I've gone back over what I think I've said, certain things have and have not been struck by this idea of change which I have mentioned.

For instance, as I look back, I mentioned electricity. Practically nobody had cars in those days. The only car I remember back in the time when I was in Maine was owned by one of the summer people that came there, a big shining thing. Telephones as I mentioned, and airplanes. I do remember seeing an airplane once at a show or a big country fair is probably what it was, I think. Even hospitals, you didn't go to hospitals in those days unless it was a

state of dire immediate emergency. If you were going to die, you died in your bed, you didn't go to a hospital to die. I remember my uncle John out in Summerfield, Ohio; he lived to be ninety-nine and they said that his final difficulty was that he fell from an apple tree and they took him to a hospital and there he died. All his friends and relatives say that the reason he died is because they took him to a hospital, he would have been all right otherwise.

In other words this is a period where the individual is quite close to his environment. You had horses instead of cars, and you just didn't have things like radios and television, things of that kind. You did adjust yourself to your environment. Up in Maine, water - we had it in the kitchen; we had a pump and if you wanted water you just pumped the water from a cistern, and that was the water system. If you wanted to take a bath, you took a bath in one of my mother's wash tubs on a Saturday night in the kitchen - That was the bathroom; that was the way life was. It was quite intimate! It was quite all right. At the same time that was happening, I know we had a gramophone and my father was very interested in things musical; we had good records and we discussed music and things of that kind. Incidentally, he also was very talented musically; he could do almost anything with instruments. He had never studied a note in his life but he could pick up instruments, and he did; he played the cornet and the trombone and the drums. In Maine he got a couple of flutes and he got me to play the flute. I've always lamented the fact that I didn't keep it up.

A flute is one of the few things that I could have carried around with me the rest of my life, and it makes some rather nice little noises. You could go someplace where you

didn't bother people; its a nice little instrument, but I didn't do it. At least all these things you see were close to us. My father could just bring an old flute in and teach me how to play it. If he found another kind of flute with a different system he would play that flute. Also in those days I know that he was in the city band, and they had a bandstand on the corner, that's at Martinsburg. Now even these things have become stylish, but in those days all your friends got together and played in the band.

Now you look at all those things, many of these things; even people now who are really are at the sub-poverty level will have electricity, sanitary conveniences, a car too; radios, of course, telephones, of course. Also hospital services and that sort of thing. And this modernization has brought a certain amount of material comfort to people now. But also it seems to me that it has brought certain problems which lead us to distance the individual from his natural environment. If you really want to get someone upset, just say something about his car. It's worse than talking about his relatives. I remember once crossing the street here and somebody from a side street came whirling around - although there was a stop sign there - and almost hit me. I had a cane and I tapped his car with the rubber tip of my cane, and he jumped out livid, and said "Don't you ever dare to do that again or I will do this and I will do that." I could see that man was - he was really enraged. So in a way we have become dependent on these machines, and these machines break and all sorts of things happen.

At this point there is the a second degree that you are removed from reality because there is the plumber and there is the carpenter and all these people who are supposed to fix these things, and they will come tomorrow and they don't come, and they will come the next day for certain and they will show up about six o'clock maybe, but they will have told you to stay in the house all day and there will have been somebody waiting. In a way you have become subservient to your washing machine or your disposal. Put a man on the telephone and you became subservient to him, and you sit and you fume. Now do you feel better? I know I don't. Also this goes much further. We are talking about the simple things. You also get credit cards and things of that kind; all sorts of things where your name becomes of incidental importance; its a number and John Doe tends to become a faceless figure. Is that going to contribute to your happiness long term? I have my doubts.

Regarding foreign affairs, I'll be rather brief because once you start on the subject you can go on forever. Please be indulgent with me for a minute. All I had intended was to say that in this new changed world we are in, both foreign affairs and the Foreign Service have been affected with very interesting results. In the case of foreign affairs you recall that back someplace along my discussion I mentioned that Charles Evans Hughes had said to the American Delegation to the Lausanne Conference in 1922, and I quote here, "that they should maintain the integrity of our position as an independent power which has not been there connected or concerned with the rivalries of other nations, which have so often made the Near East a theater of war." Previous to that there had been the Chester concession in Turkey a few years before in which the American government had succeeded in engineering the withdrawal of this group and gave as a reason, "the liability

of very serious obligations which might involve us in the international politics of Europe and the Near East which we have been so solicitous to avoid."

Now here we are talking about the early nineteen hundreds - 1913 to 1922 in this case, and this you recall was essentially the policy that I mentioned, for instance when the Palestine situation burgeoned in the thirties and we put out a statement. I think it was in 1938 and it stated that we were not bound by a sympathetic declaration by Congress on the Palestine thing, that our responsibility in the area was confined exclusively to the protection of persons and the property of American business - that type of thing, of individuals. That was in 1938, that's not very long ago.

Then change and you go over to not much later, we come to Mr. Truman and the Truman Doctrine and to a statement that he made in his Army Day address of April 6, 1946. 1946 isn't much later than 1938 and here's what Truman says now (referring to 1946). "This area contains vast natural resources, it lies across the most convenient land, air and water communications. It is consequently an area of great economic and strategic (note strategic importance) the nations of which are not strong enough individually or collectively to withstand powerful aggression. (Note here by me, he is speaking of the Russians obviously.) It is easy to see therefore how the Near and Middle East might become an area of intense rivalry between outside powers and how such rivalry might suddenly erupt under conflict." That's quite a change of attitude in just a few years, and President Nixon, whatever you may say about him, was excellent at foreign affairs, said in 1970 in a foreign policy report to Congress about the Middle East. I quote, "This area presents one of the sternest tests of our quest for peace through partnership and accommodation of interest. It combines intense local conflict with great power involvement; this combination is all the more dangerous because power interests are greater than their control."
What has happened in the Middle East? Do we have a policy that fits into this? To a certain extent yes, but these statements are much stronger it seems to me than any policy that we have been able to engender. At times it seemed to me that too often, very often as a matter of fact, we tend to substitute words - press statements and that sort of thing - for policy. Rhetoric, that's dangerous. Rhetoric is one of the most dangerous things in foreign affairs, particularly in explosive situations, or sensitive situation also. It is the most dangerous because rhetoric is made for public relations. It usually does not align closely with your foreign policy itself. So it is made under certain pressures of a public relations type. Secondly, if you start depending on rhetoric in a given situation it is very dangerous for the simple reason that you can't re-quote yourself without jacking it up a step. Nobody's impressed by your saying, "As I said," they want you to say a little more. If you are going to use rhetoric, you've got to keep raising the degree of it and you can get yourself in a great deal of difficulty with words.

I am told that I have the reputation of being "The Silent Ambassador." This is true and it's by design. I will talk to the press if they insist on it, and if they get anything they wanted from me they are lucky because I've found that most of the things that press people want is an immediate impact, and the impact is usually one that you don't want. Perhaps it is

just the difference between something that is said today and something that is said the day after tomorrow. It would be all right then, but not today. As I mentioned also that when I got the airfield agreement in Saudi Arabia, it was a hard, hard job that took months of work. We finally worked it out by a special strategy which I mentioned. This was accomplished by making the agreement appear more advantageous to the Saudis than to us, despite the fact that we got everything that we wanted. I then suggested to the Department that they not emphasize this publicly; they didn't and so it passed, it was all right.

Well as you see I go barging off, like a rabbit into little trails on the side which remind me of other things and sometimes I repeat myself; I realize I am doing that but it's how I work. There is one thing that I didn't mention there and that is the degree to which we have come to realize the importance of what is involved in becoming a great power, especially if you become a great power by force of circumstance rather than by deliberate positive will. Take the British for example, they knew exactly what they are doing; the troops didn't go out first - the missionaries and particularly the companies went out first and then the troops came in behind to buttress them. To them the empire grew rationally, openly, and the empire was a source of pride. We have never gotten to the point where we can think of ourselves in a similar capacity. We've tended to become rather ambivalent; one day we will - one day we won't. Of course we became the greatest power in the world after the second World War by virtue of fact and we are now. How do we look abroad? We talk too much, we say one thing and then we change our minds. Where is the pattern?

Are we comfortable with the world that we are in? Are we comfortable? Surely with Vietnam behind us, now the Contra thing, the Persian Gulf thing - that's up now. These are things very few people in the country are happy with. All of these things have become extremely difficult problems with the Persian Gulf thing being the one that's hot right now.

Now with retrospect to the Foreign Service; in my days I suppose we grew up in the period when the service was a smaller service, and I'm putting in back several years now. Our relations were conducted with civility, as were our relations with our superiors back in Washington. You felt that you should use your imagination to generate ideas you thought would be helpful, and you felt you could submit them carefully phrased hopefully, to the Department and be listened to, and very often you were. The ideas could also be submitted to your other superiors in the field. There were at times some people that would write a fiery telegram saying, "The Embassy can't understand what the Department has on its mind," and that sort of thing, and then they could try to clear it with my office. I asked them what was going on and they said "Well I wanted to get that off my chest," I said, "Look here, the Government doesn't pay your salary and send you out here to whatever country it is to get things off your chest. You've come out here to be helpful to Washington." I also said: " And another thing, when you're writing a telegram to Washington, it's going to the place that's going to handle it, so you have to write your telegram as though you are receiving a telegram." It isn't just getting an idea on the

record, that's of no use unless you get it on the record with the purpose of having a result. Some people never would understand that. There were a few among us in the old days who had that fault, but I think that they were usually kept under control.

There also was a similar weakness that we had, we still have officers - Chiefs of Mission particularly - who seem to think that if people love them in their new position they will be a great success. They would like to get medals and things of that kind - anything to indicate that they are cherished locally. Well, that's okay if people like you, but the most important thing you are there for is to be respected in the position that you are in. In gaining the respect you don't have to be tough about it, but that is our job, that is your job. The job is not to be liked, but to be respected, as the representative of your government.

All in all it was a good outfit, there had to be changes and the changes have been rather drastic. The service has grown a great deal and with growth has come what we call administration and reorganization.

We had reorganizations before, but when you do it with large numbers of people you tend to depersonalize your personnel system, how you regard people. You have all sorts of new administrative terms like "man in motion" and things of that kind and the "pyramids of structure." You find yourself in a position where the individual at times just becomes "second from the left on the third tier up" and that's who you are. Now this has had its effect on the Foreign Service. But we shouldn't be too severe in judging for we realize in this world that we now live in the Foreign Service is running into the same problem that you run into at General Motors or something of that kind, the same type of thing. Here I nevertheless put a great big "but" in here, the "but" is that I do feel that the Foreign Service, if it is going to function the way that it should and be able to communicate to foreign people and communicate from foreign people things that need to be communicated in the interest of our government and of the American people there must be an opportunity for personal thoughtfulness and imagination to have play. Things should not be depersonalized too much. I'll give you some examples of the wrong thing to do that the Department was doing when I was back here before, or maybe I was in Turkey at the time. Some people got the idea that any really important decision was too big to be handled by an ordinary man in the field and had to be referred to the Department, and if the Department found it too big it should go the White House. All you were supposed to do was identify the problems that were too big for you to handle and "refer them." The idea was that the world is dominated by confrontations and all the discussion that came in must be on a confrontation basis. You're supposed to make the other man you are talking with angry at you and that way you got the real truth. Well, of course it's pure hogwash. I know that they sent this proposition out to me in Turkey and I said I agreed heartily in any idea to settle any problems that were causing difficulty and we had been endeavoring to follow such a policy as the occasion arose. And we felt we'd got it pretty well in hand. They got pretty annoyed by this back at the Department because we couldn't produce problems that we couldn't handle. You weren't considered worthy of your job as an Ambassador in this system unless you could produce problems that you did not have enough capacity to solve, and this was real, this was real! I didn't

want to overdo this but I did want to point out that there are these dangers of small-minded people taking over when ill-advised ideas are put forward with unfortunate results.

However, as I mentioned a little while ago I am not despondent. I have a degree of hopefulness, which I hope is not displaced. I see these young people coming in who are going into the Foreign Service; they impress me, they impress me. To me that is a basic requirement for a healthy foreign service. My dictum when I was Director General of the Foreign Service was "The Foreign Service will be just as good as the young people who are coming into it." However, fresh new blood is not enough by itself. It needs to be given opportunity in the existing system where superior officers, including the Ambassador, realize that, in addition to performance of normal functions, there is an obligation on them to take an interest in young and other subordinate staff, a process which is sometimes termed "in-service training". During my own experience as ambassador, I felt very strongly that such guidance was of primary importance and that it was one of the few memories which could be treasured as having made an ongoing value.

With this said regarding the Foreign Service per se, there is also, of course, the question of governing policy as determined by the level of the State Department and finally the White House, a subject concerning which we are daily inundated from all sides, and on which one could speculate ad infinitum. But, as far as I am concerned, what particularly has to be stressed are the qualities of WISDOM in its deepest and widest sense -and DEDICATION in the fulfillment of responsibility. This may sound rather rudimentary, but actually it goes to the root of the situation which we are facing, and looking back, that is the essence or distillation of what comes to my mind. With wise and devoted people from the lowest initiate in the service up to the President himself, there is no substitute for these qualities.

And on that note, I take my leave of any who may chance to come across these rambling notes and thank you for your patience - and also that of a certain gentleman named Dayton Mak, who dragooned me into this and has given it his editorial touch.

End of interview