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

SUSAN ANN CLYDE

Interviewed by: Charles Stuart Kennedy
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INTERVIEW

Q: All right. Today is March the 6, 2012. This interview is with Susan Ann Clyde, and this is being done on behalf of the Association for Diplomatic Studies. I'm Charles Stuart Kennedy.

CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION

Q: Susan, let's start at the beginning. When and where were you born?

CLYDE: I was born August 27, 1944, in Kansas City, Missouri, in an unwed mothers' home called The Willows. I was adopted at the age of about a week by John Aubrey and Ellen Houston McRoberts Clyde, who lived on a farm outside a very small town called Malta Bend, Missouri. Something like 300 residents at the time. I don't know anything about my birth parents, unfortunately. The state of Missouri maintains a very strict lockdown of records of adoptees. It's almost impossible to access information. Until I was 10, we lived on the farm.

Q: So your father and mother were farmers?

CLYDE: My father was a farmer, his brothers were farmers, their father before him had been a farmer. The family on both sides had farmed for generations. all in this same area of Missouri near the Missouri River.

Q: What was the farm like?

CLYDE: Well, it was not a large farm. My father's father, my grandfather, had quite a bit of property, several farms, and when he died his will split it up among his four children, three boys and one girl, who was the eldest. The girl of course got the smallest portion. My father was the youngest of the three sons, so he received the smallest of the other farms, around 400 acres. It was decent land, with good soil, but a little on the small side to support a family well. Farming is not an easy occupation, and my father's health was not too good.

My parents built the farmhouse that I grew up in. I was only a toddler then, but they built the house themselves, with the help of a black hired man whose name was Trojan. I'm told I adored him and followed him everywhere. We lived in the basement once they'd gotten that much done, and then finished the part above ground.

It was a small house, two stories, just a couple of bedrooms upstairs. One of my happiest memories of that house was my bedroom, which was decorated by my mother's sister, Mary Elizabeth. She was an artist, and she painted the walls of my room with a forest scene, including little rabbit bodies scattered around. Then she hung tiny plaster rabbit heads on the rabbit bodies that she had painted. I remember being very disappointed when I went back a couple of years later for a visit and found the new owners had painted over my rabbit scenes.

I remember my mother doing laundry with a wringer washer in the basement, hanging clothes outside to dry. And she separated milk there too, made butter, although I think once it was easily available at the grocery, she gave that hard work up. We had a few chickens for the eggs and meat, and my mother killed a chicken when we wanted to eat it for dinner by wringing its neck. In those days chicken feed and other animal feed and even flour came in cotton sacks that were printed with various designs or colors so women could make clothing from them. I had a lot of flour sack dresses then. My mother was a good seamstress. She made clothing for all my dolls, which I promptly lost whenever we traveled anywhere. We had a coal furnace, and I had asthma as a child. I remember sitting on the basement steps watching my father shovel coal into the furnace, when he realized I was having trouble breathing and rushed me outside to the clear air. Fortunately, I outgrew the asthma by the time I was a teenager.

I don't have many photos from that time period. Most of our photo albums were destroyed by a fire when I was about six. My mother had put my little brother to bed and was sitting on my bed talking to me. We kept hearing a rustling noise, which she thought was my father putting a tarp on the tractor for the night. But it went on too long, so she went downstairs and found a desk in the living room was ablaze, apparently from an electrical short in the lamp that was on it. My father managed to drag the desk with his bare hands and pull it across the floor to the door, throw it down the steps into the yard and put out the fire with a hose. Somehow his hands were not badly burned. The living room floor was charred wherever he had been forced by the heat to stop dragging it. So many mementos and photos were lost then. And to this day, I have trouble leaving a room with a lamp still lit.

Q: What was it like growing up on a farm in that particular period?

CLYDE: Oh, I loved it. For my fifth birthday, my parents gave me a pony, one that I think was probably a little too big and frisky for me. He threw me a few times, and I refused to ride him anymore, so my father sold him and bought me a small Shetland, named Shorty. He was gentle, but stubborn, did not like to carry two people, even if they were lightweight children. When my cousin Sandi, who was only six weeks older than I,

came over, we would often try to ride him together. He didn't bother with bucking. He just sort of sat down, and the person on the back, usually Sandi, would just slide right off onto the ground, unhurt. Then Shorty would stand up and mosey on, although not necessarily where I wanted to go. My last pony was Billy, slightly taller and blind in one eye, but incredibly gentle. My strongest memory of him is from the auction where we sold all our farm equipment. There were a number of children there, and I remember riding Billy around, offering them rides. And then at the end of the day, we had to load Billy into the trailer of the people who had bought him. That was a very sad day for me.

I went to a small school in Malta Bend. I started in first grade, since there was no kindergarten. My grandmothers, both widows, lived across the street from each other just a couple of blocks from the school. We spent a lot of time with them. I had many cousins and relatives in the area from both sides of the family, so that was great. I remember going out alone or with the cousins in the fields on the farm. Nobody worried too much about kids wandering around on their own then. I do recall a story my parents told me about my taking off at the age of three to walk the quarter of a mile down our dirt road to the main highway, where there was a little convenience store, because I wanted a soda pop. Nehi Grape was the flavor of choice. Fortunately they caught up with me before I got to the highway.

Q: Oh boy. Were you much of a reader?

CLYDE: Very much so, yes. I read at a very early age, thanks to my mother's example. I could read well before I went to school. My mother read to me all the time, and I really learned to read very early. My mother belonged to several book clubs, Book of the Month, Reader's Digest Condensed Books and the like. There weren't any bookstores or libraries in Malta Bend, which is about a third of the way across the state between Kansas City and St. Louis, although the county seat, Marshall, about ten miles away, had a small library. It was really in the countryside.

Q: You mentioned a younger brother? Did you have other siblings?

CLYDE: I had one younger brother and one older foster brother, with whom I was very close. My parents had my brother John five years after they adopted me. They didn't think they could have any children, since they'd been married almost ten years when they got me, although they had raised my foster brother Frank for his first five or six years.

My brother John was born in May 1949. I remember my mother hanging out wash in the back yard and telling me that I would soon have a little brother or sister. The lilacs were in bloom, which must have meant she was at least seven or eight months pregnant, so I may have been a fairly unobservant child. I used to give him a hard time when he was little, telling him that when our parents adopted me, they got to choose, but when he was born, they had to take what they could get. I hope he has forgiven me for that.

When he was three or four, my parents were terrified they were going to lose him. My father caught him near the lawn mower, sniffing the fumes from the gas tank, which

hadn't been put back tightly. He was almost unconscious. They called our family doctor, whose clinic was 15 miles away. He said not to try to bring John to the clinic, because he would go to sleep in the car, but to keep him awake until the doctor could come to us. I sat on the concrete front steps watching as my parents stood about ten feet apart in the yard and just shoved my brother back and forth between them, keeping him moving, until he started to wake up.

Q: What did the farm raise?

CLYDE: Mostly corn and soybeans. We didn't raise any animals, although my father and grandfather had raised cattle in the past. Before I was born, my father was on horseback bringing some cattle across a highway. A truck came over the rise and frightened the horse, which fell on my father's leg and broke it badly. But by the time I was around, there was no livestock, except for chickens and perhaps a milk cow. Maybe a couple of pigs. I don't remember them, but I know we had a smokehouse where hams and bacon were hung. I did raise a calf one year for 4-H, feeding it by hand and then taking it to the fair. The state fair was only about 30 miles away from us, and we went there every year.

Also part of our family every summer was my foster brother Frank, six years older than I, whom I considered a full brother. He also raised a calf that year. He was the child of my father's best friend in school before my father dropped out. This man had moved to Colorado, but kept in close touch. He was diagnosed with tuberculosis when his wife was pregnant with Frank. He and his wife asked my parents to take the child when it was born, to keep the baby out of danger of catching tuberculosis. The father died of TB, and Frank ended up staying with my parents for about six years. Even when he moved back to Colorado to live with his mother, he returned to the farm every summer. So he plays a large part in my memories of being on the farm as a child.

Q: What was the nearest big city or town?

CLYDE: Kansas City was the nearest metropolis, about 70 miles west. We all referred to it as "The City." as in, "We're going to The City to see a ball game on Saturday." The county seat of Saline County was, and still is, Marshall, ten miles east of Malta Bend. That's where we did most of our shopping. Population about 8,000 then, I think.

Q: What was the school like?

CLYDE: Very small. There were only 10 or 12 students in each grade. It was segregated, of course, when I started out. I didn't really think anything about that until the age of six or seven. The black children's school was down the street on the edge of town. There weren't many students, and I suspect they may have been in one classroom. It was pretty much a shack when I became aware of it. I remember my mother pointing it out to me once a day and talking about how unfair it was. But in 1954, when I was going into fifth grade, the Supreme Court ruled in Brown vs Board of Education against school segregation, and on the first day of school we had two black students, boys, in our class. I don't recall any objections to their presence, although of course at ten, I might not have

noticed. I am quite sure there were people who objected—this was 1950s rural Missouri, after all. There were certainly people around like my uncle, married to my father's older sister, who were quite racist, but there were no demonstrators screaming at children outside the schoolhouse. I never got to know the new students, because I left after only five or six weeks to move to Colorado.

Q: Were several classes taught in one room?

CLYDE: No, it was by individual grades. But they were small classes. What would have been my graduating class in 1962 had only 11 students.

Q: What about the teachers there? How did you find these first years?

CLYDE: I thought they were wonderful, of course, although that was through a child's eyes. They all lived in or near Malta Bend, so they and their families were well known in the community. I think they liked me because I was a good student. I always came up with answers, although I don't think I studied too hard even then. All that reading helped.

Q: Did you have any courses in particular you liked or didn't like?

CLYDE: Well, of course I was only there until the beginning of fifth grade, so separate courses are sort of vague. I always liked reading and never particularly liked arithmetic. And even then, music class, where we were expected to sing in harmony, was quite painful, since I have never been able to carry a tune.

Q: Do you recall any of the books you read early on?

CLYDE: I used to get into my grandmother's, my father's mother's, bookcase and read a lot of books from the early 1900's, "Who Killed Cock Robin" and "Black Beauty" and a number of others from that era. I also was really into the Walter Farley series, "The Black Stallion," read every single one of those. And I read The Bobbsey Twins and Nancy Drew. Cherry Ames, Student Nurse. Not very enlightening books, particularly, but I devoured them. My Aunt Bertha, my father's older sister, tried to encourage me to read something more intellectually challenging. She gave me magazines on Missouri history. And, of course I read those too; I read anything put in front of me. They were OK, but you know, they weren't as exciting as Nancy Drew to a child. I also loved comic books. When my parents had some kind of medical appointment at the clinic in Waverly, about 15 miles away, they would deposit me at the drugstore on a nearby corner, and the owner would let me sit there and read all the comic books I wanted while I waited.

Q: Did your family sit around and discuss the news of the day?

CLYDE: I don't recall long debates about politics or the news, but we certainly were aware of what was happening in the world. We got the daily newspaper from Marshall, and at least the Sunday Kansas City Star. My parents were big Eisenhower fans, so I had an "I Like Ike" button. For some reason, our family identified as Republicans in a rather

Democratic area, but I don't recall that being any kind of issue with anyone. I wrote a letter to Eisenhower about something, I don't remember what. And I got an answer back from the White House with his signature, Dwight D. Eisenhower. I'm sure the signature was stamped on it, but I was very proud of it. In grade school our class watched both Eisenhower's inauguration and Queen Elizabeth's coronation on TV, because most people didn't have televisions at home then. The school brought in a little black-and-white TV so we could see those big events.

I was barely ten when we left Missouri. I don't even remember a lot of discussion about desegregation, which of course was happening right there and then. We talked much more about current events and politics when I was in high school in Colorado.

Q: You were ten when you moved to Colorado. Where in Colorado?

CLYDE: My mother's younger sister, Mary Elizabeth, lived in Denver, and my mother had gone to college in Colorado, so that's what I think attracted us there. And the cooler weather was better for my father's health. Another factor may have been the desire to change environments. My parents both had problems with alcohol, although I never saw either of them drinking. They gave it up when they adopted me. I think my father probably had more of a problem than my mother, and I know he slipped a few times when I was small, because occasionally I would find an empty bottle hidden in the barn, not that I knew what it meant then. But as I say, I never saw them drinking or drunk.

Q: Did they belong to AA (Alcoholics Anonymous) or not?

CLYDE: They did. We went to AA meetings when I was young. I didn't go into the meetings themselves, but they were usually held in some fire station or some other place where there was somewhere for me to sit and read by myself. As long as I had something to read, I was happy. So I think that may have been a factor in the move to Colorado, although that was never mentioned to me.

Q: Tell me about the move to Colorado.

CLYDE: In the fall of 1954, my parents left me with my grandmother, my mother's stepmother, in Malta Bend for about six weeks so I wouldn't miss school. They went to Colorado with my little brother and stayed with my aunt while they looked for a place to live. They bought in Evergreen, which is in the foothills of the Rockies, about 25 or 30 miles west of Denver. They bought a property that included a house for us and three other houses my parents planned to rent out, mainly to summer visitors, or in some cases to long-term tenants. They also bought a set of seven or eight more rustic tourist cabins not far away, because it was a big tourist area, and I think they envisioned making a living off these rental properties. All of the houses outside of one main street in town were scattered around the hills. it wasn't like a city. We were a couple of miles from "downtown" Evergreen. They came back to Missouri in late October/early November, picked me up, loaded all our possessions into our car and a trailer and a rental truck driven by a friend, and we drove back across Kansas to Colorado. I immediately started

school at Evergreen Elementary, which was a big school in my eyes, but still quite small, maybe 20 to 25 in each grade.

Even after we moved to Colorado I would come back alone on the train across Kansas, to spend the summer with my aunt and uncle and my cousins. I have a bad memory of helping weed soybeans during the summer on my uncle's farm, which is a terrible job, and nobody should ever have to do it again after they're a kid, unless they get paid a lot of money. I am told detasseling corn is worse, but fortunately, I never had to do that.

Q: What was Evergreen like?

CLYDE: Evergreen was wonderful, a great place to grow up, a popular destination for tourists. It was a small unincorporated town, with houses scattered all over the hills around it. It had one main street running through it, along Bear Creek below Evergreen Lake. I think there was one little grocery store and a couple of places that sold tourist stuff, some restaurants and not much else. A couple of real estate offices, the dentist, the doctor, a drugstore. The lake, Evergreen Lake, was owned by the city of Denver, part of the park system of Denver, which also owned a golf course running from the lake up the hill. We lived right beside the 8th or 9th tee. We used to get golf balls hitting the side of our house or our picture window. Never broke it, fortunately. We and our friends would often sneak out onto the golf course to play in the evening or on quiet days when there were not many golfers. It really was surprisingly under-used. And we would get in trouble when the caretaker would come up on his little tractor and yell at us, and we would all have to run off. Didn't stop us from doing it again, of course.

Q: (laughs) How did you find the school?

CLYDE: I seem to remember that all 12 grades were then on the same property, although by the time I started high school, they were running out of room, and we had some classes in temporary buildings. Later they built a separate high school, which I attended for my senior year, and now I think there is more than one. My mother started teaching when we got to Evergreen. She really wanted to teach civics and social studies, but there was no vacancy for that. She definitely did not want to teach Spanish. She had a minor in Spanish from college, but she had never really spoken the language and did not feel comfortable teaching it. But they needed a Spanish teacher her first year, which she told me was terrifying, having to study herself the night before each class so she could stay ahead of her students. Fortunately that didn't last long, and she ended up teaching English the rest of her time there. She taught English at the junior high level, seventh and eighth graders, which was her favorite level to teach, although none of us has ever been able to understand that. Hormones are going crazy at that age. But she loved it.

Q: How did you adjust to the new school?

CLYDE: It took a little bit of time to adjust. My class had ten or twelve kids in Missouri and we probably had 20 or so in Evergreen. The other kids were generally friendly, although they laughed at my Missouri accent and my pronunciation of words like

"creek," which they pronounced '"crick." But I thought the teachers were good. When I went to junior high school, junior and senior highs were in one building. I had my mother as a teacher for seventh or eighth grade English, which was awful, awful, because of course she didn't want to show any favoritism and bent over backwards in fact, not to do so. But all the other students still assumed that she did favor me. I got good grades, was very good in English, and some believed it was only because of my mother's influence.

Q: Was it a good school, even though it was so small?

CLYDE: For a small school, we had a big advantage in that we were part of the Jefferson County school system. The seven other high schools in the system were all in the Denver suburbs and much larger. The school board had decreed that any course offered at one school had to be offered at all of them. So that really made a huge difference for my education. I was able to study Russian in high school, for instance. There were only three of us in the second-year class, but it was great. I am absolutely convinced that moving to Colorado was a game-changer for me, because even though I love Missouri still, it was a very insular farm community, and I don't think that I really would have seen much of the world had I stayed there. I'm sure I would have ended up there doing something completely different, but never really understanding there was more to the world.

I did well in high school. I was valedictorian and I was chosen for Girls' State. But I was rather shy and quiet, not one of the more outgoing kids there. I graduated high school in 1962 with 61 classmates.

Q: Did the military there, particularly the Air Force, play a part of your life or not?

CLYDE: Not really. The Air Force Academy was in Colorado Springs, but that seemed far away. My older brother Frank served in the Navy in the mid-50s, and one of my uncles and some cousins were World War II vets, but my father was too old for the draft in that war, and as a farmer, was considered an essential domestic worker. So I never had much exposure to the military until I joined the Foreign Service. My high school Russian teacher, Grant Janssen, however, had been in the Air Force, had just retired, even though he was fairly young, and became a teacher of German and Russian at the high school level. So I benefited from his decision to teach.

Q: What was your father doing?

CLYDE: He ran the school bus system, the transportation system for the Evergreen schools. Since kids came from all over the nearby hills, lots of ranches, etc., there were quite a few buses and routes to manage, and weather to contend with in the winter. I think he really enjoyed it, especially joking with the kids on his bus.

Q: And glad to get away from farming.

CLYDE: Yes, I think they both were.

Q: Farming is very difficult, problematic. Did your parents succeed at renting out their cabins?

CLYDE: They rented out those cabins for more income. They gave up the more rustic cabins after a few years, because it was too much work for too little income, but still had the three next door to us. A couple of them were rented year-round to families as permanent residences, including a couple of other teachers. But at least one of them usually had summer renters. There was a lovely group of nuns from Nebraska who came every summer for two or three weeks. They wore the old style of habit you don't often see now, with the large wimple. And they were wonderful, lovely ladies. I remember my father had to go up and give them a message one morning, and they had to scurry around the house to be sure they had their wimples on to cover their hair before they could answer the door.

We always had lots of dogs and cats, and our living room was always full of the neighbors' children.

Q: But no pony.

CLYDE: Sadly, no pony. We couldn't keep livestock in the immediate area, which was called Wilmot Woods and was not zoned for livestock. And I think my parents were just as glad because it's not cheap to own and care for a horse. But I did have a friend in school whose father owned a small ranch not far from us and who let me occasionally ride one of his horses. And there were several stables around where we could rent horses, so I still got to ride now and then. There were many races in the area. So lots of horses. A couple of my classmates belonged to the Westernaires, a sort of girls' drill team on horseback that appeared at roads and fairs. Once I was visiting a classmate who lived on a ranch, and we had gone riding up into the hills when it started to snow hard. We hurried to ride back down through the forest in the blowing snow, and I remember that as almost magical.

Q: While you were in high school were you keeping up with what was happening?

CLYDE: Yes. I enjoyed civics and geography, and as I said, I was chosen for Girls State, and that was fun and a good look at how government works. With an English teacher mother, I was good at grammar. Girls State assigns roles to everyone, as in a state government. I was in the legislature, and I remember arguing that a proposed piece of legislation had a misplaced comma, which would change the interpretation from what the authors intended. Most of the others scoffed at me, but we have certainly all seen how court cases can turn on a misplaced comma. The local Kiwanis Club sponsored me for that, and I was told I would need to go to one of their lunch meetings and talk about the experience. But they gave me no advance warning—just told me one morning that today was the day. I think lunch was spaghetti, and I was wearing a white blouse. An early lesson in public speaking.

I loved geography. and civics. I'm not sure kids study either of those anymore. We had very good teachers, who tried to make us think critically. I can remember very clearly one of the teachers saying something was false, and one of the other students in the class saying, "But I read it in the paper! It must be true!", and the teacher pointing out that not everything you read is true. That was an entirely new thought for most of us, an important lesson. Civics was taught by Gerry Garland, who first introduced me to the concept of the Foreign Service, something I had never heard of. When I was a senior, he took five or six of us to a world affairs conference in Denver. It was fascinating. Senator Charles Percy of Illinois was the very impressive principal speaker.

Q: I've interviewed him.

CLYDE: Oh, have you really?

Q: Yes. He was very much involved in foreign relations. A very fine man.

CLYDE: That was the first time I'd ever heard of the Foreign Service. I had no idea it existed. The idea that you could get paid to travel around the world was quite attractive. Because I had been studying Russian, of course I was especially interested in that part of the world.

Q: This was the middle of the Cold War. Did you have atomic bomb drills like many others then?

CLYDE: I don't remember doing them in high school, although certainly "the bomb" and a possible nuclear war with the USSR were always in the back of our minds. Certainly in grade school and junior high school, we saw films about how to protect ourselves from an A-bomb. If you see a huge flash of light, jump under your desk and cover your head as fast as possible. And we practiced doing those "duck and cover" drills. Kind of laughable now.

I remember hearing about the Cuba Revolution in 1959, but it all seemed a long way off in small town Colorado.

Bomb shelters were all the rage when I was in high school. The father of at least one of my classmates had built a well-stocked one for his family in their backyard. We were all a bit taken aback when she told us her father said he would protect it with his gun, and nobody but the immediate family would be allowed in. That surprised us, especially since her father was a minister. None of the rest of my circle had one.

Q: While you were in high school did you have any part-time jobs?

CLYDE: I worked during the year in the school office—not really a paid job, but good for organizing skills. I think I got an extra credit or two for it, which made the difference between me and my best friend, whose grade point average was microscopically lower than mine when we graduated, so I was valedictorian, and she was salutatorian. And I

spent part of one summer working with migrant farm laborers through my church. The church sent a couple of us up to help out with a migrant worker ministry in Northeastern Colorado, a part of the state that was very agricultural—lots of sugar beets. We did daycare for migrant workers' children, which was very interesting because again, it gave us a new view of the world. I didn't have many jobs during high school, which I kind of regret.

Q: What church did you belong to, and was this an important facet of your life?

CLYDE: Religion did not play a large part in our lives, but we were regular churchgoers. When we lived in Missouri, we were members of the Methodist Church in town—I still have my certificate for perfect attendance at Sunday school. When we moved to Evergreen, we joined the local Presbyterian church. A few years previously a group of Methodists and a group of Presbyterians wanted to form a church, but neither group was big enough to form a congregation alone, so they joined forces. The Presbyterians slightly outnumbered the Methodists, so it was a Presbyterian Church. That's where I went regularly.

Q: Did you have much extra-curricular activity in high school?

CLYDE: Yes. Our tiny Russian class put on a couple of Chekhov plays to amuse ourselves. I was a member of the Latin Club. I'm pretty sure not many Latin clubs exist anymore, but it certainly helped my English and my study of Romance languages later. And I belonged to Future Teachers of America, since everyone was certain I would become a teacher like my mother. I had a feeling that wasn't going to happen, but at the time, I wasn't sure what else was out there. The junior and senior classes put on a couple of plays, directed by our English teacher, Mrs. Troup. One of them was "Annie. Get Your Gun*,"* although we didn't try the musical numbers. I was on the student council, and I played snare drum in the marching band.

I played in the concert band as well, but marching band was a lot more fun for the drum players. I've always been deaf in my left ear, so I have trouble with tonal music. My grandmother tried to teach me to play the piano, but to her great disappointment, it didn't take. But band was fun, although I remember having a bruise on my thigh for the entire fall, because when we marched during halftime of the football games, the drum would bounce up and down on my leg. And it was cold at some of those football games. Sometimes the trombone slides would freeze up so we couldn't play music, and we in the drum corps were it. But my goodness, my hands got so cold I could hardly feel them. Every year we went to a marching band competition in Cañon City, south of Denver. We never won anything, but it was fun to do.

Q: The election that really engaged so many young people was in 1960 -- Nixon and Kennedy. Did that one engage you?

CLYDE: Oh yes, it did. It did. My family and friends and I were all very interested in that one. Even before Kennedy was nominated, I was telling people he was going to win. We were really interested and really followed it closely, both at home and at school.

Q: When you were in high school, was it accepted that you would go to college?

CLYDE: Oh, there was never any question. Absolutely, I was going to college. My mother was the first person in her family to earn a college degree. She graduated from what was then Colorado State Teachers College in Greeley, Colorado. I think she may have taught for a few years before I was born, but then not after that until we moved to Colorado. My father only had a tenth-grade education because he dropped out of school to work on the farm. But there was never a doubt my brother and I would attend college.

Everybody assumed I was going to become a teacher like my mother, but I knew in my heart that I wouldn't be a good one. I liked writing. My English teacher, Dawn Troup, was very encouraging about writing and about getting into writing. So I sort of started thinking more about journalism. And for some reason, I don't know why, I thought that advertising would be a good field to go into, which now I can't understand at all. I ended up getting a B.S. degree in journalism from the University of Colorado in Boulder.

I almost didn't go there. I thought I wanted to attend the University of Missouri in Columbia, because they had a well-known journalism school, and I also wanted to play the snare drum in their marching band. I'm ashamed to say this now, but I got terribly homesick. You know, here I am, I've spent 40-plus years in the Foreign Service, associated with the Foreign Service, but somehow, when I went to the University of Missouri, I got terribly homesick. They accepted more students than they had dormitory space for. I had to find a room at a rooming house that didn't serve meals—you had to fend for yourself. And I was barely 18, from a small town, a small high school, not very sophisticated, didn't know anybody, and didn't know what I was doing. So I was terribly unhappy. I also discovered that I didn't fit well into the marching band, which was the reason I had arrived on campus early, to be there for practice. I was accepted into the Missouri marching band, but I wasn't enjoying the way it was run. About a week or ten days later, even before classes started, I called my parents. and—proof that they really loved me—they drove all the way from Colorado to get me and bring me back. At that point, of course, my options were limited, but because I was a Colorado resident and had good grades, I was able to get into the University of Colorado at such a late date. So that's why I ended up going to Colorado.

I couldn't join the marching band there, because it was all male, but they had a decent journalism school. Somewhere fairly quickly along the line I realized I didn't really want to be an advertising copywriter and switched to planning on a career with newspapers. At CU, the journalism school curriculum only covered the last two years of a bachelor's degree. It was in fact a very good field to choose, because you only had to take a minimum number of journalism courses. They wanted you to learn a wide array of other subjects and to have a very broad-based education, which is what I got. I had minors in

English, history, political science, Russian, anthropology and geology. A good background for a future U.S. Information Agency officer.

Q: What was the University of Colorado like? You were there from when to when?

CLYDE: I enrolled in the fall of 1962 and graduated in June of 1966.

Q: Was it a big university?

CLYDE: Not big in today's terms, but certainly large to me. I think probably 8,000-9,000 students at the time. And it's in Boulder, which is a wonderful town in the foothills between Denver and the Rocky Mountains. It probably resembled many other universities in the '60s. In fact, if you go back to Boulder today, it looks a lot like it did in the '60s. There are still people sitting around on the grass in the park playing their guitars. There were drugs, more marijuana and psychedelics than the harder ones. I did not partake of those, didn't even drink alcohol in those years, because of my parents' bad experiences. And because they were both chain smokers, I hated cigarettes, so I didn't smoke either. I must have seemed a stick-in-the-mud to many of my friends. But I did have a VW bus, which was unusual. My older brother had defaulted on the loan, which my father had co-signed, and my father gave it to me. I loved it.

I lived in the dorm for two years, but had an apartment the last two. I was required to get special permission to move out of the dorms. There were strict curfews for women then, not for men, and certainly no co-ed dorms or entertaining the opposite sex in your room. And if you entertained a member of the opposite sex in the lobby of the dorm, both parties were required to keep at least one foot on the floor.

The Vietnam War was building up, the Civil Rights movement was growing. The university has always had a reputation for being pretty liberal, deserved or not. But certainly there were anti-war marches, pro-civil rights marches. This was the period at the very beginning of the big student protest movements of the late '60s and early '70s. I worked for a year as an editor for the Colorado Daily, a student-run newspaper which was quite liberal, very anti-war, often at odds with the school administration and the Colorado state government, which in today's terms would be considered moderate Republicans. When I was with the Daily, we often worked very late, into the wee hours, long past the women's curfew. By this time, I had permission to have an apartment and didn't have a curfew. But I remember once, we finished around 2 or 3 a.m., and a male friend offered to walk with me the mile or so to my apartment. We were stopped by the campus police on the way, who questioned why I was out and about so late. I was able to prove to them that I was not subject to the curfew, so then they offered to give me a ride home, but not my friend. They left Tom standing there with more than a mile to walk in the opposite direction to his own apartment.

There was also a conservative student newspaper, for which I wrote a couple of stories the year before. For a time, I was the campus correspondent for a national weekly, the National Observer.

Q: Was that a fairly conservative publication ?

CLYDE: It was published by Dow Jones, and I think affiliated with the Wall Street Journal, so I would guess it was, but not far right. It tried to be apolitical. The idea was to synthesize the news of the week so people could catch up quickly. They did some original reporting too, but I don't recall a strong political bent. It only lasted about 15 years before folding.

I was asked once to do a story on students' attitudes toward their parents, which the Observer would then combine with similar submissions from other colleges. The answers I got when I questioned my fellow students were very negative. Everybody felt their parents were not very smart; didn't understand our generation. When I sent my material in, I added a postscript saying that I thought they might feel differently in a few years. I don't know why I had that insight at my age, but I did. It was likely because my mother had died a few months earlier, and I had a better appreciation of how important she had been to me. The Observer used my quote to wrap up the final article.

Q: Did you have any other part-time jobs while you were in college?

CLYDE: I worked for a while helping a woman faculty member organize her papers while she was writing a book, and I occasionally worked in the Journalism School office. One summer I thought it would be great to work for a newspaper, get some experience there, so I went to the editor of the Evergreen Canyon Courier, a weekly newspaper in my hometown, and pleaded for a job for the summer. I didn't even want to be paid, just wanted to work for the experience. They agreed. Perhaps the third day I was there, one of the women who had worked there for years—there were only four total on the staff—was putting a story together. She had written it so that it referred to something in the first paragraph that you didn't understand until you read the fourth or fifth paragraph. And I said, with all my new-found knowledge of journalism from college, "Why don't you flip those around and make that the first paragraph so that it's clearer what's happening?"

She obviously didn't particularly appreciate my input, and the next day the publisher said, "Well, maybe we don't really need you after all." So my first job on a newspaper lasted only four days before I was fired.

But the Courier later published a long, three-part article I had written for a college class in investigative journalism about migrant workers in Northeastern Colorado, where I had spent a couple of weeks while I was in high school. One part was also published in the Denver Post, which was very exciting.

Q: What was sort of the theme of the articles?

CLYDE: Basically, that people ignore migrant workers; they come in, they play a vital role in picking the crops for a few weeks, and they move on. I used the Woody Guthrie song" Pastures of Plenty" as a theme—"On the edge of your city, you'll see us and then,

we come with the dust and we go with the wind." The children especially are affected because they don't get a good education. They may have trouble adjusting to a different life in the future. These were legal workers, many born in the United States. There was also a special program for temporary farm workers from Mexico, called "braceros." meaning strong-armed men. They could enter the U.S. to help harvest crops and then return to Mexico.

One of the articles was about a woman that we had met through the summer program who had been able to get an education, but partly because of her itinerant upbringing, she had a lot of trouble managing her money. She didn't really plan for the future very well. She had great potential, but didn't know quite how to realize it.

Q: Did you take an interest in politics while you were at the university?

CLYDE: Oh yes, it was hard not to in those days. We were all very aware of Vietnam—young men were worried about the draft—and of the civil rights movement. I followed events in the USSR because of my Russian interest. I went to a couple of model United Nations conferences, one in Colorado, the other in California. And in November 1963, when I was a sophomore, President Kennedy was assassinated. As everyone else, I remember exactly where I was when I heard—studying for an anthropology exam. I had called a classmate to ask a question, and she answered, "I can't talk now, the President's been shot!" And all along the hallway in the dorm, girls were coming out and spreading the news, turning on their radios. We all spent the next three days sitting in the dorm lobby, the only place with a TV set, watching in shock and disbelief as events unfolded.

Q: Did you get involved in civil rights?

CLYDE: Yes, that was another big topic. We who worked on our student newspaper were almost all very liberal, very pro-civil rights. A couple of our staff people went to march in Selma with Dr. Martin Luther King. I was sitting in the student union cafeteria where they were playing the radio on the loudspeaker, the final Senate vote on the 11964 Civil Rights Act, and when it passed, there was applause and cheering all around the room.

Q: Did you see any problems with black or Hispanic students?

CLYDE: I don't remember there being a lot of Hispanic students, although I am sure there were. I don't recall it ever being an issue. I didn't know many Hispanic or African-American students at CU, but black students were beginning to organize. My freshman year there, in the fall of 1962, a black coed was elected Homecoming Queen for the first time ever. And the football and basketball teams had a number of black players. The athletic teams at CU had begun to integrate in the 1950s. In 1961 the football team refused to accept an invitation to the Orange Bowl unless all the players could stay in the same hotel in Miami. The bowl organizers weren't happy about that demand, but the team finally prevailed. A couple of years after my graduation, the CU football team played the University of Alabama in the Liberty bowl in Memphis. Alabama had no

black players, and the Colorado team was met with horrible racial slurs, jeers, spitting. The white players again showed total solidarity with their black teammates, and CU won the game. Both those incidents were a tremendous source of pride for us CU alums. I'm told that in the late 1960s, Hispanic students became more organized and vocal and played a significant role at the university and in the town.

Q: Were there sororities? Fraternities?

CLYDE: There were, and they were very active. If you look at the yearbook for my senior year, there are pages and pages devoted to Greek life. But for some reason, I was very anti-fraternity and sorority, and the group of people I hung out with was also. We all thought they were sort of spoiled rich kids who just wanted to party more than anything else, instead of worrying about serious issues like civil rights and Vietnam. That was an odd attitude, since my mother had belonged to a sorority and had enjoyed it very much. And I did belong to a couple of journalism honorary sororities, but they did not have a physical presence on campus.

Q: Were you there during the Cuban Missile Crisis?

CLYDE: Yes. I remember sitting in my Russian classroom listening to the radio, listening to President Kennedy speak about the Russian missiles in Cuba. The professor, Father Benigsen. was a Russian Orthodox priest, very anti-Communist, and wanted us to hear Kennedy's speech. Father Benigsen was sure that we were going to war. Fortunately he was wrong.

Q: So you kept up your Russian studies in college?

CLYDE: I was very active with the Russian department for the first couple of years there. I was part of the campus Russian Club. We once managed to get a copy of a well-known Soviet film about World War II, The Cranes Are Flying, and set up a showing at the campus theater. We advertised all over the campus, and succeeded almost too well. Far more people showed up than the theater could hold. That was my first experience with attracting viewers to a cultural event. We had to schedule a later showing to accommodate everyone.

My Russian class led to a great adventure between my sophomore and junior years, when I traveled to Finland and the Soviet Union on a Russian-language study tour sponsored by the universities of Colorado and Kansas and led by my professor, Father Benigsen.

That was the first time I'd been on an airplane, the first time I had ever been east of the Mississippi River, which shows just how insulated my life was in many ways. I spent a couple of days en route in Connecticut with the family of a college friend, who tried to introduce e to this exotic food, lobster, which I had never had before. I had no idea how to attack it. I've certainly learned since.

My family did travel quite a bit in the Western U.S. when I was younger. We had a little travel trailer we could pull behind the car, and we spent most summers traveling around. My parents loved stopping in campgrounds and meeting people from all over the United States and Canada around the campfire. We got as far south as Arizona and as far north as Glacier National Park in Montana, and west to the national parks in Utah, but we never went further east than Missouri. They both had summers free because they worked for the school system. But I think they were a little skeptical about my going all the way to Europe. After all, I had been too homesick to stay in Missouri, just two states away. But I wanted to do it, and they supported me, even though I know now it was a financial hardship for them.

The Soviets would only allow us to stay in the USSR for two weeks, so we spent eight weeks in the small town of Järvenpää, Finland, about 25 miles outside of Helsinki. Most of our teachers there were older Russian expats, who had left Russia after the 1917 revolution. There were about 40 of us, and we studied and lived in a vacant elementary school. Our meals were provided, and we had a little cultural lesson early on. Many of us, especially the guys, were piling their plates high with food from the buffet line, and then throwing much of it away because they took more than they could eat. The staff in the kitchen was very upset. Most of them had lived through the privations of World War II, and wasting food was not something they could tolerate. We were told we could come back to the buffet as often as we liked, but not to take more than we were going to eat.

We were supposed to speak only Russian all summer, total immersion. We spent eight weeks there, although we had a couple of side trips, one to Helsinki and another to Stockholm. On our visit to Helsinki, the American Ambassador, the journalist Carl Rowan, offered us a reception, my first visit to an Ambassador's residence. I'm pretty sure the rowboat in the garage filled with ice and beer, was the highlight for many in the group. The good folks in Järvenpää offered a Fourth of July party for us, and I was chosen to make a speech. I still have the text, and it was pretty awful. I was especially fortunate that Mr. Janssen, my high school Russian teacher, had rejoined the Air Force, and he and his wife were then stationed in West Berlin. They invited me down for a weekend, and I got permission to go. Quite exciting to pass through Checkpoint Charlie and see East Berlin on my own—with a tour group—since Mr. Janssen was in military intelligence and not allowed to cross over to the East.

At the end of the eight weeks of study, our group took a bus into the Soviet Union. We stopped in Novgorod, Leningrad and Moscow. No facilities on the bus, so every two or three hours, the bus would stop in a forested area, and our guide would announce, "Boys to the left, girls on the right." Our meals were certainly better than most Russians had, but I distinctly renumber passing bottles of Pepto Bismol around in hotel lobbies.

Q: What were your impressions of the Soviet Union?

CLYDE: That it was very bleak and dark, not a lot of lights. It was fascinating though, because everywhere we went, we would find large groups of people in the parks surrounding us to ask questions about ordinary life in the United States. I suppose for

most of them it was their first encounter with an American. What kind of house did we live in, how many rooms, and was it in the city or the country? Did we have a car? What kind of family did we have? That sort of thing. Certainly good for our language skills. Although we knew that in these groups, there was always at least one person who was keeping an eye on us. Nobody ever said no, you can't go out, can't walk around here, but we knew that we were being kept tabs on while we were walking around. All of us noticed that as soon as we walked out of the hotel, there would be a young man or woman or a couple of them, casually standing around and greeting us in a friendly manner, engaging us in conversation. They would not necessarily stay with us all evening, but I'm sure they were checking on what we were thinking of doing. I remember going out with another girl one evening, planning to walk around in Moscow, and we were stopped near the hotel by two gentlemen who had a car, and I'm quite sure they wanted to know what we were doing. They offered to take us on a tour around the city, and, you know, now I look back on this, we were two 19-year-olds being invited by two unknown Russian men in their 30s or 40s to go out for a drive in a totally strange city. But we went. And they did just what they promised, took us around and showed us all the sights. Then they took us back to the hotel. It was a nice tour, but I'm quite sure that it was to keep us from talking to anybody else at the time.

I do remember one evening talking to a group in a park, mostly older people, and there was a young man who was clearly quite drunk. He was being a little obnoxious, and one of the older ladies apologized for him. I replied in Russian, "Oh, he's just happy." But I clearly used the wrong grammatical form of that phrase. He immediately burst into uproarious laughter, and all the little old ladies gasped. One of them leaned over and in a shocked voice, whispered, "Oh, my dear, we don't say that!" I apologized, and later I asked my teachers what I had said. They claimed not to know, but I'm not sure whether it was some modern Russian slang they weren't familiar with, or they just didn't want to damage my sensitive girl ears.

Q: (laughs)

CLYDE: It was a great trip.

Q: Well, why this fascination of Russian?

CLYDE: I really don't know how it started. For some reason in high school it sounded more interesting than Spanish or German. I had tried to teach myself Italian at one point, buying textbooks and studying on my own, but I'm sure no Italian would have ever understood me. The USSR was so much in the news then. But I can't really explain it. None of my family was from that part of the world at all.

Q: Were you reading Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy and that sort of thing? Not necessarily in Russian, but were you interested in Russian literature?

CLYDE: No, I read "Anna Karenina," and a couple of other books, but I think it was more the politics that I found interesting, the idea of what was going on in the Soviet

Union, the changes there. I always thought when I joined the Foreign Service, that's where I'd end up. But in fact after that summer, I did not sign up for another Russian class. I'm not sure why. Got too busy with the journalism classes and with my work on the Daily, perhaps.

Q: What were you getting from your teachers in the various schools, from high school, college and all?

CLYDE: They were encouraging. They certainly were encouraging of the idea of seeing the world and learning about the Soviet Union. I don't remember political vibes from many of them, except for Father Benigsen and a history professor who was quite conservative, and who idolized Theodore Roosevelt. And I do not remember ever being told, as some women were, "Oh, you can't do that, because you're a girl."

Q: While you were in college did you hear about the Foreign Service?

CLYDE: When I was a junior, there was a note on a bulletin board announcing that a Foreign Service recruiting team would be giving a talk, which I attended. I had sort of forgotten about the time I'd been to the world affairs conference as a senior in high school until I met these recruiters, who talked about the Foreign Service and how to apply and explained what the Foreign Service exam was like. A number of us took the exam, and I was one of the few who passed it.

Q: This was pretty much the one place you could use the language, wasn't it? There rather than teaching, perhaps.

CLYDE: I thought so, although my Russian wasn't that strong. In fact, I never really thought I was very good at languages, because it was hard to learn Russian in a high school or college classroom. I didn't speak it nearly as well as a lot of others in the class. Father Benigsen wanted me to join another overseas language study group which would stay in the USSR for about six weeks the summer after I graduated from CU. But I declined, because it would have been a serious financial strain on my father, who was by then a widower.

So yes, I thought the Foreign Service would be a good way to go somewhere I could use the Russian, since I knew I did not want to become a teacher. I thought the Foreign Service would be fun to do for a couple of years, and then I would go off and do something in real life.

Q: In high school or college did you find yourself avoiding drinking as a result of your parents' experience?

CLYDE: Definitely. Somehow I had picked up on their bad experience with alcohol, and I had no desire to drink. I went to a party when I was a junior at college where I had some awful grain alcohol punch, which was my first experience with booze. I didn't like the taste or the effects of it. I pretty much avoided drinking for years. That was a minor

problem when I went to the USSR, because Russians like their vodka. There was a lot of toasting, a lot of vodka and beer being passed around, and I kept saying, "I don't drink, I don't drink." I got some negative pressure for not drinking and possibly insulting our Russian hosts. After I joined the Foreign Service, I learned how to have an occasional drink, but I still don't drink very much, maybe a glass of wine if I'm out to dinner with friends. This for some reason seemed important to the panel who did my oral interview for the Foreign Service. They asked me what I would do at a cocktail party or reception if I were offered a drink, which I didn't think would be all that much of a problem.

Q: You mentioned your mother's death When did that happen? Is your father still living?

CLYDE: My mother died in October 1965 of a very aggressive lung cancer. She and my father and my younger brother had gone on a camping trip over Labor Day weekend, and she started feeling unwell. Six weeks later, she was dead. My father died in 1982 of emphysema and lung disease. Both of them were heavy smokers, and for many years they were smoking unfiltered Raleighs, because they got coupons on the packs, like Green Stamps. My brothers and I could always find our mother if we lost track of her in a store, because we would recognize her smoker's cough. I just hated the second-hand smoke when I was a child, and I've never even tried tobacco in any form. Of course I married two men who were chain smokers, which has always amazed me. But the second one gave it up 25 years ago.

Q: It does sound like your parents, adoptive parents -- they adopted you, they faced up to the alcoholism and all. I mean these are good solid people.

CLYDE: They were. And I never thought of them as my "adoptive" parents. They were just Mama and Daddy, even though I knew from the start that I had been adopted. Of course, like all adopted children, I wondered who my birth parents were. I certainly don't want to demean my parents by talking about their problems with alcohol. I am very proud of them that they were strong enough to give it up. They were very good parents, very generous and forgiving, and I consider myself incredibly fortunate that my birth mother, whoever she may have been, was willing to give me up to them.

Q: Did you apply for the Foreign Service when you graduated?

CLYDE: I took the written test before I graduated, when I was a senior. And then I went off and worked for about six months for United Press International in Detroit. While I was there, I got the call. So I joined only about six months after college. I graduated in June of 1966 and joined the Foreign Service in January of 1967. I was the youngest person in my class. In retrospect, probably a bit too young.

Q: What were you doing with United Press*? And why Detroit? Did you have ties there?*

CLYDE: No ties at all to Detroit. It was where UPI offered me a job. Because I studied journalism, I wanted to do real writing. So when I got my degree, I applied to all kinds of newspapers and places that I thought might be interesting. But I wasn't being very

realistic in many cases. You can't really come out of the University of Colorado Journalism School and immediately start working for The New York Times.

This was during the Vietnam War. A lot of young men were being drafted, and that created more openings for young women. UPI called and said, "We have an opening, but it's in Detroit." I'd never been to Detroit in my life, but sure, so I drove my VW bug—I had replaced the bus —to Detroit and lived there for six months. I was mainly editing, doing phone interviews, writing general kinds of articles to go out on the news wire. My second day there, I got chewed out by a young man who was a UPI stringer in Lansing, the capital. He called with a story about Mr. X having made an announcement of some kind. I asked who Mr. X was, and the young man was appalled that I did not know the name. Mr. X turned out to be a very prominent politician. I had to explain that I'd been in Michigan less than 48 hours and had not had a chance to study up on local politics.

Wire service writers generally toil in anonymity. I only had two bylined articles while I was there, one of which was on Vice President Hubert Humphrey's campaign tour for Michigan's Democratic candidate for governor. I joined a group of journalists following Humphrey around the state. He made a luncheon speech at one stop. One of his laugh lines was that he had learned never to pass up the chance for a meal or a bathroom. So I thought I should take his advice and step out for a quick visit to the restroom. I came out moments later to find the motorcade pulling out. My reporter colleagues with whom I was riding slowed down just enough for me to leap into the back seat, which at 22, I could still do. It would have been awfully embarrassing to have missed the rest of the trip because of a bathroom break.

We took small planes between two of the stops, and I, as the UPI correspondent, was on the list for the press pool assigned to plane number one, the aircraft Humphrey would be using. That was exciting, but when I tried to board the plane a while later, the Secret Service agent at the bottom the stairs barred my way with a smirk—"Sorry, little lady, not this one." Somehow I had been replaced by the Associated Press correspondent, and I was relegated to one of the other two planes. I'm sure the AP correspondent, who was much more experienced than I, used his connections to switch our assignments.

My other bylined story was about a memorial service for the crew of a ship that had sunk in the Great Lakes, and on that assignment, I ended up having tea with the priests of the church in their rectory afterwards.

Probably the biggest challenge in the UPI office was doing the radio feed. We sent out the stories by ticker tape, and the local correspondent would "rip and read" the news on air. Detroit was one of the few UPI non-union shops for the operators who typed information into the teletype system, so sometimes we reporters had to do it ourselves. I had to learn how to type fast enough for the radio feeds so that the radio stations on the other end could just read it straight on the air. Otherwise we created dead air for them. At one time I could read the tape—it's almost like Braille. You read the little bumps and know what the letters are. I could never quite keep up with the machine. I was only there for about six months, but it was a very small office and a good place to work. Some of

the people I met there are still close friends today. And when I was working with U.S. journalists during VIP visits overseas, it was amazing how many of them were also UPI alums.

Q: You took the oral exam, I assume.

CLYDE: I took the oral exam in Denver in May 1966, just before I graduated from college.

Q: How did you find that?

CLYDE: It was an interesting experience. At that time the oral interview was just an hour or two with a three-person panel. When you finished, they sent you out to the waiting area, and about 20 minutes later, they came out and said okay, if you want to join the Foreign Service, here's what they'll pay you, which wasn't very much in those days. Sign here if you accept. So I signed up as an FSO-8, the bottom rung, second step, I believe. Certainly different from the oral exam these days.

I recently came across a copy of the panel's evaluation of my interview, which in this day and age is quite amusing. I brought it with me today so I could quote exactly. The panel was three men. They wrote that I had appeared for the oral exam "neatly attired in a new dress bought for the occasion, possibly at some sacrifice. She seems a very happy person with an ever-present smile and good disposition, and reminds one of a diminutive Kate Smith, 5'4 and a half tall, weighing a good 130 pounds. She has blond [sic] hair, dark eyes, and a severe case of acne. Her jewelry is simple, a gold pin and a wristwatch and a small ring, likes horseback riding, is a dog-paddler in the pool. She likes popular music, not too fond of classical music," and on and on. You could not possibly make those kinds of observations about a candidate these days.

Q: I was doing oral exams in '75, '76, and we never made that kind of comment.

CLYDE: No, of course not, even by then you were paying attention to that sort of thing.

No idea anymore who was on that panel. But apparently when I left, I expressed "great pleasure and satisfaction of the good news" that I had been accepted, and one of the interviewers wrote that he "explained to her the future steps that lie before her. She listened with quiet attention, and she left with amiability and lifted spirits."

Q: Great (laughs).

CLYDE: I think that's wonderful. I love that document. It's one of the few documents I have from that period. I really regret that I didn't hold on to a lot more pieces of paper from a long time ago.

Q: Was this the time when they were recruiting separately for State and USIA?

CLYDE: No, I don't think so. At some point I had to indicate whether I wanted to join the State Department or the U.S. Information Agency, and obviously because of the journalism, I thought USIA would be a better fit. But the same panel interviewed everyone. When I started training, those of us in USIA joined what is now the A-100 course for junior officers alongside our State colleagues.

Q: When did you take the exam and when did you come into the Foreign Service?

CLYDE: It was not long. I took the oral exam in May 1966, and in November of '66 they called me in Detroit and asked me to come to Washington in January, so it seemed to move much faster than it did sometimes in later years. I think the security check was probably fairly fast, since I hadn't lived or worked many places.

So I drove my Beetle back to Colorado in December to spend Christmas with the family, and flew to Washington on New Year's Day, 1967. Riding the bus that evening into the city from Dulles airport was a real gee whiz moment. We drove along the Mall, and all the Christmas decorations were still up, the trees and the monuments were all lit up. It was a cold and clear night, and I was dazzled. That's the White House! That's the Washington Monument! The Lincoln Memorial! I was just overwhelmed because I had never been there, and it was just so exciting that I was actually going to be here, in the nation's capital.

Q: This was really your first time here? You had never made one of the typical high school trips?

CLYDE: Oh no, I had never been here, and I had no concept. I'd seen pictures, nothing more. And it was just mind-blowing, especially that first night with the lights everywhere. It was wonderful. I just couldn't believe I was actually here.

And a few weeks later. I had another gee whiz moment, when I really felt I was in Washington. I had not been here long, went out to dinner at the Astor, a popular Greek restaurant on 19th Street, with a friend from college Russian classes, who had just started working at the Library of Congress. She and I were walking back to our car when a nondescript sedan swooped alongside the curb next to us, and a man in the passenger seat said, with a heavy Slavic accent, "Which way to Key Bridge?" We told them, and they peeled out. Not five seconds later, another nondescript sedan swung alongside the curb next to us, and the man in the passenger seat shouted, "Which way did those Russians want to go?" Our quick-thinking response was to stare dumbfounded with open mouths, and they quickly grew impatient and zoomed off in pursuit of the other car. As a couple of farm girls, we knew we weren't in the country anymore.

Q: So you entered the A-100 junior officer training class. What was the composition of your A-100 course?

CLYDE: Mostly white and male. Nine of us were with USIA, the rest with State. There were eight women altogether of the 38 in the class, just two of us with USIA. There was

only one African-American officer, also with USIA. No Asian-Americans. I think ours was one of the very first classes that had several ex-Peace Corps volunteers in it. And it was also the first one from which quite a few in the class were assigned to Vietnam. I think all the unmarried State Department male officers, nine or ten of them, ended up being assigned there. None of us from USIA went. Of course, at that time, you could not be older than 31 to join the Foreign Service. We were all between 21 and 31. I was barely 22, the youngest in the class. We didn't have a lot of choice about where we wanted to go. Of my nine-person USIA class, one person dropped out before he ever went overseas, because he had left a good Civil Service position, had in fact taken a pay cut. He had two small children, a three-year-old and a newborn, and they were insisting on sending him to Calcutta. Calcutta in the '60s probably wasn't a great place. He decided he couldn't do that. He went back to the Civil Service. The only other woman in my USIA class was killed in a car accident soon into her first tour. All my other USIA colleagues left the Foreign Service within a few years.

We spent about a week in USIA training before going over to the Foreign Service Institute at the beginning of the A-100 junior officer training course, or the Basic Foreign Service Officers' Course, as it was called then. Later USIA decided not to participate in the A-100, just do all its own training. I'm glad I was able to do it. I also did the State Department consular training course, which later USIA junior officers did not do. Years later, when I was assigned to Sao Paulo, Brazil, I was able to produce my records from that course, so that I did not have to take another consular course to work at a consulate. After A-100 I went back to USIA for more training and assignment.

Q: What was your training like, your A-100 course?

CLYDE: I arrived in Washington a day before my colleagues for some reason, on January 2, I went into USIA to get my instructions and got sworn in, so I had a day of seniority on the others. USIA was then located at 1776 Pennsylvania Avenue, a block from the White House, and a wonderful address. The plaque on the siding said "Telling America's Story to the World," which was USIA's motto.

I think the A-100 was about eight weeks long. We were the 76th junior officer class—before the new numbering system—the 44th USIA class. We did a lot of role-playing and scenario kind of things, some area studies, although there were more complete area studies classes after we had our assignments. I remember one role-playing session where we were supposed to present a country team briefing for a visiting delegation. Each of us was assigned a part—as the Political Officer, the Economic Officer, the Public Affairs Officer—to give our briefing. We had ten minutes total. And of course, the Political Officer talked and talked and talked, so by the time they got to the poor Public Affairs Officer, me, I had about 30 seconds. I managed to wrap it up in my 30 seconds, and I got some high marks for that. That lesson came in handy many times in later years. It was a small enough USIA class that I remember the people, and I kept track of them for a long time, but none of them are still in the Foreign Service. Only one other besides me stayed more than a couple of tours.

Q: Was Vietnam much of a subject of conversation?

CLYDE: Vietnam was much on our minds, since clearly there was quite a build up there. And so many of our classmates were headed there.

Q: Where stood people on the Vietnam issue? What vibe were you getting from your classmates?

CLYDE: We didn't know anybody who'd actually been there. One woman, the only other USIA female officer, Leona Kelly, with whom I was sharing an apartment, was very determined to go to Vietnam. She desperately wanted to go there, but of course they wouldn't send a woman. She wanted to go so badly because she had been engaged to a military officer who had been sent to Vietnam in the early '60s, before we were officially doing much there. He had been killed there. She wanted to know what had happened, wanted to find out more about what we were doing in Vietnam. The closest they would assign her was Australia, which was where she was killed in a car accident. That was a tragedy, because she would have been a great Foreign Service officer. She had lost a leg when she was a child, had an artificial leg, which did not slow her down at all, she didn't take no for an answer. She was from Massachusetts, and when the Peace Corps turned her down because of her leg, she got Senator Ted Kennedy's support and ended up spending two years in Ethiopia. She had to fight to get into the Foreign Service, too. But yes, Vietnam was a big topic in college and in A-100.

Q: Did you have any feelings about Vietnam?

CLYDE: We, my friends and I, thought we were making a mistake by staying in Vietnam so long. and that we should be withdrawing.

Q: Did you feel at the time that as a woman there was a limitation on your career at all?

CLYDE: Oh, absolutely, and we all knew it. When I first arrived in Washington, I met several women officers, all of whom were very impressive, but all of whom seemed to me to be quite—not sure how to put it—overbearing and cold. And I wondered whether this was the only way for a woman to succeed in the Foreign Service. Were they like that when they joined, or had the Foreign Service had made them that way? It made me wonder if I wanted to make a career of it, which at the time, I was pretty sure I would not.

Of course we could not be married. At least one of my female State classmates resigned almost immediately after training to marry a male classmate. And my hopes of going somewhere I could use my Russian were quickly dashed. Even though I had not studied it for a couple of years, I got a reasonably good score on the Russian test and could easily have achieved a good speaking level with relatively little additional training. But no single officers were allowed to be assigned to the Soviet bloc. And all women officers were single. Even single male officers weren't allowed to go to that region, for fear of their being compromised. That rule didn't seem to apply to office secretaries, who were all female and single, though.

Our assignment process then was way before the current open assignments system, where you could see what jobs were opening up ahead of time, and USIA made their assignments separately from the State Department. We had to list, without knowing whether there actually was a job there, three regions of the world and two posts within each region to which we would like to go. I was still hopeful of going somewhere I could use my Russian, so my first choice was Moscow, and Belgrade, Yugoslavia, was my second. My second area choice was Africa. Nairobi, because of the game parks in Kenya, was my first choice in Africa. My second choice in Africa was Dakar, Senegal, because a friend with whom I had worked in Detroit had talked so much about how much he liked Dakar, and what a great place it was. So I put Dakar as my second choice. I think Europe was my third choice of areas. And of course Moscow and Belgrade were out of the question. I got Dakar. There was a very strong tendency for a long time in both State and USIA to send women to Africa and to Latin America, and not to Europe, no matter their qualifications. I had to go up to the big map and look to see exactly where it was. Several weeks later I was back in Detroit for a visit, and saw my friend, "Oh, I'm going to Dakar. You said it was so wonderful." It turned out he had liked it so much because he was in the Navy when he visited, and it had a great red-light district. So that's how I went to Dakar for my first post.

USIA had this wonderful year of training, Junior Officer Trainees. JOTs, we were called—J-O-Ts, spelled out, not jots. For our first year we would go somewhere and be an extra on the staff, sort of an internship, working in various sections of the Embassy before going to a regular assignment, usually in a different country. Obviously that became unsustainable for USIA, just too expensive. They soon started assigning JOTs to a regular job in the same country where they had spent their first year, and eventually had to give up that training year altogether, which was really too bad, because it was a great opportunity.

DAKAR, SENEGAL

Q: Your first post was Dakar. Did you take French before you went?

CLYDE: I did, I took 20 weeks of French. I found that I could learn languages very well if I were in a very intensive total immersion course. Although when I arrived in Dakar and got off the plane, somebody said hello to me in French, said, "Bonjour," I didn't understand them.

Q: (laughs)

CLYDE: Partly because at that time at FSI (Foreign Service Institute), almost all their French teachers were from Paris or at least from metropolitan France, and they taught Parisian French, which was a very different accent from what they spoke in West Africa.

The basic French course was only 16 weeks. It's since been expanded, because that's not really enough time. I took the test, got very nervous, and I didn't get my required speaking and reading level, even though the teachers said I was speaking much better than that in class. So they sent me back for another four weeks. Then I had to take the test again. By that point, I had already started shipping things. I had bought a car and had shipped it. And again, I failed due to nerves. I was talking to the linguist, who told me I'd have to stay for more French classes, and I just burst into tears, and it was very embarrassing for him and me both. I am a bit ashamed to even mention that, because it is so stereotypically female, but it just happened. They decided I could go to Dakar anyway, with a provisional grade. When I took the test again a year later, I was at a professional level of speaking and reading.

Speaking of shipping a car, I tried to buy a VW, thinking it would be easy to maintain there. But the salesman at the VW dealership was so dense about where the car was to be shipped. He kept insisting the address was 'Dakar, Senegal, South Africa,' and I could not convince him otherwise. So I walked out and went to a Chevy dealership and bought a Nova.

Early on, within two or three weeks of my arrival in Dakar, the Alvin Ailey dance troupe was coming as a cultural exchange. We did nice things like that at the time, sending large groups around the world to try to demonstrate the diversity of U.S. arts and society. The Ailey group today is justly famous, but then they were just getting started and needed the money and exposure they got from State Department cultural exchanges. They were to perform at the National Theater. My job was to walk a few blocks down to the theater and talk to the box office to see how many tickets had been sold. So I did that. The man who was running the box office kept saying something in French with such a strong accent that I could not understand. After he repeated it at least three times, I finally understood. He was asking, "Will you be my mistress?" I politely declined.

Q: (laughs) Thank you for asking.

CLYDE: Thank you for asking, right. But I enjoyed my year in Dakar. It certainly was the most "foreign" place I had ever been.

Q: You were there when?

CLYDE: I got there in September of 1967 and stayed a year. But it was a training year, so I spent a few weeks in each of several sections of the Embassy, as well as USIS, the U.S. Information Service, as USIA was called overseas. So it was an excellent orientation to the work.

The USIS offices were separate from the Chancery itself, which was on a main square downtown, on the upper floors of an office building. USIS was located on the ground floor and first floor of an apartment building on the road leading out of town, a mile or two from the Chancery.

One of the only two times I've ever issued a visa was in Dakar during my short internship in the consular section. I worked briefly in the economic and political sections, and in the commercial section. I remember accompanying a couple of fellows from the Department of Agriculture on a trip to several cities in Senegal. I was quite embarrassed because they spoke French, and one of them was very good at reading documents upside down, but he wasn't very discreet about it. He was very obviously reading upside down the private documents on the desk of the Senegalese official we were visiting. I had to quietly apologize afterward.

Q: How stood relations with Senegal at that point?

CLYDE: They were good. I don't recall there were any major problems, but I was pretty far down the information chain. Senegal had been independent fewer than ten years, and it was considered one of the more stable states in Africa. The president was a well-known poet, Leopold Senghor. Our cultural affairs officer, Jack Simmonds, went to the palace once or twice a week to give him personal English lessons.

They did have some unrest, but I no longer remember what the issues were. I remember there was some kind of demonstration while I was there that caused a lot of street activity. We had to stay back from the windows. But it didn't seem to last more than a day or two. I don't recall any restrictions of our activities or traveling in the city or the countryside because of security.

The security people did find a bug, a listening device, hidden in the Ambassador's office, placed there by one of the janitorial staff. We all understand now that the locally hired employees are often under great pressure, financial or political, to report on what they see and hear. We felt especially disappointed about this one, because this janitor, Fili, who always cleaned the Ambassador's office, was very popular, a delightful, friendly young man. I know he was fired, but I don't know if he suffered other consequences.

Q: Who was the Ambassador?

CLYDE: Dean Brown, who arrived just a few weeks after I did. He was very nice, I liked him, as did most people in the Mission. He often liked to stay late at dinners or parties, and by protocol, American staff aren't supposed to leave those before the Ambassador does. At one dinner I attended, which ran pretty late, he was having a good time, and he wasn't ready to go home. So he left the gathering and drove around the block, then returned to the party, so that it was okay for the rest of us to leave if we wanted.

Q: How did you feel with your colleagues? Did you feel you found a home?

CLYDE: To a certain extent. I sort of felt a little bit frustrated, I think, because I didn't feel I was doing particularly substantive work. Of course, I was only there a year, and I was in a different office every few weeks. But I liked my colleagues in USIS. Jim McGinley was Public Affairs Officer, John Garner the Information Office/Press Attaché, and Jack Simmonds the Cultural Attaché.

I went up to the northern city of Saint-Louis several times, the first time with John Garner and theater times alone or with a speaker, to do some programs and make some contacts. The second trip, my first on my own, was especially to drum up some interest for a speaker and for a musical presentation we were sending up there. We were especially interested in having better contacts with a military academy located there, and I was asked to talk to them about perhaps doing some programs together. I went to see them, and they were polite, but very formal and cool. They didn't want to have a lot to do with anybody from the American Embassy. But then I offered them 200 tickets to a concert by the Chicago blues star Junior Wells, who was coming to Senegal and performing in Dakar and Saint-Louis. At the concert, the young men from the academy all filed in very quietly and took their seats, and then went crazy when the music started, along with the rest of the audience. Wells was a fantastic performer. The next time we went to St. Louis with another program, the academy authorities couldn't have been more friendly and cooperative, and it became a good institution to work with in that area.

My one big disappointment was that I never got to Mauritania. The Embassy in Senegal normally also oversaw U.S. interests in Mauritania, on Senegal's northern border. A couple of times a year, the USIS staff would pack up a couple of Land Rovers with books and movies and pamphlets, and drive up to do programs for a few days in Mauritania. But the Six-Day War between Israel and some of its Arab neighbors had taken place earlier in 1967. Many Arab and North African countries, including Mauritania, had broken diplomatic relations with the United States. So there was no chance to travel to Nouakchott, Mauritania's capital. That was a disappointment.

We also had responsibility for a U.S. presence in The Gambia, a tiny country completely surrounded by Senegal, and I traveled there once, with John Garner and his wife Georgette, and our photographer, Papa Diaw. Those were the days when USIS posts had a staff photographer. We went by Land Rover to the Gambia River, where we had to take a ferry across to The Gambia. We had to wait for the ferry to return from the other side, and then had to wait a couple of hours more because a herd of cattle and their handlers arrived about 20 minutes after we did, and cattle had priority. When we finally boarded the ferry, we spent most of the trip negotiating the fare, because that very day the UK had devalued the pound, which affected the value of the Gambian pound since Gambia was a former British colony. We were paying in CFA, French African francs, based on the French franc, and nobody could figure out just how much we owed for the trip. There must have been seven or eight of us, negotiating in four languages, before we came to an agreement.

Bathurst, now called Banjul, the capital of The Gambia, because of its British influence had a very different feel than Dakar, different products in the stores. Because Customs export fees were lower in The Gambia, we were told that the country exported far more ground nuts than it could possibly have raised, because so many were smuggled across the border from Senegal. Ground nuts were the main export of both countries. Gambia was also a popular tourist destination for Scandinavians, who liked to enjoy the sun there

during the European winter. Papa Diaw was anxious to buy gifts for his loved ones. He bought a pair of plastic sandals for his wife, and a nice dress for his mistress.

When I did a few weeks with the economic and USAID (U.S. Agency for International Development) sections, I got to see a little of the countryside, going out to visit water projects and accompanying Ambassador Brown when he inaugurated an anti-malaria program. USAID also had a fairly extensive family planning program—impossible now, of course—and the USAID Director always wore as a tie clip a tiny replica of an IUD, which semi-scandalized us. Whenever we were in the countryside, children would run along the road next to our car, shouting "Toubab, Toubab", which was the Wolof word for white person.

Q: Did you find you were treated differently because you were a woman?

CLYDE: I think that most of those in the mission had little experience with women officers, but I can't point to too many specific incidents where I thought it made a difference. We had a classified courier come through the airport once a week. An officer from the Embassy, on a rotating basis, would go out to meet the courier, pick up the classified pouch and bring it back into town, while the courier went on to other West African posts. When I first had the chance to do this run, the courier seemed to act rather strangely and finally said, angrily, "They aren't supposed to send a secretary out to pick up the pouch." I was quite insulted that he should think I was a secretary and set him straight. And the secretaries, now called more appropriately office managers, would have been perfectly qualified to pick up the pouch anyway.

Now that I think about it, there was another occasion where my gender was to my disadvantage. On that first trip to Saint-Louis, with John and Georgette Garner, John made calls on the local radio stations and town dignitaries, and he suggested Georgette and I should entertain ourselves. We ended up asking one of the market vendors, who had a rickety horse-drawn wagon, to take us around the town for a drive-by tour. We had fun doing it, certainly got lots of attention, along with lots of flea bites. But of course John should have taken me with him on his courtesy calls. I was supposed to be in training, learning my way in the Foreign Service. I have no doubt that a young male officer would have been treated differently. But at the time, I thought nothing of it.

Jim McGinley, as nice as he was as a boss, didn't have much experience dealing with young women. I once had a small representational dinner, and one of the guests was the Ghanaian Ambassador to Senegal, a renowned poet. We had met at a dinner at our Ambassador's residence a couple of weeks before and had a nice conversation. He was a charming man. My dinner went well, and the guests all left. About five minutes later, my doorbell rang, and the Ghanaian Ambassador was back, asking for someone's phone number. Well, of course, it wasn't a phone number he was after. And he was a very large man, so I was more than a little nervous. Several tense minutes ensued, with me trying to keep the dining room table between us, before I finally persuaded him he should leave. I kept getting flashes of old movies where the heroine is being chased around the table by the lecherous man. I was pretty upset about this and didn't know what to do, but when I

talked to Jim the next morning to ask for advice, he was totally flummoxed and embarrassed. In fairness, I suppose he would not have known how to answer a young male Foreign Service Officer (FSO) with a similar problem. But on the other hand, not many young male FSOs would have had a similar problem. Fortunately, my Ghanaian suitor seemed to have gotten the message, and there were no repeat incidents.

At that point in any case, I was dating one of my neighbors in the apartment building, a Christian Egyptian who had an import-export business. We became quite close the second half of my tour in Dakar, and in fact before I left, he asked me to marry him. I couldn't see myself spending the rest of my life in Alexandria, Egypt, though, and I really wasn't ready to consider marriage to anyone, so that ended that. The right decision, although it certainly would have been a turning point in my life. And it did improve my French, since that's what we spoke together.

Q: Was there much contact between you and others with the Senegalese or not or?

CLYDE: Quite a bit. We lived on the local economy, dealt with Senegalese every day. My apartment was about five blocks from the USIS office, and I walked to work every day. We did all our programs with Senegalese audiences. It was quite a male-dominated society, though, so we didn't deal much with women apart from their spouses.

Q: I would have thought that there would have been more interest there in events in Vietnam, because so many Senegalese had been involved with the French there.

CLYDE: We did do some programming about Vietnam, and I suspect it may have been a frequent topic for the Ambassador and the political officers with government officials, but I don't recall it often being a huge topic of conversation at my level. Those I worked with seemed to be more interested in economic issues and U.S.-Africa relations, the civil rights movement, that sort of thing.

Q: Were you aware of the major developments in civil rights that were going on in this whole time in the States? Because often when you're abroad you're somewhat removed from domestic affairs.

CLYDE: That's true, especially in those pre-CNN, pre-Internet days. That was the year that both Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King were assassinated. Both happened while I was in Senegal. I got the call about Martin Luther King when I was babysitting the McGinleys' children for a weekend. That shook us all. One of my responsibilities was creating a new window display for the cultural center every week, the windows of our library on the ground floor. We used poster exhibits, called paper shows, from Washington, books, whatever we could put together, and many were about civil rights or the story of African-Americans. The windows were quite popular. It was a major street, and we always had quite a few people stopping by to look. We did one on King's life and legacy following his assassination that attracted especially large crowds.

In addition, we set up a big exhibition in our small exhibition hall off the library on King and the civil rights movement, and many Senegalese stopped by to express condolences.

We heard about the riots in various cities in America, but they seemed remote to us. We forget today how isolated many places were. Today we can get images of almost any event instantly. But only when I returned to the U.S. briefly later in the year did I see images of Robert Kennedy's assassination, and I was stunned by them.

The civil rights movement was probably something we talked about more than Vietnam. I remember being upset about two things that year in terms of support from Washington. The first was that we heard that the soul singer James Brown was going to be performing in Ghana, and we wanted USIA to help us get him to make a stop in Senegal for a concert under our auspices. He was enormously popular in Africa. And the response was, "Who is James Brown?" Nobody in Washington seemed to know who he was, so that went nowhere. The other incident was when we received a poster exhibit on Muhammad Ali, which w every much wanted, since he was so popular in Africa. But it was full of errors. They couldn't seem to decide if his name was Muhammad Ali or Cassius Clay. That was one of the smaller errors. We went back and forth with Washington on that. I probably did not endear myself to the folks who created that show, but in the end it was unusable.

Q: You mentioned a representational dinner you gave. Many junior officers are very nervous about doing that. Were you?

CLYDE: The instructors in our Washington training had emphasized how important representational events were, how important it was to engage contacts in informal settings, so I came prepared. I'm not sure I did it very well, and my first attempt was almost my last. There was a meeting in Dakar of the International Parliamentary Union, a group open to legislators from around the world. And in those days, nobody was paying quite so much attention to Congressional travel, so something like 18 senators and congressmen descended upon us for several days—the mother of all CODELs [Congressional Delegation]. One of them was Rep. John Anderson of Illinois, who kindly agreed to do a couple of speaking engagements for us, talking to university students about the U.S. political system. I accompanied him and was very impressed by him. I later got involved, as much as the Hatch Act permitted, in his independent presidential campaign.

Ambassador Brown obviously did not want to have to entertain all these visitors every night, so he put out the word that if any of them were from our home state, we were welcome to invite them over for a meal. One of the senators was Gordon Allott, Republican of Colorado. He was somebody we frequently criticized when I was on the staff of the student newspaper at the University of Colorado as too conservative, although in fact I suspect he would be considered quite moderate today. So I volunteered to do a dinner for Senator and Mrs. Allott.

It had to be on the same evening the Ambassador was hosting a reception at his residence, but those of us who had invited a member of the group were allowed to leave

early to finish preparation. Now you must understand that I could not cook very well at the time, and one of the few things I did know how to do was pot roast, so I decided that would be the dish of the evening. A bad choice. I had left my housekeeper—we all had men doing that job, since Senegalese women did not generally work anywhere outside the home—I had left my housekeeper and an assistant in charge while I was at the reception. The roast was in the oven when I left. When I came back, I checked the oven and found the roast was still raw, and the oven was cold. One wall of the kitchen was an open cinder block, and the breeze had blown out the oven. I have no idea why the whole building did not blow up. I guess the breeze dissipated the gas.

I cranked up the oven again, and asked the helpers to keep a close eye on it. My guests arrived—the Allots, an African-American woman and her sierra Leonean husband, and some others from the Embassy, including one inter-racial couple. I kept checking the kitchen, each time finding the oven had again blown out. Time passed, and Mrs. Allott started saying "Gordon, we really ought to go." And I would say, "Oh, it's almost ready!" And to Allott's credit, he stuck around. But he started some discussions that made things worse. He made a comment that he did not think better education of young black women in inner cities would improve the unwed birth rate in that group. My African-American guests almost came out of their chairs at that. And ever the desperate hostess, I assured them we were going to eat soon. Finally the roast was barely edible, and we did eat, and the Allotts stayed until the end. But it was one of the worst nights of my entire career. The next day they most graciously stopped by our office to thank me, and he said he hoped I had not minded him making some of the comments he did, that he was just pulling peoples' legs to liven up the conversation. What could I say?

Q: What other kinds of programs did you work on?

CLYDE: We had several performing groups, primarily African-American groups, who were quite successful in Senegal. I mentioned taking Junior Wells to Saint-Louis. He also performed two concerts in the national soccer stadium in Dakar, which was just madness, such an enthusiastic audience, dancing in the aisles—a tremendous success. The Alvin Ailey dance troupe performed in the Senegalese National Theater to packed houses. Extraordinary.

The U.S. Government then arranged cultural exchanges on a much larger scale than we can afford to do now. They were organized by a unit at the State Department called CU, but managed overseas by USIS staff. Later those activities moved fully into USIA.

Q: You get a stadium full for one of these tours. Who gets the money? The government has paid for the airfare and all. How are the local entrance fees distributed?

CLYDE: There's not a lot of that. We always tried to keep prices low so we would fill all the seats. We gave away a lot of tickets, such as to the military academy in Saint-Louis. We had to pay the rental of the venue, all the publicity costs—posters, programs and so on. We couldn't make a profit off these shows, which wasn't the purpose of the tour

anyway. If there was anything left over after expenses, I think it had to be returned to the U.S. Treasury.

One of my favorite visitors was Jester Hairston, who had choreographed and directed the music for the film Lilies of the Field, with Sidney Poitier. He was such a nice, unassuming, friendly person. He stayed for a couple of weeks, working with local musical groups and choirs teaching them spirituals. The only unpleasant moment during his stay was when he asked Jack Simmonds where he might get his hair cut. And Jack said, "Oh I go to the shop just on the corner." Ten minutes later, Jester was back, fuming. The barbers had told him they did not cut black people's hair. Jack was mortified. We were able to find another barber for Jester, and I don't think Jack ever went back to the first one again.

We received U.S. classic movies in 16mm version from Washington once a month, and had great success showing them in our library in the evenings. Once we started getting complaints from the residents of the upper floors about the noise, which puzzled us because we had shown many films there and never had complaints before. When we investigated further, it turned out the movie of the month was West Side Story, and our projectionist, Mr. Diallo, who was also one of the drivers, just loved the music in "West Side Story." Every time a song would start, Mr. Diallo would crank up the volume to the max. We had to explain to him that our neighbors might not appreciate nightly renditions of "I Just Met a Girl Named Maria." He was quite disappointed.

Q: Did you get involved with the media?

CLYDE: I was mainly working in cultural affairs as the Assistant Cultural Affairs Officer, when I was working in USIS. So I was doing exhibits, working with performing groups, programming speakers and that kind of thing. Not too much with the press. The literacy rate was low, and television was very much in its infancy, so radio was the big medium, and most of that was in Wolof or other local language, with a few in French.

Q: Did you get to the southern part of the country? It's quite different, I believe, from the North, which is almost desert.

CLYDE: I did make a memorable trip to the South one time. You are correct. The Casamance region in the south of Senegal is much more tropical. From Dakar north, Senegal is predominately Muslim, while in the South there are many Christians. We had a speaker coming and wanted to arrange some presentations for him in the town of Ziguinchor, the largest city in the Casamance. I was sent down to set it up, to arrange a suitable location. I flew down to Ziguinchor and arrived in the evening. I got off the plane looking for a taxi to take me to the hotel. The airport was about 30 minutes from town. But there were no taxis. I looked all around for some kind of transportation, and must have looked lost, wondering what in the world I was going to do, since I knew not a soul in Ziguinchor. Almost all the other passengers had already left, and my flight was the last of the evening, so the airport was closing down, turning off the lights. Then this well-dressed Senegalese gentleman, who was about to walk out the door, asked me if I had a

problem, and I said, “I thought I could find a taxi here. I need to go downtown to my hotel.”

He said, “Well, you won’t find a taxi here this late, but I’d be happy to give you a lift.” He had a chauffeured car waiting for him. And of all amazing coincidences, he turned out to be the very person I needed to speak to about finding a hall where our speaker could give his talk. He was both a city official and a member of the national legislature. So by the time we got to the hotel, we had the use of the hall all worked out.

The next day his driver took me down to the hall, where my new friend had his office, and we finalized the arrangement. Then he showed me around town. In the afternoon he took me to a banana plantation run by a group of Catholic monks called the White Brothers because they wore white robes. He had been an orphan and had grown up in an orphanage run by this order. We careened around the banana plantation in the back of a pickup with these monks, and had a great time. That evening his family invited me to dinner at their home.

I learned that my flight the next day had been canceled—there were only two a week—so I would be stuck for a while. My new friend—I wish I could remember his name—said, “Oh that’s not a problem. There’s an Air Force plane headed back to Dakar tomorrow, and you can catch a ride with them.” As a final touch, when I arrived at the airport the next morning, there was an enormous crate of bananas from the plantation waiting for me, which I could not very well turn down. I think everyone in the Embassy must have gotten some of those bananas. A wonderful memory.

I had asked the family if I could send them something from Dakar, and the only thing they asked for was a copy of the book Le Defi Americain (“The American Challenge”) by Jean-Jacques Schreiber, which was very favorable to the U.S. and had just been published, so when I got back I bought a copy at the local bookstore and sent it to them.

I had a similar experience when I took a long weekend trip to the Ivory Coast, Côte d’Ivoire, to visit a State Department training classmate. On the way back from Abidjan to Dakar, I decided to spend two days in Freetown, Sierra Leone, just because I had never been there. In the hotel lobby, I noticed a distinguished looking African man holding a copy of Topic, which was a magazine produced by USIA for African audiences. I commented on it, and we started talking. He offered me a tour of the city the next day, which I accepted. He turned out to be the head of a major bank in Freetown, and a leading politician and presidential candidate. The next day he made good on his promise of a tour, by delegating a Leonean bank employee with an American wife to take care of me. They took me around town, and invited me to lunch at their home. I’m not sure how happy they were to have to entertain this strange American, but they were quite courteous.

I think it must have been somewhat unusual for a young American woman to be traveling alone in the area. At my hotel dining room, the waiters spent a lot of time staring at me. As one of them cleared my plates, he asked me something that took me a few minutes to

understand. Given my experience with the box office agent in Dakar, I was a little leery of the question, but it turned out to be "Would you be my pen pal?" I felt bad telling him no, but figured it was the wisest thing to do.

Freetown, by the way, was a very unattractive city, but bounded by gorgeous forested hills on one side and gorgeous beachfront on the other. It is also the only place in my life that I literally slipped on a banana peel.

Q: Did you find you liked the work?

CLYDE: I did, very much. I really enjoyed setting things up, arranging things, meeting people. I was thinking maybe this wouldn't be a bad career after all. One of my favorite professors from the Colorado School of Journalism had moved on to head a new graduate program in journalism at Syracuse University. He urged me to come to Syracuse to get a master's degree in journalism, dangling a nice scholarship and a graduate assistantship as enticements. But I was having fun in the Foreign Service and turned him down.

Q: Well then, after a year where did you go?

CLYDE: I was first assigned to Yaounde, Cameroon. These were the days when you just received a telegram telling you where you were headed next. About three months before the end of my one-year tour in Dakar, I had received a cable assigning me as ACAO, Assistant Cultural Affairs Officer, in Yaounde. I was okay with that, and I was all geared up for two years in Cameroon. And then a month before I was to leave, they sent another cable saying, "No, you're not going to Cameroon. You're going to Madagascar as ACAO."

Before I headed to Antananarivo, though, I made a quick trip back to the United States to surprise my father. He had been a widower for three years and was marrying Lilian Apsley, a widow with two daughters, whom he had met in Marshall, Missouri. He had returned to that area to be closer to relatives after my brother John graduated from high school the year before. I had received a couple of letters from him that had briefly mentioned Lillian, but without any details.

Then on my birthday in August, I got a letter that said they were going to get married. I splurged to send a telegram back immediately through the Senegalese Post. I still remember the text: "Wow, fantastic, wonderful news, best birthday present I ever got. Congratulations, best wishes and love, love, love." The Western Union office in Marshall was located in a hotel on the square. The agent was a friend of my father's and knew he had been worried about what my reaction would be. Gene, the agent, just closed down the Western Union office and walked several blocks to the car dealership where my father was working to give him the telegram personally.

Daddy assumed I would not be there for the wedding, but since the date fell right at my transfer time, I managed to get a few days off. On the flight back to the United States, I sat next to a friend from the communications section of the Embassy in Dakar, whose

wife had come down with hepatitis. She was only in her early 20s. They had medevaced her to Germany, but she had died there. He had come back to Dakar and was now returning to the U.S. on my flight. The airline offered him a seat in first class, but he turned it down so he could sit in the back where he could have someone to talk to. All the way back to the States, he talked about his wife, and I listened. I think it was helpful for him to be able to talk about her to somebody else who knew her. I didn't get any sleep, but I was glad to have been there for him.

I was arriving in Kansas City the night before the wedding ceremony, but had not told my father I was coming. My brother John was arriving that same evening from college in Colorado. His flight landed an hour before mine, and he and Lillian managed to delay their departure from the Kansas City Airport long enough for my flight to arrive. They were sitting in the lounge having coffee. My brother said he needed a bathroom break, met my flight and returned with me in tow, much to the astonishment of my father, who thought I was thousands of miles away in Africa. The look on his face was the payoff. It was a wonderful surprise that still makes me smile. And I picked up two wonderful stepsisters, Shirley and JoEllen, from that marriage.

Then I returned for a few days to Dakar and flew on across Africa on a Pan Am flight that stopped in almost every country, to Antananarivo, which I loved. Madagascar was such a unique place in the world. And I made a lot of friends there, a lot of Malagasy friends, which I later gathered was fairly unusual for an American at the Embassy.

I got there at the end of October or early November, late spring in the Southern Hemisphere, when the beautiful purple jacaranda trees were all in bloom. Just magnificent.

ANTANANARIVO, MADAGASCAR

Q: Who was Ambassador at the time?

CLYDE: David King, who was an ex-Democratic congressman from Utah who had lost his re-election bid and was appointed by Lyndon Johnson as the Ambassador to Madagascar. He was also a very high official in the Mormon Church. I think he later became Patriarch of the Mormon Temple in Washington. He was a good man, very correct, expected the best from his staff and himself. I remember him well because he presided over my first marriage. I married a Frenchman in Madagascar, and I somehow was allowed to stay in the Foreign Service, despite the rules that women had to resign when they got married.

I have since learned I was not the first to marry and stay in the Foreign Service. Elinor Constable, whom you interviewed a while back, married a fellow FSO in the late 1950s and was smart enough to demand to see the rule in writing that she had to resign. Of course there wasn't any such written rule. But nobody bothered to tell me that. Even then,

a decade later, it was accepted as gospel that women had to resign if they married. And Melissa Wells married some years before I. She says she never bothered to ask, and nobody ever told her differently. But she was not allowed to serve in the same post as her FSO husband, nor was Elinor. I don't know of anyone else who married a non-citizen, even a non-FSO, before I married in 1969, although there may well be someone out there. The new Foreign Service Act was passed in 1971, which did away with the restrictions on women being married and opened the door to "tandem" couples serving together at the same post. It also of course, did away with the "secret" portion of efficiency ratings. That portion of the evaluation could go into detail on personal traits of the officer, on the suitability of an officer's spouse—it could say almost anything about you, but you were not allowed to see it.

Q: Let's talk further about that in a minute. But first let's talk about Madagascar.: What sort of relations did we have there?

CLYDE: We had a reasonably good, but somewhat tense, relationship with Madagascar at the time. It was a very pro-Western country, run by a relatively benevolent dictator, Philibert Tsiranana, a former schoolteacher who had been president since Madagascar's independence in 1960. The government did not have diplomatic relations with any country in the Soviet bloc, or with any African country except South Africa and Malawi, for some reason. But there was a pretty strong leftist movement that was anti-American, and there was anti-Vietnam sentiment across the board, so we did not talk about that too much. Generally our relations were cordial. We did not have much of a trade relationship with Madagascar. The key reason for our presence there was a NASA tracking station, not far from Antananarivo. In those days, NASA needed a string of tracking stations around the world, because otherwise there was no communication with astronauts in space.

Tsiranana was overthrown in a coup a year or two after I left, and a radical leftist military group took over, established relations with the Soviet bloc and North Korea and basically ran the economy into the ground. The Ambassador, who was then Anthony Marshall, and several other Embassy staff were kicked out. Many of the French residents left the country as well. I heard that the French Cultural Center became the Soviet Friendship Society.

Q: You were there from when to when?

CLYDE: I arrived in the fall of 1968, and left in November of 1970, two years.

Q: The people there were called the Malagasy, correct? Were they more sort of Polynesian or were they black, or was there a mix or what?

CLYDE: There is a very complicated system of layers and levels in Madagascar that is based on your origins and your tribe, and is difficult for outsiders to grasp. People in the highlands, the plateau where Antananarivo is located, were very Polynesian looking. They have straight black hair and very light skin. They had pretty much ruled the island

for hundreds of years, often by rather brutal means. They had been the favored group during British and French colonialism. As you went down to the coast, the residents were darker-skinned, much more African in appearance, although there is still sort of a Polynesian influence. Nobody is quite sure of where the original inhabitants came from, but most likely Asia. They have a long history of kings and queens. The highland people have dominated the country for many years, and there was a good deal of prejudice toward the coastal dwellers. But there were a number of layers in between and within those groups, which any Malagasy recognized immediately. The culture of Madagascar is incredibly rich and complex.

Q: What were you doing?

CLYDE: I was the Assistant Cultural Affairs Officer, and I was mainly running the English-teaching program there. We had quite a number of students.

Q: Why would they be taking English?

CLYDE: Because they thought that was the way they would get ahead in the world. Of course this was a third language for them because they all grew up speaking Malagasy at home and French in school. I remember one of our better students ended up running a hotel in Montreal, using his language skills.

Q: And were the French out of -- I want to say running things, but I mean were they pretty dominant?

CLYDE: They still had a great deal of influence and did not particularly like what they saw as American intrusion on their turf. Madagascar was not a French colony for as long as some of the countries in mainland Africa, but the French had put a pretty good stamp of their culture on the country, especially in Tana, the nickname for the capital. It also made a difference, I think, that there was only one language, Malagasy, whereas in most of the French African colonies there were several tribal languages. The French influence was very heavy though. The educational system was definitely based on the French model, everything taught French. Many Malagasy had fought in World Wars I and II with the French.

Q: Where did you get the English teachers?

CLYDE: Mainly Embassy spouses and a few expats. One was Ellen Waterston, who was there on a year-long Rotary scholarship, and whose brother was a young actor named Sam Waterston. Ellen became a writer and poet. None of them were really professional teachers. We provided them with some course material that we'd received from USIA, but instruction was pretty loose. We tried to make it fun, put on a couple of plays, and produced a little newsletter. I did a course on American folk songs for some of the more advanced students. And we held picnics in the countryside and dances at the cultural center. We were promoting American culture and values as much as the language.

Q: Was it pretty much concentrated on the people who lived in the highlands?

CLYDE: We tried to Of course, expand beyond the highlands and Tana, but that was much harder, because of our need for native speakers as teachers and the difficulty of supervising the programs. It was not easy to get around outside of Tana—distances were long, and the roads were bad. We had a pretty good program in Tamatave, which is a port city on the East Coast. Our teacher there was a young American woman, Renee Paget—pronounced Reenie, from Maureen—who was, like me, an American who'd married a Frenchman, a week before I married my Frenchman. She ran our English teaching program down there in Tamatave, where her husband was working. We became lifelong friends from that.

We sent a lot of materials out to local schools, but I think we didn't really set up any programs elsewhere. I went down to Tamatave at the end of one of Renee's courses to give out certificates. We had a final exam, and the results were not too good - understandable for a short-term weekly course. We graded extremely leniently, but still about 50 percent of the class did not reach even minimal levels. But when we announced this to the class, there was such disappointment and misery that we decided on the spot to give another test, and—surprise!—everyone passed. They all got certificates for completing the course, and they all were happy. We decided that they deserved credit for effort, and the diplomatic thing to do was to let them have their certificates and leave them with a good feeling about the United States.

Q: Were there many ship visits and all?

CLYDE: There were quite a few ships that docked on the coast, especially in Tamatave. Small freighters mostly, enough that the garbage they dumped in the water attracted sharks. A couple of children every year usually lost their lives to sharks in the water. No large U.S. civilian or military vessels, because there was only one deep water port, in Diego Suarez in the far north, pretty remote from Tana. And we in Tana were a long way from the coast. There was, however, a constant stream of often very odd characters who had been traveling on some kind of ship or boat, even some sailing around the world, who decided to stop for a while and spend some time in Madagascar. Most of them were very strange characters. Maybe you have to be unusual to sail around the world on your own. I remember Jerry Prillaman, our Press Attaché, took in a New Zealand family—husband, wife and small child—down on their luck, whose boat had been irreparably damaged. They couldn't get home until Jerry helped them with the airfare.

Q: You mentioned the NASA tracking station. Were you much involved with that?

CLYDE: Oh yes, we all were. The tracking stations around the world were so important to the moon flights, and there was such great interest among the Malagasy. The U.S. sent out samples of moon rocks to many countries around the world, and of course we got one to display in Tana. It was set up in an exhibit hall in town, encased in a large transparent plastic bubble. We all took turns guarding it. Thousands of people stood in line to marvel at it. I don't know if they were disappointed that it looked a lot like any other rock. We

had a recording in French and Malagasy on a loop, explaining what it was. Jerry Prillaman took it from Tana to Mauritius, the island off to the east of Madagascar, where he managed to get recordings in the two languages spoken by many of the people in Mauritius, and it was also a hit there.

In March 1970, we had a visit by the three astronauts of Apollo 12, Conrad, Bean and Gordon. This was a really big deal for Madagascar. The airport ceremony featured interminable speeches, music by the international school choir, huge press coverage. Poor Alan Bean had picked up a bug somewhere, and looked decidedly green at the gills. He excused himself in the middle of the airport ceremony to find a restroom. But when we left the airport for the parade into town, he was there, and stood up with Conrad and Gordon in the back of an open jeep the entire one-hour trip. Their wives rode in more comfort. I think all of the city must have been there, the roads and streets were lined with thousands of cheering people. Just an amazing sight.

And of course everyone was riveted to the radio during the saga of Apollo 13. I remember sitting in our car outside the university radio station, where my husband Robert was broadcasting the story as updates arrived, and looking up at that vast dark sky and wondering if they would make it home safely.

Q: Did you feel part of the African world or was this way off?

CLYDE: Not particularly. It seemed far off. We really didn't feel part of the African world at all there. There was very little representation from any African country. The Malagasy just simply ignored this entire continent that was in between them and Europe.

Q: Was one of the Chinas represented there?

CLYDE: Taiwan may have been present, certainly not Communist China. In Mauritius there was a good deal of Chinese influence, from both factions. My husband and I spent our honeymoon there. We could walk down a street, and on one side there would be a Communist Chinese bookshop and on the other, one from Taiwan.

Q: Did you get involved in media there at all or no?

CLYDE: I did not. I think my colleague, Jerry, the Press Attaché, was incredibly frustrated in his job at times. The literacy rate was low, so newspapers were few, and they were under strict control by government censors. There were some flimsy little broadsheets produced by leftist groups in the Malagasy language. None of them would have dreamed of speaking to anyone from the American Embassy. TV was just starting. One channel, run by the government, that produced no original programming. They relied on films and programs mostly from France, to fill up the few hours a day they were on the air. We did not see the Apollo 11 moonwalk until several days after it happened, when the film finally arrived in Tana.

Radio was the big medium, in French and Malagasy. Jerry started doing an incredibly popular radio show called Monsieur Billboard. He had quite a good radio voice, and every week would receive tapes from Washington of the newest pop music, the Billboard hits. The record albums would not yet have arrived in Madagascar by the time he played the tapes on his show, and young people were enthralled. He was quite popular. But I think he had much less luck on policy issues other than space exploration, which was quite popular because of the NASA tracking station. I know he never sent out the propagandistic press releases we received form Washington about the United States in Vietnam. They would have been thrown back in his face.

Movies were quite popular, although the government censors tended to cut them to shreds. They did not ban a film they found offensive. They just cut out the sections they didn't like. I remember going with several friends to see the scandalous Swedish movie, I am Curious Yellow, which was totally incomprehensible, lasting only about 40 minutes, after the censors finished with it. Madagascar was quite a moralistic society in many ways. Traditional Malagasy dress was modest, and mini-skirts were banned. Our local hire admin assistant at USIS was a tiny French woman, my age, who could buy her clothes in the children's department. She loved mini-skirts, and wore them all the time. Somehow every time she was stopped by the police, she managed to talk her way out of it by claiming she was an ignorant American tourist who couldn't read the signs with the rules. She and her Dutch husband and I also stayed good friends.

Q: Were most of your locally hired staff Malagasy or French?

CLYDE: As I recall, Michelle was our only French employee. The rest were Malagasy. I had one assistant, a Malagasy man who helped organize the English classes. One of our two USIS drivers asked to borrow my Chevy Nova for his wedding, since it was fancier than most local vehicles. The tiny French deux-chevaux Citroens were the most common car there. All the taxis were deux-chevaux, and getting in and out of the back seat required some dexterity. We had to fire our other driver when we realized that the mileage on the official carryall van was far higher than it should be and found that he was "borrowing" it at night to haul wood. But we never found any evidence of our local staff reporting on us or on those in the Chancery, which was located in another building. But one of our junior defense attachés was engaged to a young Mauritian woman who worked at the British Embassy. They had a terrible car wreck one night when they crashed into a garbage truck which was on the wrong side of the road with no lights on. He was badly injured, and she was killed. The British discovered that she had been reporting back on their activities to the Malagasy government.

Q: Did you get involved with the Malagasy culture?

CLYDE: I was fortunate to have several Malagasy friends, not everyone did. They were usually rather private people and often distrustful of Americans. But the Malagasy family my husband Robert was living with, Abel and Angeline Rabehanta, took me in completely. They were such wonderful people. They had four children then, two sons and two daughters, and Angeline was pregnant with her fifth, who was born a few months

after Robert and I married. It was another girl, and they wanted to name her after me. But one of their daughters was already named Susie, so they named the last one Aurel Clyde Rabehanta. The only child named Clyde in all of Madagascar, I am sure. That really meant a lot to me. Robert and I were her godparents, but I was not very good at that, and, to my shame, lost contact with the family for many years after we left.

Many of the Malagasy I got well acquainted with were Robert's friends already, many of them artists and musicians, but I was also close to the Director of the National Treasury, Martin, and his wife Justine, whose last name I cannot remember unfortunately. I taught an English conversation class to him and two other officials from the Ministry of Finance, and we got along very well. They invited us to their country house at Christmas, and we went to a church service with them, all in Malagasy. I knew only a few words in Malagasy, and I have forgotten most of them. But I will never forget the word "zazakely," which means "little baby." The pastor must have used it 20 times in his sermon about the Baby Jesus.

Q: So tell me how you got married when the rules then said you had to resign.

CLYDE: I had met Robert Copin at a New Year's Eve party at Jerry Prillaman's house. He came with a lovely young French girl, Genevieve, who had recently started dating Jerry. After a few months, we decided we wanted to marry, but of course I was told I had to go through all the paperwork. I think now I was quite naive about it, just assuming I could somehow persuade the powers that be to let me stay in the Foreign Service. I got all the necessary paperwork required for a foreign spouse, a nice letter from Ambassador King supporting me, and submitted them along with my resignation. I wish I still had a copy of that letter, but I know it said something along the lines of, "I'm sending this letter only because I have to, but please, please, don't make me resign. I love the Foreign Service. My fiancé is willing to become an American citizen, to travel with me anywhere in the world. Please let me stay," and so on. And I have to say to this day, I am not completely sure what I would have done if the answer had come back, "No".

Meanwhile Jerry and Genevieve had also decided to get married, but Jerry was a bit of a rebel and had no desire to sit around and wait for the government to tell him what he could do. They just went to the City Hall and got married in March. As a result, he lost his security clearance for a few months, until Genevieve's security investigation was done, but since he didn't deal with classified information anyway, it didn't matter too much. I think there was some pushback from other officers in the mission when they learned he had married without official blessing. Not until all the proper clearances came through. and Jerry's clearance was restored, did they start including Genevieve in official functions, which I don't think she much minded.

I, however, felt I was on much more shaky ground and didn't dare do anything to rock the boat. I had to wait it out and finally got a telegram from USIA in July, just two words "Marriage approved," clearing the way for us to marry. As I say, I now know I wasn't the first, and I now know there was never a written regulation requiring resignation, but I certainly had no indication from anyone in Washington that marriage for women in the

Foreign Service was acceptable. It may have helped that I worked for USIA, which was a more people-friendly agency than the State Department, much smaller. I think the answer from State might have been different.

Q: I mean did you feel that OK, you're going to say I'll resign, but I don't want to, but they'll probably make me resign?

CLYDE: Well, I think I was in denial. As I say, I don't know what I would have done if they had come back and said yes, you must resign.

Q: What about the other partner in this marriage, the Frenchman? Because this was not the era where the wife's profession dominated.

CLYDE: No indeed. He was fine in Madagascar, because he had a job there, he was working at the university radio station, and he had lots of friends. He had no college education and had originally come to Madagascar to do his required national service, alternate military service. French men could enlist either in the military or do some other kind of national service, such as work for a year or two in one of the former colonies, sort of like the Peace Corps. It was called "cooperation" in French. So he came to Madagascar at 19, taught English, of all things, since he couldn't speak it well himself, to little Malagasy children in a town outside of Tana.

But he liked Madagascar so much that he stayed for several years. He was working as a radio journalist there and living with the Rabehanta family. The husband, Abel, taught French at the university. I think Robert found the acceptance there he had not felt in France. He was born out of wedlock, and although his birth father recognized his paternity, which is not uncommon in France, Robert never knew him. Robert's mother later married and had four more children, but his stepfather and step-siblings never quite let him forget he was not his stepfather's son, and made it clear he would have no inheritance from his stepfather. The Rabehantas accepted him completely. They became such close friends to me as well, almost a second family for me.

Looking back on that part of my life, I think we both had this notion we could make this Franco-American cooperation project work. Now, obviously, I know many French-American marriages that have been quite successful. Jerry and Genevieve are still happily married after more than 40 years. This was not going to be one of those success stories. But we thought we could mix the two cultures and we would be fine. We did not look realistically at the future when we would leave Madagascar.

Q: Well, you were pretty young.

CLYDE: We were very young, yes. What's going to happen if in ten years I do get assigned to Moscow or some place like that? What is he going to do? To us it sounded reasonable that he could just find a job wherever we were, but in fact it wasn't very realistic. And you are right. The idea of the wife earning more than the husband did not sit well with his French upbringing.

So permission granted, we proceeded with our plans. Under Malagasy law, we had to marry at the City Hall, but we wanted a religious ceremony too. I'm not sure why, because neither of us was especially religious, but it seemed the right thing to do. We had picked a date at the end of July and had asked a Lutheran missionary friend if he would perform the ceremony. Then the official cable arrived later than we expected, and we had to move the date to August 7. But our missionary friend was going to be out of town then. So what to do?

We were at the USIS cultural center a few nights after the Apollo 11 moon landing, holding a big reception and showing the film of the landing, which we had just received. It was the first time any of us, Americans or Malagasy, had seen it, so there was great interest. I was chatting with the PAO's wife, Clyde Lee, and Mrs. King, the Ambassador's wife. I was saying, "We want to have the wedding on August 7, but we're not sure now who we can get to perform it, because Reverend So and So is not going to be in the country then."

Mrs. Lee turned immediately to Mrs. King, "Well, couldn't the Ambassador do it?"

And Mrs. King said, "Why, yes, David would love to do it!" And before I could open my mouth, she dashed off to tell him the good news. And that's how David did it.

Q: But first you had to visit City Hall?

CLYDE: Yes, that was the law. We got married in the morning at the City Hall, with just a few friends—Robert's Malagasy family, one of the vice consuls from the Embassy, the head of the Malagasy Treasury and his wife, and Johnny and Angie Young. Johnny was the GSO, the General Services Offer in the Embassy administrative section, on his second Foreign Service tour of a stellar career. He was later a four-time Ambassador. They had become very good friends and were among the relatively few in the Embassy who welcomed my French fiancé with open arms. And our housekeeper, Victorine, was there. She was a tiny little lady, under five feet tall, who had 11 children then, and was expecting a 12th. That was very common in Madagascar. We could call her mid-morning and say we were having six people over for lunch, and by 1 p.m., it would be on the table. So it was just a little group at the Mairie, the City Hall. The ceremony was presided over by the deputy mayor, who kept saying things like, "I have before me two intellectuals!" Poor Robert could hardly keep from laughing. Robert had asked Abel to record the whole thing, using an enormous tape recorder from the university radio station, and I still have the transcript.

We weren't sure until the last minute that it was going to happen. We first had to publish the bans at the Mairie two weeks in advance, officially announcing the upcoming marriage in a public notice, so that anyone who might object could do so. In that document we had to list our witnesses by name. Robert had of course chosen his dear friend Abel, and I chose the wife of one of the NASA directors. Their names had to be entered into the official record. About a week before the wedding, we learned that the

NASA wife had fallen quite ill and was definitely not going to be at the wedding. We went back to the City Hall and talked to the official who had registered the bans and explained the problem. That's too bad, he said, but you'll have to start all over with someone new. We left, very discouraged, but he then followed us into the hall and whispered to us that if we would have someone else sign the original woman's name, it would be okay, but never to say where we had heard this. So I asked another friend, a diminutive Chinese-American woman, one of the secretaries at the Embassy, to come and pretend to be the tall, red-haired original witness and sign the other woman's name. So in the eyes of the Malagasy government, all was proper.

In the meantime, we had to have several discussions with Ambassador King about our marriage. He had to approve it morally. He had already sent a cable to Washington saying that he approved of the marriage, but this was basic marriage counseling. We would go see him and talk about what we might want in the ceremony, which was going to be at the PAO's house. We would say we thought this, we thought that, we thought the other thing. And he would pause and say, "Well, in *our* church we do it this way." So that's the way we did it.

But it was a nice ceremony in the afternoon of the same day that it was made official at the City Hall. Martin, the Treasury Director, escorted me down the stairs. Angie Young, Johnny's wife, made the wedding cake. Ambassador King gave quite a long homily in English about the benefits and responsibilities of marriage, which I doubt Robert understood much of, and I know poor Abel, who spoke not a word of English, understood nothing.

Q: Was any of your family able to be there for the wedding?

CLYDE: No, none of either of our families. I met his family, in the north of France, that Christmas, when we traveled back, stopping on the way to see the game parks in Kenya and the monuments in Athens. I remember we had a bit of a scare because for some reason our flight from Nairobi to Athens went through Cairo, where we had to change planes. Our passports were taken when we arrived, and we sat and waited for a long time wondering whether we were going to be able to get on our next flight. Fortunately our Air France pilot passed by and asked if there was a problem. He was able to get the passports liberated, and we got on the plane. I suppose that the Egyptian authorities were a little suspicious of an American diplomat and a French civilian traveling through Cairo en route to Europe.

I liked Robert's family, and they were all quite welcoming, although he told me his mother did not think I was very "chic." She definitely was.

My family in Missouri did not meet Robert until we returned from Madagascar more than a year later. They weren't too sure about him either.

Q: Was there some question about what do you do with a woman officer with a French husband? That certainly was unusual.

CLYDE: USIA allowed me to finish my tour, so we stayed in Madagascar for about 15 months after the wedding. It was very stressful. Nobody quite knew what to do with a male spouse, especially one who was not an American. They just were totally flummoxed. He went once to a meeting of the Embassy spouses' group, all female, of course. They didn't react well, and he gave that idea up pretty quickly.

I mentioned that the Press Attaché, Jerry Prillaman, had married Genevieve a few months earlier, and the plan was that the Cultural Attaché's wife, Janine Bland, would take her around to call on the other Embassy spouses, complete with the white gloves and calling cards left on little tray at the door. Very old school. Fortunately for her, she never had to do it, because by the time Jerry's clearance was restored, she knew everyone anyway. But nobody ever offered to introduce Robert to anyone. He was just this strange creature that nobody quite knew what to do with.

The Military Attaché was for some reason very hostile. They had their own plane to get around the island and take the Ambassador where he needed to travel outside of Tana, and they often allowed Embassy personnel and spouses to go along on a space-available basis. They made two or three trips a year to South Africa, which was very popular with families. But even though they often took Malagasy officials along for various trips, they told me Robert and I were not welcome because he was not a U.S. citizen. So I never got to make the trip to South Africa, which was a disappointment.

Even before the wedding, some people in the Embassy were quite unpleasant. I have a very painful memory of going to the administrative officer shortly before the wedding to ask if I could get a double bed, because at that time, of course, single officers got single beds. It was one of the most humiliating and embarrassing moments of my life to go to this man and ask, "You know I'm getting married next week. Do you think I could have a double bed?"

And he was just so sleazy and so *nasty.* Big smirk: "Oh, you need a double bed? Why do you need a double bed?" Just *awful.*

I finally got one. But I have never forgiven that man, even 40 years later.

Q: So you just continued to do your English teaching program for that time?

CLYDE: Yes, although I did have a wonderful opportunity, I doubt I would have had if I had not had Robert with me. USIS agreed to let us take the office pickup truck and spend a couple of weeks driving from Tana to the south of Madagascar, making a big loop around the southern coast. We loaded the truck with books, pamphlets, movies, a couple of Kalart 16mm film projectors and two small generators, because most of the places we were going had no electricity. The plan was to stop every night in a different town or village and show the movies. They were mostly about space exploration, plus the film USIA had produced about JFK, Years of Lighting, Day of Drums. During the day, I would call on local radio stations and city officials.

It worked beautifully, a wonderful trip, except one day when we stopped to have lunch at what was called a *hotely gasy* (Malagasy restaurant), a little roadside restaurant. I thought I was being careful, eating only some rice and a fried egg. But by the time we reached our destination that evening, I had serious food poisoning. I have seldom been quite that ill. I was so lucky that night we were staying at an American missionary hospital, and the doctors there set me right. But we had to stay an extra day there, which put us a day behind for the rest of the trip. When we got to the next town—which we had notified of our delay—we were told that people were terribly disappointed they had to wait another day for this wonderful entertainment.

It was the same in every town where we stopped. We would set up screens in the town square, hook up the projector to a generator, and I would thread the films in. To this day I believe I could thread a Kalart 16mm projector blindfolded. And these huge crowds, hundreds of people, would watch, absolutely rapt. I always wondered how much they really understood, since the films were in French, and most people spoke only Malagasy. But it was wonderful entertainment for all. It was probably the first time many of them had seen any kind of moving picture.

We were able to see a lot of the countryside, crossed the Tropic of Capricorn, stopped to view wonderful family tombs, above ground, created by the tribe in that area, and covered with wooden statues that represented important moments in the deceased's life. The roads were terrible. It was the dry season, and the land was very barren. Clouds of red dust, and the roads—all dirt—were like washboards. We quickly learned that the best way to keep from getting our teeth jolted out was to get up to a certain speed and sort of skim over the tops of the ridges. Of course we also had to keep an eye out for the zebu, the open range hump-backed cattle, that could pop up at any moment to wander across the road.

Speaking of the cattle, just as an aside, reminds me of an American Fulbright researcher who came to Madagascar while I was there to get material for his doctoral thesis on traditional Malagasy music. He found that the best place to locate people who knew this music was in the prisons. Many years earlier, it was quite common for one group to steal another's cattle. It was sort of understood that was the way things were done, the traditional way. Of course by the 1960s, this was considered theft, and many of the cattle thieves ended up in jail. But because they still believed in the traditional cattle-rustling ways, they also tended to know the traditional music.

Q: So there was not a lot of acceptance of your marriage?

CLYDE: I think most people were accepting, even if they didn't quite know how to approach it. But there were some who had a problem with it. A new PAO arrived about a year after we got married, and I never really felt that she quite approved. I barely remember speaking with her, even though it was a very small office. In those days, as you know, there was a secret section of the annual evaluation, in which your rater could say almost anything, could criticize family members, your personal traits, your

appearance, pretty much anything. You would never see it, but the promotion panels would. I never saw what she wrote in mine, but shortly before our departure, I got a letter from USIA that said I had been low-ranked and was in danger of being tossed out of the Service. This was devastating and an absolute surprise to me. I was stunned. I talked to the Cultural Affairs Officer, Merton Bland, who was my direct supervisor, and he wrote a very strong defense for me back to the Agency, which reversed its decision.

Looking back, I realize that none of my first three or four supervisors ever sat down with me to discuss my performance. Now, of course, it's part of the required process, but then it really depended on how comfortable your supervisor was with that kind of discussion. I had not a clue that I was not performing up to par. I took that lesson to heart in my later assignments, when I was a senior officer, and tried to keep those I supervised aware of what I wanted from them. And I always tried to include junior officers, even those working in other sections of the Embassy, when I did programs or representational activities.

Q: You came back to Washington in 1970?

CLYDE: In December of that year. If you had a foreign spouse, you were required to go back to Washington so the spouse could become an American citizen and acclimate to the U.S. way of life. So we went back, and we both thought it was going to work fine. He was going to find a job easily. But of course. without a college degree, without good English, he had trouble finding work here in Washington. He worked as a stringer for the French service of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC) and did a few voice-overs for USIA films in French. But we just realized after a couple of years that it wasn't going to work, so he went his way, I went mine, a mostly amicable parting. He became a U.S. citizen, which he really wanted. I got French citizenship from the marriage, but never claimed it officially.

WASHINGTON, D.C., USIA FILM AND TV SERVICE

Q: Where were you working then?

CLYDE: My first year or two back was officially part of a special training program USIA had set up for officers returning for their first U.S. assignment, called Phase II, sort of an orientation both to the Agency and to what was new in American culture. It was not full-time training, but a series of short sessions and conferences that we participated in while we were assigned to our first job in Agency headquarters. I have to say that the only thing I remember of that training was a short seminar, just a couple of days, on women's liberation, the whys and wherefores. And at the end of the discussion, one clueless middle-aged male Agency employee just lifted his arms in bewilderment and cried out to the women in the group, "But what do you people *want*?"

I was assigned to the production arm of USIA's Film and TV Service.

Q: What was the TV Service at that time?

CLYDE: USIA had a very robust and professional TV and Film Service. In many parts of the world, television was just coming into its own, and many stations did not have the resources to produce much original programming. So USIA's goal was to provide programs about the United States, its culture, its history, its political system and its way of life—not so much politics, per se—that these stations could use to fill up their hours. Many local stations were pleased to have the material.

We were located over in the Old Post Office building, which was a fascinating place to work, a real rabbit warren. We all loved it. We had big studios, pretty good technical equipment, and professional people. Some programs were one-offs, at the request of a foreign TV station, or an event we thought worth producing a film about. For instance, when the head of a particular country came to the U.S., we would often be asked to provide news coverage of it, since the local stations might not have the resources to send a film crew and reporter along. Some programs involved interviews with public figures to send to USIS offices to try to place on local TV or screen them for interested contacts. There were also several series intended for different parts of the world. So it was quite elaborate, a very professional operation then.

I worked there for nearly three years, as a production assistant. Probably not the best career move, since it was off the beaten track, but I learned a lot. I worked in three different units, each with one or more producers. Each unit worked on different projects or series. My first unit did a regular monthly program for Indonesia on American society and culture, as well as many of the non-series programs, coverage of visits by international figures, that sort of thing.

While I was there, I was asked to escort a four-person Yugoslav TV crew who were doing a program on women in America. They wanted to go to New York and California, as well as Washington. Interestingly, the lead producer was a woman, which may have been one reason I was tapped. I went with them to New York and helped them set up interviews with some businesses and at the United Nations. This was during the debate whether to admit China to the UN, so the Yugoslavs wanted to get some interviews about that as well. One of the people they interviewed in New York was Shirley Chisholm, the African-American Congresswoman who later ran for the Democratic Presidential nomination. She was so impressive. I did not make the California trip with them because USIA decided the group could function on its own. They spoke good English. But in fact they had quite a few problems there, and it was unfortunate I wasn't there to help.

Then it was still a united Yugoslavia, so the national TV station employed Serbs, Croats, Bosnians, staff from all over the country. I think this crew was two Serbs and two Croats. And although they got along okay, there were occasionally little barbed remarks about each other's nationality. I've often wondered what happened to them in the later turmoil as Yugoslavia broke up. I really enjoyed spending time with them.

When I was in that unit, I was also involved in the first satellite broadcast to the Congo, or Zaire, as it was then called. It was a big deal. We had talent from the French service of Voice of America, and an appearance by the great Mahalia Jackson, who just rocked the place. She died not long after that, so it was a privilege to see her in person. My French came in handy to facilitate discussions with the Zairian Ambassador and others.

Once several of us drove up to Pennsylvania for a couple of days to look for a musical group—I don't remember why—and had heard of one in Chester, Pennsylvania. We spent a couple of evenings in small bars listening to local bands. You can see the budgets were a little looser then. Can't imagine that happening now. They assigned me to be a unit manager, essentially the producer of a segment for the Indonesian program on a worldwide American Field Service conference. To my great surprise, I ran into a young Malagasy man who had been in my English program in Antananarivo and was at the conference as a representative for the Malagasy chapter of the AFS. That was fun.

After about eight months, they decided I should move to another unit in the TV service, and it turned out to be much less pleasant. This section did a bi-weekly interview program with well-known Americans, distributed in Latin America. We had a wide variety of guests—academics, music stars—from pop to opera—writers, sports figures. I remember the Carpenters, the singing siblings, were there. And the singer Johnny Mathis, who created quite a stir. I think this was just after he came out as gay, but it made no difference whatsoever to the young women working in the building. They all found some excuse to be in the hallway to ooh and aah when he arrived. The humorist Art Buchwald was one of our guests, and needed a ride home to upper NW DC. I offered to give him a lift. My husband Robert, came to pick us up, and we actually stuffed the poor man into the back seat of a VW bug. I still cannot believe we did that to Art Buchwald. Or that he was so nice about it.

The biggest program I worked on in that unit was a live broadcast from Miami of a performance of Holiday on Ice. It was the first live color satellite broadcast ever to Brazil, for TV Globo, the biggest Brazilian network. There was no particular significance for the choice of an ice show. It was just an event that would appeal to audiences in Brazil, and one we could broadcast live. Our "talent" was a broadcaster from VOA Portuguese and a young woman who I think was a former Miss Brazil. Late the night before the broadcast, we got word that the young Brazilian woman had packed her bags and left, without a word. No idea what happened, but I suspect she was being harassed by her male co-host. Then the next day the male host started making noises about leaving too. He wasn't happy about something, and probably thought we would be desperate enough to give him what he wanted. Fortunately, the producer managed to calm him down. We had visions of going on the air with no host at all. There were some technical glitches, luckily quickly smoothed over, and the show was a hit.

But unfortunately, the producers in that unit didn't really know what to do with me. They had never worked with a Foreign Service officer before, and I ended up doing mostly fairly menial work. They did not keep me very well informed. I found that I just had to walk in and sit down when the producer and his assistant were discussing possible future

programs. They didn't throw me out. But I had little film and television experience, and they were professionals, so they were at a loss. I believe the only time I was asked to arrange a guest was the author Larry McMurtry. He was very polite on the phone and agreed to do an interview, but he asked if we could call him back in six months because he was trying to finish a book. I remember the producers being quite upset with me for not reeling McMurtry in, no matter what his excuse, even though it sounded quite reasonable to me.

And that unit was where I felt the most discrimination because I was a woman. I don't recall any of the professional or technical staff in the TV service as a whole being women. All the females were secretaries or administrative staff. In this unit, my desk—I did not have an office, just a desk in the outer office where the secretarial staff sat—was just outside the office of another producer, not my supervisor, who was terribly misogynistic. One night during one of the Apollo missions, the TV service was seeking volunteers to cover the mission 24 hours a day, to watch the monitors and keep track of what was happening. There was still enormous interest in space exploration everywhere in the world. It hadn't been that long since Apollo 13, and they wanted to be sure someone would be watching if anything went wrong. So I volunteered to work an overnight shift. I was told by the organizing producer, outside of whose office I sat—and this is an exact quote—"No, because if you come in at night, you might get raped, and you might like it."

Q: Oh.

CLYDE: And he also told me one day that I should wear a particular sweater more often in the office because they enjoyed it. I never wore that sweater again. If this kind of thing happened today, I can't imagine any young woman putting up with it. But I was young, and we didn't make as many waves as today.

Q: But it does give a flavor of the time.

CLYDE: Yes. So you can understand I didn't want to stay in that unit. The head of the service transferred me over to a unit that I enjoyed much more. Ashley Hawken, a very talented film producer, was the head of it. They produced a series called "Ahora", "Now" in Spanish, for Latin America. They were 30-minute programs about life in the U.S., and the nation's diversity and democratic traditions. The shows weren't hard-sell propaganda, just nice vignettes about the United States, designed to foster good feelings about the USA. I remember one was on "Barney," a long-haul trucker, another on Native American dancers, others on graphic or performance artists. They ran the gamut.

Again, there were no women on the production staff there, just four or five guys, but they treated me as an equal. I graduated to a cubicle instead of an open desk, and I became a production assistant for the series. Eventually I was assigned to take a film crew and our series host, Roger Wilkison, to Montana on my own to direct an episode about Chet Huntley, the NBC news anchor, who had retired to Big Sky Country. It was quite a learning experience. We had hoped for scenic snow-covered mountains, but it was a

warm spell in Montana, so it was mostly bare ground and dirt. We tried an interview with Huntley in front of his large living room fireplace, but quickly found that the popping of the fire drowned out the audio, so we did most of it outside. He was very cooperative, very professional, and I learned the value of thinking on my feet.

My most exciting project was spending the summer of 1973 in Philadelphia. Somebody decided it would be nice to make a film about Manuel Torres, who was called the Ben Franklin of Latin America, and was the first diplomat from that continent to the United States. Don Manuel had to leave New Granada (now Colombia) in 1796 because of his anti-Spanish activities. He came to Philadelphia. then our capital, to seek support for Latin American independence from Spanish colonialism. What better place to find support and encouragement for a nation seeking to oust its colonial masters? By the time Don Manuel died in Philly in 1822, President Monroe had recognized the independence of Gran Colombia - now the nations of Colombia and Venezuela. It was the first Latin American nation so recognized by the United States, and Don Manuel had been named its Ambassador.

So, a good subject for a film destined to be shown in Latin America. We went all out, sort of, deciding to tell Don Manuel's story, and thus the story of U.S. and Latin American friendship, as a costume drama, something we never did. But it was a low-budget film, so our actors did not have speaking parts. It was all voice-over narration. Location filming was in Philadelphia, and I spent most of the summer of 1973 in a hotel there, in charge of scouting locations, finding extras, locating props, etc. I stayed on location most of that summer, while Ashley, the producer/director, and the writer, the late T. Iglehart—who wrote many of the Kennedy Center Honors programs—and the crew came up as needed. I later learned that the hotel staff thought I was entertaining a series of gentleman friends.

Don Manuel was portrayed by Maximo Mewe, a Voice of America correspondent from Chile. Most of the other actors were members of the Shackamaxon Society, a fraternal Revolutionary War reenactment club in Philadelphia. They didn't cost much. They were content with free meals and the opportunity to wear Colonial-era costumes. They could only have been happier if there had been scenes requiring them to carry muskets, which sadly there were not.

The costumes. We rented half a dozen outfits of the era from a local costume shop before we had hired the extras. We decided since Max was about average, 5'10", 165 pounds, the costumes could work for all our cast members. Shackamaxons, however, were not average. They all appeared to be 6'4", 140 pounds, or 5'5" and 200. It required a lot of pinning up of trouser legs, vests open in the back, and careful camera angles.

And those outfits were hot! Revolutionary-era tailors knew nothing about climate-appropriate garb. Many scenes had Don Manuel looking sad and pensive. It was likely not because he was homesick for wife and country or because he was weighed down by the anti-colonial struggle, although that fit the plot line. More likely, he was melting in his heavy wool suit in the Philly summer heat. And Ashley thought he should always wear a heavy wool cape as his signature "look." Max was a trouper.

Our only professional actor was a jolly fellow who portrayed William Duane, publisher of the newspaper Aurora and a friend of Don Manuel's. He published Torres's articles and helped him sway public opinion in the U.S. against the Spanish and toward the Latin American revolutionaries. One afternoon, I was in the hotel lobby talking to the actor about his role, when I noticed a group of four or five young men on a nearby sofa staring at me. I knew who they were -- a group of French visitors whom I had spoken to briefly in the hotel dining room the previous day—so they knew I spoke French. When our actor left, the French guys converged on me, pleading for help. It seems they had paid for something at the hotel front desk with a coin they didn't mean to spend, some kind of commemorative silver dollar, perhaps. They wanted to ask the hotel cashier if she still had the coin so they could get it back, and feared the explanation would be too complex for their English skills. So I stepped in. The coin had already been taken to the bank, but the hotel promised to try to get them another one the next day.

I spent a morning at Independence Hall trying, along with a park ranger, to persuade shorts-clad tourists from walking in front of a doorway that was visible in the scene being filmed inside. Most were cooperative, although a couple of them declared "I'll walk where I want!" and pushed by us. Fortunately the final product contained no such anachronisms.

My most nervous moment came early one morning when we were filming at one of the old manor houses of which Philadelphia has so many. The scene required Don Manuel to arrive and depart in a horse-drawn carriage. I had arranged by phone for the carriage and a liveried driver, but I had not been able to contact the owner the evening before, and had heard nothing from him as we started filming that morning. The scheduled time came and went. Ashley was asking where his carriage was, and I was sweating bullets, wondering the same thing. Had I completely blown this assignment? It would be hard to find a horse-drawn carriage and colonial-costumed driver at the last minute, although maybe easier in Philly than some places. Imagine my relief when, after a very long 15 minutes of growing panic, I heard the clip-clop of horses' hooves on the drive. And it was a beautiful carriage, beautiful horses and a beautiful driver, although my perspective may have been slightly skewed at that point.

Our only real mishap, other than fitting Shackamaxons into their costumes and keeping Max from heat stroke, was when the actor playing the newspaper publisher, not a small man, sat on and broke an antique chair in one of the old mansions we used as locales. That set our budget back a bit, I think. But the film on Manuel Torres was a success and got wide play in Latin America. As far as I know, USIA never attempted another costume drama, sticking to straight documentaries or news interviews until the Film and TV Service was closed down some years later. But it was great fun, and I still have fond memories of my summer in Philadelphia.

Q: You did this for what, three years?

CLYDE: I did TV for about two and a half years.

Q: So did you feel like TV production was your niche?

CLYDE: No, I don't think so. I enjoyed it, learned a lot, but I think I still preferred the writing. I never felt I could be as professional as the people who were there. I didn't see a lot of future in it for me.

Q: This was an era when many things in society were beginning to change. Did you feel that things were beginning to open up for women?

CLYDE: It was getting there. There was some progress, but very slow. There were still many people with old-fashioned outlooks on the role of women. We were still a small minority in the Foreign Service, even though the Foreign Service Act of 1971 had done away with the restrictions on women. A number of women had been able to rejoin the Foreign Service after being forced to resign earlier because they married. We still had to cope with people like the producer in my previous assignment. I once went to New York, to an office USIA TV had there, to work on a film, part of the "Ahora" series, which was being edited there. I had to fend off passes from the editor and explain I was there to work and nothing else. That sort of thing happened too often, but it was getting a little better.

One place that did not happen was with George Haley, then the Counselor of USIA, the third-ranking position. I had met him in some season of my Phase II training, and he invited me to lunch two or three times. He was such a decent and kind man, clearly wanting to be a mentor to younger officers. But I'm afraid I was not a very good conversationalist. All I could think about was, "My God, this man's brother wrote "Roots".

Q: Where'd you go next?

CLYDE: I was looking for an onward assignment, and my career counselor told me I would probably be assigned as book officer in Vietnam. Why the heck we needed a book officer in Saigon in the middle of the war, I cannot tell you. But that sounded intriguing, and I was excited about the prospect. My Public Affairs Officer from Madagascar was there in the cultural section in Saigon, and I thought it might help my chances if I dropped her a note, trying to alleviate any concerns she might have about my work. Something along the lines of, "Hey it looks like I'm going to be assigned to Saigon, and I'm really looking forward to it." She and I had not gotten along very well, and apparently she told people at the post that they didn't want me. The next thing I knew, my personnel officer was berating me for taking that initiative and telling me I could forget about the Vietnam assignment. In retrospect, not a bad thing.

I then was assigned as Assistant Cultural Affairs Officer in Jakarta, Indonesia. I started Indonesian language training at the Foreign Service Institute. Less than two weeks in, I was informed that an inspection team had recommended eliminating that position, so I was without prospects again.

This was all before the Open Assignments system, where you knew what jobs were coming available and when. So I just started going around to the regional offices to talk to the directors and ask if there might be anything coming up. The Latin American bureau told me that the PAO in Chile wanted a new Assistant Information Officer and was insisting on someone with film and TV experience, to work with Chilean radio and television. And here I was, fresh off of nearly three years in the Film and TV Service, a perfect match for the PAO in Santiago.

I spent a few weeks at FSI studying Spanish. We had a number of Drug Enforcement Administration agents in our classes that year. The DEA was planning to assign more agents to embassies in Latin America and had decided to give them Spanish training. In the end, only three or four of those in training actually went to Latin America, and a couple of others to Miami where they might find their Spanish useful. But their participation in FSI classes was memorable because several of them felt the need to bring their guns to class. They didn't display them openly, but sometimes you would spot a revolver when one of them opened his briefcase. It made many of us uncomfortable. The final straw came when one of the agents went to the men's room, wearing his gun under his jacket. He hung the pistol on the back of the door while he did his business, but then forgot and left the gun there. The next person in that stall was one of the French teachers, who upon finding a gun hung on the back of the stall door, naturally raised a fuss. The edict came down, no more guns at FSI.

At that point in my personal life, my French husband had become an American citizen, and we had separated and were in the final process of getting divorced. So I was anxious for a change of scene. and off I went to Santiago.

SANTIAGO, CHILE

Q: This was in 1974? What was the situation in Chile?

CLYDE: It was about six months after the September 1973 coup in which the military, led by General Augusto Pinochet, had taken power. President Salvador Allende had been killed during the coup. We had a pretty warm relationship with Chile after the coup and the change in government, even though we condemned the methods, because we were not big fans of Allende, who was too far left for us.

Allende had received the most votes in the 1970 election, but there were several candidates, and he only had about a third of the votes. Rather than a runoff between the two highest candidates, the procedure in Chile was that the National Assembly would pick the winner. The United States favored the runner up candidate, who had promised to resign as soon as he was chosen, so there could be a second election. But Allende promised to follow the Constitution, and the Assembly picked him. He had made some economic moves we did not like, such as nationalizing the copper mines, and the U.S.

government feared another Cuba in the making. By 1973 the economy was in terrible shape, a lot of inflation and shortages, and Allende was very unpopular with many Chileans. There were strong differences of opinion among the citizens. But in the months following the coup, it was clear that Pinochet and the military junta were going too far. Despite their promises of restoring democracy, they were still arresting people in the night, there were still people disappearing, and threats against the free press and political expression. So our relationship started to deteriorate.

Q:- There really were two relationships, one official and the other unofficial, weren't there? Let's talk about the official first. Was there any feeling at the time of guilt about our alleged role in the overthrow of Allende?

CLYDE: Certainly not openly, but I think there was concern, even though we as a government were glad to be rid of Allende. I think that many in our government were looking at it in practical terms, that this would restore order to the country, steer it away from Communism and improve the economy. But as time went on, they realized that, as usual, things weren't going according to plan. There was some unspoken acknowledgement of our role—and let me emphasize I don't really know how much of a role we had in the coup against Allende, perhaps only encouragement or a look-the-other-way attitude. But this was during the Cold War, a time when the U.S. was worried about Communist influence in the Third World, especially after the Castro takeover in Cuba. Any kind of anti-Communist movement was seen favorably.

Q: Allende did become the darling of the left.

CLYDE: Yes. He certainly was not seen as a Communist, more a Socialist.

Q: But he was also organizing sort of militias outside of the military, which of course was a terrible mistake.

CLYDE: Indeed. Chile had been a democratic country for decades. It had been a very strong democracy, and Allende was moving in ways that alarmed many, not only the United States.

Q: And the military had always stayed out of it.

CLYDE: Yes, until now. The economy was dreadful in Chile under Allende, and a great many Chileans supported the coup because they felt it would improve the economy and keep terrorist movements out. And many of these people felt that since they personally weren't doing anything wrong, they didn't need to worry too much about the people who were being arrested and disappearing. I think there was fear by the military, and probably the U.S. as well, of the growth of violent leftist terrorism, such as the Sendero Luminoso in Peru, and they felt it was necessary to crack down on any opposition.

Q: Apart from the official relationship, there were great numbers of Americans, especially on the left, who were very anti-Pinochet, no? Sort of the opposite of Nicaragua

a few years later, where you had many Americans coming down to support the Sandinista government. There was the movie, Missing, which stirred up a lot of anti-Pinochet discussion in the United States. Were you picking this up?

CLYDE: This was still fairly early in the Pinochet regime. Missing didn't come out until several years later, but there were already discussions about that case, of a young American who was caught up in the coup and killed, and other human rights abuses by the government. Two big differences between Nicaragua and Chile are that Chile is a lot farther away, harder to get to, and that in Nicaragua, the government encouraged young Americans to come, which was not the case in Chile, certainly. So we did not have large numbers of American protesters. It would have been more dangerous for them, since in Nicaragua they were supporting the government, but they would not have been well-viewed in Chile trying to work against the military.

Q: Was there much of an opposition press?

CLYDE: There was still opposition. There was still opposition press. There were a couple of newspapers that were not pro-Pinochet. They had to be careful. They couldn't really be anti-Pinochet either, just a little less approving. There was not the kind of official censorship we saw later in Nicaragua. The main opposition outlets were several independent radio stations and the Catholic University, which had both a radio and a TV station. Most people got their news from radio. Television was not yet well-established, although we arranged several satellite discussions between Chilean television journalists and experts in the U.S. Television was more circumspect than some of the radio stations.

I had a lot of contact with both the opposition and the government media. My job title was Assistant Information Officer—Assistant Press Attaché—but it was primarily with radio and TV. There were still a number of opposition radio stations there. They had to be a bit circumspect on the air, but they did express virulent opposition to the government in private, where they spoke very freely. Often we would be with them in our homes or in theirs, in a private setting, and they would talk about how Pinochet is almost gone, he'll be gone by next summer, we'll take care of him. And we would ask, "But how? You don't have any organization, you don't have any arms. Are you going to have another coup? or just how are you going to get rid of Pinochet?" "Well, no, he's just going to fall of his own accord," they insisted. Of course that did not happen.

And it was clear that there was a line they were not allowed to cross. One of my better contacts, the director of an independent opposition radio station, often read anti-Pinochet editorials on air. And one morning he was arrested. I had been planning to travel to Easter Island for a short vacation that very day. I canceled my trip and stayed around to see what would happen. He was exiled from Santiago to some tiny community way up in the north of Chile, not in the desert, but very remote, close to the Peruvian and Bolivian borders. For six or eight months, he stayed there. He wasn't imprisoned, lived with a family there, and was allowed occasional visitors, although he didn't have many, because it was so hard to get there. I sent a couple of rolls of film up with one of his brothers, because he wanted to take photos to document his stay. He had a good attitude about it and was

allowed to come back with a stern warning. Now I have to say that in other countries I have known, Haiti for instance, he might have ended up shot dead in the street if he crossed government authorities. Perhaps because his station was quite popular, he received a little more leniency, since there were others who were deported from Chile or even some who disappeared altogether.

On the other hand, I also had a very good relationship with the news director of the national TV station, who was at that time a big supporter of Pinochet and the military. I understand that after Pinochet left, and the government changed, he still managed to remain in good standing because he was very good at figuring out which way the wind was blowing and making sure he was on the right side. So my contacts were mostly with Chileans, although I did meet some Americans who came down for our programs or on private, non-political, business.

Q: Who was your Ambassador when you were there?

CLYDE: Popper, David Popper, who had not been there during the coup. But at my level, I didn't have a lot of contact with him.

Q: On the USIA side, what were you all doing?

CLYDE: We were promoting democracy, trying to talk about a free press, human rights, rule of law, that kind of thing. It was clear that this was a military dictatorship, but we had relatively free access to the opposition, to students and to other groups. We did a lot of analysis, because our media contacts gave us a lot of their perspectives on the situation that we could pass on to others in the mission. Not secret information, just their views, which they might not have wanted public, but knew we would pass on to the U.S. Government. It was in their interest to persuade the USG to harden its line against Pinochet and the junta. I remember once I had just finished writing a memo about my conversation with an opposition radio director who had told me some things he would not have wanted attached to his name. My senior supervisor, the Counselor for Public Affairs, the PAO, came into my office as I was finishing, and asked for the memo, because he was on his way to the Country Team meeting and wanted to brief the Ambassador.

I said I didn't have a cover sheet or anything for the memo yet to indicate it was sensitive, but he insisted I give it to him immediately as it was. He made a couple of other stops around the office, set the paper down somewhere, and it was never seen again. We knew we had locally hired staff in the office who were probably reporting back to the government, although we couldn't be sure which ones they were. That's true in any embassy because they are often under significant political or financial pressure, although 99 percent of our local staff are incredibly loyal to the United States. We were usually very careful. But it was a very sobering moment. I never heard of any negative consequences for this radio director, but it still was not something that either of us wanted to have publicized.

Q: Was there conflict within the Embassy of pro-Pinochet, anti-Pinochet folks?

CLYDE: I found less conflict in the Embassy in Chile than I found when I arrived in Nicaragua later. If there was conflict within the mission, it wasn't open. There certainly was the official policy of supporting the junta and saying yes, they are moving back toward democracy, which was more difficult to justify as time went on. But I was not in high level meetings where differences of opinion might have been displayed.

Q: Was there any geographic division? Surely being such a long country, there was a North/South situation or something like that?

CLYDE: Not that I was aware of. Northern Chile is sparsely populated. A lot of it is the Atacama Desert, one of the driest places on earth, where rain may not fall for years at a time.

I only went to the North once. There was a joint Chilean/American observatory at Cerro Tololo, associated with the University of Arizona. It was an ideal place for an observatory because of the crystal-clear night skies in the desert. I went up with two purposes. First was to escort a group of American astronomers who were visiting the observatory. I remember standing on a ridge watching the sun set with all the astronomers, watching for the Green Flash, a spark of green on the horizon just as the sun goes behind the horizon. It's not rare, but not super common either. They all swore they had seen it, but I didn't.

The other reason I went was that we had suggested the Film and TV Service produce a program about Cerro Tololo and its importance, and the U.S.-Chilean cooperation in running it. USIA had said okay, but you need to send us some film footage, because we are not going to send down a film crew. So I, as the supposed AV expert, led my little crew of two of our locally hired Chilean employees to produce some film footage of the observatory. We used a 16mm film camera. Videotape was still in its infancy. One of our press employees, Carlos Yañez, and I had been sent to Bogota for a week earlier that year to learn about using the "single-System Video Tape Recorder," which involved a bulky camera and a quite enormous tape machine, but we didn't test our new knowledge at Cerro Tololo. We used the trusty film camera. We sent Washington what we produced at Tololo, but the film never materialized. I suspect our technical skills were lacking.

The southern part of Chile was fairly developed but still rural. Wines and fruits and vegetables from there were shipped all over the world, and still are an important part of the Chilean economy. Mining, especially copper, was a major part of the economy too, with large mines throughout the country, many of them owned by American companies. The big population centers were Santiago, the capital, and Valparaíso on the coast. We had Branch Public Affairs Officers in Valparaíso and Concepción, which was further south. There were 11 of us in USIS, which today would be an enormous staff.

Q: Did you find a social life, or were you under a tight leash and really had to watch what you said and did?

CLYDE: I don't remember anybody ever saying be careful what you say or where you go. Social life within the Embassy and with Chileans was good. We were not giving a lot of interviews on the record, except perhaps for basic press release announcements, or when we got a press call from the United States about an earthquake or tremor in Chile, of which there were many. I once gave a brief phone interview to one of the wire services in the U.S. about a tremor that had done minor damage in the North, but not much in Santiago. One of my cousins, on his tractor in a Missouri cornfield, heard it on the air, which impressed him.

But in social occasions, our contacts were telling us what they thought, and we were speaking fairly freely, although within U.S. policy guidelines. It is true that we once got the word through someone in the political section who had good contacts with the Chilean government, that the government thought the Press Attaché and I were getting a bit too cozy with the opposition media, but I don't recall that we changed our ways or that there were any further warnings.

One night my boss Bill Weeks, the Press Attaché, and I went to a dinner with some opposition journalists. Bill's Spanish was not strong, so the conversation was in English. At some point, we mentioned someone, an American, had been "killed." We were talking about an accident, perhaps a car wreck. But our journalist colleagues, whose English was not perfect, immediately jumped on that word "killed" to mean that this person had been assassinated. "Ah, it happens in America, too!" It illustrated the difference in their perspective and ours and the perils of a foreign language. It took a while to persuade them we had not meant anything quite so dire.

Q: Here you had this regime that was very unpopular in the United States.

CLYDE: Yes, very much so, and increasingly so as time went on.

Q: And yet, we have USIA programs of lecturers and dance troupes, exchanges, etcetera, many of which would in normal circumstances perhaps tend more toward leftist views, particularly the artistic folks. Did you get any of that kind of feedback?

CLYDE: We had a surprising number of speakers and visitors come. Academics, labor leaders, law specialists. I don't recall many problems with speakers over politics. And our belief was that the more we could talk about democracy or human rights or press freedoms, and the more people we could reach, the better. I don't recall any major cultural presentations on the level of Alvin Alley or Buddy Guy during my tenure, although there were some musicians and artists. We had speakers who came to talk about the Constitution, about democratic government, about the role of free press in society, that sort of thing. So in those areas, even left-leaning speakers and visitors could agree. They did not have to praise the military junta.

I do have particular recollections of two speakers that I worked with, although for very different reasons.

The first was an experimental filmmaker who came in 1975 to speak to film classes at the universities. He was first scheduled to speak at various venues in Buenos Aires, and we were told that he would be flying his own small plane from Chicago to Buenos Aires, then over the Andes to Santiago. Because the flights depended on weather conditions, we did not have an exact date of arrival. He'd call us when he got there, we were told.

Around noon, I got a call in the office from his girlfriend, who was along for the trip. They had arrived shortly before, she said, and "Joe"—I don't remember his name—had gone out to do some filming. His specialty was manhole covers. Would that be a problem? Did he need some kind of permit? I allowed how it might pose some problems, but I would quickly check with the security folks in the Embassy.

This was two years into the Pinochet regime, and indeed, the security staff said he probably should get permission before he started wandering around the city with a camera filming infrastructure, which of course he was already doing. I was hurrying back to my office to call the girlfriend and tell her she should quickly round Joe up before he got into trouble.

But it was too late. Before I could pick up the phone, a call came in from someone in the political section who had just received a call from a Chilean contact, saying he had been walking by the secret police headquarters as they escorted an American inside at gunpoint. The American had shouted, "Call the American Embassy! Tell them there's been a mistake!"

Turned out Joe had chosen one of the worst places in Santiago to film manhole covers—in front of the secret police headquarters. They, being suspicious types, immediately arrested him and marched him inside to be questioned. The Embassy staff set to work, calling police contacts to explain that this was not a spy or a terrorist, but simply a naive American academic and filmmaker. Joe ended up being questioned for five or six hours by skeptical cops—"So, Señor, you were filming manhole covers in front of our headquarters because you found them interesting? Of course you were. Please explain yourself again. What are you really up to?" He was finally released, and his camera returned, into the custody of Embassy security staff. I don't know if he ever realized just how fortunate he was that an Embassy contact who spoke English was passing by just as he was arrested.

Three days later, when he was leaving, we learned that he had landed his private aircraft not at the main Santiago airport, but at the military field, where for some reason they let him in, but did not have the facilities to give him an entry stamp in his passport. When he wanted to leave, oops, no entry stamp, no exit. That took some hours to resolve.

And as a footnote, when he went to the university for his lecture and to show one of his films, we all, Americans and Chilean students and professors alike, watched in total befuddlement. At the end, Harry said, "Well, we have to run it again, because that was in

the projector backward." So we watched it again, in the "correct" direction. Didn't make any more sense that way either.

Not one of our more successful speakers, but fortunately an exception.

The other speaker who stays in my memory for very different reasons was a journalism professor from the University of Missouri. As a speaker, he was terrific, but somehow in the process, I managed to kidnap a German businessman. Our academic had arrived the previous night and checked into his hotel on his own, and I was to pick him up the next morning, so I didn't know what he looked like. The office had a lot going on that day—press releases to deliver, meetings people had to go to—so the car and driver we were using had to leave us at the venue of the talk and then quickly get on to other tasks.

We arrived at the hotel. I went in and saw a man standing in the lobby. "Professor X?" I asked, and I swear to this day that he said yes. We got in the car, he in the back seat, I in front with the driver, and I proceeded to tell him why we were hurrying, that the car had to be used for other things, that his audience was looking forward to hearing him, on and on. When I finally paused to breathe, the gentleman said in a heavy German accent, "Vhere are ve going?" (Where are we going?) "Why to the university for your lecture," I replied cheerily. He looked totally confused, which was my first clue that there may have been a small error. "Aren't you Professor X?" I asked. He drew himself up and replied in indignation, "Nein! I am Heinrich Himmelheimer!" Oops. I apologized profusely. He was a good sport in the end. We rushed back to the hotel to find the real Professor X, who was indeed waiting in the lobby. A very embarrassing moment.

Also embarrassing, although slightly less so, was when I was asked to escort C.L. Sulzberger, the publisher of the New York Times, and his wife for a day or two. They were friends of the Ambassador's and wanted to see the situation in Chile for themselves. We were going to an appointment in the Ambassador's armored car. I was riding in the front passenger seat, and when we arrived, the driver jumped out to open the doors for the Sulzbergers, neglecting to unlock the front passenger door for me. By the time he noticed I was still trapped, the Sulzbergers were deep into conversation with their hosts. I don't think they ever noticed my predicament, and he later wrote a nice note to the Ambassador, calling me "a marvel of efficiency."

Q: What about exchange programs? Did you try to send many Chileans to the U.S. for orientation?

CLYDE: Yes, we had quite an active Fulbright program and international visitor (IV) program. I think that exchanges, especially the IV grants, are some of the best tools we have in public diplomacy. We sent quite a few visitors to the U.S. every year, of all backgrounds. l remember one evening I was having dinner with a McDonald-Douglas representative who was trying—unsuccessfully—to sell DC-10s to Lan Chile, the Chilean national airline. I told him I had to leave early to go to the airport and see off one of our visitor grantees that evening. He insisted on going with me, and it turned out both he and the grantee, a radio executive, were of Hungarian descent, and so fell into an

animated discussion in Hungarian, pretty much ignoring me. But the grantee had a good trip.

Another grantee and his escort/interpreter missed a plane connection somewhere in the Midwest, and the escort rented a car to drive them to their next stop several hours away. Our grantee told us afterward that it was his favorite part of the trip. Somehow they had a CB radio to listen to the truckers on the highway, and the grantee learned all the words to the song "Convoy." Some weren't quite so successful. We sent a very conservative student leader, very pro-Pinochet, on his first trip to the U.S., hoping to open his mind to new perspectives. But somewhere he was caught up in a Gay Pride parade and sadly came home convinced Americans were degenerates.

I was in Chile in July 1976, the Bicentennial. USIA had come up with an absolutely brilliant program. They organized some 30 cross-country trips, using cars provided by GM or Chrysler, I can't remember which, and small travel trailers, provided by Airstream. The itineraries varied, each different. Maybe Miami to Minneapolis, or Atlanta to Denver, Chicago to L.A., but the idea was for foreign journalists to bring their families, use the car and trailer, stop every night in a campground to talk to Americans there, see some of the surrounding sights, and just get to know America. They also learned a lot about other countries from their fellow participants in the convoy. The idea was that they would then return to their home countries and publish articles or do a TV piece on their trip, on the variety and diversity of America. The journalists or their employers had to pay for the trip. USIA provided an escort or two for each group, and if a journalist needed a TV crew somewhere, USIA helped arrange that. We sent two Chilean journalists, one with his wife and two small children, the other alone, and we got some nice press out of it.

Q: Were you single at the time?

CLYDE: I was newly single. My husband and I had gotten divorced. The divorce was official soon after I arrived in Chile, and I felt newly liberated. He had become a U.S. citizen. He was dating a woman from the Swiss Embassy in Washington, whom he would later marry. I went to Chile, and I had a very good time there.

Q: Were you able to make friends, date, and all that?

CLYDE: Very much so. More easily in Chile than almost any place I've been. It was a very, very friendly, open society in terms of getting to know people. I don't know anyone who has served in Chile and not loved it.

A week after I arrived, I had just moved into my permanent apartment, a block or two off the main North-South avenue in the city. On Saturday morning, I walked over to the main street and found an enormous flower stand with the most amazing array of blooms. The flowers seemed incredibly inexpensive. So I bought a huge bundle of flowers, and I was walking back to my new apartment with all these flowers filling my arms. A distinguished grey-haired Chilean gentleman was coming in the other direction. When he

was about ten feet away he stopped, looked at me and said, “Una flor basta, Usted,” meaning “One flower is enough, you.” And then he walked on without another word. And I stood there just dumbfounded and speechless. All I could think was, “My God, I am really in Latin America. This would never happen back home in Colorado or Missouri. This is going to be a wonderful tour.” I had a good time in Chile. I had many friends there, Chilean friends, American friends. It was a very congenial Embassy and community.

One night a few months after my arrival in Chile, I was invited to the British Ambassador’s residence for dinner, a group of 11 Brits and me. I had lost some weight, and as I was getting dressed for the dinner, I spotted a pretty little garnet ring I had bought in Madagascar and tried it on. It fit for the first time in years, went nicely with my outfit, and I was so pleased I decided to wear it that evening.

All went well through the cocktail hour, but shortly after we sat down at the table, somewhere between the soup and the main course, I noticed that the ring was feeling rather tight. I excused myself quietly and went to the restroom, where I slathered soap all over my hand in an effort to get the ring off. Nothing. No movement at all, and my finger was swelling up. By the time I returned to the table, it was turning an ugly purple, and I was starting to worry a bit. I leaned over to the Ambassador's wife, the hostess, and whispered, not wanting to break up the party, “I think I have a problem. I can’t get my ring off, and my finger is swelling up.” “WHAT?” she cried, snatching my hand and attracting everyone’s attention. I then became the sole focus of the 11 others at the table and the recipient of advice from all sides. One woman took my arm and extended it over my head, trying to get the blood flow away from the finger. Another grabbed the hand, looked at the finger, and in a very British accent, cried, “Oh, that is bloody nahsty!” At which point the first woman grabbed my arm and stuck it in the air again. Until someone else came over for a closer look.

Then, salvation. Down at the other end of the table, a man said, “I think I have some snippers in my toolkit at the Embassy that will take care of that.” Turned out he was a technician from London there on temporary duty, working on something at the British Embassy. I had not had the opportunity to talk to him before dinner, but I am sure he was the single man, to whom I was being matched as the single woman, so the Ambassador’s table would come out even.

So the tech, the Ambassador, and I crammed into the Ambassador's little two-seater sports car and zipped off to the British Embassy. It was not yet time for the nightly curfew to be in effect, but the streets of Santiago got pretty quiet at night, and you didn’t want to break any speed limits so as to attract the attention of the carabineros, the police with guns. We reached the Embassy in good time, passed through the guard gate, where the Chilean guard was surely confused by our arrival, then slowly began ascending the stairs, stopping at each landing for the tech to open another combination lock. We finally reached the fourth or fifth floor, the top floor, where the tech opened yet another large combination lock on a heavy bullet-resistant fortified door leading into the Brits’ highly secret communication center—not secret that they had one—we did too—but secret in its

contents and messages. There he located his tool kit, retrieved the snippers, and with two quick snips, the ring was free, and I was saved from what I was sure was going to require amputation. What a relief!

We descended the stairs as we had come, the tech opening and closing the locks again. down past the guard post, back into the sports car, and back to the residence where we were greeted with cheers and dessert.

For a while I had the little piece of gold that was snipped out, but it's been long lost. I still have the rest of the ring, and should no doubt reset the stone in a new setting, but somehow I like the reminder of that exciting night when I was able to count on the British to stay calm and come through in a crisis.

Q: Were politics a subject of conversation or not with your Chilean friends?

CLYDE: Yes, all the time, all the time, almost nothing else. If you mentioned someone's name, the immediate response was, oh. he's a Socialist, or oh, she's Christian Democrat. Everyone knew everyone else's political leanings. With the opposition contacts, we listened to them talk about how terrible Pinochet was, how he'd come to power illegally, how the people would get rid of him, or how he was going to somehow fall of his own accord.

On the other hand, my government media contacts were talking about how the country needed to be protected against leftist terrorists, as in Argentina and Brazil and Peru, and to make that happen, torture was essential, to find the bad apples. If in the process you happened to destroy a few of the non-guilty good apples, that was perhaps unfortunate, but inevitable collateral damage because you somehow had to cut the bad ones out of society as if you were excising a wound. Some quite chilling discussions with people who seemed on the surface to be perfectly reasonable.

Q: Was there concern about Americans, especially your people, being caught up in political situations and being in danger?

CLYDE: Less so by the time I got there. There had been some of that during the coup, and there was a major furor over the young American who was killed during the coup and his death covered up by the military, and whether the U.S. government had taken enough action to protect him. That was the basis for the film "Missing,", which was released a few years later. But I don't recall a lot of Americans getting caught up in Chilean politics during the time I was there. Likely there were more as time went by, and the Pinochet regime became even less popular in the United States, especially among young idealistic Americans.

In terms of Embassy personnel, there were security concerns, although I never felt in danger. We were required to get to work via official Embassy car pools, with Embassy drivers, rather than drive our own vehicles there. But we were free to drive our own cars pretty much anywhere else we wanted, and those of us living apartments did not have

guards at our gates, which was the case in many other countries where I served.

There was a nightly curfew. and you really didn't want to be outside after it went into effect, because the police, the carabineros, who were well armed and said to be trigger-happy, nervous about terrorists, were out patrolling for violators. Once when I was duty officer, I had a call from the Embassy communicator that there was a classified Flash telegram that needed to be seen immediately. We had a system in place that when cables arrived during curfew hours, an automated message would go back asking, "Is this message really urgent? Can it wait until the Embassy opens in the morning?" So seldom did we get a call in the night. But Flash telegrams are used only for very urgent topics, and we had to act upon them when they arrived.

So I went out in my car to drive to the Embassy to see what the cable said, driving very slowly and with my interior lights on, windows down, watching out for any policeman who might want to stop me. I did get stopped once, but my diplomatic card was a pass for being out, so they did not delay me. I was met at the Embassy door by the Marine on duty with his pistol in his hand. He didn't get many knocks on the door at that hour. The Flash alert, which was sent to every post in the world, concerned a request from the Secretary of State that the Ambassador advise the local country's Foreign Minister of some action we were taking in Asia. It had nothing to do with Latin America, and there was no way I was going to call Ambassador Popper in the middle of the night to give him the message. I left it to wait until the morning, and I drove slowly home. But I think that our Embassy and others in the region raised such a fuss over this that in the future even such Flash cables had a caveat that they could wait until opening of business if they didn't concern your country. That may have been my most nervous moment in Chile.

Q: Was there any problem, any offshoot of the Shining Path, as in Peru? Indigenous Marxists blowing up things and stuff like that?

CLYDE: No, I think that that was one of the excuses that the military gave that they didn't want anything like that to happen in Chile. Chile had a much smaller indigenous population than Peru and Bolivia. Most of the indigenous people in Chile had been wiped out by early European settlers.

Q: Did you feel tensions or animosity toward Argentina at the time?

CLYDE: There was quite a rivalry with Argentina, but there's always been rivalry between Chile and Argentina. They each feel that they're much more sophisticated and intelligent than the other. The Argentine government, led by Isabel Peron at the time, condemned the 1973 coup, but in the spring of 1976, it was overthrown by its own military coup. There were several American journalists who covered both countries, many of them based in Buenos Aires, and on a number of occasions one country or the other would be unhappy about a story that appeared in the Washington Post or the New York Times or the Miami Herald, and that journalist might be denied entry to Chile or Argentina. When it happened in Chile, we would have to go to our government contacts and try to persuade them, usually successfully, that they would be hurting themselves by

denying entry to the international press.

Q: Did you have any feeling that our USIA efforts were somewhat different in Chile than they might have been, compared to a normal country?

CLYDE: Well, what's a "normal" country? They are all different, which is why this job is so much fun. In Chile our programs were much more focused on politics and freedom of speech, freedom of expression, constitutional law, democracy, that sort of thing, than they might have been in some other countries. But those are topics we work with in many places. As elsewhere we also supported U.S. economic and commercial interests, and there we had a big win. We persuaded the Chileans to adopt the NTSC color television system, the one used in the United States, rather than one of those used in Europe. That was big for U.S. film and television companies, because they could then more easily sell their material to Chilean broadcasters.

Q: What was your attitude toward Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger? They were not the most popular people at the time.

CLYDE: There was probably the same range of attitudes about them in the Embassy as in the United States itself. Nixon had resigned by the time I got to Santiago. I was studying Spanish at the Foreign Service Institute when he left Washington in August 1974. Our teacher was a Cuban-American, very anti-Communist, and he was outraged that Nixon had been forced to resign. Anything Nixon did was perfect in this man's eyes. We had quite a lively discussion in the language class about how Americans were hounding poor Mr. Nixon to leave office, how he was a good man, and the students were saying, "Oh, how can you say that? He's spying on Americans!" Probably very good for our Spanish.

Kissinger came to Chile in June 1976, when he was Secretary of State, to a meeting of the General Assembly of the Organization of American States, attended by the Foreign Ministers of all the member countries. Kissinger had stopped en route in Buenos Aires. One of my jobs during the meeting was to escort journalists to press opportunities. We didn't want them wandering into closed rooms at the hotel where the meetings took place.

I was waiting at an elevator with a group of Chilean TV journalists when the door opened, and who should emerge but Dr. K himself. The reporters could not believe their good fortune and clamored for a brief interview. Kissinger graciously agreed to answer a couple of questions. I was the only person there who could speak both English and Spanish, so I became the interpreter.

And what profound queries on Latin American politics did they have for him? "How are you enjoying your stay in Chile?" and "Which country have you enjoyed more, Chile or Argentina?" Kissinger clearly was astonished at these softball questions—probably wishing those were the kind he'd get all the time—but he answered them with a straight face. "I'm enjoying Chile very much," and "Chile and Argentina are both wonderful countries," and then moved on. The story led the national TV news in Chile that night,

but without audio. All my Chilean friends wanted to know just what Kissinger had said about the military dictatorship, and I had to disappoint them. The government-run TV station was not interested in rocking any boats.

I have a photo of the scene, and I sent it to my father in rural Missouri. As any proud parent would, he gave it to the local newspaper, the Marshall Democrat News. It ran on the same page as the Slater and Nelson Community news columns and just above a large ad from the Missouri Valley Grain Company touting a "new way to feed hogs in hot weather."

Q: Were there any incidents or developments in Chile during the time you were there that are sort of noteworthy?

CLYDE: I don't recall any major developments. The military junta was consolidating its power, trying to reform the economy, which was in terrible shape. Although there was increasing opposition to the Pinochet regime in the U.S. and in Congress, we continued to support it. When Kissinger came for the OAS meeting, he reassured Pinochet of that. But later in 1976, after I left Santiago, Orlando Letelier, a very vocal Pinochet critic in exile, was assassinated in Washington, D.C. That seemed to be a breaking point, with the U.S. Government becoming much more critical and imposing some trade sanctions.

Q: You left there in '76?

CLYDE: Left there in August of 1976. I hated to leave. I loved Chile and the Chileans and had so many friends there. But I asked to leave, because my work situation within USIS had become very uncomfortable. The Press Attaché, my boss, and one of the senior Chilean press assistants, who theoretically worked for me, were seriously dating and later married. So I was sort of cut out of the middle. They discussed activities in my section and made decisions without my knowledge. Any concerns my staffer had with me were carried directly to my boss, usually without talking to me first. They were both single, both very nice people, but it put me in a difficult situation. It really became untenable.

In fact I was starting to wonder whether I wanted to make the Foreign Service a long-term career. I had joined the Foreign Service when I was very young, barely 22. I would not recommend that people join at the age of 22 or 23, right after getting out of college. I think you need a few more years of maturation and job experience and knowledge about the world. The system today, where you can join as a junior officer, a beginning diplomat, until the age of 59, rather than 31, which was the age limit when I joined, is much better. And I really did not have any mentors in my first few years in the Foreign Service, someone who could sit down with me and listen to my concerns and give me some guidance. Being one of the only married female FSOs for some of those years was another challenge. So I was still learning on the job. I tried to take on the mentor role with younger officers when I reached more senior positions because I missed that then I was starting out.

Because of all that, I really wanted a change of scene, a transfer out of there. I was sent to

Panama, which was a world away in so many ways.

PANAMA CITY, PANAMA

Q: So you went to Panama.

CLYDE: I went to Panama in the summer of 1976 on a direct transfer, no interim leave, and was there for two years. It really seemed a world away from Chile. Santiago had a beautiful temperate climate. Panama did not. When I stepped off the plane in the middle of the night, after flying directly from Santiago, it was like getting whacked in the face with a hot wet dishrag. And more importantly, in Chile we had a range of issues and bilateral concerns. In Panama, there was a single issue between the United States and Panama, and that was the future of the Panama Canal.

Q: Oh yes.

CLYDE: We had been in negotiations over the transfer of the Canal to the Panamanians for 14 years. It was becoming a serious thorn in our relationship with Panama, and in fact in our relationships with other Latin American countries. The American concern, of course, was that losing control over Canal operations might endanger our own security and economy. Could the Panamanians manage it properly? Was the Panamanian government stable? Was it in danger of falling into Communist hands? Cuba and the Cold War still dominated a lot of our thinking. And the Canal Zone residents were opposed to any kind of handover, and they had a lot of influence among average Americans and the Congress. The Zonians were quite sure that we were selling them down the river—or down the Canal, as it were.

Q: They were really a breed apart, weren't they?

CLYDE: They were a breed apart. Many of them had been there for generations, and that was their way of life, their home. Most of them didn't much like Panama, didn't trust the Panamanians, certainly not the government of Panama. Many of them did not even venture into the country of Panama from the Zone. They had everything they needed there. It was really like idealized small-town America. There were several U.S. military bases, and a fair number of troops. The Army School of the Americas, which trained Latin American military officers, was still located there. Balboa, the Zone capital, had its own stores for groceries, furniture, sports equipment, etc., its own schools, libraries, a YMCA, fast food places, a bowling alley, Gorgas Hospital—everything you could want or need. The lawns were green and well maintained. Quite different from the scene right across the street in Panama City, which was a strip full of sleazy bars catering to soldiers, and cheap souvenir shops. If you wanted to buy souvenirs, you could buy them in the Zone too.

But the elephant in the room was the Canal. For the Panamanians, and most other Latin American countries, it was an overriding issue. We were willing to talk, had been talking

for 14 years, but wanted assurances the Canal would stay open and well maintained. So it was a very interesting time to be there.

Q: Who was the Ambassador then?

CLYDE: William Jorden, a good guy.

Q: Where did the negotiations stand when you arrived.

CLYDE: By the time I arrived, a treaty was close to being hammered out. U.S. negotiators came down regularly to discuss details. It was high on President Jimmy Carter's priority list. They came to agreement on the details of the treaty in late 1977, and the big question mark was whether it would be approved by the Senate. The leader of Panama at the time was General Omar Torrijos, who had taken power after a 1966 military coup. He was terribly charismatic, fond of drink and of beautiful women, a populist leader who instituted agrarian reform, a fairly benevolent dictator. But he was seen by many in the U.S. as not representing the Panamanian people and being too close to radical leftist movements elsewhere in Latin America.

Q: It must have been completely a different world than normal USIA operations.

CLYDE: Very much so. For one thing, we were dealing with two other American press entities. It was sort of a tripartite kind of thing—there was our office in the Embassy, along with the Canal Zone press office and the military press operation. We had a lunch meeting every week to talk about what was coming up, what each of us was doing. There were only six or seven of us. I was the only woman. We needed to coordinate with each other.

Q: I would think that both the Zone and the military might have posed challenges. Under the best of circumstances, they would not be easy organizations to deal with.

CLYDE: In fact, we had quite an excellent, very congenial, relationship with both groups, even if we did not always agree on everything. The Zonian press folks probably disagreed with us more than the military, but we got along on a personal level quite well with all of them. The deputy in the Zone press office, Vic Canel, and his wife became longtime friends of mine.

Q: Did you feel welcome in the Zone, or were you seen as one of these terrible people associated with getting rid of their way of life?

CLYDE: Generally we had no problems. We shopped in the Zone, had friends there. I dated the manager of the Zone furniture store for a while. If we were there to talk politics, there was skepticism. But I think as the Press and Cultural Section, we were probably better received than some others in the Embassy, those who held town hall meetings, informational gatherings for Zone groups such as the Rotary club or the Elks or some other organization. They tried to explain why it was important that the Canal Treaty be

ratified. It would mean changes for them and for all of us, but it wasn't the end of the world. It was a good thing, important for American interests. One of the political officers made one of these talks, and happened to be wearing a pink shirt. After he finished his talk, one woman stood up and said, "Mr. Smith, I see you're wearing a pink shirt. But you're looking more and more red to me every minute." That was a common attitude in the Zone, that the red stain of Communism was going to come in and take over their lives.

They tended to be politically conservative in the Zone. Many of them had been there since their grandfathers had come when the Canal was first built and just stayed. And you could really see the difference between the Zone and Panama City, which like any big Latin American city, had its problems. Sometimes they didn't pick up the garbage, and there was crime. You'd go across the bridge, across the road, to the Canal Zone, and the lawns are all neat and green, and everything was kept very clean, there wasn't much crime, and it was quite a contrast. So these people were very concerned that their lives were going to be turned upside down. Many of them had never lived in the United States, and they thought they were going to have to go back there and start new lives.

Q: Were they planning on getting out?

CLYDE: Many of them were, yes, if the treaty were ratified. Some of them stayed, but a lot of them really had no intention of staying and being governed by Panamanians, whom they felt were untrustworthy.

But I don't recall any problems or confrontations with anyone in the Zone. I was very active in a little air club here with many Zonian members, and I don't think we ever talked about anything but airplanes, certainly never politics.

Q: Are you a pilot?

CLYDE: I got my private pilot's license while I was in Panama. Several of us from the Embassy signed up for lessons given by a couple of instructors from the air club. For me, getting a pilot's license may be the thing I am most proud of. I do not have a very technical mind, nor am I very brave, and I am afraid of heights. But I found flying a small plane to be just exhilarating. We had a little airfield in the Zone, maybe 20 miles from Panama City, that we called Bohio International Field. Just a dirt strip, a few hangars, a small clubhouse, nestled between the Canal on one side and the Trans-Isthmian Railway on the other. There were a few Zonians who had their own planes, and the air club owned a couple they rented out to student pilots. My instructor was Ibu Alvarado, who was an engineer with the Canal Company, but whose real love was flying. He was married to Pat, an American woman from Louisiana, who taught at Balboa High School. So it was a very proud moment when I passed my FAA test and got my license.

My one bad memory of that little airfield was a day I brought one of the small planes back to Bohio International from the downtown Panama City airport, where someone had parked it overnight. I assumed someone would be around to give me a lift back into town.

But the place was deserted, the clubhouse dark and locked. I managed to call a friend in Panama City from a pay phone we had at the field. He agreed to come out to pick me up. I sat on the clubhouse steps to wait. But as evening fell, the mosquitos came out. Panamanian mosquitos are huge and vicious. There was a reason malaria was rampant while the Canal was being built. I found I could only escape the worst of the clouds of insects by moving, so I started walking in the direction of Panama City, swinging my arms around my head in a futile attempt to keep the mosquitos away, hoping I would meet my friend en route. Every time I stopped to rest, the beasts were back with a vengeance. After ten or 15 minutes, a kind motorist stopped to offer me a lift. About five minutes later, we passed my friend's Jeep headed toward the airfield at high speed. Fortunately, he saw us too, and turned around to come back and collect me.

My first daring passenger after I had my license in hand was Mary Benson, later Mary Muller, who was the regional librarian at USIS. She even dared to fly with me more than once, and brought her future husband along. I've always been grateful to them for the confidence they showed in my abilities. Later, when I was on home leave, I sometimes flew out of the little Marshall, Missouri, airfield, and took a couple of my nieces up, circled over my brother's farm, and generally had a great time flying.

Learning to fly also led to one of my great life adventures. The other instructor at the club, an American who also worked for the Canal Company asked a few of us if we wanted to go in together to buy a small plane, which we could then use for our own training and rent out to others. Three of us at the Embassy decided to go in on the deal.

Ed, the instructor, went up to Kansas to pick up our little red two-seater Cessna 152 and asked if any of us wanted to meet him in Fort Lauderdale and fly back to Panama with him. I was the only one who could get away. We flew back straight across the Gulf of Mexico, which probably was not the safest course for a tiny plane like that. And we had radio problems. We could hear others calling us, but couldn't respond. We had it checked in Fort Lauderdale and again in Key West, where they said it was fine, but when we were out over the Gulf, and the Cuban authorities were calling us to identify ourselves, we couldn't answer them. Fortunately we were far enough off the Cuban coast to allay their concerns, and we made it back to Panama with only two more refueling stops, in Belize and Nicaragua. We later learned that it was a faulty connection. a bent wire hat didn't show up on the repair bench, but kept the radio from working properly when it was actually installed.

We all loved that little plane and used it a lot. But a few months later, Ed himself took it out with a student and tried to take off on a hot humid morning from a field with high grass, and our baby ended up nose down in the dirt. Luckily, Ed and the student were not hurt, but the plane was totaled. A sad day.

Q: We had this situation in the United States, which was a very touch -and-go situation about whether giving up the Canal would be accepted. It was being fought in the Senate. And President Jimmy Carter was making a big effort to promote it, but the opposition was in the United States, not Panama.

CLYDE: Panamanians certainly wanted it back. It was a matter of national pride and identity for them. The military on the record supported it, but I think was concerned about what would happen to the bases, because some of the bases, or the land they occupied, would go back to Panama. And then people in the Canal Zone were almost all against it. It's important to remember that the treaty did not provide for immediate handover of the Canal and the Zone. The final steps were not until 1999.

Q: Were we doing anything about this in USIS?

CLYDE: We were certainly trying to persuade the Panamanians that the United States was negotiating in good faith, and trying to explain the process—how even if the President signs off on a treaty, the Senate must ratify it. We did our regular artistic and cultural and educational kinds of exchanges, and brought in other speakers. We did some programs with the local press to try to strengthen it. We put out press releases, did some trade promotion, and supported anti-narcotics efforts. We were not located in the Chancery itself, but a little further up the waterfront in a strange round building. We were across from a small spit of land the Panamanian police used to burn the narcotics they had seized from smugglers.

So all that was going on, but the Canal was always the main priority. And we as USIA, USIS—or rather USICA, the International Communication Agency, at the time, as Carter had renamed us—could not deal directly with the American public, so we didn't get into that. We all hated the name USICA, by the way. It was too close to CIA, and too many people already mistakenly assumed we were really spies. And we had been redesignated as FSIOs—Foreign Service Information Officers—which we also hated, because it separated us from the "real" FSOs working at State. President Regan restored the old names after he came into office. So I'll refer to it as USIA or USIS throughout this discussion.

The concern by many in the U.S. about the Canal Treaty was that Panama was a dictatorship, worse, a leftist military dictatorship, and that this was going to mean the Canal had the potential of being restricted, that there might be problems getting U.S. goods and troops through. And we tried to reassure the Zonians on that score as well.

Q: Working in Panama, which is sort of a peculiar country in many ways, would be a challenge. At that time the dollar was the currency.

CLYDE: Oh, yes, it was the most Americanized country I've ever been in outside the U.S., yet with its own Latin American flavor. The dollar was the currency, although it was called the balboa there.

Q: And so many of the leading people were educated in the United States.

CLYDE: Right. Very common to have an American education. I remember William F. Buckley came down once to do some interviews on the pending treaty. Torrijos did not

speak much English, so Buckley interviewed Demetrio Lakas, who was the vice president, although without much real power. Lakas had a degree from Texas Tech and had a real Texas drawl when he spoke English. I sat in on the interview. Buckley started off with one of his usual long, convoluted questions that lasted several minutes. Lakas answered, "Mr. Buckley, "Ah love 'Muricans (Americans). Ah really do. 'Muricans (Americans) are wonderful people. But Mr. Buckley, what *was* the question?" We all cracked up.

Q: What was the Panamanian media like?

CLYDE: Not very strong. It was relatively limited and not very professional. There was one English language daily and a couple of Spanish dailies. There were a number of radio stations and a government TV outlet. The Panamanian media had been pretty much silenced after the military coup in 1966 and had not matured into a strong free press. Armed Forces TV and radio could be accessed in quite a bit of Panama.

Q: What was your feeling about the ability of the government of Panama to take over the Canal?

CLYDE: We thought they could do it, especially since we were talking about 20 years of preparation. I think that any possible concerns were overshadowed by the necessity of taking action. The Canal really had to be returned to Panama. But it was so vital to American interests and to trade throughout that part of the world, and it was such a potential source of income for Panama, that we believed the Canal would stay open. The treaty did not take full effect for another 20 years, and in the meantime, there would still be quite a bit of American maintenance of the Canal infrastructure. The Panamanians wanted many of the Americans operating the Canal to stay. There were quite a few Panamanian engineers and other Canal employees educated in the United States or in Europe who were actually running the Canal already. So there were some concerns, but the United States simply couldn't justify maintaining ownership of a whole segment of land in the middle of another country against that country's will—indeed, against a whole continent's will.

Q: Did you get involved escorting various delegations coming down?

CLYDE: Sometimes it seemed that's all we did the last few months before the ratification vote in the Senate. We had a huge number of CODELS—Congressional delegations—and other officials coming down, especially in the run-up to the vote. Something like 48 Senators—nearly half the Senate—and 100 or more members of the House came down so they could say they had seen things for themselves. Jesse Jackson was one of the non-official visitors. Howard Lane, the Press Attaché, and I went over to the Holiday Inn to meet someone one morning, and Jackson spotted us in the lobby. Howie was carrying a small notebook, and Jackson made a beeline for him, but quickly lost interest when he discovered we were mere Embassy staff, not reporters.

As the ratification vote neared, Torrijos tried to persuade the visiting Congressmen and

the American public that he really was a popular leader. His favorite tactic was to load up the visitors onto U.S. military helicopters and Panamanian Air Force planes and take them out to the countryside. There he would then march them up and down hills and through small villages to meet ordinary citizens so the visitors could hear how much the people loved him, and show them he was speaking for the people when he said that they wanted the Canal back. One of the largest of these delegations was led by Senator Robert Byrd, then Senate Majority Leader. I was walking next to Byrd as we tramped through some dusty little town, heat and humidity just overwhelming. He was mopping his brow, and I asked him how he was doing. "Certainly not like campaigning in West Virginia," he replied.

That was the last big visit before the Senate vote on the treaty. Because it was Byrd and at least another dozen Senators and several Congressmen, and the vote was coming up, it attracted a lot of press interest. They had visited the Canal itself, and on this day we were all flying out to the countryside with Torrijos—whose rallying cry to encourage everyone to keep going was always "Una colina mas!", meaning "One more hill!".

We were using two or three U.S. Army helicopters and at least three Panamanian Air Force planes. The plan was that on the way back to Panama City, the whole group would stop at Torrijos' country house near the beach, called Farallon, about an hour outside of Panama City, where the CODEL could get down to serious conversations with Torrijos. The press was supposed to be able to get a photo op and maybe a quote from the principals. We had some well-known American journalists on the trip, Tom Brokaw from NBC, I remember, and a couple other big names,

But somewhere along the way, the Panamanians changed their minds and decided there would be no press at the last stop. The Embassy Political Officer and I stood on the tarmac in the middle of nowhere arguing with Manuel Noriega, who was then Interior Minister, later President and later still, convict in Florida. We tried for 15 or 20 minutes to persuade Noriega that it really would be a good thing for both countries if they would allow the press just to stop and take some photos and then return to Panama City. But he was absolutely adamant—they were not going to allow it. So we flew the two press planes straight back to Panama City. Some of the journalists were familiar with Farallon and recognized it as we flew over and said, "Wait, aren't we supposed to stop there?" I had to try to explain to a lot of very unhappy journalists when we got back to Panama City that it wasn't our decision, and we weren't happy about it either.

Torrijos also invited his good friend, the actor John Wayne, down for a day. Nobody could ever accuse The Duke of being a Commie sympathizer, so the thought was that if he went back and told members of Congress and the public, "I've been there. Torrijos is not a Communist, the people love him, and we should give the Canal back to Panama," it might change some minds.

We didn't have much to do with Wayne's visit. It was all the Panamanians' show. But Ambassador and Mrs. Jordan and Howie Lane and I all went along to Contadora Island, a popular resort island off the Pacific Coast, where Torrijos was going to entertain Wayne.

My lasting image of Wayne was as he got off the small plane on Contadora. He was immediately surrounded by reporters and photographers, almost all of whom were at least six inches shorter than he was. I was reminded of a lion striding across the savannah, surrounded by tiny fluttering birds. I never got within 20 feet of the man, but some in my family consider this the highlight of my Foreign Service career, getting that close to John Wayne.

Q: When this vote was coming up to the Senate, was there a lot of tension?

CLYDE: Not tension in the sense that we feared for our safety. But there was certainly concern about the vote. We thought it would pass, but we were worried about what might happen if it did not. We all sat around to listen to the vote on the radio to hear which way it was going. And there was great relief when it was approved. I think that the average Panamanian probably was not as aware as we might have been that it was so close, and it might not have passed.

Q: So was there some kind of official celebration of the treaty?

CLYDE: Even though Carter and Torrijos had signed the treaty in September 1977, the Senate didn't ratify it until April 1978. So in June 1978, the Panamanians held a huge celebratory party. Carter came down, and Torrijos also invited the presidents of Mexico, Costa Rica, Colombia, and Venezuela. I remember the exact dates, June 17-18, because it was the weekend my brother was getting married in Missouri, and I had to miss the wedding. Our Press Attaché had left post a few weeks before, so I was the acting Press Attaché, with lots more responsibility than before.

I have worked quite a few VIP visits and Presidential visits, but I have never seen anything like this. A million Panamanians in the streets cheering and waving flags. This was the sole focus of the entire Embassy for weeks in advance. USIS, as always, had responsibility for taking care of the White House press corps, as well as any other journalists who were covering the visit. It involved hours of careful planning. Fortunately, our Public Affairs Officer at the time was Steve Dachi, who was a master planner, very detail-oriented. He had been a dentist in his previous life, and once in a while after meeting with someone in his office, after they left he would come out and say something like "That man has terrible gum disease." Kind of made you want to cover your mouth when you talked to him. But he was a brilliant Public Affairs Officer, and he mapped out everything for this visit with great precision.

We had to hire buses for the press corps, for instance, and he insisted they be new and clean and air conditioned. We also needed a truck to carry the press baggage and another with a flatbed for the photographers in the motorcade. And those buses and trucks had to be able to rumble along smoothly in second gear while the motorcade was driving by crowds, but then able to take off just as smoothly to keep up with the rest of the motorcade. Dachi not only got his buses and his trucks, he rode every one of them himself on every route to be sure the drivers knew where they were going and to be sure the buses could make all the tight turns. We had to hire motorcycle couriers to pick up

still and video film from reporters at the sites and rush it back to the press center. That's something we no longer need to worry about in VIP visits. There is a handbook for Presidential visits, which tries to list all eventualities, and that was helpful, but I've never known anyone as diligent in pre-planning as Steve. About a week before the visit, Dachi told us. "This thing is going to run like a greased computer."

We brought in 12 Foreign Service colleagues from Washington and other Latin American posts to help, along with the four of us Americans in USIS Panama and our 20 Panamanian staffers. That seems like a lot, and it was, but it was a very complicated visit. Lots of different sites, lots of movement around town, and we needed people on every bus, at every site, at the hotel, running a big press center so the press could file their stories. Now it's much easier, with cell phones and WIFI. But then we had to install telephone lines, telex machines, even typewriters, the whole works.

There was tremendous press interest. More than 300 American press traveled with Carter, plus others already based in Latin America, the Panamanian press and the third-country press. The White House always treats the press assigned to cover the President with great care on overseas trips. That means taking care of their luggage, hotel rooms, food, and providing information. The others, they're not so concerned with, but we had to be.

We spent hours with the White House advance teams, working out just where the press would be at every stop. One site was a large auditorium where Carter was going to speak. The White House press advance person started talking about the press pool, to take photos of Carter and Torrijos from different angles. And the Panamanians just freaked out. Absolutely not, they said, no press anywhere near the two leaders. Their experience with journalists getting close to Torrijos or anyone else of importance was of microphones and cameras right in their faces. We had to explain what a press pool was, that it would be very small and respectful and keep its distance.

The Secret Service wanted photographs of every site and of every identification badge that someone might use, which we provided, and wanted to study films the Panamanians had of other big gatherings at the sites. We sent one of our Panamanian employees over to their hotel with a projector. I stopped by several hours later to see how it was going and discovered they had kept this poor young man at the projector for about six hours straight, running the films over and over, not giving him a chance to take a bathroom break or get anything to eat or drink, while they could go in and out as they pleased. I wasn't happy, and told them so. They did apologize, and gave him a break then.

The night before Carter arrived, eight of us—the regional librarian Mary Benson and I along with six Panamanian employees—were sitting in the library putting together the Press Ready Reference Book. This was a little pocket-size booklet with information on the schedule, the sites, the principals, to be given to the press so they could quickly look up information for their reports. These days that can all be done digitally, but then we had to rely on paper. It indicated which activities were open to press coverage and which were not, and included useful phone numbers. The schedule had not been finalized until

very late, so we were doing this in the middle of the last night. About 2 a.m., we finished printing and collating. It was 60 pages long, and we had bought nice plastic clips to put on the booklet to hold it together. But the clips wouldn't fit on that many pages. We really were stumped, until Mr. Aguilar, who ran our printing operation, came up with a solution. We could hold it together using an industrial electric stapler, and cover the staples with two-inch-wide library tape, which came in yellow to match the covers of the books. It worked like a charm, and by 4 am, we had 500 books ready to distribute later that day.

The celebratory gathering in the Plaza Cinco de Mayo was just amazing. I've never been in that big a crowd before or since. Dachi had arranged for a flatbed truck to be parked at a prime vantage point so the cameramen and photographers could get good angles of the ceremony. The plan was for the buses with the press to get near that area, but when we arrived, we found wall-to-wall humanity, and the buses couldn't get any closer than five blocks away. So we escorts jumped off and plowed through the crowd with the journalists in tow. Then we discovered that the view from the empty flatbed truck had been too tempting to Panamanian spectators. Dachi almost lost his cool at that point, shouting, "Get those damn people off of my flatbed truck." But of course, most of them wouldn't be budged, so the American press had to squeeze in to get their shots.

At another point in the visit, Carter was to visit the Miraflores Locks and watch a ship pass through the Canal. That was set up by the Zone press office, who we found on our arrival planned to allow only the American press in. We didn't know this ahead of time, and the Panamanian reporters were irate. They were the ones we had to continue to deal with, so this caused some consternation. We finally got them inside, but it was another example of the Zonians preferring not to deal with the Panamanians.

In the end, the visit was a tremendous success. We got a group honor award for it, and some years later when I was studying for an MBA at George Washington University, I used the experience for a paper on team-building.

Q: Was that your last big project in Panama?

CLYDE: Almost. A couple of weeks after the Carter visit, there was a major trade show in the city of David, near the Costa Rican border. We had mounted an exhibit, and for some reason, I was put in charge of arranging for a reception the Ambassador would host the evening of USA Day at the show. I had been there once or twice to set things up. I actually flew one of the air club's planes up. Perfectly legal, and probably cheaper for the U.S. Government than a commercial ticket. And it gave me some precious flying hours.

I knew the weather in David was as hot and sticky as in Panama City, so I decided to make a hotel reservation in the town of Boquete, which was about 30 minutes away, up in some hills, and much cooler and more pleasant. Ambassador and Mrs. Jordan were also staying there.

I didn't have time to go there and check in, so I changed at the reception site into my long

skirt and formal finery. The reception was a success, and the Ambassador was happy. I had to stay after everyone left to wrap up with the caterers. Then I jumped into my little rental car, still in my formal clothes, and drove up to Boquete.

At the hotel, I gave them my name, and said I was with the Ambassador. Oh yes, the clerk replied, grabbing a key and my suitcase. We proceeded up a couple of flights of stairs until he came to a room and unlocked it, then stepped back to let me go in. Open suitcases, clothing on the bed, clearly an occupied room, which I pointed out.

"Yes," he said. "This is the Ambassador's room."

"Oh, no no," I said. "I'm with the Ambassador, but I'm not *with* the Ambassador!"

Q: Oops.

CLYDE: Oops indeed. Thank goodness, Ambassador and Mrs. Jordan were out and not in the shower. Back we went to the front desk, where they informed me that they had no reservation for me individually. And they were full up. So I decided I would have to go back to David and get a room at the other main hotel, where others from the Embassy were staying. When I got there, of course, they had no rooms either. But we had sent two of our Panamanian employees up a week or so earlier, one from my shop and the other from the administrative office of the Embassy. Aha, I thought, I will just call the fellow who works for me, and tell him he will have to share a room with his colleague for the night. But when I suggested this to the front desk, they said they had asked them to move in together a few days ago because they were short on rooms.

Well, this was getting worrisome. I had visions of spending the night in the rental car in my formal skirt. Then I remembered that earlier in the day, when our Cultural Attaché and his wife had arrived, I had walked up to their room with them. At that moment, the Embassy Military Attaché, Col. Paul something, a Greek name I can no longer remember, was opening the door to his room across the hall. I knew him, but not terribly well. Somehow I had registered the fact that he had two twin beds in his room. Desperate times call for desperate measures, so I asked the desk to call the colonel so I could talk to him.

But the phone system didn't work, so they sent a bellboy up to the room, where—as I learned later from the Cultural Attaché, who heard it all—he banged on the colonel's door, shouting, "Ay, Señor, hay una señorita blanquita, gordita que quiere hablar con Usted!" meaning "Hey Mister, there is a chubby little white girl who wants to talk to you." When I explained my situation to Paul, he immediately offered his extra bed, and I had a place to sleep. We both laughed about it later, and he introduced me as his roomie for days to anyone who would listen. I was just thankful for his kindness.

Q: When did you leave Panama, and where did you go next?

CLYDE: I left a few weeks later. I had decided to tender my resignation from USIA. I

had been told my next assignment would be as AIO again, Assistant Information Officer, in Finland. Now, I knew Finland was a wonderful place, but going there would mean, after a year of a language I could use no place else in the world and a three-year tour in Helsinki, I would have been in the Foreign Service for 16 years without ever running my own office or supervising a single American officer. That didn't seem to be a stellar career move. And my tour in Panama had been frustrating in many ways. They really did not need an Assistant Press Attaché, an Assistant Information Officer, there. We all agreed there was not enough work for the PAO, the IO and the AIO to work with the press. So I was discouraged, and thought I'd try my luck on the outside.

But when I told the personnel people in Washington, they asked me to come back, not to submit my resignation letter yet. "Come back to Washington, and we'll talk about it." So we talked about it. They understood my complaints. They weren't happy with them, but they understood them. And they offered me the Branch PAO, the Branch Public Affairs Officer, job in Porto Alegre, Brazil. And since converting from Spanish to Portuguese would not take too long, and I would be running my own tiny shop, although still without any American staff, I agreed to it.

GUADELOUPE SUMMIT AND PORTO ALEGRE, BRAZIL

Q: OK, you got to Porto Alegre when?

CLYDE: I got to Porto Alegre in early 1979, but I didn't go there directly. I spent a couple of months at the Foreign Service Institute "converting" my Spanish into Portuguese. Then I was asked to help out with a summit meeting the French had called on short notice in Guadeloupe, one of their territories in the Caribbean. The heads of state from France, the UK, Germany, and the United States were participating.

At this point, I had not spoken French for a few years. I'd used Spanish in Chile and Panama, and had just finished two months of intensive Portuguese. So I immersed myself in French newspapers and magazines, reading out loud to myself, to try to bring the French back to the surface. There is no American presence on Guadeloupe, no Consulate there, so no American or foreign staff to draw on. Even though it was a resort island, hotel facilities were tight for so many countries involved. We had something like 16 Americans and 20 Panamanians just to handle the press when Carter visited Panama. In Guadeloupe, we had three Americans - a former Press Attaché in Paris, the current Press Attaché there, me, and the French secretary/admin assistant to the PAO in Paris. It wasn't our show, so the French took on some of the duties we would have normally had, but it was hectic, nonetheless.

To make it even more of a challenge, the French decided to hold this summit the first week of January. And the first week of January is vacation time in Guadeloupe. It's a very popular destination for French citizens to get away from the cold and spend some time in the sun in the Caribbean. So you had all these French workers who had saved their money for years to take a vacation in the Caribbean, and they were suddenly told,

sorry, your reservations are canceled. And of course Guadeloupe is a lot warmer than Washington in January, so we had a large contingent of American press.

We also discovered there was a serious shortage of rental vehicles on Guadeloupe. We mostly had to rely on taxis, and there weren't enough of them. We would think we had it all set up, that we had so many cars to use for our press needs, and we would suddenly find that CBS or NBC had swooped in and offered the taxi drivers twice as much money, and suddenly we didn't have our cars anymore. At the same time, we found that the drivers of the taxis that we finally did manage to hold on to were not always interested in working too many hours. We would ask them to leave us some place and come back later and pick us up at a certain time, and that was longer than they wanted to work. And even though they were going to be paid handsomely, probably as much for those two or three weeks as for most of the year, it still wasn't worth it to them to work 14 or 15 hours a day.

Q: What were you dealing with?

CLYDE: Mainly the White House press corps and the White House press and travel offices, as well as the French officials who were coordinating the press overall. I was sitting outside at one of the hotels near the beach one day before the summit started with a fellow in his mid-40s from the White House travel office. He was facing the beach, and every once in a while his gaze would wander off—topless sunbathing was the norm there—and he would then shake himself and say, "No, no, she could be my daughter," and rejoin the conversation. There were a few distractions there.

Because hotel facilities were so limited, we originally had to put a lot of the journalists in a place called Villages Vacances, a group of fairly rustic bungalows affordable for middle-class French tourists and their families. Not fancy and not very conveniently located, so the reporters were unhappy about it. Eventually we got them all moved into real hotels. We had to support them, make sure they had the briefings they needed, and make sure they had access to the meetings that were open to the press. Fortunately, the French took care of transportation for all the press.

Q: How did you find the French authorities?

CLYDE: We got along well enough. Our main liaison was the lead press officer for the French Foreign Ministry, who was a force unto herself. She was extremely efficient and talented, and I liked her, but she brooked no nonsense. She was in the job for years, and was well known to our Embassy in Paris. There were a few times when the tension of the whole thing sparked some arguments. But generally we worked well together and managed to get through it. It was actually quite a success. We learned that we did not necessarily need a huge mob of people to handle a VIP visit. We did it very well with the four of us, although it helped that the location was so small and the number of sites was limited. And we weren't called on to do many of the logistical things we would have in a normal visit. No press ready reference books to produce, for instance, or the constant feeding to Washington of every word uttered by the American participants.

I even spent a few minutes with President and Mrs. Carter while they were waiting to go somewhere. Very gracious. My only small regret was that I was originally assigned a gorgeous hotel room, overlooking the beach, but it was commandeered by Carter's Press Secretary Jody Powell so he could have a nice room for one-on-one meetings of his own. I was moved to a much smaller interior room, and Powell never set foot in my original room for a meeting. That's the privilege of rank.

So I was in Guadeloupe for about three weeks at the beginning of January. After about a week back in Washington, I then headed to Porto Alegre, but I had to stop in Panama for a few days to work out a problem with the shipment of my household effects. Here I had been studying intensive Portuguese, then I spoke French for three weeks, then Spanish again in Panama. By the time I arrived in Porto Alegre, I could speak no known Romance language. For the first week or so, I would answer the phone and talk to people in some garble of French, Spanish and Portuguese, which nobody could understand.

Q: By the way, before I forget about these presidential visits, did you have any embarrassing or exhilarating occurrences?

CLYDE: No major snafus that I recall, although I fell face down in the mud in Belfast when I was working on a George W. Bush visit there in 2001 or 2002. I was working outside with the press waiting for Bush and Tony Blair to arrive, and slipped on a muddy hillside. Thank goodness this was before Bush and Blair arrived. I was covered with mud, but some very kind Irish ladies from the cafeteria staff brought me some towels to try to clean myself up. I think that may have been when I decided I was too old to do Presidential visits anymore.

When we were getting ready for Carter to arrive in Panama for the Canal Treaty celebration in 1978, I was having lunch at the hotel where he was to stay, along with the Embassy security officer, the head of security for the Panamanian government, and the head of the Secret Service advance team. I cannot tell you why I was in this group, no memory at all, but there I was. They were talking about Carter's room placement, who would have the adjacent rooms, other fairly sensitive topics. I was just listening. But then the Embassy's Panamanian security assistant, who was having lunch across the room, came over and told us to pipe down, because we could be heard all over the room. So even security experts sometimes blow it.

When Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter came to Nicaragua after he left office, Mrs. Carter's driver got lost on her way to some event, and she ended up canceling her appointment and returning to the hotel to have breakfast with a couple of us from the control room there. That was fun.

Q: So now you're in Porto Alegre. Tell me what Porto Alegre was like.

CLYDE: It's the southernmost large city in Brazil, the closest area to Argentina and Uruguay. It doesn't look like your image of Brazil at all, nothing like Rio. A great deal of

German and Italian influence. We joked that you could always tell which side of the war a family was on by asking when they had emigrated from Germany, before the war or after. Germans had settled there years before. My secretary told me that her family had always spoken German at home before World War II, but had to be careful during the war not to speak it in public.

It was a well-educated area, lots of cultural sites and groups. Many of the country's political and military leaders were from there. Southern Brazil, especially Sao Paulo, but all the southern portion of the country, was the economic engine of the country. Our little Consulate was responsible for the state of Rio Grande do Sul, where Porto Alegre was located, and the state of Santa Catarina. The capital there was Florianopolis. A very agricultural area. They held an enormous apple festival, for instance, and there were large cattle ranches, where the cowboys were known as gauchos, as they were in Argentina. The beef was very good. There is nothing like a Brazilian "churrasco" for a meat lover. Generally people in the rest of Brazil called all residents of the far south gauchos.

Q: With a name like Porto Alegre, is it on the coast?

CLYDE: It's not on the coast. There's a river that comes all the way up to the city, open to some smaller cargo vessels, but not large ones. It isn't a primary port for Brazil. The main port in southern Brazil is Santos, on the coast below Sao Paulo.

Q: What was the Consulate like?

CLYDE: Very small. Three American officers and 12 Brazilians in all. The Americans were two State Department officers—the Principal Officer, known as the Consul, and a Vice Consul—and me, the Branch Public Affairs Officer for USIS. If not for the political and economic influence of the area, there would not have been a Consulate at all. But it served a large territory, 135,000 square miles, 15 million population. Fifteen years later when I was stationed in Sao Paulo, I had the sad duty of going back down to Porto Alegre to dismantle the USIS side of the Consulate, since the State Department had decided to close it altogether.

When I arrived, our Consulate was in an old house in a residential neighborhood. It was quite crowded and not very efficient. The Consul and I found space in a newly built downtown office building. We had the entire 10th floor. The elevator lobby had doors going into both sides of the space, but one side had room for a small Consular waiting area, so the State Department wanted that one for the main entrance. On our side, we had lots of windows, a decent view, and a nice smell from the coffee roasting plant across the street. The State Department wanted to split the space and the costs in half, which didn't really make sense, since they had twice the staff we did, along with the waiting room, a tiny vault and a room for the driver and supplies. So we offered to take less space, but they said, "Oh no, we're only paying for half; we're only taking half the space." So we had half of this floor for the five of us in USIS.

This was just unfinished space, but we were lucky that Ertan Eren, the Turkish-born

husband of the USIS secretary in Brasilia, happened to be a trained architect. He came down and designed a fabulous area for us in USIS, one of the nicer offices I've ever had. We had a big inauguration ceremony for the whole Consulate when it was all finished, attended by the Governor, the head of the State Assembly, and many other local officials. I think that was Ertan's first design of a U.S. Government space, but he later joined the Overseas Buildings Office at the State Department and was involved with the design of dozens of U.S. facilities abroad. I'm glad we gave him his start.

Mentioning the Governor, a vivid image comes to mind of attending his daughter's wedding. There were at least 1,000 guests, most of them unacquainted with the bride or groom and invited purely for protocol reasons, as we were. It was held in the cathedral, and I remember dozens of women in their finest, seemingly all wearing large feathered hats. I don't know how many birds were sacrificed to that affair. At the end of the ceremony, we all filed through an endless receiving line, and I felt so sorry for the tired-looking young newlyweds, having to shake hands with hundreds of people they didn't know.

Q: What was sort of the political leaning of your area within Brazil?

CLYDE: Fairly conservative. Many of the military leaders had come from that part of the country, and some major military bases were there. This was soon after the military had left power and the *abertura* (opening), the opening to democracy, had begun. So we promoted pro-democracy programs in the rule of law, free press, free speech and so on. It would be hard, though, to tell a Brazilian he can't say what he thinks, because Brazilians certainly are outspoken, and I enjoy them.

One of our big programs there, as everywhere, was the International Visitor program. We would send Brazilians, especially those who had never been there, on a very focused visit to the U.S. for three or four weeks, sometimes on their own, sometimes with a group. We tried to select people who were or were going to be opinion leaders, people who were going to have influence in the future, especially those who did not have a lot of familiarity with the United States. We—not just in USIS, but State officers as well—picked the people we wanted to send from our area, in accordance with U.S. priorities in Brazil, then wrote up justifications and sent them to Brasilia for an Embassy committee to consider. I was very good at writing the justifications, and the first year I was there, the committee chose more of our candidates than those from either Sao Paulo or Rio. That upset the public affairs people there since their operations were much bigger than mine. They lobbied strongly for a quota system, but to the Embassy's credit, they just told Rio and Sao Paulo they needed to write better justifications for spending USG money.

Q: Well, were your activities more consular than public affairs oriented?

CLYDE: No, I had relatively little to do with consular work. There were a couple of times when I was the only American officer around, so I had to sign off on visas, but never more than a handful a day. Our area of Brazil had a very low visa fraud rate, unlike some other parts of the country, and the Brazilians who traveled tended to get ten-year

visitor visas. We didn't seem to have many problems with American citizens there. It wasn't really on the tourist route, like Rio de Janeiro.

The Consul, Fred Exton, and I got along very well and coordinated our activities. We had to, with only three of us Americans at the post. While I was there, we had two good Vice Consuls on their first or second tours, Tony Interlandi when I arrived, and later Jim Hamilton. We had relatively few official visitors from Brasilia, which didn't bother us. The Ambassador only came twice that I remember—once to help inaugurate the new Consulate and once for a big agricultural fair that the U.S. was represented in. It usually took three or four weeks for us to get any kind of classified pouch from Brasilia. It depended on whether anyone was coming our direction. By the time it arrived, most of it was moot. Fred and I would stand in our tiny vault room, empty the pouch on a table item by item and sweep at least 95 percent of it straight into the burn bag at the other end of the table.

I was also Acting Principal Officer and Consul for a couple of months not long before I left. And there I did get into more representation kinds of things. I was in charge of our July 4 party in 1980. As Acting Consul, I had a bodyguard because some years before there had been a couple of American diplomats kidnapped, and one had been murdered. So the Brazilian government provided bodyguards for all the Principal Officers of the Consulates as well as for the Ambassador. The threat level by this time was fairly low, but I had a plainclothes policeman who went along with me everywhere, grocery shopping, waiting outside official meetings, everywhere. There were two of them who alternated. They were both super nice, but I think it was not really necessary at that point. And I suspect that as nice as they were, they were reporting back on the Consul's activities to someone in the government.

It was not unusual for officials or well-to-do Brazilians to have bodyguards at the time. One night when I was Acting Consul, I went to a reception at the military garrison to honor a new commandant. Achilles, one of the plainclothes men, was with me that night. He was a very distinguished looking man, always well dressed, dark hair neatly combed and parted in the middle, like a turn-of-the-century dandy. His colleague also dressed well, but looked a lot more like a cop in a suit. We went into the building and were directed up a flight of stairs to the ballroom where the reception was being held. We did not realize that the bodyguards were all supposed to peel off at the bottom of the stairs and wait in a room on the ground floor. We went upstairs and arrived at the receiving line. A junior military aide asked for the name. Achilles responded "The Consul of the United States." The aide turned to the colonel beside him, and said, "The Consul of the United States." The colonel turned to the general beside him, the new Commandant, and said, "The Consul of the United States." The general grabbed Achilles' hand and shook it vigorously, saying "So glad to meet you, Mr. Consul." "No, no," Achilles protested in embarrassment. "It's her!" She's the Consul!" The general apologized, Achilles retreated to the bodyguard waiting area, and we all had a good laugh.

But that was not a surprising incident. Porto Alegre and Rio Grande do Sul as a whole were not only politically conservative, but socially conservative as well. There were quite

a number of foreign consulates there, but I was apparently the first woman diplomat to show up. There was some confusion over that. Soon after I arrived, one of the local newspapers did an interview with me and published it as a full back page spread, complete with two large photos. The headline was "New American Cultural Attaché Is a Woman!" with an exclamation point. The article expressed great astonishment that my father had been a farmer, as was one of my brothers, and that my other brother was a plumber. Brazilian diplomats generally come from much more elite backgrounds. I remember another occasion at a dinner at the home of the Consul from Uruguay. After dinner, the French Cultural Attaché, a man, and I were chatting, comparing our programs, when the Uruguayan Consul's wife came up and forced us to separate so he could go off with the men, while I went off to be with the women spouses. That was not uncommon.

Q: Were women in significant government positions at the time?

CLYDE: There were women in politics, business, the judicial system, the press, but not many. The society was dominated by men. Most of our women contacts were in the arts.

Q: The Brazilians often make quite a point that there are no color distinctions, but I'm told by people who served there that the hell with that, there certainly are.

CLYDE: There are indeed, yes. The Brazilians are very fond of telling everyone that, but of course there are color distinctions. This part of the country, the far south, was heavily white. There was a very small black population in Porto Alegre, but not in positions of authority. Once in a while you would hear a very negative racial comment. But if you asked them if there was any discrimination in Brazil because of color or race, they would say absolutely not, we're a totally classless society, which of course is nonsense. And it was certainly more pronounced in that part of Brazil, in the southern part. It's also true, though, that Brazilians come in all shades, and are likely to identify first as Brazilian, secondly as black or white.

Q: How did you find the staff of the Consulate, the Brazilians?

CLYDE: All very competent and very pleasant. Brazilians really are some of the friendliest people in the world. My secretary was of German descent; our cultural specialist was of Italian descent. Most of the Consulate staff, both USIS and State, had been there a long time. They were all very pro-American. They had a lot of good contacts in the local community, the local society. I liked them; they were good.

Q: Was there much contact with the United States from the area? People going to colleges there, going up to shop and that sort of thing?

CLYDE: There was. Certainly there was a large well-to-do class, many of whom were world travelers, often going to the United States and Europe. We provided materials on U.S. colleges and universities to the local bi-national Brazilian-American center and funded a part-time counselor there to advise students who were thinking of studying in the United States. There was a pretty good-sized American and British community in

Porto Alegre. Several American businesses were represented. The Mars Company was just opening a factory to produce Uncle Ben's Rice, and had sent down an American manager to get it going. There was an international English language school. There was a kind of a country club, the British Club, with both foreign and Brazilian members. They played tennis and sat around the pool on the weekends. The relationship with the U.S. was good at that time, and there was a fair amount of travel back and forth.

Q: How did the hand of the Embassy up in Brasília rest on you -- it's a long way off.

CLYDE: Well, it was a long way, and in some ways that was appreciated, I'll tell you. Because usually visitors from the Embassy would tend to get no further south than Sao Paulo. And so we had very few people looking too closely over our shoulders. We never had a CODEL. But on the other hand, I in USIS Porto Alegre had to clear everything, all my programs, and ask Brasilia each time for any funds we needed. All had to be approved by the USIS office in Brasilia. We couldn't spend any money without clearing it with them first. There wasn't a lot of freedom of decision on what we were going to do. They were pretty much accommodating, although I can remember a couple of times suggesting something that was shot down very quickly by Brasília. We always felt that our region of Brazil had some different outlooks than some of the other regions. So a program that might be effective in Salvador or Recife, might not work so well in our area and vice versa. But often we didn't have much say in the matter.

Q: What about relations with Uruguay? Was Montevideo the nearest big city?

CLYDE: There were some Spanish language traces mixed in with the Portuguese in our area, and some Uruguayan immigration, but most people looked within Brazil, especially to Sao Paulo. That was the Big City focus. That's where you went if you really wanted to do serious shopping or a take part in lot of activities,

Q: I take it was easy to meet Brazilians and socialize?

CLYDE: Very easy. As I said, Brazilians are very outgoing. I was amazed when I served later in Portugal what a difference there was between the two societies. Brazilians are very open, very friendly. They like foreigners. They like to talk to them. I had a lot of friends and good contacts there, of many backgrounds, many nationalities. I was invited to people's homes more often there than anywhere else I've been. I remember a dinner at the home of the President of the Bar Association, one of the most formal and stiff men I have ever met, but even he liked to socialize with foreigners. He and his wife had a huge apartment that was simply covered, wall to wall, floor to ceiling, with gilt, incredibly ostentatious. A much better friend was the writer Moacyr Scliar, whose book Max and the Cats was the unacknowledged inspiration for the Vann Wardell best-seller a few years later, The Life of Pi. There was some bitterness about that for a while, but Wardell finally acknowledged the literary theft. I got along very well with the President and Vice President of the State Assembly. We often had speakers coming to talk about rule of law or elections, or economic issues, and they were always open to our visitors. One in particular, Dr. James Thurber of American University, who was a constitutional scholar,

made contacts in Brazil that have lasted until now, still ongoing, which is what we always hope for when we bring a speaker in.

I had friends in the arts, in the business world, the local government, among the resident Americans and British and the rest of the fairly extensive international community. The Consular corps was close. There were a surprising number of consulates in Porto Alegre because of the economic and political influence the region had. There was an official in the state government who was our go-to contact. Although that created a filter we had to go through, it did make things somewhat more efficient sometimes. The Consular group met once a month for lunch. I was especially good friends with the people at the French Consulate and for some reason with the Polish Consul. He spoke to me several times in semi-vague terms about how he wished he could live in the United States. He mentioned it so many times that we thought he might be interested in defecting. One of the political officers from Brasilia came down, and I gave a dinner for several people, inviting them both, so the Embassy officer could sound out the Polish fellow. Nothing came of it, though.

Q: Did you continue with your flying while you are in Porto Alegre?

CLYDE: Unfortunately, I did not. I was interested in doing so and checked out the local air club. The Brazilian director of the club was clearly quite skeptical about whether a woman was capable of being a pilot. He took me up for a check ride in a Cessna 172, a four-seater I had not often flown in Panama. When we came in for a landing, I made the most perfect soft touchdown I have ever accomplished, just kissed the tarmac. The man from the air club was so impressed, he begged me to join. But the airfield was a ways out of town, and I did not have a car then, so I let it drop. I flew several times when I was back in Missouri over the next few years and took some of my family up. Marshall has a small airport and rental planes. But after Panama my flight log is not very full, sadly.

Q: You didn't feel any animosity towards the United States?

CLYDE: Never. I don't recall any incidents at all, although I suppose that if someone thought the Consul still needed a bodyguard, they must have thought there was still antipathy toward Americans. On the other hand, when Fred Exton and I went to the city planning director to talk about getting permits for the work that needed to be done in our new offices, such as putting in the hardline secure doors, the planning man started the conversation by talking for ten minutes about how when he was young, he loved to visit the American library at the Consulate and read all the American newspapers and magazines. It really made an impression on him. He just gushed about it. And no, there would be no problem with permits.

We've moved away from libraries and cultural centers now, unfortunately, closed pretty much all of them, partly for security reasons and partly for financial reasons. At some point in the 1990s, we decided we didn't need to reach the general public any more, but should concentrate on the so-called elites, the decision makers. We missed a lot of opportunities to reach average citizens that way. In the last few years, there's been a

movement back toward libraries and cultural centers through the American Centers program, which is usually a cooperative project with the host country, but I think we have lost an important aspect of our outreach.

Q: What about the media?

CLYDE: Media in our district was relatively limited. There were a few local papers and several radio stations, but most of the national media was based in Sao Paulo and Rio. The local press had a very local focus. We maintained a good relationship with them. My Brazilian press specialist was very experienced, had a lot of contacts in the media. But it was not our main focus. The local press seemed to be more interested in social life. I can't tell you how many times I appeared in the society pages of the local press because I attended some event or met with someone.

Q: You mentioned hosting the July 4 celebration as the Consul. Tell me about that.

CLYDE: We held the event at the Consulate itself, which was still fairly new, and managed to crowd a couple of hundred guests in. We asked some of the American food businesses if they wanted to set up small stands and hand out snacks and soft drinks. I think McDonalds had a stand. Coke and Pepsi were both represented. They had a tremendous rivalry in Brazil then. As I recall, Pepsi sold a bit better than Coke because they were willing to change their formula slightly and add more sugar, which attracted the Brazilian sweet tooth. But both were vicious competitors. One underhanded tactic was to visit neighborhoods and if you were Pepsi, for instance, pay a small sum to people for their old Coke bottles, a little more than the return deposit would be. Then the Pepsi people, or the Coke people as the case might be, would take all the competitor's bottles out to a ravine and smash them. The glass bottles were hard to replace. At our party, one or the other company got there first and grabbed the more prominent location, which didn't make the other one happy.

We had a great turnout. I made a speech, the Consular representative for the state made a speech, and a good time was had by all. At some point, a ragtag troupe of American and international cheerleaders from the British Club showed up, waving pom poms and singing American songs for us. That wasn't on our schedule, but everyone enjoyed it.

While I was Consul, Pope John Paul II visited Brazil, so I was able to represent the United States at a huge outdoor mass, not that you could have spotted me among the thousands who were there. The Consular corps did get chairs, unlike most of the crowd. That was kind of a thrill.

And there was a large agricultural fair in Porto Alegre—that area was very agricultural—and the United States was represented. The new Principal Officer, the new Consul, Stuart Lippe, arrived just a day or two before it started, but the organizers allowed me to sit next to him in the area reserved for dignitaries so I could introduce him to as many officials as possible.

Just before he came, I held a farewell dinner to say goodbye to as many of my contacts as possible. The Consul's house staff—he had a fabulous cook—prepared an enormous feijoada, the typical Brazilian dish of beans and various parts of the pig. I held it in the social room on the top floor of my apartment building, and I think there were 75 or 80 people there. We were all exhausted at the end. The poor cook could hardly stand. You can be sure she got a very large bonus. That was one time I was very glad to have my bodyguard around. We had hired some waiters from a catering company, and one of them apparently was sampling the Scotch throughout the evening. After all the guests had left, he became very belligerent and unpleasant, demanding more money. He was Uruguayan, and my bodyguard suggested that if he wanted to keep his residency status, he should back off. He saw the point and left.

Q: Where did you go afterwards?

CLYDE: Unfortunately, I had to leave Porto Alegre after about 20 months because of a health issue. I came back to Washington for four years.

WASHINGTON, D.C., USIA FILM AND TV SERVICE

Q: What were you doing when you came back?

CLYDE: There were not many domestic jobs open that late in the fall, so I didn't have a lot of choices about where to work. I ended up going back to the Film and TV Service again, this time as an area coordinator for Latin America. That meant I focused on the needs of Latin American USIS posts for video material and satellite broadcasts, which were then just getting going in a big way.

At the time, USIA TV really acted almost like a news operation, a full-fledged television operation. We made films for distribution worldwide. We provided news coverage if a foreign official was coming up to the States, at the request of the USIS office in that country, such as for a state visit by an important official. We had film crews that could follow these people around, produce the news report or the raw footage, as requested, and we sent them down to the post. We did satellite broadcasts, we did foreign policy programs from The White House with the Administration. Just the full range of activities. Sometimes a foreign camera crew would come up and need equipment and resources, which we could provide. We did just anything you could think of to help placement on television of U.S. materials, and I was the recipient of those requests.

But soon after Ronald Reagan was elected President in November 1980, I was asked to work for a couple of months with a more senior officer, Steve Chaplin, to create a new handbook for Presidential and Vice-Presidential visits. We had to revise it every few years to keep up with advances in technology. We still had to include things like reminders to pull U.S. news stories off the Wireless File—the daily telex file USIS posts received—to provide to the Washington visitors, and instructions on how to arrange for

motorcycle couriers at each site to pick up the TV cameramen's footage to rush it back to the press center so it could be transmitted back to the U.S.

We wanted to make this handbook a good one. We were working with the new staff at the White House to be sure they were in agreement. My experiences with the Carter visit to Panama were very useful. We really worked hard and produced a very comprehensive guide. Some posts, like London or Paris, know the drill well because they receive so many VIP visitors. But others might be handling their first one, so we wanted a guide that would cover all the details.

We included diagrams for different kinds of sites, for example—airports, meeting halls, public squares—wherever the President might be, showing where the press pool should be, where the other press, the photographers and video cameramen might stand in relation to Air Force One at the airport, the official greeting party, the limos. These were meant as guides to posts that were trying to plan for a visit. But this was in February 1980, and Reagan had not yet traveled overseas, although he was scheduled to travel in March. So for the draft, just to show where the diagrams and maps would eventually be inserted, we included some diagrams from Jimmy Carter's travels.

We finished our draft and sent it over to the White House for approval. But we neglected to note that the maps and diagrams for Carter would not be in the final version, and that we intended to switch them for Reagan's trips when he made one before we sent the final version to the field. Steve and I were summoned to the White House for a meeting with Joseph Canzeri, Reagan's Deputy Chief of Staff. When we walked into Canzeri's office, we barely had time to say hello before he began shouting at us, calling us idiots, what fools we were to think we should include information about a Carter trip in a book to be used for Ronald Reagan. It took about ten minutes of his ranting before Steve was able to break in and explain that the final version would definitely include Reagan's charts instead of Carter's, but that we didn't have those yet. Canzeri finally calmed down, and the book was eventually published, with Reagan diagrams of course.

Q: So you went back to the TV Service? Did any countries sort of stand out in your mind as being particularly interested in using U.S. material?

CLYDE: We had a good deal of success in Latin America. This was before stations there could get much material via satellite, so they welcomed a lot of what we offered. Most of them could not afford to send up their own camera crews. We weren't working with Cuba, but most other countries were quite open to using our material. At one point both the President of Mexico and the Foreign Minister of Chile were visiting Washington at the same time, and both countries wanted us to cover the visits and provide news reports. Both countries sent up producers, but worked with our camera crews to get the footage they wanted. We were juggling six different networks between the two countries, and I was doing a lot of translating. My job tended to be somewhat routine except for occasional moments, and that was one.

Another was when I took a three-person team—cameraman, sound man, and producer—to Costa Rica, Venezuela and the Dominican Republic to do interviews and get background video for a program on the Caribbean Basin Initiative, (CBI), a trade deal the Reagan Administration was negotiating. Among others we interviewed a past president of Costa Rica, a strong supporter of CBI, who was somewhat distressed that our interview questions were not especially penetrating. We had to explain to him that this would be for a general audience throughout Latin America and possibly the world, to build support for the CBI, so we had to keep it pretty basic.

In the Dominican Republic we went to the Presidential Palace for an interview. We were accompanied by the USIS press attaché there, who happened to be a very pretty young woman, Salomé Hernandez, of Mexican and Native American heritage. We wanted to park our van near the entrance, in a restricted parking area, so we wouldn't have to schlep all the camera equipment too far. A Dominican soldier told us we couldn't park there. Salomé beamed a huge smile at him and said, "Didn't I see you guarding the President at the parade last week? You all looked so fine in your dress uniforms." And the young soldier just melted, "Ay, Señorita, si, si, I was there." And of course you can park wherever you want. It was kind of funny, but didn't say much for Dominican security.

Q: Did Radio and TV Martí come under your purview?

CLYDE: Radio and TV Marti weren't established until 1985, but they would not have been part of my portfolio. They were established as part of the Voice of America, very separate from the regular TV and Film Service.

Q: Was Charlie Wick the Head of USIA at the time?

CLYDE: He came in with Ronald Reagan in 1981.

Q: I was wondering, did you get involved with his Worldnet project?

CLYDE: Charlie Wick came from Hollywood, so he understood the power of video images. He pushed for increased use of satellites to reach foreign audiences. The Worldnet broadcasts started in 1983, after I left the TV service, but it was a big part of USIS programming for years. All our overseas posts had these enormous satellite dishes installed, so there would be two-way audio and sometimes two-way video, for conversations between U.S. experts or government officials and local journalists or politicians or academics or whatever group we wanted to reach. I was there when Wick's baby, "Let Poland Be Poland," was produced, although I had no role in it. He called on his Hollywood buddies, some big names like Kirk Douglas, to appear in it. It was a salute to the Polish people and their desire to be free of the yoke of Communism. The program's purpose was to promote freedom and democracy in Poland and Eastern Europe, certainly a worthy goal, but the broadcast was a pure propaganda piece.

My job primarily was coordinating among our Embassies in Latin America, the USIS posts, and the regional bureaus in USIA headquarters, and those in television production.

I was the point of contact for them at the TV service. In November 1981, Reagan made a major foreign policy speech on arms control that we wanted to disseminate as widely as possible worldwide, and I ended up being the overall coordinator for that. Lots of glitches, mainly because of a lack of coordination between the policy people and the technical people, despite my best efforts. Very late notification of the details to posts, a late decision to pay the costs to downlink the satellite feed overseas, so late that some of the satellites were booked. Our chief of the technical branch was a marvel, switching satellite links around and finding pathways to get the speech where we wanted. It was hugely successful in Europe, which was the main target, and even in China, where it was the first presidential speech carried by Chinese TV, but the glitches kept it out of reach for many countries. I wrote a long analysis memo of what had gone right and wrong, which was used in future efforts.

Charlie Wick was a difficult person to work for, but he had the great advantage of being very close to the President. And he therefore had a great deal of influence and was able to bolster the USIA budget.

Q: Tell me a bit about working for him.

CLYDE: I never met him because I was in much too lowly a position. I only saw him from a distance. And when I was overseas, I served in countries he had no interest in visiting when he was head of USIA. But Charlie Wick stories are legion. I was told last week that somebody had seen him a few years ago, just before USIA was merged into the State Department, and said, "Oh, Mr. Wick, we really miss you."

And his response was, "Well, I can't believe that, because I wasn't very popular."

But the other person said, "Oh yes, we do miss you," because he was a much stronger proponent and defender of USIA, of public diplomacy, than later directors were, unfortunately.

Q: Did you find yourself in a way sort of trapped? As Miss TV or something?

CLYDE: I was afraid that was going to happen, yes. Because it was separate physically and mentally too. By that time we had moved from the Old Post Office building over to a new building at 6th and D Streets NW, but it was still separate from the bulk of USIA. I would go to meetings in the main USIA building, but it was all kind of out of sight, out of mind. I liked the people I worked with, and there were certainly exciting moments, times when I felt I was contributing, but I really did not think this was a good career move, to spend so much time with the TV service. I had already spent nearly three years there several years before. So I was looking around for a transfer, but hadn't found any good prospects.

WASHINGTON, D.C., STATE DEPARTMENT, LATIN AMERICAN OFFICE OF PRESS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Q: Did you find anything?

CLYDE: In March 1982, serendipity struck. The Agency was just starting to offer computer training, and I signed up for a class. I happened to sit next to Bob Chatten, then the Director of the Latin American regional office at USIA. I mentioned to him that I was not very excited by my job in TV and was looking around for a change. He asked me if I would be interested in being detailed to the State Department, to the press office for Latin America (ARA/P), which needed a deputy director. That did not take much reflection, and I moved over there soon afterward. It was one of the best jobs I have ever had. Jeff Biggs, a USIA Foreign Service Officer, was the director of the office, and he was just terrific to work for. He shared information; he was a good team leader; he set a great example. I don't remember that he ever told anyone to do anything, never gave an order. His style was to ask. Never "Do this" or "Do that." Always "Could you do me a favor and do this or do that." And we would. It worked for him. It worked for us. It helped that he had the complete confidence of the ARA Assistant Secretary and the deputies.

I say he shared everything he knew, but there was one exception to that, which I'll explain in a minute.

Q: OK, so you moved from the Film and TV Service to ARA/Press? What was that?

CLYDE: Every regional bureau at the State Department, as well as many of the functional bureaus, had its own press office. We worked both for the Assistant Secretary for Latin America (then called ARA, for American Republics), and the State Department's Bureau of Public Affairs headed by the Department Spokesman. There were seven of us on the press staff. Jeff and I, along with Kate Marshall, a civil servant who was very good at her job and had been there a long time. She provided some continuity to the operation. There was another more junior FSO who filled in where needed, plus two Civil Service employees who managed speaking requests, and one terrific secretarial assistant and office coordinator, Joanne Monroe, who must have answered more than 100 telephone calls every day.

We provided what was called the daily "guidance" for the State Department Noon Briefing and answered questions from the press on specific issues. We also arranged speaking engagements all over the country for officials in ARA or our Ambassadors from the region who might be back in the U.S. and were willing to talk about U.S. policy in the country where they were serving. These could be for World Affairs Councils or at universities, or with any group that had an interest in the region.

Our primary responsibility, though, was the daily "guidance," in the form of questions the reporters might ask and answers the briefer could draw upon. When he walked out in

front of the cameras at noon, he had a thick briefing book with all the guidances. I keep saying "he", because when I was doing that job, the briefer was always a man, certainly no longer the case. The briefer we worked with most often was Alan Romberg, the Deputy Spokesman for the Department. If somebody asked him a question about an earthquake in Chile or about an attempted coup in Burkina Faso, he could draw on the written guidance to provide the official U.S. view. Romberg was really good at this. He just absorbed the information and could make it seem that he was speaking off the cuff, not reading our guidances from the printed page. He always questioned us thoroughly when we took the guidances down to him, to be sure he understood the issue completely.

We in ARA/Press would alternate weeks to come into the office very early to read the Washington Post, the New York Times, Christian Science Monitor and other publications to see whether there was any major story or opinion piece on Latin America.

This was pre-Internet, so we couldn't check online. We had to be sure to watch the previous evening's newscasts as well, for the same reason. If there were a story in the Post suggesting that the U.S. perhaps was favoring a particular candidate in a foreign election, we had to come up with a response. Or if there were a story about an American being accused of spying in some country. Or it might be something purely factual. For instance, if there were reported deaths in a flood or a plane crash overseas, were there any Americans among the casualties? We would have to come up with what the Spokesman was going to say when he was asked about this issue. We would try to get a head start on the obvious ones. Around 7 a.m., someone from the main Press Office would call to give us further marching orders, a list of the specific guidances they wanted us to provide in addition to what we were already working on.

So we would write the necessary answers ourselves or sometimes ask the relevant desk officer to do the first draft. We might go to the desk officer for El Salvador or Argentina and ask, "What can we say about this story that says the U.S. favors candidate X in the election?".

And the immediate response too often was, "Oh, we don't want to talk about that."

We would have to explain, "No, the Spokesman is not going to say we don't want to talk about that. He can say 'No comment,' but he has to say it in a way that doesn't sound like he's saying 'No comment.' He has to talk about our support for free and open elections and how we don't favor any particular candidates, and it's up to the people of X country to determine their president." That was one of the easier questions to answer. Many of them were harder, and most desk officers just didn't want to talk about them. But we had to get something to the Spokesman, so we pushed.

Central America seemed to be the center of the world then. The Reagan policy was so fixed on Central America, especially on El Salvador and Nicaragua, which they feared might come under Communist control, that we often had as many as 10-12 guidances to produce every day to get to the briefer by 11 a.m., so he could read them and absorb them and ask any questions he might have about them.

We would have about three hours to get them written and then get them cleared, which was often the hardest part. There is an art to writing these things, and both Jeff and I got very good at it. We could whip them out quickly, but then we had to run them by any office that might have an interest in them. Most of the clearances were within the building, but sometimes we had to coordinate by phone—no email then—with the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the Coast Guard, the Pentagon, even the White House or National Security Council. On several occasions, I talked to Oliver North in the White House, who later was famous for his role in the Iran-Contra affair. At that time he was simply a Marine colonel who was working at the White House. Very pleasant on the phone.

Just before we took it down to the briefer, we would get it approved by one of the Deputy Assistant Secretaries (DAS) in ARA. We always dreaded taking it into one particular DAS, who was very good but very critical. We might have a guidance that was one line long, and he would drive us crazy because he almost always would take his little blue pencil and mark changes all over that one line. That sometimes meant we had to call back all the original offices that had cleared it to be sure the revised version was okay. We had to be careful that today's comment on an issue did not raise the antennae of the very sharp reporters in the briefing room, who were always on the alert to the slightest nuances that might indicate a change in policy. "Alan, yesterday, you said the United States 'hopes Country X will do Y'. Today you said the United States 'wants to see Country X do Y'. Are you indicating that you are putting more pressure on Country X to do Y now?" They could spot the slightest difference in tone or wording.

So that was our main focus the first part of the day. The rest of the day we were fielding questions, mainly on the phone, from press all over the U.S. We might get as many as 100 phone calls a day from journalists, from the big-name networks and the big newspapers, to some small newspaper or radio station anywhere in the United States that had a personal interest in something that was going on, such as a local citizen involved in an accident in Bolivia. Many of the questions had nothing to do with the guidances we had prepared on the big issues. And many of them, usually from the State Department press corps were asking for more details about subjects that had come up at the Noon Briefing. We would try to answer all these questions—almost always on a background basis, meaning not quoted by name, although sometimes as a "State Department spokesman or spokeswoman," but always in accordance with U.S. policy and knowing how much we should or should not say. We did a few on-the-record interviews on the phone with radio stations or newspapers using the official guidance. What we never did was lie to the press. We almost certainly could not tell them everything we knew, but it was important to us never to lie. That's been my guiding principle my whole career. We also had a firm policy in the office to answer every single phone message the day it was received, which meant we often stayed until 8 or 9 or even 10 p.m. And sometimes of course we missed people's deadlines, but we did answer every call every day.

Our office coordinated speaker requests because every foreign affairs group, every college, every civic organization it seemed, wanted to hear about U.S. policy in Latin

America, especially Central America, from a State Department official. Sometimes we would ask an Ambassador who happened to be back in the U.S. to do it. Sometimes we asked a desk officer to go out. Depending on the size and importance of the group, we might ask the Assistant Secretary or one of his deputies. And we did some of that ourselves. I went to Des Moines and San Francisco to talk to World Affairs Councils. I went to Vassar College to take part in a panel on reporting from Central America. That was quite an interesting experience because there the audience was extremely anti-U.S. policy. There was a lot of hostility toward a State Department spokesperson. As I recall, the discussion quickly evolved from talking about reporting to criticism of the Reagan Administration's policies. Difficult, but a lot of fun. These little speaking trips did break the routine of weeks of 10-hour days, seven days a week.

We had to be sure that the overseas posts had the official U.S. statement on any event that had taken place in their country. Sometimes the people at the Embassy would prefer to have things phrased slightly differently than the people in Washington for local political reasons. But we had to be sure they knew what the Department of State and the White House were officially saying. We wrote speeches for the principals, the Assistant Secretary and others. We often wrote and coordinated Congressional testimony, of which there was quite a lot. We did "murder boards," sessions with an official to prepare him or her for going before Congress or appearing on Meet the Press, just to prepare them for what might be asked. It was a very intense, super difficult job and long, long hours. We never got a weekend off, but it was wonderful. I really, really enjoyed it.

Q: Let me ask another question about the Vassar thing. With your knowledge of the Central American area, were those in the audience committed ideologues or did they ask good questions? What was your impression?

CLYDE: They were good questions. They were clearly based on the belief that the United States was doing the wrong things. And in fact, I have to say that certainly in later years, I learned that some of the things they accused the U.S. of doing were in fact true. I regret that I didn't realize that at the time, but I think few of us did. So much of it evolved secretly in the White House and the intelligence agencies that we on the working level had no knowledge of.

On the other hand, most of the audience at Vassar believed that the rebels in El Salvador and the Sandinistas in Nicaragua were all perfect people, that there could be no other position. Any opposition had to be a result of American covert actions. And my argument was no, that wasn't correct, the people weren't being heard in many cases, and that what we were trying to promote was some kind of free elections, some chance for the people to make their wishes known. In retrospect, that may have been a bit disingenuous, but so was the notion that there could not be repression by a very leftist-leaning government, as in Nicaragua. They took the attitude that the U.S. didn't care about nuns being killed in El Salvador, for instance, which was obviously not true.

It was an intense evening, but a less painful experience than I had feared. It was a panel discussion with me, Warren Hoge of the New York Times, and Alexander Cockburn, a

left-leaning journalist and commentator from the Village Voice, who could be devastating in a debate. But he went very easy on me for some reason. He didn't really go after me, a U.S. Government spokesperson, to the extent he could have. All those nuns in the audience were tough, but I survived the evening.

Q: Just want to make a note here. Did you find yourself at odds with the way things were developing in Central America?

CLYDE: Well, there was a good deal that we didn't know about. I was probably less concerned when I was in the State Department than later when I got to Nicaragua as my next post. But we didn't know about the whole Iran-Contra deal. I think most of us had some questions about U.S. policies, but not to the point that we were ready to oppose them openly. I think most of us really felt as if we were supporting free elections and democracy in Central America and Latin America.

Q: Did you feel the hand of the Administration, of The White House, on your operations?

CLYDE: Not particularly. We had good relations with The White House. As I said, I spoke to Oliver North at the White House to get their concurrence on what we were proposing for the State Department's official statements. I'm sure that at a higher level than mine, the Assistant Secretary level, there was more pressure. I can remember some very strong observations about members of Congress from some of the higher-ups. The whole ARA bureau spent a lot of time answering members of Congress who would ask for tremendous amounts of written material, which took us a long time to compile.

Q: Were there other areas besides Central America that demanded your attention?

CLYDE: Events all over the hemisphere, including Canada, which has since been moved over to the European Bureau. This was during the Falklands War, for one thing. That happened just after I started working in ARA Press. U.S. policy was a bit of a balancing act, trying to maintain our relationship with the UK and our relationships with Latin America, where pretty much all governments supported Argentina's claim to the Falklands, or the Malvinas, as they were called in Argentina.

Cuba was always on the agenda. There were the Cuban and Haitian boat people. In April 1983, the United States invaded Grenada. You recall I said my supervisor, Jeff Biggs, shared everything, included me so that either of us would be confident to speak on any issue. But this was the one exception. On Grenada, he had been sworn to absolute secrecy. And even he didn't really know what was going to happen. He knew something was going down with Grenada that weekend, but not exactly what.

I had taken three or four days of leave to visit my family in Missouri. I woke up one morning while I was there to find the newscasts talking about our invasion of Grenada. I called back to find out what was going on, and they said they were getting lots of phone calls from TV stations in the Midwest, and would I be willing to talk to people there? Fortunately, I knew the policy well, even though I had not been privy to the plans for the

actual invasion. I knew the policy issues very well. So I did a live satellite interview from my younger stepsister's living room in the Kansas City suburbs for a local TV station there. These were early days of satellite video feeds, so I have to say that impressed my family. And at the airport when I was leaving the next morning, I was sitting in the waiting area before my flight when two more TV crews showed up and we did interviews about Grenada. For weeks afterward we answered questions about the invasion.

The bureau decided to send a fairly junior desk officer, Donna Hrinak, down to North Carolina to greet the American medical students who had been evacuated from Grenada. Many of them were quite angry with the U.S. Government, land if they had expressed that anger upon their arrival, it would not have been a good image for the United States. Part of the rationale for the invasion was to protect these very medical students. Donna did such a superb job. She was able to talk to them and to calm their concerns, and they were not as vocally anti-U.S. as we had feared. She later became a very fine Ambassador, and I think talking to the medical students helped set her career in high motion. You never know what crisis will come along and test you. She definitely passed the test.

Q: That invasion could have been quite bloody.

CLYDE: It could have been, yes. Fortunately it was not.

Q: What was your impression of the Latin American press corps stationed in the United States?

CLYDE: Not terribly high. There weren't many of them, because most stations couldn't afford it. They depended on news services and other commercial sources for their news. There were a few correspondents that we dealt with on a regular basis who would call and ask for information. We worked daily with a couple of correspondents from the larger Latin American countries as well as foreign news services, Agence France-Presse, Reuters, BBC.

Q: How about Mexico? I would think that they would be there.

CLYDE: Yes, there were a couple of Mexican correspondents, but many foreign journalists tended to work mainly with the Foreign Press Center that USIA ran, and we didn't really have a lot to do with that. The Mexican correspondents, the Venezuelan correspondents, the Japanese, the Europeans, might call and ask for information. And the British, especially during the Falklands War. I would guess probably 90 percent of what we did was on the phone with the U.S. press, but we were dealing with so many people that with few exceptions, we didn't focus on any one individual.

Q: Did you feel that this got you out of the film business and back into the mainstream pretty much?

CLYDE: Yes, it was a wonderful job in the sense that it let me learn the workings of the State Department. I had never worked within the Department itself before, so I was able

to get a much better understanding of the whole system of how the regional bureaus and the functional bureaus in the State Department work. That was not something that all USIA officers understood. It served me very well during the merger with State in 1999.

Q: Were you pretty well settled here in Washington? You were working quite long hours.

CLYDE: I was working long hours. And somehow, even working these long hours, I was also working on my MBA [Master of Business Administration] degree at George Washington University at night. I started it while I was still at the TV Service, but I managed to keep it up while I was working in ARA Press. I took almost all the courses I needed before I transferred back overseas.

Q: Good God.

CLYDE: I don't know how I did that. When I look back at this, I think, "How did I do that?" I think part of it was that the job was so exciting and so much fun that I was just fired up in general. I had to take a lot of core courses first, because my journalism degree hadn't included them. things like statistics. It was easier because GWU is so close to the State Department. I could go up there after work, and Jeff was generous with letting me leave before everything was done a couple of times a week. I was within a very few hours of finishing the MBA before I went overseas. My faculty adviser offered me the option to prepare a thesis of some kind while I was in Managua to complete the degree, but I knew that post was so busy I would not have time to do it. I was right about that, but I'm sorry I never got the degree.

Q: Was this an MBA with a foreign affairs business emphasis?

CLYDE: It was mostly focused on international business, yes. It wasn't for any particular reason. It was just something I wanted to do. I felt I had a little lack of education, only getting as far as a bachelor's degree. I wanted to get some more education, especially in economics and in business. At that point I had pretty much decided I was staying in the Foreign Service, but was keeping my eyes open for other opportunities, especially when I was at the TV Service, where I felt I was sort of at a dead end and was never going to progress. I thought that the MBA might be handy if I did decide I wanted to leave the Foreign Service. I didn't pursue outside opportunities too vigorously, but I did send out some resumes and did some job interviews. The most serious one was for a position running public affairs for Warner-Lambert Pharmaceuticals in New Jersey. I went up and interviewed, and was one of the top three candidates, but they chose someone else. A good thing, I think. I'm not sure Big Pharma and I would have been a good match in the long run.

But yes, I was settled in Washington. I had met my future husband, Peter Siegwald, who was sharing a group house with two women. One of his housemates was a former USIA Foreign Service Officer who introduced us, although she didn't think we were compatible. It's been 28 years and so far, so good, which doesn't say much for her matchmaking abilities.

In the spring of 1984, I went to El Salvador to observe the elections there. They had a series of elections in El Salvador with considerable international scrutiny. The State Department wanted the Embassy staff out observing the polls to see if the vote appeared free and fair, or if there appeared to be government interference. I went down to give them an extra pair of eyes. I was very impressed with the eagerness of the Salvadorans to cast their votes. The lines at the polls were long.

El Salvador was the only place I've ever been shot at in my career. I was with the press attaché from the Embassy, Greg Lagana, and we were driving from one polling place to another in a lightly armored car. As we were driving along, we noticed movement off to our right, people coming up the hill. And they yelled something at us. They were Salvadoran soldiers. although we didn't realize that. Nor did we really hear what it was they were yelling, but it turned out to be "HALT!" They wanted us to stop so they could check to see who we were. And we didn't hear them; we didn't think anything about it, so we kept going. To make their point, they just shot at us, and a couple of bullets pinged off the bottom of the car, without doing damage fortunately. We got the message, and stopped very quickly. Once we explained who we were, and they had made it clear we were supposed to follow orders in the future, they let us continue. But that was an exciting incident.

When I came back from El Salvador, I already knew that I would be moving to Managua, Nicaragua, as Public Affairs Officer in the summer. I certainly didn't want to give that up. There were no other women Public Affairs Officers in Central America at the time, and we discovered later that part of the reason for that was Charlie Wick, who had said in so many words, although not publicly, that he would not allow a woman to be a PAO in Central America because it was too dangerous. But I managed to get the assignment, based on my work in ARA/Press. And it was not long before there were other women PAOs in the region.

By then Peter and I were getting serious and considering whether we had a future together. We decided to get married. I was able to do that much more easily the second time around than the first marriage in Madagascar 15 years before. By this time there were a number of married women FSOs and their spouses, so it wasn't such a novelty.

Q: What was the background of your husband-to-be?

CLYDE: He was born in West Virginia, and grew up in Ohio and Florida, the third of four siblings. His father was a ceramics engineer at a time when melamine—Melmac—was the rage, before the space age when ceramics became so important. They moved a lot, including a year in Puerto Rico, to follow Mr. Siegwald's employment. Peter's father died when Peter was only 13, and his mother, who was trained as a nurse, went back to work in Tampa, Florida, where they were then living. She did a wonderful job of raising the children, making sure they all had good college educations. Peter graduated from the University of Notre Dame, and had spent almost four years in the Peace Corps—two years doing malaria eradication in Thailand and almost two years in tuberculosis

prevention in Bolivia. I think the Peace Corps was an honorable way to avoid the draft during the Vietnam War, but the experience made an impact on him.

When he came back from the Peace Corps, he went to work for the non-profit American Lung Association office in Fairfax, Virginia, as a fundraiser and motivational speaker. Ironically, he was a heavy smoker then. He would give talks on how to stop smoking, and then he would go out back and have his own cigarette. Wasn't listening to his own advice. He did quit completely in 1989. He can tell you the exact day and hour.

Later he moved to another non-profit, the American Home Economics Foundation, as a fundraiser. The foundation is part of the Home Economics Association and raises funds to support home economics in general, provides scholarships and encourages people to go into the field. He was one of only two or three men who worked for the Home Economics Association. He organized their conferences, came up with fundraising ideas, and worked with people who wanted to make the association part of their estate planning.

His main claim to fame as a fundraiser was when he was with the Lung Association and produced some TV spots for Christmas Seals with Elizabeth Taylor. He said that they wanted to get Elizabeth Taylor to do the spots from the start, but they knew if they asked her directly, she would say she didn't have time. So his idea was to ask Virginia Senator John Warner, who at the time was married to Taylor. He was running for reelection, and they hoped he would say, "Well, I don't really have time to do it. Why don't you ask Elizabeth?" And that's exactly what happened. Because Warner wanted her to do them, she agreed, and recorded all of them in about ten minutes. She was just obviously a super professional at them.

But he was getting a little bored at the Home Economics Foundation, so he was ready for a change. The idea of quitting his job and moving to Nicaragua for some reason appealed to him. He called his mother with the news. He was 40 and had never been married. His brothers and sister had all been married many years and had produced several grandchildren. I think his mother had given up hope for him. He called her up and said, "Guess what, Mom? I'm getting married." And of course she was very pleased. And then he said, "And I'm moving to Nicaragua," which wasn't quite so pleasing. But he persuaded her that it really wasn't that far away. So in July 1984 we were married, and in August we moved to Managua.

MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

Q: And you were in Managua from when to when?

CLYDE: We got there in 1984, left in 1986.

Q: Before we move to what you were doing, what was Peter doing in Nicaragua?

CLYDE: He was hired as soon as he walked in the door of the Embassy in Managua, to manage the warehouse for the General Services Office. There still were relatively few male spouses and even fewer spouses who were interested in a full-time job where they would get dirty moving heavy boxes and furniture around in the heat of a warehouse. He did that for a year or so, then became the Community Liaison Officer, the CLO, who works within Embassy management to improve morale at the post. In times of crisis, the CLO is also an important liaison point between the Ambassador and Deputy Chief of Mission (DCM) and family members. He was one of only two or three male CLOs in the world.

Q: Who was the Ambassador?

CLYDE: The Ambassador was Harry Bergold, a career FSO and a scholar, who was really a specialist in Central Europe, the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. So he was not all that excited about being in Nicaragua, did not really like our policy toward Nicaragua, which most of us in the Embassy didn't. But publicly he supported the President, as was his duty. He was very clear to all of us that if we felt we could not support U.S. policies publicly, we should go home. But because he was not particularly happy there, he was not always the most pleasant person to the staff and probably was not terribly popular, even though I think he was a good representative of the U.S. Government. He traveled to Mexico several times to participate in talks trying to bring peace between the Sandinistas and the Contras. He was a big man and once came back with a broken arm from getting hit by an overhead fan in a low-ceilinged hotel room when he was changing his shirt in Mexico.

Q: What was Managua like?

CLYDE: Managua was a very strange place physically. The massive earthquake in 1972 had destroyed much of what was downtown, and nothing had been rebuilt. Much of it was just ruins, many of them with people squatting in them. There was just no there there. The only multi-story building left in that area was the Intercontinental Hotel, known to everyone simply as the Intercon, where almost all non-resident American journalists stayed. Many of the television networks had permanent quarters there, with small studios. The Embassy itself was just a series of Quonset huts on a fenced compound, very thin walls, not at all secure. There was nothing much nearby, so we either brought our lunches or ate in a pretty basic cafeteria on the compound. The warehouse was in another temporary building on the same compound, where Peter discovered that all kinds of flammable materials—paint and so on—had been stored on an upper level for years in the Nicaraguan heat. Amazing that the place hadn't burned down. The temporary buildings supposedly had a lifespan of ten years, but it was still in use when I left, 14 years after the earthquake. I think there is a new one by now.

The United States Government owned another piece of land on top of a nearby hill, where the Ambassadorial residence had once been. It was a very nice large fenced compound. The Marine House was located there, and there was a pool and tennis courts. It was a great place to go for a break on the weekends, very popular with families. The

former Residence, called the Casa Grande, was used as an Embassy guest house for official visitors and for major events like the Marine Ball and the July 4 celebration. It was large enough to hold big groups. but we also used it when we wanted to hold a smaller lunch or dinner that would be more private. One of the Embassy spouses managed it very efficiently.

Embassy staff housing was all out along one of the two major roads coming into town. We had very nice housing in general because there were so many well-to-do Nicaraguans who had fled the country after the Sandinista takeover. They were happy to rent their homes to the American Embassy very cheaply, rather than see them confiscated by the new government. Peter and I had a very pretty house, perhaps the nicest I've ever had. It wasn't huge, but was very light and airy, with large windows, high ceilings, and out the back we had a view across the valley to an old church several miles away. It wasn't perfect, by any means. We all had similar problems with flooding during heavy rains. And there was a little opossum-like animal called in Spanish *zorro con cola pelado* (fox with a naked tail) that liked to live in ceilings and had the very nasty habit of peeing through the ceiling into your home, leaving little puddles around. We also had lots of tarantulas, which our housekeeper was good at dispatching. She kept a big stick for the purpose. And bats and geckos, both of them targets of our cats, who would often leave the remains tangled up in the bathmat near the shower. One of the cats once tackled an iguana twice his size out back. We thought it was dead when we finally got it away from the cat, but after a minute or two, it jumped up and scurried away.

Managua is a very odd place because even though main streets have names, people give directions based on landmarks, even though the landmarks may no longer be there. You say something is *al lago* (at the lake), three blocks beyond where the Coca-Cola plant used to be. The Coca-Cola plant may have been gone for years, but everybody knows exactly where you mean. But we didn't drive a lot, because there were serious gas shortages. There was a diplomatic gas station we were supposed to use, and even there we often had to sit in long lines.

Q: You mentioned that Bergold didn't like the official policy. Was that true of people in the Embassy as well?

CLYDE: I think it generally was the case. We felt it was too one-sided. This was the Reagan administration, still the Cold War. The Administration was branding the Sandinistas as Communists and nothing else. They couldn't possibly have any support from the populace. And if they're Communists, we should have nothing to do with them. We on the ground felt there were a lot of nuances and gradations there. There was certainly a portion of the population that strongly supported the Sandinistas, who had overthrown the Somoza dictatorship. And there were certainly many who opposed them, not because they had supported Somoza, but because they felt the Sandinistas weren't fulfilling their original promise of democratic government. The Sandinista commandantes were certainly not nice guys. They repressed the media, limited free expression, weren't planning on any free elections. They had support from Cuba and the Soviet Union. But

their political philosophy was not really Marxist-Leninist. It really was a sort of improvisational government, learn as you go, but looking out for themselves above all.

One of my accomplishments while I was there was to persuade the White House that Nicaragua should not be left out of all educational exchanges. I remember a long discussion at the White House with one of Reagan's advisers, trying to persuade her that they should not cut Nicaragua out of a new secondary school exchange program for Central America that had just been launched as they had planned to do. I was able to persuade her that the Sandinistas were not going to last forever, and that at some point we would be happy to have more U.S.- educated professionals in the system. Would we rather have somebody educated in Bulgaria, looking to Eastern Europe for inspiration, or somebody educated in the U.S.? So I was able to get a lot of that restored.

Harry Bergold was a good Ambassador even if he didn't really want to be there. He was very good at explaining U.S. policy to the Nicaraguan government. As I said, he made it clear to all of us that we needed to do the same, and if we couldn't do that, we should ask for a transfer. There was one young vice consul who had an American journalist girlfriend whom he trusted, so he was way too frank with her, unfortunately. She didn't see his remarks as being off the record. He told her something like, "We send these reports up, and they might as well be written on toilet paper for all the attention they get in Washington." It was a good line, and she used it in a story, attributing it to an Embassy officer, which was not a good thing. Fortunately it did not destroy his career. He was transferred elsewhere, but I think that people understood that he was inexperienced and had made a mistake he wouldn't make again.

Q: I assume there was a lot of press interest in events in Nicaragua, Iran-Contra and all.

CLYDE: Iran-Contra wasn't yet public knowledge. I don't know if anyone in the Embassy was aware of it. Bergold might have been, but he certainly wasn't saying anything to us. Even before that, there was a tremendous amount of U.S. press interest in the region, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala, Central America as a whole, because of the Administration's focus on the region. There was a lot going on, and Americans were caught up in it. Four American religious workers were murdered in El Salvador in 1980. Certainly when I was in the Latin American press office at the State Department before going to Managua, Central America took up most of our time.

There was a corps of journalists who rotated through Managua very frequently, talked to us, talked to the government, talked to everyone. They went out to the field to interview Contra forces in Nicaragua just as they covered the rebels in El Salvador, both potentially dangerous things to do. There were also some correspondents based in Managua—Steven Kinzer of the New York Times, John Lantigua of the Washington Post, June Erlich of Time Magazine. among others. Most of the major TV networks had local staff and kept permanent operations set up at the Intercon. I have always enjoyed talking to the American press overseas. I think there are great similarities between diplomats and journalists. We both like meeting new people, going to new places, we're both curious about what is happening around us, and we both tend to have a good sense of humor.

We did a lot of off-the-record briefings, partly to encourage journalists to look into the areas that we thought they should be looking into. We didn't do much on-the-record, just mainly background briefings. I found myself once in trouble over one of those briefings. There was a question of whether the Soviets were going to send MiG fighters to the Sandinistas to use against the Contras. Some of the journalists even staked out the port to try to spot them. But they asked me how they would know that a certain crate was a MiG. How big would the crate be? Our Defense Attaché was able to tell me, it's going to be in a box this long, this wide, and this deep, and this is how it'll be marked.

So I gave an off-the-record briefing to a group of four or five journalists whom I trusted because they were people who came down all the time, such as the New York Times, the Post, the Miami Herald, the Los Angeles Times. They had never violated my trust. They might use the information I gave them, but they would not associate it with the Embassy or me personally. Unfortunately, at the Intercon that evening a couple of them were in the bar talking to a newly arrived reporter from the Washington Times and passed on the information I had given them. Since he was not in the original briefing, he didn't feel he needed to observe the ground rules. The next morning I got some very angry calls from Washington about the big headlines and stories quoting me personally in the Washington Times. They eased off a little when I assured them this was not someone I had ever even met, but it did teach me to be very careful.

Q: Did the Ambassador also brief the press? Was he there your whole tour?

CLYDE: Yes, he was there the whole time. In some ways he made my job a little more difficult. He liked talking to the American correspondents on background or off the record, and he was very good at it. But he refused to let me or anyone else sit in on his meetings with the press, probably because he was being more honest about his opinions than he wanted us to know. Once or twice he got a little bit burned because of that, because people didn't quite respect the ground rules. I remember sitting in a staff meeting, a country team meeting of the senior staff, and we were talking about how CBS "60 Minutes" was in town doing some kind of segment. The previous day they had hired a helicopter and flown right over the Embassy, filming the building and the compound, which none of us had known they were going to do. We didn't even know they were in town at that point, nor what this helicopter was about. They had not contacted the press office about wanting anything from the Embassy. And the Ambassador said, "Well, I had dinner with Mike Wallace last night, and I'm talking to the 60 Minutes crew tomorrow." This was a surprise to all the rest of us.

I said, "Did they tell you what the point of their story is going to be? What is the angle they're taking?"

And his response was, "Well, Mike Wallace asked me not to talk about that."

My response was, "But I'm your Public Affairs Officer, your press officer!"

Q: My jaw dropped when --

CLYDE: Yes, it was quite a shock, I think to everyone in the room. But he simply would not discuss it. That was a real flaw he had, that he often didn't take his staff into his confidence, so we couldn't serve him as well as might have. Certainly the Sandinistas didn't treat him very well. Once he was called to the Foreign Ministry in the middle of the night to receive an official protest about something and came out of the Ministry to find an entire press conference set up with the pro-Sandinista press, something he was not at all expecting. He had not bothered to tell us that he was even going to the Foreign Ministry, so we couldn't help him, either by warning him in advance or going with him so he could have thrown one of us to the wolves and made his getaway.

Q: What was the local press like? Could you deal with them at all?

CLYDE: For the most part, we were limited in our interaction with the local press. There was the government TV station, which very occasionally would accept a program or video from us if it was totally non-political. Generally they didn't want to talk to us.

There were three main newspapers, all run by members of the Chamorro family. It was really an illustration of how the political situation there divided families, just as our Civil War did. La Prensa, which was run by Violeta Chamorro, was the main opposition voice, just as it had been under Somoza. Violeta's husband Pedro Joaquin was assassinated in 1978, and she took over the paper. Violeta was later elected President of Nicaragua, defeating the head of the Sandinista front, Daniel Ortega, in 1990, to the great surprise of many. I was in Haiti then, and the DCM there, the Deputy Chief of Mission, said, "Oh it certainly looks like Daniel is going to win again in Nicaragua." And I told him that polls in Nicaragua were not reliable, that people didn't answer them truthfully, and that Violeta had a very good chance of winning, which she did.

Doña Violeta was originally a member of the governing Front after the Sandinistas took over in 1979, but left after only nine months, over differences with the commandantes. That caused a rift within the family. Her brother-in-law Xavier Chamorro took much of the staff and founded El Nuevo Diario, which was generally pro-Sandinista, but not quite as hardline as Barricada. We had generally good relations with Xavier. I visited the newsroom a couple of times, and Peter and I were invited to a dinner at his home once. Not unusually for Nicaragua food was not served until midnight, and everybody stood around drinking Johnny Walker Red on empty stomachs until then. But we never placed any articles with them. Violeta's son Carlos, who was only in his early 20s, became editor of Barricada, which billed itself as "the Official Voice of the Sandinista Front," and was fervently in favor of the junta. They simply had no interest in talking to us. The divide between La Prensa and Barricada was especially deep. Reportedly, La Prensa called Barricada "BarriKGB," and Barricada called La Prensa "La PrenCIA."

Apparently Violeta never let politics get in the way of the family, though. They all gathered together for holidays and at their beach house. They just didn't talk politics.

So we dealt mainly with m La Prensa, which was an opposition voice, although certainly not pro-Contra. Both La Prensa and Nuevo Diario had to submit all their articles to a government censor for approval. La Prensa had many items refused. For a while, they would post the censored stories on a bulletin board outside their office for the public, and they would send us copies. I sometimes sent these copies to other posts in the region and in Europe, just to show what kinds of things were being censored. Eventually the government told Violeta they could no longer post the censored items. They often had trouble getting supplies, newsprint and so on, and were closed down completely several times during the 1980s So the information that appeared was very bland, unless it was touting some kind of Sandinista victory.

The family divisions in Nicaragua really were strong. The spokeswomen for the Sandinistas and the Contras were sisters. Stephen Kinzer wrote an excellent book about the family divisions, called "Blood of Brothers."

Q: Was the Sandinista rule absolute?

CLYDE: It was pretty heavy. They had set up neighborhood watch committees, similar to those in Cuba and the USSR, where neighbors could report on neighbors. There were ration cards for basic staples. If you were not a supporter of the regime, it was very hard to get the cards. There were such shortages. You had to be in good standing to get a ration card to get your gasoline, to get meat, rice, cooking oil. I still have pictures of bare supermarket shelves. Even water was often shut off, in a country with a lot of rain. We were fortunate to have extra water tanks at most of our houses, but we all knew if you heard the water come on in the middle of the night, you jumped up to throw a load of laundry in, because you never knew how long it would stay on.

The economy was a disaster, partly because the U.S. had imposed a boycott and sanctions, partly because of the Sandinistas' own mismanagement. They were looking to Cuba and the Soviet Union to support them, but those countries were not doing so quite as well as they would have hoped. People were hurting badly. Nicaragua was known as the land of "No Hay"—there is none—which was the standard response you'd get in stores and restaurants. We had access to the Dollar Store, where you paid in dollars rather than the local currency, cordobas, and you could buy almost anything. It was very much like the GUM department store in Moscow years ago, where only hard currency was accepted. It was where the commandantes and government officials shopped, people with access to dollars.

But the Sandinista rule was not absolute. There was certainly open opposition, from La Prensa, from some business groups, from the Catholic Church. But all of those had restrictions and had difficulty finding the things they needed to do business and often suffered penalties for their opposition. There was not the systematic violence that we saw in El Salvador though, where the right-wing government was in league with death squads who simply tried to eliminate any opposition. Nicaragua was a relatively nonviolent country.

Young men were being drafted to join the fight against the Contras. A lot of people with draft-age sons were looking for a way to keep them safe. We were once invited to dinner by a very nice couple. We weren't quite sure why we were being invited, because we had not been that close to them before. It turned out during the course of the meal that they had a son who was about to turn 18, and they wanted to know if there was any way we could help him get to the U.S.

So many people were desperate to get out. I think we talked about visas far more than we did about the Contra war. One of the first places I was invited was to a lunch outside of Managua hosted by the local press association. Peter and I got the heads of the fish, considered the best part, but all they really wanted to talk about was visas and how to get them. The Visa Section of the Embassy was just overwhelmed trying to figure out who were legitimate tourists or business travelers and who were just trying to get out of Nicaragua to stay in the U.S.

Q: Did the kid get a visa?

CLYDE: No, no, because obviously he was not going to come back. We had to tell this nice couple that we couldn't help them. We could always say that we in the Press and Cultural section had nothing to do with visas, that the visa officers made those decisions. But it broke my heart to hear these stories.

Q: Did you have cultural events as well, or was that not possible?

CLYDE: Cultural presentations were relatively easy. We weren't restricted in any way, although some American groups didn't want to come down because they feared it was dangerous. A group of Appalachian singers and clog dancers was a great success. We put on the show in a theater called The Ruins of the Grand Hotel, because it really was the ruins of a hotel which had been destroyed in the big earthquake. They had built a stage over the lobby or the swimming pool, and put in seats and lighting to create an open-air theater. It was a great venue when it wasn't raining. But being open air, with the lights, it attracted bats. These dancers were so professional. They never flinched as the bats kept swooping over their heads during their performance.

We had at least one very successful blues group that even attracted a couple of the commandantes. We always invited the Sandinista leadership to our performing arts presentations although they almost never came. But for the blues singers, two of the commandantes came. They sat in the front row and appeared to have a great time, but left quickly as it was ending, so they wouldn't have to talk to any of us.

We worked extensively with the civic opposition in Nicaragua, with the business groups and people who were really trying to build up a civil society. Our main contributions were to bring speakers down to talk about that kind of thing. Sometimes we were able to help them acquire things like videotape recorders they could use to get out their message, but couldn't obtain there. We worked closely with Enrique Bolaños, for instance, who ran

a business organization and later served as president of the country. We didn't have anything to do with Contras or the armed opposition.

So many organizations, unless they followed the Sandinista line, suffered even more shortages than usual. Peter, when he was CLO, had met some local artists who told him that they were unable to show their art or earn money to buy canvases or paints because only revolutionary artists got the supplies they needed and held exhibitions. So he organized an art show for about a dozen of these artists at the Casa Grande for Embassy personnel and guests, and the artists sold quite a few paintings, enough to help them get the supplies they needed. He did two of these shows, which made him a hero to the artists. That wasn't an official USIS event, of course, but it shows how difficult it was for anyone who did not openly support the government.

There were dozens and dozens of Americans and American groups who came down to Nicaragua. They would usually ask for a briefing at the Embassy, and almost all of them would come with the attitude that we personally at the Embassy were funding the Contras. This was especially the case when Iran-Contra started to become public.

Q: During the time you were there, was Nicaragua sort of a point of interest for the glitterati, well known film stars?

CLYDE: Oh my goodness, yes. We had lots of semi-famous people coming down who sometimes would talk to the Embassy and sometimes felt they had all the information they needed by talking to the Sandinista government. Several of us took turns doing these briefings. Once somebody in a staff meeting said, "Oh, Bo Derek is coming next week, and she'd like a briefing." She had starred in a fairly popular movie a few years earlier called "10." The Political Officer, who was a very good political officer but knew little about American popular entertainment, had no clue who Bo Derek was. We all had to explain it to him, and there was no shortage of young male officers who volunteered to do the briefing.

Peter, Paul and Mary came down to do a concert in support of the Sandinistas. We at the Embassy and all the American press corps were very excited about it and bought tickets. They performed in a large tent, on a double bill with a very popular Nicaraguan group, the Mejía Godoys, who were up first. At the intermission, when the Mejía Godoys had finished their set, at least half the Nicaraguans in the audience left, having no interest in American protest music. So all of us Americans were able to move up to prime seats. It was a great concert. I'm pretty sure they chose not to come into the Embassy for a briefing, though.

There were also dozens and dozens of Americans, mostly young and idealistic and perhaps a bit naive, who came down to pick coffee to support the Sandinista revolution. They were strong supporters of the Sandinistas and much opposed to U.S. policies. They were known as *Sandalistas* (sandalists) because of their fervent support for the junta and the fact that many of them wore sandals in the heat. They would hold a big demonstration

every Thursday morning in front of the Embassy, carrying placards condemning U.S. support for the Contras.

There were those in the Embassy who said we should put a stop to this, how dare they come and march in front of the Embassy? But most of us were saying, "This is the only place in Nicaragua where they can hold a free demonstration. It's a great example of freedom of expression that does not exist here otherwise. And it's important to show that Americans support free assembly and free speech."

For a long time we used to come through the back gate of the Embassy when they were at the front gate. But we finally just said, "No, we won't do that. We'll come through the front gate and engage in conversation with them if they want to talk calmly," which some of them did.

We had a lot of government-organized anti-American demonstrations in front of the Embassy on other days as well, many of them masses of fifth graders or third graders coming with their teachers and waving little Nicaraguan flags, enjoying their afternoon off from school.

One group of, for lack of a better word, American peace activists who were near the Costa Rican border managed to get themselves taken prisoner by a group of Contras. We at the Embassy were working with their representatives in Managua, trying to get them released. What they did not know was that we could monitor their conversations with their home office in the U.S. They were on their two-way radio, on open radio channels, with their representatives in Managua and the U.S. So we knew they were perfectly safe and that the Contras were happy to let them leave at any time. Their home office was claiming they had been "captured," because it would embarrass the Reagan Administration if the Contras supported by the United States were holding innocent peace activists as prisoners. After a day or two they gave it up and left, and the whole thing sort of died a quiet death, no big embarrassing headlines for the U.S. One of our political officers and one of the defense attachés went down to meet them to double check that they were okay. On the way they came to a river that was running quite high, with no bridge. The driver said he thought it was too deep for them, but the colonel insisted they plunge straight ahead. And of course the driver was right, and they got stuck in the middle of the river. Who should come along a while later to rescue them but a Sandinista Army truck, which towed them out of the water.

Q: Were you able to invite people to your homes? Would they come?

CLYDE: Yes. We lived in a house that was perfect for representational events, so we did a lot of them, and although not many high-level government officials came, many others at a lower level or in the opposition did come.

Even the commandantes sent one or two of their number to major official events like the July 4 reception at the Casa Grande. I once incurred Ambassador Bergold's wrath about that. He held a monthly meeting open to all officers and family members to update them

on things. Peter and I had been away for a couple of weeks and when we returned, someone told me Bergold had decided not to have the usual pair of Marine Guards in dress uniform at the front door of the Casa Grande to welcome guests as they entered for the Independence Day event. During the Q&A session at the open meeting that morning, I asked him why he had made that decision and got blown away by his anger. Apparently he had decided to forego the Marines because he did not want them to be there to salute and give formal respect to the representative comandante. That was certainly a decision the Ambassador could make. But there had been some dissent among the staff, and it had created a good deal of controversy within the Embassy, all of which I was unaware. It was the worst public tongue-lashing I have ever received, and it stunned the others at the meeting. Not a soul dared ask another question that day. I had to apologize to him afterward and explain that I was not trying to create problems, but had just heard of the decision and was curious about the reasons.

Maybe people came to our house only because they could get good food and drink despite the shortages in the country, but they came. I especially remember one of those dinners being the only time that I have ever run out of food for my guests. Most of the invitees were from the foreign press corps, and we expected about 20 people. But nearly 40 showed up because there was some crisis in the government that day. Whatever it was had drawn all of the usual foreign press and then some. So we had a huge influx of American journalists, and all the ones who were already in Managua said to the newcomers, "Oh, there's a party tonight at Susan's house, let's all go." So we had twice as many guests as we expected. The first people in line had been there before and knew there was always plenty, so they heaped their plates high. We did run out of food. We were rummaging through the refrigerator and the cabinets trying to come up with something else to put out on the table. I don't think Peter ever got to eat anything that evening, because the buffet was stripped bare.

We did a lot of representational events there and invited many people, Nicaraguans and Americans. Our live-in housekeeper, who had worked for the owners before they left and stayed with the house, had a delightful little girl, about four years old, who just loved it when we had guests. She would hang around the front windows until she saw guests walking up, then she would open the door so it silently swung open for the visitors before they had a chance to knock.

There were also two or three decent restaurants around where we could invite people for smaller lunches. Despite the shortages, it seemed as though we could always get steak and lobster because they were both local, which doesn't sound like much of a hardship, and it wasn't. But if you wanted butter or lemon with your lobster, you had to bring your own. And we often longed for a pork chop or a piece of chicken.

Q: How about the Cubans? What were they doing?

CLYDE: They were there, but we didn't have a lot of contact with them. There were Cuban economic advisors, Cuban doctors. Representatives of organizations like the PLO, the Palestinian Liberation Organization, passed through. My deputy Alberto

Fernandez looked very Latino and spoke perfect Spanish. But he also spoke good Arabic because that was what he had studied in college, and he had served in Abu Dhabi earlier. Sometimes he would go down to visit some of the American press at the Intercon and hear all kinds of interesting conversations in the lobby.

Q: How about the Catholic Church?

CLYDE: The Church was active in opposition, although, again, not pro-Contra. The Archbishop was a strong opposition voice. There was an outspoken young priest who at one point was humiliated by the government, stripped naked in the street and left there. The Sandinistas were good at that kind of harassment. Very unpleasant. I think that was one real difference between Nicaragua and some of its neighbors or the Eastern European countries, countries with hard-line dictatorships. People didn't usually get killed in Nicaragua for speaking out. They were able to speak out to a certain extent, but they basically were just encouraged to leave if they opposed the Sandinistas. So there were opposition groups that were trying to get their message across. But they had so few resources that it was very difficult for them.

When we had American officials come down, CODELs or other prominent people who asked us to set up their schedules, we and the opposition groups always had to be very flexible. We would be trying to coordinate the plan and would schedule meetings with government officials and with Sandinista representatives. We would schedule meetings with the church, with the business community. And it was inevitable, if, say, the Archbishop had been scheduled for a 3 p.m. meeting on Monday, we would get a call the day before from the government saying, "Oh, Minister Whatever can't meet with you at 9 a.m. tomorrow as scheduled. The only time he can meet is at 3 in the afternoon," in an effort to try to keep the visitor away from any opposition views. Fortunately, the people in the church and people in the civic groups understood this, so they were extremely flexible with their schedules. But we never knew what was going to happen with the schedule until the very last minute.

Jimmy Carter came down once, as a private citizen, but that trip was hosted by the Nicaraguan government, so we didn't have much to do with the schedule, although he did make sure he saw many of the opposition groups and talked to the Ambassador as well. I went along on a trip he took out to the countryside with Daniel Ortega. It was quite a cavalcade, with dozens of reporters, both American and Nicaraguan, dozens of hangers-on, all the usual entourage of a President, even a former one. I remember the Embassy drivers were falling a bit behind in the motorcades, leaving too much space between vehicles, which the Secret Service criticized them for. That was because Embassy drivers are taught to leave a space between themselves and the car in front, just in case they need to make a fast escape. But it happened that my USIS driver was a former police driver, and he knew how to stick to the bumper of the car in front if he needed to.

Q: Did you ever fear for your own safety in Niagara?

CLYDE: We did not. As I said, Nicaragua was a less violent country than some of the others in Central America. Our families in the United States always worried about us, and sometimes we had trouble persuading speakers to come down because they thought it was dangerous. But we always knew we were quite safe because the Sandinista government, for all its bluster, did not want in any way to encourage Ronald Reagan to send the Airborne down. We had all those demonstrations in front of the Embassy, but they were always nonviolent.

You did have to watch out a bit, especially at night. One of the Embassy spouses was following a truck full of soldiers a little closer than they liked, so they shot out her tires. And when soldiers were drunk and celebrating something, which happened a lot, they would fire their guns into the air, and the bullets would come down almost anywhere. When Peter was the CLO, he came into his office one morning to find a hole in his desk, with a pile of plaster and a bullet that had come down through the very cheap construction ceiling, right where he would have been sitting.

With us it was more minor annoyances and inconveniences to make our lives less pleasant. We knew the phones were all bugged, and they wanted us to know that, because there was always a little pause and an audible click before you got a dial tone. We assumed most of the houses were bugged as well. They would hold up mail shipments in Customs so that maybe we couldn't pay our bills on time.

That was a more serious personal issue for Peter and me in our early days in Managua because through some kind bureaucratic glitch my financial records had not been switched from the Washington financial center to the one that handled Latin America, so I did not get paid for about 10 weeks. Peter cashed in his retirement fund from the Home Economics Foundation to tide us over a bit, but between getting no salary and the mail being held up, we missed a few payments and damaged our credit rating before the situation was rectified and I started getting paid again.

Our residence in Managua had large windows near the front door, and there were two nice tall trees in front of the windows, which provided a little more privacy. Our housekeeper called one day to report that government employees were cutting the trees down in front. Unfortunately, the switchboard routed her to the Management Officer, who dismissed her, "Oh, they're just clearing them out for the electrical lines, I'm sure." There were no electrical lines near the trees.

She called back later and said, "No, they really are cutting them down." But he told her not to worry about it and didn't mention it to us for another couple of hours. When we got home that evening, our trees were about two feet tall. The Nicaraguan government authorities had simply cut them down, both to annoy us and to give them a little better view of our house and who was going in and out. Little things like that for the whole two years were sort of annoying.

Once in a while, they would try something more devious to embarrass the United States. I once was the target of a sting operation. My deputy Alberto and I had visited the

university and spoken with some students and to the head of one student group. A day or two later, I got a call from the head of another student group who said he would like to meet, maybe over lunch. Not being totally stupid, I chose a restaurant that was quite public. Alberto and I had lunch with this young man, and then he said, “Well, I really need to talk to you about some other things more privately.” So we went to my house, where we could sit on a little private patio and talk. We talked to him there for an hour or so, and he kept saying things like, “I want to get a message to the Contras, because I support them. I really hate this government, and I want to bring it down. So who in the Embassy should I talk to about getting in touch with the Contras?” And we made it very clear that nobody in our Embassy was in touch with the Contras. Finally he said, "I want to talk more about this, so could you meet me by yourself at this bus stop,” a bus stop that was in the middle of nowhere, out in a very open area, ideal for telephoto lenses. Of course I had no intention of doing any such thing. We came back to the Embassy and briefed the intelligence people and the security people, and they all agreed that this was a set-up to catch me in a compromising position, making it seem that we were trying to put dissidents in touch directly with the Contras. If I had followed up on the invitation and gone to that bus stop, I doubt I would have been in Managua much longer. He never contacted us again.

But we never really feared for our physical safety. As an indication, the night of the Marine Ball, when the Marine Security Guard detachment celebrates the anniversary of the founding of the Marine Corps, they asked for volunteers to stand the watch at the Embassy so they could all attend the ball. I volunteered, and spent from 10 p.m. to midnight, wearing my ball gown, in the Marines’ booth at the Embassy, watching the security monitors from the cameras set up around the perimeter. They told me where the weapons were stored, but I would have had no idea how to use them. If there had been some kind of incursion or attack, my only recourse would have been to call the real Marines at the ball, which was only about a mile away. And we still had our local guard force on duty outside. This would never happen today anywhere in the world, but it wasn’t unusual then. I am very proud of my certificate that says I am an Honorary Marine Security Guard.

One of the young political officers was assigned to spend his Saturday afternoon observing some kind of big pro-Sandinista rally near the government headquarters. He felt safe enough to take his wife with him. As they stood on some steps near the flag-waving crowd, a woman came up and began berating him, yelling, “It’s all your fault that our country is in such a mess. You’re the cause of all our problems!” On and on until the political officer managed to stammer out something about how he was very sorry, that Americans really wished the Nicaraguan people no harm. She stopped, and said, “Wait, are you American? I thought you were Russian! So happy to meet you! America is wonderful!”

In the wee hours of New Year’s morning, one of our front office secretaries was coming home from a party and turned into her driveway in front of a truck. She was badly injured, her hand mangled, and she was quickly medevaced to Miami. What we all found remarkable was that her local Nicaraguan guard—we all had them—recovered her purse

from the wreckage of the car and then sat patiently on her front steps guarding it for hours, until someone from the Embassy thought to go to the house and see what had happened to her possessions. He got a special commendation and a cash reward from the Embassy for that.

There were always little annoyances, though. For one of the Marine Ball celebrations at the Casa Grande the Marines had provided the ingredients for a large cake to a local baker who wouldn't otherwise have been able to get them. The instructions were to write on the top in Spanish "209 Anniversario de la Independencia", and decorate the cake with flags in red, white and blue. The cake arrived just before the ball, the flags were there, and the writing was as requested except for the word Independencia, which was written "IndependenCIA." The baker claimed he had run out of room on the cake for the whole word, but the Marines were skeptical. At that point they had no recourse.

To make matters worse, as the Marines waited in their dress blues to carry the cake in for the traditional ceremony, one leg of the small table where the cake was resting began to sag. The Gunnery Sergeant had quick reactions and grabbed the corner of the table to keep it upright and save the cake, but in the process, he stuck his gloved thumb into the corner of the cake. He had to perform his role in the ceremony with frosting all over his glove, but in the best traction of the Corps, he kept his cool and carried on. At least the cake tasted good.

The United States sometimes looked for opportunities to annoy the Sandinistas as well. In the fall of 1984 the U.S. started sending U-2 spy planes over Managua and the port of Corinto every day or two around noon, carting a huge sonic boom. Daniel Ortega, the head of the Sandinista junta, was in the middle of a press conference one day, denouncing the flights. He was just at the point of saying, "This is an outrage…." when another sonic boom from the U-2 rocked the room. All the reporters started laughing, and even Daniel had to suppress a smile at the remarkable timing. The planes were on the lookout for the reported MiG shipments from the USSR, and the flights stopped after a few weeks.

Q: Well, could you travel around the country?

CLYDE: We could travel easily south toward Costa Rica. The north was too much of a war zone to be safe. You had to get permission from the government to go to the East Coast, where there was considerable anti-Sandinista feeling among the indigenous people. The West Coast and the south, yes, we could travel around fairly freely. It was an easy drive down to Costa Rica, which was also a nice break, but I believe that was cut off later by the Sandinistas, who made it more difficult to come back into Nicaragua after leaving, even for a day.

Q: How about your FSNs, your locally hired staff?

CLYDE: We had a lot of turnover. They were under tremendous pressure from the government to keep tabs on us, and we knew that. So we basically told them that if they

were questioned, they should freely answer any queries about us and tell the authorities whatever they knew. And then we tried to be sure they didn't know much.

At one point the Sandinista government started hauling the FSNs in, one-by-one and holding them for a few hours, even once or twice overnight, and questioning them very closely about who sits where, what do they do, where do they go, who do they talk to? Our Budget and Fiscal Officer, an older Nicaraguan woman who had worked for the Embassy for many years, was arrested and taken into custody. Although she was not physically harmed, she was humiliated by body searches and that sort of thing, and questioned. She was quite brave. Some of the staff quit after this kind of treatment because they just couldn't take it. But this lady was defiant. "I'm not going to let these people intimidate me. I work for the American Embassy, and I'm proud of it." We really admired her.

The exchange rate in Nicaragua at the time was officially 10 cordobas to the dollar. There was also an extra-official rate that was used by the government, foreign organizations and by diplomatic entities, of about 40 cordobas to the dollar. But the real rate, the black market rate, was around 900 to one. And that was what most prices were based on. We realized that by paying our staff their salaries in cordobas calculated even at the 40-to-1 rate, we were impoverishing them. The U.S. Government calculates salaries for local staff on a dollar basis, but then converts it into local currency to make the actual salary payment.

We got permission to start saying the staff in dollars, rather than converting their dollar salaries into cordobas. On the Monday before the first Thursday payday this went into effect, somebody realized that the Embassy did not have the actual dollars on hand to pay the salaries. So they asked Peter, who was then the CLO, to be the bagman. There were no direct flights to the U.S. from Managua, so he had to fly to Costa Rica, change planes there—and that flight was oversold, so he had to argue to get on the plane—fly to Washington, overnight there, and go into the State Department the next morning to pick up a check for the total amount of the FSN salaries. Then he flew back to Nicaragua via Panama and came into the Embassy to have the cashier endorse the check. Early the next morning he flew back to Panama and went to the Embassy there. They could cash the check since the dollar was the currency in Panama. They gave him more than $48,000 in small bills and change, which he stuffed into a duffle bag and flew back with it to Managua. When he arrived, he discovered the Embassy had forgotten to send a car to pick him up, so he had to take a taxi, whose driver certainly never realized how much money was in his passenger's duffle bag. The dollars arrived in time for payday, and Peter was the hero of the day.

We also threw the FSNs a big Christmas party, with our DCM Steve Gibson playing Santa. Peter ordered Steve a Santa suit from Washington and played an elf himself, although without costume. The American staff ordered gifts from the U.S. for all the children of the locally hired staff, and we held the party at the Casa Grande. Sleighs don't work well in Nicaragua, so Santa arrived by ox cart, to the delight of the children. It was a great success and morale booster.

Q: What about Congressional visits and congressional influence during the time? This must have been rather intense?

CLYDE: It was. We had quite a few Congressional visits, and again we had the problem with setting up the schedules. It depended on which side of the aisle they were on, whether they supported the Reagan policy and felt the Sandinistas were irredeemably evil, or they felt that the Sandinistas were the saviors of Central America. There didn't seem to be much middle ground. But we had CODELs, church visits, study groups who came down to see things first hand. Most of the private groups would make the obligatory visit to the Embassy, where they expected to get the official U.S. line, even if they didn't see it as the truth.

I remember telling some of these groups, who insisted we were funding the Contras, that I wasn't aware of any such funding, which was true. This was before Iran-Contra became public. And I told them I knew that the press was so good at digging out the truth that this kind of information couldn't be hidden indefinitely. Well, that was true, too, but perhaps sort of stupid to say, because it did come out later that we were all being duped, and that indeed we were funding the Contras. It was interesting that some months before Iran-Contra became public, Otto Reich of the National Security Council staff, one of the chief key architects of the plan. came down to Managua. He held a press briefing at the Nicaragua press club. It was a feisty session, but he held his own. Not much of what he said was reported in the Sandinista media, though.

There was so much opposition in Europe to U.S. policies in Central America that USIA and USIA decided to bring a couple of groups of U.S. public affairs officers and press attachés from our embassies in Europe to Nicaragua and El Salvador for a week of briefings so they could see the reality for themselves. The idea was that they could then go back and talk to their contacts in the press in France or Germany or wherever and say, "This is what I saw when I was there. It is true that people don't have anything. It's true that people have difficulty speaking out. I talked to the editor of La Prensa, who's censored every day." The hope was that they might at least get some of the European media to look more closely and critically at the Sandinistas. I doubt it had much impact in Europe because the mindset there was so strong. For me personally, these visits would turn out to be very important in the future, though.

Q: In many ways this was a real compliment for you, I mean the fact that you were given this job. I would think this would be a job that people in USIA would die for.

CLYDE: Some people.

Q: Did you get any feeling that OK, we got this lady here, we'll let her go out there, hang out to dry or something like that? Or that wasn't a factor?

CLYDE: *(laughs)* No, I felt a lot of backup from Washington. I felt I was being completely supported. And I think it was because of my experience in the Press Office

for Latin America in the State Department, because I knew the people there, I knew the way the bureaus worked, I knew the policy very well.

Q: I mean it made very good sense. You were obviously very qualified, but it was a very tricky place to be.

CLYDE: It was a very tricky place. But, as I said, not necessarily a dangerous place.

Q: Because not only were we in opposition, but it turned out we were playing our own little game too, Ollie North and all that, Iran-Contra?

CLYDE: Yes, indeed. It was not an easy assignment, and I wish I had known some more about what we were really doing, although it would have been much harder to defend U.S. policy had I known those things when I was there.

Q: Social life. Was there much social life?

CLYDE: It was almost all focused on the others in the Embassy, and the Marines and the weekends we could relax at the Casa Grande. We had a good social life, but it was mostly in Embassy residences or at the Marine House. Nicaragua was a hard place to make friends, because you always felt you had to be on guard, as I was with that student leader who tried to catch me in a sting. We did become good friends with one of the editors of La Prensa, though, and Peter was part of a poker group that included two or three resident American correspondents, the Embassy political counselor, the Spanish Ambassador, and a dual national U.S.-Nicaraguan rancher, which he enjoyed. Every December we would hold an enormous holiday party, inviting everyone in the mission. Our house and patios were perfect for it. We've kept up the tradition since then, even when we are in the United States.

Once we were invited to a lovely dinner at the Taiwanese Ambassador's residence. Nicaragua was one of the few countries to have diplomatic relations with Taiwan instead of Communist China. We were allowed to go because it was not an official dinner. He had invited ten people who had some connection with Chile. He had served there himself, and all the other guests had also lived there at some point. It was a good pretext anyway, but all the guests were in positions where they might have information that I'm sure the Taiwanese Ambassador wanted to know. What was kind of amusing was that after the dinner, which may have been the best Chinese meal I have ever had—they had brought their own chef from Taiwan—Mrs. Ambassador tried to separate us into the men and the women. But all the men wanted to talk to me about how the U.S. saw the current situation, so I stayed with them, and Peter went off with the wives. That's why he was a good Foreign Service spouse, to do things like that.

But the only topics of conversation with most people were visas and politics, and it was hard to establish close friendships.

LISBON, PORTUGAL

Q: So you left Managua when?

CLYDE: 1986, late summer of 1986.

Q: And where'd you go?

CLYDE: I was given what was surely considered a reward for a successful two years in Managua, getting a Meritorious Honor Award and doing very well. My reward was to be assigned to Lisbon, Portugal, as Information Officer/Press Attaché. And Portugal is a very nice place indeed. But after the high-wire act of Managua, where I ran my own operation, it was hard to adjust to such a comparatively quiet country and being number three in a three-person office. There weren't a lot of urgent U.S. policy issues in Portugal, compared to Nicaragua.

Q: They had their revolt there, but that was some years before.

CLYDE: They were pretty well settled into democratic government. We did a lot of things with economic issues, trade, mutual defense issues through NATO, and supporting free press and democracy is always a topic. Defense issues tied to NATO and to the U.S. base in the Azores were big. I did have the good fortune to move into a job where my predecessor was not very popular. I was told that he had managed to make every member of this staff, including all the men, cry at some point during his tour. He was really a terrible people manager, apparently. So I got off to a good start even before I arrived.

In Lisbon we were responsible for finding our own housing, and we were first shown the house my predecessor had occupied. The 1940s-era kitchen and the clouds of fleas left by his two large dogs dissuaded us, and we found a much nicer place.

Q: You were there from when to when?

CLYDE: We went in January of 1987 and left in June of 1988, about 18 months. I had a few months of temporary assignments in Washington until the Lisbon job became vacant.

Q: Who was the Ambassador at the time?

CLYDE: There was no Ambassador when I arrived. Alan Flanigan was the Chargé d'Affaires, and he was followed as Chargé by Wes Egan. Ed Rowell came as Ambassador in January 1988.

Q: Well, what was the situation in Portugal?

CLYDE: It was an active democracy. It was stable. There was an election while I was there, with a tremendous amount of campaigning by many different political parties. It

had a very free and active press. I was able to move around, talk to anyone, no restrictions on our programs—quite a change from Nicaragua.

Q: What was our bilateral relationship like?

CLYDE: Generally quite good, although there were some points of friction. Even though Portugal had been a member of NATO since 1949, there were strong voices in the country opposing our base in the Azores pr at least saying Portugal should get more compensation for it. The Pentagon used the Azores as a refueling stop. We had a tiny one-man Consulate there. I went there once, to assist with the media when Casper Weinberger, then Secretary of Defense, made a stopover.

At one point we were talking about moving F-16 jet fighters from a base in Spain over to the Azores, and that created some opposition. During that time we reduced our bilateral aid to Portugal, also not a popular move. Mostly, though, it was a relatively quiet country and we had a good bilateral relationship.

Q: What was the media like in Portugal?

CLYDE: Very active. There were a large number of newspapers and weekly news magazines, each of which had its own political viewpoint. And seven or eight different daily papers. It made it a real challenge to look at them all for any comment on U.S. policies and send the media reaction report to Washington, which was one of my daily responsibilities. It was an aggressive press corps, not afraid to ask questions, sometimes a very contentious press. The same was true for radio and television outlets, each with a slightly different editorial view. So you had to pay attention to all of them to know what was going on.

Q: Did they have a significant Communist Party in Portugal when you were there?

CLYDE: I wouldn't call it significant. It still existed, and had some support in some parts of the country, but it had been mostly supplanted by the Social Democrats, who played a major role in politics.

Q: Did relations with Spain play any particular role?

CLYDE: There was always sort of a rivalry with Spain, but I don't recall Spanish politics dominating the local media. Portugal was an early NATO member, and it had very close ties to Great Britain. You would never hear the two mentioned together without the phrase "Britain's oldest ally", from the Battle of Agincourt in 1415, when the Portuguese archers saved the English forces. It came up in every briefing for any official visitors, CODELS or other officials. We all waited for the briefer to say it every time.

Q: What kinds of activities did you do, besides being in touch with the media?

CLYDE: This was the heyday of WorldNet, Charlie Wick's brainchild at USIA's Film and TV Service, and undoubtedly was the place I used it the most. We arranged quite a few discussions with Portuguese journalists and with groups interested in a particular issue via a WorldNet satellite connection. For instance, we might have an American economic specialist or trade specialist in Washington speak to an interested group in Lisbon. And we often found it useful to have a lunch beforehand with the Portuguese guests and perhaps the economic officer or commercial attaché from the Embassy to talk informally about the issues. We also recorded a lot of the daily WorldNet programming and provided it to the national TV station, which used quite a bit of it.

We invited speakers from the United States to talk about economic issues or the free press. The topic was often more about the responsible press, because that was sometimes in short supply.

And as most posts in NATO member countries did, we organized NATO tours for local journalists or legislators to travel to NATO headquarters in Belgium and then to one or two other places, especially in Germany, where they could see the military cooperation to prevent any incursions by the Soviets.

Q: So you were not finding this a very challenging tour?

CLYDE: After about a year there, I realized this was not going to be a very happy experience for me, even though I was getting praise for my performance. I had a wonderful boss, Dick Virden, very kind, very gender-blind, which is certainly not always the case. He was one of only three or four people I worked with in the Foreign Service who really had no concept of prejudice about gender. He was totally equal opportunity. He tended to be a little possessive of his contacts, which is an unfortunate trait of many of our colleagues—the idea that only one person in the office is allowed to speak to this particular contact.

Q: What was your husband doing then? Was he anxious to transfer elsewhere?

CLYDE: I'm not sure he has ever forgiven me. He loved Portugal. He got a great introduction to living in Lisbon from his sponsor, Dick Virden's wife Linda. She would call him whenever she was going out on an errand—to the grocery store, the dry cleaners, the veterinary clinic, just anywhere she was going, she would invite him along. She was without doubt the best sponsor either of us ever had at an overseas post. Dick and Linda have remained good friends.

For our first eight months in the country, he was not employed. There was another unemployed male spouse in our office. Both of them loved photography, and the two of them had a wonderful time touring Portugal. It's a small country, so you can see a lot of it on day trips. I think they saw far more than I ever did. And he enjoyed showing friends and relatives around when they came to visit. For some reason, we had many more visitors in Lisbon than in Managua. We flew out to Madeira Island for the annual flower festival with some visiting Foreign Service friends, traveled up to Porto and east to the

Alentejo region with other friends and relatives. There were so many beautiful places to see in Portugal that didn't require long travel times. Later he was hired as the Community Liaison Officer again, and he had only been in that job for about a year when we left.

An American film company came to do a remake of Roman Holiday for TV. It was cheaper to film in Lisbon than in Rome. They asked the Embassy if anyone was interested in being an extra. So Peter played a journalist, a non-speaking role, and can be seen, if you look quickly, at the beginning and end of the movie. That was good, since it meant you didn't have to watch the whole thing. It was a dreadful remake.

The weather was fantastic, the food and wine delicious. We had a very comfortable house in the suburb of Belem, with a nice garden, no problems with opossum pee through the ceilings as in Managua, no tarantulas, so no, he had no particular desire to go anywhere else yet.

Q: But you did.

CLYDE: I did. After about 14 or 15 months, I started talking to the USIA personnel office about whether there might be any possibility to transfer after two years in Portugal. I was supposed to be on a four-year tour, but I was pretty sure there would be no shortage of candidates to fill my job in Lisbon, so maybe I would have another opportunity. They asked whether I'd be interested in being Public Affairs Officer in Haiti. At the time I accepted the job, Haiti looked like it was on its way up. Elections were scheduled soon, and there might be actual progress there. And I would be managing my own program again. So I said yes.

A couple of months later when they tried to hold the elections, if you recall, the voting was completely disrupted by violence. Many injuries and deaths as the polling places were shot up by soldiers. Jeffrey Lite, the Public Affairs Officer who was there at the time, won a well-deserved Heroism Award for driving the big armored USIS carryall around to various polls and rescuing American journalists who were hiding behind walls trying to stay out of the way of the bullets. But it still was a very good move for me. I went back to Washington and took about six weeks of Haitian Creole. I got a passing score, but I was never terribly fluent in it. So we went to Haiti in August of 1988.

And almost immediately, three days after we arrived, there was an attempted coup, the first of several while I was there. And Haiti was hit by a hurricane the same weekend. So I couldn't complain about being bored.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

Q: Who was the Ambassador in Haiti?

CLYDE: The Ambassador when we arrived was Brunson McKinley. He left in November of 1989, and Alvin Adams came as Ambassador. McKinley was a direct

descendent of President McKinley, very New England, suit-and-tie. Adams was much more of an activist, a blunt-speaker, a chain-smoker, worked in his shirtsleeves. He liked to walk around his office in his stocking feet. I only overlapped with Adams for eight months, but I have much stronger memories of his tenure than McKinley's.

Q: You were there from when to when?

CLYDE: I arrived in August of 1988 and left late July of 1990.

Q: Tell me about Port-au-Prince.

CLYDE: Crowded, chaotic. Such poverty. Such a gap between the rich and the poor there. Traffic was a nightmare. There wasn't a lot of attention paid to traffic regulations, although drivers were generally polite. But you had to dodge the pedestrians and animals on the roads. Potholes everywhere, often with big branches sticking out of them to warn drivers. Dozens of brightly painted little jitneys called "tap-taps" that were the main public transportation. You just flagged one down wherever you were, so they often stopped in the middle of the street with no warning. They crammed as many bodies on as possible, and when someone wanted to get off, they tapped on the side of the vehicle, hence their name. They had specific routes, although they weren't clear to foreigners. And if they were in an accident, they were identified in the press not by routes or numbers. but by their names—"Tap-tap 'God is My Master' and Tap-tap 'Haiti, My Home' collided today."

Garbage everywhere. There was a big garbage dump near the Chancery, which often had children picking through it, and pigs looking for edibles. I was always surprised at how clean the Haitians were able to keep themselves and their clothes. The poor areas of the city were miserable. But there were very nice suburbs, houses surrounded by high walls, up the hills in the Petionville area.

Groceries were a bit pricey, but you could find almost anything imported from the United States. The currency was called gourdes, based on the dollar at 5-1. The prices were listed in dollar amounts so you had to multiply by five to get the total in gourdes. Often those gourdes were really disgusting, since nobody would think of throwing one away. If you had money in Haiti, you could live quite well without flaunting it. We had a decent house. There were wonderful art galleries everywhere, and we brought home a lot of art. Even in parks there were artists trying to sell their work, hanging their paintings off of the nearest fence or wall.

There were some very nice restaurants up in Petionville as well. Our second or third night in Haiti, someone took us to a Mexican restaurant up there. It was a strange introduction to the country. We were sitting on a lovely patio with soft tropical breezes, sipping Haitian rum punches, eating tacos, and listening to American Big Band music on the speakers. I remember thinking it was a surreal experience. It didn't take too long before I realized that most of life in Haiti was surreal.

Q: Was there a large American expatriate population?

CLYDE: There were a great many missionaries and church groups. Many charitable organizations. There were many Americans there, often dual nationals. Haiti has a way of latching on to people, and they come back. The American dancer Katherine Dunham lived most of the year in Haiti and had a Haitian dance troupe. We went to her 80th birthday party, and Peter had a long conversation with Alvin Ailey, who had come down for the occasion. A couple of hours from Port-au-Prince was a large charitable hospital, the Albert Schweitzer Hospital, founded by the Mellon family.

Several American journalists visited regularly, especially from Florida, where there is such a large Haitian population. There was a small Haitian-American cultural center run by an American woman who had been in the country for years. I was able to improve our relationship with them. She was sort of a prickly woman and had not gotten on well with my predecessors. But I was able to make peace. Probably helped that we funded English scholarships for a number of people, especially from the military and police.

Q: Were you there during a hurricane?

CLYDE: I was there during a couple of hurricanes, but none that hit Port-au-Prince directly. We had tropical storms with high winds and a lot of rain but not huge destruction in the capital, although there was always serious flooding in the low-lying areas—usually the poorer areas of the city.

Q: Was the country pretty well deforested?

CLYDE: Very much so. If you flew over the border between the Dominican Republic and Haiti, you could see a clear demarcation of green on the DR side and dirt on the Haitian side. The country is badly deforested and gets more so all the time because people depend on charcoal for their cooking. That was a big focus of the U.S. Agency for International Development [USAID], trying to encourage tree planting.

Q: What was the situation with the government?

CLYDE: You almost needed a scorecard to keep track in Haiti. When I arrived, General Henri Namphy was head of state. He had taken over in a coup the previous June, deposing a civilian, Leslie Manigat, who had won an election that was far from democratic. Manigat was one of at least a dozen candidates, and there was only about 10 percent turnout. People had fresh memories of the election in November 1987, when soldiers or the usual "unknown gunmen" had shot up the polls. Manigat's government was one of at least four that had been in office following the departure of Baby Doc, Jean-Claude Duvalier, Papa Doc's son, in 1986. There had been a couple of failed coup attempts, one of them the first weekend I was in Haiti, the same weekend one of those major tropical storms hit.

On September 11, 1988, a large group of gunmen attacked the St. Jean Bosco church, as Father Jean-Bertrand Aristide was starting to say mass. He was becoming more outspoken and vocal against the military. He escaped that day, but the gunmen killed at least a dozen people and injured nearly 80. The country was outraged, and more so when several of the perpetrators appeared on television the next day to brag about it and issue new threats. A week later, there was another coup d'état, led by the non-commissioned officers of the Presidential Guard. They installed General Prosper Avril as President. He stayed in power until March 1990. He promised a move to democracy and hold new elections, but that didn't happen.

Q: Did you get any feel for the political dynamics? Were these people really trying to do something or were they trying to milk the system?

CLYDE: Oh, definitely trying to milk the system. That is unfortunately a very prevalent attitude in Haiti, maybe because it's been run so long by dictators and oligarchs and military leaders, who really didn't care a whole lot about the ordinary people. Far too many Haitians in public life have the attitude that, "I'd like to get rid of those people on top, but not because I can do better and help the people in the country prosper and be safe, but rather because I can get mine." It's an attitude that's been around for so long it's ingrained. There are exceptions, but far too many who are more driven by greed and a love of power, only a few who care about the long-term welfare of the country.

When I went, there was still a fair amount of manufacturing in Haiti. Wilson produced all its baseball mitts and baseballs there. Some textile manufacturing. So there was some employment. That went down over the next few years with the instability in the country, so that there was more and more unemployment, more and more poverty, in a country that was already desperately poor. There were some very rich Haitians, whom we called the MRE's, as in Morally Repugnant Elite. They really didn't care much about the country, just cared about milking it. Most of them didn't even want to dirty their hands with politics.

The great mass of the Haitian people are wonderful, decent people. They're very hard working. They put up with a lot. I've never traveled in India, but I think it must be similar in that the disparity between rich and poor is shocking. It's a difficult country to live in for most of its citizens. It's very deforested. Lots of hurricanes. Earthquakes, as we saw just a couple of years ago. And terrible poverty. It's not an easy life.

Q: Let's talk a little bit about the MRE's, the Morally Repugnant Elite. Because they have the money and the contacts, people like that sort of can dominate the social life. How did you find this?

CLYDE: Very true. They were often at all the social events, although we didn't focus on them. We made an effort to find those in political parties who were trying to make changes and do things differently. And there were a huge number of political parties active, even under these dictatorial military governments. If they had united, they might have made headway, but it was easier for the general in charge to divide and conquer.

The politicians in Haiti often didn't trust each other, so that's why in the previous election you had 14 candidates for president. There were others who were not necessarily politicians, but still working for change, in the media and academia.

Q: What was the goal of U.S. policy?

CLYDE: We had cut off most of our financial aid to Haiti after the election debacle in late 1987, and said we would not restore it until there was progress in four areas—free elections, economic development, human rights, and anti-narcotics efforts. We called them the Four D's: Democracy, Development, Decency and Drugs.

You asked earlier about the U.S. role in Portugal, which was relatively minimal. That certainly was not the case in Haiti. We were the only country that the Haitians really cared about, although the French still had some influence. We have had a long and complex relationship with Haiti, which was the second nation, after us, to gain independence in the Western Hemisphere, in 1801. But we did not recognize them until the 1860s, because to gain their independence, they had overthrown French rule and slavery in a bloody revolution. We didn't want slaves at home getting any ideas from Haiti. The Haitians wanted our approval, but felt they were treated differently than other countries in the hemisphere because they were black and poor.

Especially after Al Adams arrived, we were really putting great pressure on Haitian officials to focus on the first "D", Democracy, and hold free elections. If the country were seen as more open, more democratic, that would in turn increase foreign investment and improve the economy. Adams was joined by the French Ambassador and the Papal Nuncio in this effort to put pressure on the military. They sort of formed a triumvirate, and were considered the most influential diplomats in town.

Q: What about the Haitian boat people?

CLYDE: That took up a lot of our time. Because the country was so poor, many people decided to take their chances and try to make it to Florida in rickety, totally unseaworthy little boats. The Coast Guard patrolled the Caribbean and picked many of them up and brought them back to Haiti. Many others weren't so lucky. Only a few made it to Florida. Some of them were able to disappear into Little Haiti in Miami. Others washed up dead on the shore after the smugglers tossed them overboard rather than take the chance docking anywhere.

Haiti, far more than any place I have ever been, was a rumor mill. You could whisper something on a street corner in Port-au-Prince, and within two hours it would be shouted from the rooftops of the northern city of Cap-Haitien, 125 miles away. Amazing. One of those rumors the spring of 1989 was that U.S. immigration policy had changed, and that Haitians would be able to stay in the United States once they got there. And suddenly all along the northern coast you could see little boats being built. They would pile people in and head north. It was very dangerous, far more dangerous than the boat trip Cubans made.

The Coast Guard picked up many of them, but many also drowned. We developed a major campaign to discourage people, trying to make it clear that a) it was so dangerous, b) even if they survived, they would be picked up and brought back by the Coast Guard, and c) even if by some miracle they made it to Florida, they would be deported back to Haiti. We put out several press releases that were carried on Creole-language radio stations all over the country. We briefed journalists. We publicized repatriations by the Coast Guard of people being returned to Haiti. It all helped. We went from 4,000 people picked up by the Coast Guard in the first six months of 1989 to 400 in the same period of 1990.

We had a Coast Guard liaison officer in the Embassy, with whom I worked closely. On one occasion, some soldiers had hijacked a small freighter and were trying to get to Florida with a couple of hundred people on board. They were brought back in the middle of the night. The soldiers wanted to claim political asylum, but it was clear they were all economic refugees. The night the Coast Guard brought that group back to Port-au-Prince, there was a strong wind, so they had to anchor offshore and send everyone in by small boat, which took a couple of hours. We always wanted publicity about these repatriations to try to discourage others from chancing the trip, so there were several reporters there. An overzealous policeman was confiscating tape recordings from the journalists, who asked me for help. I was able to persuade a more senior officer that this wasn't a good idea, that it was better to have the story out there that these attempts would likely fail. So the reporters got their tapes back.

But it was so incredibly sad to watch these people—men, women, children—coming off the boats onto the dock. They looked so bedraggled and downcast, carrying all their worldly possessions in little plastic bags. The Red Cross gave them each $10 to pay their way home, but most of them had sold everything they had to buy their passage.

Q: Was there any residue of the Tonton Macoutes and the Duvalier regime?

CLYDE: There was. Not under that name, but certainly the whole atmosphere of fear was still there among people. There were still remnants of those groups in the military and elsewhere. Many people believed that the shootings at the polls in 1987 and the church attack in September 1988 had both been carried out by remnants of the Macoutes. That was supposedly one reason the Presidential Guard had carried out the September 18 coup and installed General Avril, to give more power to the regular Army.

Haiti was a violent country. Radio stations were attacked, journalists killed, bodies left along the road. There had been an increase in common crime since Baby Doc's departure, which is often the case after a strong dictatorship collapses. But there was no real judicial system, so people would take the law into their own hands as vigilantes, especially in the poorer areas of town, because they knew the justice system could so easily be bribed. If someone were accused of theft or rape or murder, ordinary citizens would often inflict punishment themselves without involving the police or courts, and often without proof

the person was guilty. It was not unusual to see bodies burned and left on the side of the road. It was not, in that sense, a good place.

Q: Did you feel under any personal threat or danger while you were there?

CLYDE: Surprisingly, we did not. The most common danger in Haiti for American diplomats, was getting caught up in any kind of mob. More than any other place I've ever been, a mob mentality could easily develop. Individual Haitians are very friendly people, kind and open to foreigners. And even a crowd, if there were both men and women, wasn't too worrisome. But if it were a crowd of only men, it could be dangerous. So we were warned that if there were a traffic accident, if we accidentally caused a problem, if there was a fender bender or someone got hurt, we should not stop, no matter how it went against our principles. We should continue on our way and report it immediately to the Embassy, and they would report it to the police, because it was just too dangerous to stop. During the demonstrations against General Avril shortly before he left, one of the women consular officers was driving back to the city after an official trip up north, and was stopped at a roadblock where she was given the choice of having her car painted with "Down with Avril" or having rocks thrown through her windshield. She chose the spray paint.

One of our new communications officers was receiving his household effects on a moving truck with big crates marked with his name, which was very similar to the name of an unpopular previous Minister of Justice, who controlled the police forces under Jean-Claude Duvalier. The name was only one letter off. The truck was stopped by a mob on its way to the Embassy officer's house, and the group wanted to destroy the crates that they thought belonged to the former Minister. It took a while to dissuade them, to explain that the crates actually belonged to an American diplomat. Things could get out of control very quickly and unexpectedly.

Q: How did you find the role of women there?

CLYDE: It was difficult. As an American diplomat I didn't find it a real problem. But I know that women in general were not very well respected. There were very few women in government positions, although there was one female Supreme Court justice, who took over as interim president after General Avril left. But she stayed in office for less than a year, with limited power. There were a few women journalists. Even among the large number of artists, there were relatively few women. It was quite a male-dominated society. A male junior officer who worked for me and one of the vice consuls decided for a lark to take the ferry from Port-au-Prince all the way down the coast to the far western point of Haiti. They told me afterward that there were a couple of teenagers, maybe 15- or 16-year-old Haitian girls, traveling alone and getting tremendous grief and harassment from the men on the boat. The young women had basically attached themselves to these two Americans as protection during the trip. I think women had a very hard life in Haiti.

Q: What was the media like?

*C*LYDE: Literacy was quite low in Haiti, especially in French, so there were not many newspapers. Only two TV stations, the government-run station and another private station that never took a political stance. The director of the independent station picked up quite a bit from U.S. networks, and mainly ran programming in French and English. She always showed an American college football game on Saturday afternoons in the Fall. It turned out that there were nearly a dozen graduates of Notre Dame among the Embassy staff, local businessmen, church groups, etc., including Peter. Somehow they persuaded the director of this TV station—candy and flowers may have been involved—to be sure that it was the Notre Dame game the station carried every week. We would often have a crowd of rowdy Notre Dame alumni in our living room to watch the game on Saturday afternoons.

Radio was the most important medium by far. And the bravest. There were several stations that did not hesitate to speak out against the military, sometimes at their own peril. General Avril announced a state of siege in early 1990, and four radio stations were attacked and burned. I had very good contacts among the radio stations, and we were able to help them exchange currency through the Embassy so they could get dollars to buy new equipment. Several of them feared for their lives, and we helped them get out of the country for a while. The state of siege was lifted after about ten days and most of them returned to rebuild their stations.

One journalist I remember in particular was Jean Dominique, who ran Radio Inter, a very outspoken station. Jean did not really trust the United States to do the right thing, but he stayed in contact with me. I remember getting a phone call from him late one night, screaming at me because a politician had been assassinated, and he believed the United States was not doing enough to help stop these actions. I had a great deal of respect for him, and I was saddened to learn a year or two after I had left Haiti, that he had been gunned down in the courtyard of his station. He was a brave man, one of the few, I think, who really cared about his country.

Q: You seem to have had pretty good relationships with the local media.

CLYDE: I did. I had a wide range of contacts, and they would call me about what was going on in the country. As I say, I liked the Haitians very much, and I had a lot of friends there. I remember attending the funeral for a journalist who had been assassinated. It was a large service, but the French Ambassador and I were the only foreign diplomats in attendance. So I got some local credit for that. The family had hired a tap-tap to take them and the coffin to the deceased's home village for burial, but the tap-tap driver saw an opportunity to make some extra money. I have to say that most Haitians are very good at seeing those opportunities. He announced he was not going anywhere without being paid double what had been agreed. He threatened just to leave the casket there in front of the church. So those of us who had the cash took up a collection to pay him. There wasn't much choice, so I got some credit for that as well.

We often invited Haitian journalists to our house for representational events. I remember once making chocolate truffles, a very messy challenge in Haiti's heat. We had to keep them in the refrigerator until we served them, then get any remaining back into the cold as quickly as possible to recover. But they were a smash hit.

There were a couple of places I took journalists for lunch in town. One was the Oloffson Hotel, a beautiful old white wooden gingerbread structure straight out of a novel. In fact, it was the setting for some of Graham Greene's books. It had been refurbished and revived a few years before by an American, another one who had been captivated by the country. You could sit on the wide veranda and sip a rum punch and feel like you were in another era. The other place we took contacts downtown was a small cafe attached to an art museum, run by a French-Cambodian woman. She discovered that we had a tamarind tree in our yard and would come over so Peter could help her pick tamarinds for her kitchen.

I often took one of the junior officers with me for my representational lunches, in part because I felt the lack of mentoring when I started out. Once I took one of the young political officers, Hoyt Yee, who was Chinese-American, to a lunch with three Haitian journalists. We started talking about the diversity of immigrants in the United States, and Hoyt and I went on at some length about how Hoyt's family had come from China to the U.S. in the 1850s, so he had deeper American roots than many of us. There was a pause, and one of the journalists turned to Hoyt and asked Olufsen, "So, how *are* things in Korea?"

Q: What was your husband doing in Haiti?

CLYDE: He again got a job as soon as he walked into the Embassy, as the assistant general services officer, managing the warehouse. The Embassy had just acquired the warehouse building, about a mile from the Chancery, and all the excess furniture, appliances and outdated office supplies, much of it basically junk, was just dumped there. So they wanted someone to clean it up, put it in order, do the proper inventories. There were several absences and gaps in the general services officer position, so during that time he essentially served as the GSO, although of course didn't get any additional salary. At least once, when everyone else in the mission was told to go home because some kind of unrest was expected, they forgot to call the warehouse, so Peter and his stuff just continued working the rest of the day.

While we were there, the Deputy Chief of Mission, Douglas Watson, suggested that Peter ought to apply for a GSO Specialist position with the State Department since he had the required years of experience at several embassies He did so, but there was no entry class for GSO specialists for several years.

On a couple of occasions, he was at the house alone, while I was at the Embassy during a coup attempt or major unrest, and the military was setting off what sounded like very large mortars nearby. They turned out to be blanks, but I think Peter was a little nervous.

Q: What kind of housing did you have there?

CLYDE: We had a house in town, not too far from my office. Many of the Embassy personnel lived up the hill in the Petionville area because generally the housing was nicer, and the weather was slightly cooler. But the commute was terrible, especially during the school year when well-to-do parents would be picking up their children from private schools. Our house wasn't terribly large or fancy, but we held a lot of representational events. We had a swimming pool—the only time I've ever had one. A man named Erich kept it sparkling, maintained the small garden area, and kept everything neat. He was such a nice man, didn't speak a lot of French, but we were able to communicate. His main goal in life was to see his four sons get an education and make something of themselves. Unfortunately, several months after we left, he was fired by the Embassy because the guard at the front gate had bullied and threatened him into allowing the guard to come into the house and use the telephone, which was absolutely prohibited. If this had happened while I was there, I would have argued for a second chance, but I didn't find out until several months later, and I had no way of contacting him to see if I could help him financially. And he lived in an area of town that was especially hard hit by the earthquake, so I don't even know if he and his family survived.

Q: And the USIS offices? You mentioned they were not together with the rest of the Embassy?

CLYDE: The USIS offices were located in the Consulate, a couple of miles from the Chancery, and were considered the worst in the Latin American region. They were small, cramped, not at all attractive. I had two American staff—a Cultural Affairs Officer and a Press Attaché—plus ten locally hired staff. We had about a quarter of the Consulate space, and the consular section very much wanted that space because they were overcrowded as well. But we couldn't afford to move. We were hoping that we could encourage the Consular Bureau in the Department to "evict" us, which would mean they would pay the moving costs. We got started while I was there, but it didn't happen until later.

Q: You mentioned a Cultural Attaché. Did you really have time for cultural events and educational exchanges with all the political and press activity?

CLYDE: Amazingly yes, we did. When I look back on it, I don't know how we did it, but we had a number of very successful programs. Much of the credit goes to Claudia Anyaso, who was the Cultural Attaché. Because of the unrest in the country, the post hadn't done a lot of non-press programming in several years, but we were able to send up several international visitors, even had a Fulbright scholar come down to do research. We did the first WorldNet program ever in Haiti. For that, we invited a number of people in the Haitian anti-narcotics field to talk directly to a couple of experts on the subject in Washington via satellite. Now, knowing what we learned later about the corruption in the Haitian office that was supposed to be fighting against drugs, I'm not sure how much good that did. It got a lot of press play, though.

And we had two very successful performing groups. The Jon Metzger jazz quartet played in Port-au-Prince a couple of times, including one outdoor concert at the Ambassador's residence where the rain started pouring down and we all had to move inside. We took them up to Cap-Haitien, the major city in the north. They came with 29 pieces of equipment, plus their personal luggage, a sound man and a USIA escort, so that was quite a logistical challenge. We sent them up by plane, and took the equipment via a five-hour drive by truck, which broke down, but fortunately it was just as it arrived at the concert site. The next day we had to get them all back to Port-au-Prince in time to catch their flight to Santo Domingo, which meant finding another truck for the equipment and getting everybody coordinated.

Then there was Luther "Guitar" Johnson, a Chicago blues singer, and his group. Also very successful, especially at a huge outdoor public concert Claudia arranged in a park. The one misstep was a concert they performed at the National Theater, which had a tin roof. Tin roofs are not ideal in tropical downpours. Nobody could hear a note.

Q: Were visas as much of an issue as in Nicaragua?

CLYDE: Probably more so, because there was even less of a middle class in Haiti. The very rich had no trouble getting visas and traveling to the U.S whenever they wished. But every morning, we would need several policemen to hold back the mobs of Haitians wanting to come in and plead for visas. It was very stressful for all of us. You asked about danger a few minutes ago, and I should have mentioned an incident in the small Consulate parking lot. A man with a knife somehow got into the parking lot and injured one of the consuls, who was leaving for the day. A couple of policemen came and started shooting. They fired 43 rounds, but hit nothing. We were glad nobody was seriously hurt, but the lack of marksmanship was a little worrisome.

We had two serious incidents in USIS involving visas. The first came just before I arrived. We had a program in which we worked with USAID, which had a large operation in Haiti, to try to professionalize the press. USAID would fund the travel of a group of five or six radio journalists sponsored by their radio station, and we would develop a training program for two or three weeks. We called it an "orientation" program, because USIA was not supposed to do training per se. When one of these groups was ready to travel, we sent down the passports to the Consular staff, along with a letter from their employers confirming they were being sponsored to travel on this program. But the PAO and Press Attaché were both away on this occasion, and the then CAO was busy, didn't pay much attention to the documents, and he signed off on them. The group got their visas and traveled to the States. But none of them was actually employed by the outlets they had claimed. They had pilfered letterhead paper, forged some signatures, and we had fallen for their scam. The Immigration folks in the U.S. caught most of them. I think one of them had a letter in his suitcase from his cousin in Miami, telling him how happy they were that he would be able to come and live in a safe country. So most of them got sent back, although one or two may have disappeared into Little Haiti.

Even more seriously, we discovered that one of our locally hired staff, the cultural specialist, whom we all liked and who was terrific at her job, was trying to pick up some extra cash on the side. She would tell people she could get them visas if they would pay her and let her hand in the passports. She cleverly only solicited people who would not have had a problem getting the visa without her help, which she couldn't give anyway. Her mistake was that in the one or two cases where the applicant was denied a visa, she refused to refund their money. So they complained to the police, who contacted the Embassy. The Department sent down a couple of security agents to check it out. Neither Claudia nor I could believe the charges, and the FSN continued to deny them. But when her desk was searched, we found 15 or 20 Haitian passports and visa applications for people who had no connection with USIS. She finally admitted the scheme, and was fired.

But yes, visas were a big topic of conversation.

Q: Was the Embassy considered by the average Haitian as being part of the problem or part of the solution, do you think?

CLYDE: That's a good question. I think people who were following politics supported our efforts to put pressure on the military to open up society and schedule elections, to improve the economy. Many thought we should push even harder. But the vast majority of Haitians just wanted to survive. There was this love-hate relationship with the United States. It was the Promised Land for many, but they also felt that we looked down on them because they were black, and we had done nothing about repression for many years while the Duvaliers were in power. They often made comparisons between the way the United States treated refugees from Cuba and those from Haiti.

Q: What was your impression of the Haitian Military?

CLYDE: There was corruption throughout from top to bottom. The rank and file were very uneducated, mostly illiterate, very unprofessional. Their pay was quite low, so they were always open to bribes. One of our goals in Haiti was to try to cut down on the narcotics trafficking, which many in the military were involved in. Haiti is an excellent place to run narcotics through because of its chaotic politics and its proximity to the U.S.

Q: How did they run it through?

CLYDE: The drugs would come from Colombia, either by plane or ship, then to Florida or elsewhere on the Gulf Coast. At that time U.S. was paying more attention to traffic coming up through Mexico. The Embassy was close to the head of the Haitian government's anti-narcotics office, a very charismatic Army major. The DEA [Drug Enforcement Administration] guys really liked him and thought he was working with them. In fact, he was conning them and was himself making a good deal of money off the narcotics trade.

Q: Aristide was beginning to appear on the scene at this time. What was the Embassy's initial impression of Aristide?

CLYDE: Yes, Father Aristide had been quite outspoken in opposition to the Duvaliers and to the military regimes that followed. He was a believer in liberation theology, conflict between the classes. He was preaching the mass at St. Jean Bosco church in September 1988 when it was attacked, but somehow escaped, as he did at least three other assassination attempts. His order, the Salesians, told him to leave Haiti in late 1988, but he was already so popular that people blocked his path to the airport. We were a bit cautious about him because he was so radical and seemingly unbending in his opinions. On the other hand, he seemed to be the most charismatic potential leader around. We couldn't really get to know him. He simply refused to speak to anyone at the Embassy. Finally one of our young political officers was able to make some inroads with him, but he did not want to talk to any of the rest of us. He was one of those who definitely thought the United States was part of the problem. So it was a little hard to find out exactly what he was thinking.

Q: How was life there for you all?

CLYDE: It could be challenging. Always hectic, and it was hard seeing the contrast between rich and poor.

We did not have water shortages as we did in Managua, although we had to drink bottled water. Electricity could be a little uncertain, but we did not have the enormous blackouts they were having in the Dominican Republic next door. I do recall a July 4 reception at Ambassador McKinley's residence where the national television station was going to cover it live, because General Avril, the head of state, was going to attend. We were getting set up before the reception started, placing the cameras, connecting the cables, when the TV folks plugged in their lights, blowing out the power in the entire Residence. Ambassador McKinley was not pleased, to say the least. Luckily for us, and for my future in Haiti, someone on the GSO staff fixed the problem quickly.

Not that the GSO staff was particularly gifted in electrical matters. Once at the Consulate we were having some kind of problem with the power. The GSO staff came over to check it out. They wanted to see whether an outlet on the second floor connected to one on the first floor. The way they tested that was to pour water into the one on the second floor to see if it came out on the first floor, Not a recommended electrical practice.

One of the big challenges was driving around town, just getting from one place to another. That got worse for me after Ambassador Adams arrived. I spent a lot of my day driving to and from the Chancery. That man just loved meetings. I did not want Public Affairs to be left out of policy discussions and decisions, so I really felt I always had to go to the meetings. But it could take anywhere from 15 to 90 minutes to make that drive. I usually drove myself in the office van, an Econoline with very little power. I have no idea why this was an official car, but it was. It had no power at all. When you went up the hills above town, it would just start putting and putting along about ten miles per hour. I

think we still had the big armored carryall, but I was not going to drive that behemoth unless absolutely necessary, and certainly not downtown.

So I drove this little van across town every time for each of these meetings, sometimes more than once a day. Once someone had removed a stop sign at one of the downtown intersections. I was going forward across the intersection and suddenly realized that there was a tap-tap bearing down on me on the cross street, very fast. I hit the brakes, and the tap-tap sliced off my front bumper, just sliced it off perfectly cleanly. It ended up a few yards down the street. The tap-tap kept going. I pulled over, and some very nice Haitian gentlemen picked up the bumper and put it in the back of the van, and I went on to my meeting.

On another, more embarrassing occasion, the road outside the Chancery was under construction, part of it blocked. I had to move far to the right to avoid oncoming traffic and somehow managed to drive the front right wheel over a low concrete barrier, so that the car was stranded there. No way I was going to recover alone, so I just abandoned the car—a very Haitian move—and walked into the Chancery compound on foot, found the drivers' office, and asked them to see if they could rescue it. When I finished the meeting, the van was in the parking lot. I didn't want to know what was involved in getting it there. Those challenging drives were why one of my priorities while I was there was to find new office space for USIS, which I did, right next to the Chancery, a Pan Am office that had recently become vacant.

Q: Did you get it?

CLYDE: We did. Not while I was there, but I got it under way. The Consular Section was anxious to have our space. A high-ranking official in the Department's Consular Bureau came down about then, and I was able to persuade him that they should take over our space and pay for our move. They hadn't quite made that decision by the time I left, but soon after did so. So that worked out well. My successors no longer had to face those awful drives across town.

Q: Were all these meetings worth it?

CLYDE: That was Adams' style. They were really brainstorming sessions. Often just five or six of us—the Deputy Chief of Mission, the political counselor, the CIA station chief, the Defense Attaché and me—and he wanted to hear all our ideas. He really was open to our ideas and suggestions. Sometimes he would invite one of the junior officers who might have insight on the issue we were discussing. And unlike many other senior State Department officials, he valued the public affairs input and saw the importance of how we presented ourselves to the public.

That was true from his first few minutes in Haiti. He came with a carefully crafted arrival statement which he read at the airport, where we had press coverage arranged. He used several Haitian proverbs in it. The Haitians love proverbs. They have one for every occasion. One of the ones he used was "Bourik chaje pa kampe," which means "A loaded

donkey doesn't stand still," referring to the need for Haiti to get moving forward. For the rest of his tour, he was known as Bourik Chaje, which pleased him immensely.

Q: In most countries when you have a coup, this is a unique experience. But in a country where it was so common, what was a Haitian coup like?

CLYDE: The military was almost always involved in Haitian coups, but it often was different factions of the military—the Presidential Guard or the non-commissioned officers, or whoever felt they were not getting the respect and money owed them. They usually didn't last long. Civilian governments wisely decided to cede the territory to the guys with guns. Sometimes the guns were not actually loaded, but they would make lots of noise with blanks. The coups didn't always succeed, mainly because some other faction of the military would step in and calm things down in order to save their own perks. Surprisingly for such a violent country, there generally weren't a lot of deaths in a Haitian coup. Whoever had been in charge before would get run out of the country, and the new folks would take over. They usually promised peace and prosperity and new elections, but nothing happened.

Whenever there was an attempted coup or civil unrest or the state of siege declared by General Avril, we had a routine. A core group of us would head into the Chancery and plan to spend several days there. We took turns sleeping on the couches or the floor. I usually made sure to be next to a telephone, so I could answer press calls from the United States. And Adams would call another core group meeting every few hours.

We brought in our pillows and our overnight bags and our toothbrushes from home, along with some food. We shared whatever we had, called it "Coup Food." Sometimes Mr. Wilson, who ran our cafeteria, would also come in for the duration and scrounge up meals for us, which was a treat. He was famous for his curry. Sadly he was another victim of the violence a few years later, likely a crime victim rather than a political one.

Q: You mentioned that General Avril left in March 1990. Was that another coup?

CLYDE: No. He resigned under pressure. He had come into office through the coup of September 18, 1988, when the country was falling into chaos a week after the shooting rampage at Aristide's St. Jean Bosco church. He promised a return to democratic government, new elections, peace and prosperity, as they all did, but hadn't made much progress toward any of it. By late summer of 1989, things were falling apart again. Ambassador Adams had come to Haiti in November 1989 with what he considered a mandate to get back to progress toward elections. He had heard members of Congress calling for action. The Congressional Black Caucus and the delegates from Florida and New York, where there were large Haitian communities, wanted some action. I think Adams came to Haiti with the idea that Avril was going to have to go. Adams' airport arrival statement sent a clear message to the Palace, even though it was couched in diplomatic terms. Avril was angry and refused to accept Adams' credentials for several days. They hardly spoke for the first two months, and then it was only for Adams to deliver another long tirade and for Avril to get more angry.

My main contribution to the situation came when Avril's press rep came to me to see if I had any ideas of how to get these two guys to communicate better. We came up with the idea of a private dinner, just the two men and their wives, so they could get to know each other in a calmer, less politically charged situation. Avril liked the idea and invited Adams and his wife to his home for dinner. We in our little core group spent two hours briefing Adams on possible conversation topics and urging him not to be confrontational for once. He followed our suggestions, and the dinner went well. Adams and Avril were never going to be best buddies, but at least they were able to have more rational conversations. These were two very strong personalities that did not mesh very well.

At the same time, Adams decreed that only he could talk to Avril directly. That didn't go over very well with the Defense Attaché and a few others, who had developed a relationship with Avril. But Adams felt that his predecessor had been too ready to accept Avril's promises. and that was likely true for those of us who had been in the Embassy for a while. So Avril saw his contacts with the Embassy drying up, and certainly he and others in Haiti got the message that U.S. policy no longer favored him.

In fairness to Avril, who had moved to ease some of the human rights abuses, I think he may have been sincere in his efforts to move the country forward. But as time went on, he became more repressive. And he depended on the Presidential Guard, who had put him into office, and likely wouldn't be happy about losing their Palace perks to a civilian government. So he probably figured he had nothing left to lose on January 20, 1990, when he declared the state of siege, exiling a number of political leaders and closing down some radio stations. Adams was furious about this, since he had met with Avril only a couple of hours earlier, and Avril had not mentioned anything to him.

At this point, we were all back sleeping in the Chancery, and we decided the U.S. needed to make a strong statement condemning the state of siege and the growing violence. We called the Department and gave them a proposed press statement. The immediate reaction of the person we first talked to was that it would have to wait until Monday, because the Department didn't issue press advisories over weekends. Well, that wouldn't do, and Adams finally was able to get through to the Assistant Secretary for Latin America, Bernie Aronson, who agreed with us that there shouldn't be any delay or it would look like we were only protesting because others were. Nobody bothered to call us and tell us the statement had been accepted, but at midnight we heard it used on CNN as an official comment from the State Department, so we could use it ourselves. We also discussed whether we should advise American citizens to leave the country, but there didn't seem to be a particular threat aimed at them.

The state of siege ended after about ten days, but there were anti-Avril demonstrations all over the country. Avril had lost all his political credibility. Adams put pressure on the opposition political leaders to work together rather than at their usual cross purposes. That worked. and in February, a coalition of 12 opposition parties issued a statement calling for Avril's resignation and a return to civilian government.

Things really came to a head on March 5, during a peaceful anti-Avril demonstration, when an 11-year-old was killed in front of her own home by a stray bullet from a soldier's gun. That triggered more violent demonstrations and more deaths. There were instances where men in uniforms were pulled out of their cars or off of motorbikes and beaten to death, their bodies burned in the street.

With the Department's approval, Adams met with Avril for an hour on March 8 at the General's private residence for a very personal conversation. Adams talked about the last days of the Nixon presidency, when it became clear that for the good of the country, he needed to leave office. He talked about loss—the personal loss he and his wife had gone through just a year before when Mrs. Adams' son, a sailor, was killed in the explosion on the USS Iowa, and his wife's loss of her homeland, Vietnam. He talked about the difficulty of loss, and how it can be overcome if faced squarely. Perhaps it was time for the General to face this loss squarely for the good of his country. Again he reassured Avril that we were ready to assist him if he wished to leave the country. Avril was non-committal.

The situation was getting worse and going downhill fast. We were back in the Chancery for the duration and talked again about evacuating Americans and Embassy dependents. We again decided to hold off, but we did tell Embassy dependents and American citizens, through the Consular network, to stay at home so they wouldn't get caught in a crossfire or at a roadblock.

There was also discussion of asking the Coast Guard to station a cutter offshore to help with an eventual evacuation and in part to "show the flag," which might calm things down. And there was a brief discussion of having U.S. military jets fly over the city for the same reason, but that was vetoed. Adams kept reassuring members of Congress that the Embassy was doing everything possible to calm the situation and to protect their constituents.

On Friday evening, March 9, Avril summoned Adams back to his residence and said he had decided to resign. His plan was that he would resign the next morning and turn the government over to Army Chief of Staff General Herard Abraham, who was well respected. Abraham would then turn the government over within three days to a member of the Supreme Court, as directed by the Constitution, to form a civilian interim government and organize elections. But he needed first to calm the Presidential Guard troops, who wouldn't want to lose their perks. And he didn't want to leave the country immediately, because he had seen several of his predecessors run out of town in the middle of the night. He didn't want that indignity for himself. He was also worried that if he abandoned his luxurious home, he would lose it. So he wanted to wait a few weeks before leaving.

The plan almost unraveled when a radio station the next morning broadcast the details. The French Ambassador had talked to a reporter, off the record he thought. But it went as planned. Avril resigned, and Abraham took over.

But it soon became obvious that calm would not return to Haiti as long as Avril was still there. The demonstrations continued, and a general strike was called for Monday, March 12. We really feared the country would fall into chaos and bloodshed. It didn't help that President George H.W. Bush had made a comment while he was marking the anniversary of the 1989 U.S. invasion of Panama, that "The people have spoken in Nicaragua. When they speak in Cuba and in Haiti, the Western Hemisphere will be entirely within the compass of freedom." Nothing unusual there, but Haitian politicians resented the comparison of Haiti and Cuba and accused the U.S. of "unwarranted intervention" in Haitian affairs. That seems almost laughable when you think about Adams' discussions with Avril, but since Avril was unpopular, nobody made that connection.

We were all losing sleep, and I don't even want to think how many packs of cigarettes Adams went through that weekend.

By Sunday, March 11, Adams told the State Department that he needed to take a more direct approach to getting Avril to leave. At this point, it appeared that the only way for Avril to leave the country was by U.S. military aircraft, since there was too much chance he would be stopped by an angry mob if he tried to flee to the Dominican Republic by car or leave by commercial airline. The Department was hesitant, fearing the United States would appear too much the instigator. Weren't there other diplomats who could convey the message? But both of the other possibilities, the French Ambassador and the Papal Nuncio, agreed that Adams was the most likely to succeed. Adams was convinced that unless Avril was gone by the next morning, there would be terrible violence and bloodshed, and American citizens would be in danger. The Department finally agreed at 1:30 a.m. on Monday and arranged for a C-141 military aircraft to leave Charleston, S.C., for Port-au-Prince.

Adams called Avril and woke him up to say he needed to see him immediately. Avril tried to put it off until morning, but Adams persisted, and the General finally agreed. Before Adams left, we met to come up with some new code words for various scenarios, since our open radio frequencies were some of the most popular listening in town. The CIA station chief, who was trusted by the General. Abraham, was dispatched to the Army General Command headquarters to be sure that Abraham was aware of our actions.

Adams took the Defense Attaché and a young political officer who had good rapport with Avril with him. My knowledge of what followed is from Adams' later debrief for us. They arrived about 3 a.m. The house was guarded by a number of Presidential Guard troops, who took little notice of them.

They spent the next hour sitting with Avril in his kitchen, telling him it was time to go, for his own safety and for the good of the country. We had an aircraft en route right now, and this offer was only good until morning. The Defense Attaché played on Avril's professionalism as a soldier, pointing out that a good general knows when to step down if he loses the trust of his troops. Adams told Avril that he had been assured that Avril would be allowed to return to Haiti in the future to live as a private citizen. After an hour, Avril left to talk with his wife, then came back and said he would accept the offer.

The group left Avril's home around 4:45 a.m., waiting while Avril called friends and relatives. By the time they left, quite a few of the soldiers outside had been drinking and were starting to realize what was happening, so there was a brief blockage of the Ambassador's car. But Adams' bodyguard was a former military man and was able to talk them through. Adams first came back to the Chancery, where we were all waiting anxiously, since he had not been able to communicate with us for several hours. He called the State Department to confirm that the C-141 could land, and that Avril had agreed to leave.

At 5:30 am the Embassy caravan headed for the airport, where Avril had agreed to meet us at 6 a.m. We were seven in all—Adams, the Defense Attaché, the young political officer, me. the Coast Guard liaison officer (to handle the landing requirements). and two vice consuls. One of the vice consuls would handle the necessary paperwork before the group left, and the other would accompany the party to Homestead Air Force Base in Florida, to expedite their entry into the United States. Our Consul General had arranged with the Immigration and Naturalization Service to grant the Avrils a one-year stay in the U.S., so he could avoid the indignity of asking for political asylum.

At 6:10 a.m., the C-141 landed and rolled to a stop on the tarmac. Adams was incredibly nervous, smoking one cigarette after another and pacing around. Would Avril have changed his mind? But at 6:25, a caravan of five four-wheel-drive vehicles came through the airport gates. Within 15 minutes, after a handshake with the Ambassador, Avril, along with his wife, two teenage children, a longtime family servant, and two small dogs, were on their way to Florida. It really was another surreal Haitian moment standing on that tarmac at dawn watching all this. Tremendous relief on all our parts.

Q: How did the Haitian public react to this?

CLYDE: Adams was a hero to the Haitians. People applauded him on the way back into town and wherever he went for several weeks afterward. The State Department was happy with him, and he even got kudos in a New York Times editorial. General Abraham kept this word. He was able to neutralize the Presidential Guard by transferring them out of the Palace and into a nearby barracks. In three days he turned over the government to the only woman on the Supreme Court, Ertha Pascal-Trouillot. She stayed in office until the next February, when Father Aristide was installed as President of Haiti after an overwhelming victory in what was considered to be a free and open election. Avril was able to return to Haiti, but he was arrested in 2001 during Aristide's third attempt to finish his presidential term. He was released in 2004 after Aristide was ousted for the third and final time.

Unfortunately, despite the praise from Congress and the Department, Adams was unable to persuade them to provide increased financial aid to the interim civilian government, which surely hurt their efforts. He sometimes joked that he had peaked too soon.

But by this time, I had left Haiti, in July 1990.

WASHINGTON, D.C., NATIONAL WAR COLLEGE

Q: Where did you go then?

CLYDE: I came back to Washington for a year to attend the National War College at Fort McNair, part of the National Defense University.

Q: How did you find that?

CLYDE: It was a great opportunity. Even though I had worked a lot with the military in several countries, it was an opportunity for me to really get to know more about military organization, how military strategy fits into the overall picture. My classmates were very impressive people. Most of the military officers had advanced degrees. But I was a little disappointed and surprised to find only a very few women among the military representatives and only one black officer.

There are certain required courses, lectures we all attended, and a variety of electives. Some fascinating courses, on a range of subjects. One of the most popular was on the Civil War, taught by an Army officer who was very knowledgeable. We visited a number of battlefields, walked through them and followed the paths the Union and Confederate forces had taken, discussing the successful and unsuccessful strategies. Separately from that particular course, the whole class, all of us, went up to Gettysburg for a day and did the same, which was fascinating. I had not known that the battlefields were first preserved in part to educate military officers.

Q: What was your impression of the military members of your class?

CLYDE: They were generally quite impressive, in part because of their educational backgrounds. Most of them were willing to at least listen to other points of view. It was not only military officers, although they made up 80 percent of the class. The other 20 percent were civilians from the Department of State, USIA, and a number of different agencies, so we all got to know how these agencies work. There were also 10 or 12 International Fellows, military officers from foreign countries. But all of our military classmates came at problems from a military angle, and we did not. They were exposed to our non-military thinking, and we got to see things in a military focus.

Speaking generally, the military officers were mostly anti-press, anti-media, because they didn't trust them. A hangover from Vietnam, I think, even though we only had one or two people in the class who had actually served in Vietnam. But they were skeptical of the press.

Q: Had the Gulf War started at that time?

CLYDE: Yes, that was one of the two big factors in my year. One was the Gulf War and the other was that the Soviet bloc was crumbling. The Berlin Wall had come down. The Soviet Union had collapsed that previous summer, which left the faculty scrambling to revise the curriculum appropriately. Many of the class materials had been based on the Soviet Union still existing and on its relationship with the United States.

The second factor was the Gulf War. Many of my military classmates bemoaned the fact that they were stuck in school and not out there in the action. We had quite a few speakers that year who gave us inside information on the conflict, which was fascinating. General Colin Powell, who was then Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, came. Normally the President comes to speak to every class as well, but Bush was unable to break away to do so.

One thing that every class did was that each of the services arranged some kind of field trip for a portion of the others in the class to get a close up look at their operations. They couldn't take the whole class, perhaps a third for each trip.

The first one was organized by the Air Force, which took a group to Nellis Air Force Base in Nevada. The word was that those who did not make that trip would have first priority for the next one, which was supposed to be the Navy's. The Navy was going to take its group to Pensacola, Florida, and fly out to an aircraft carrier, something I really wanted to do. So I didn't go to Nellis. But when the time came for the Navy trip, the carriers were all out in the Gulf supporting the war, so that trip didn't happen. Later in the year, the Navy did finally take us on a short trip to Norfolk, Virginia, to visit the carrier John F. Kennedy which was in port there. Fun visit, but I had really looked forward to experiencing a carrier landing. The State Department and USIA's big field trip was a cocktail reception in the Diplomatic Reception Rooms at State. Not nearly so exciting.

Q: Was there an appreciable effort to change attitudes? I mean it didn't look like the Soviet tanks were going to come through the Fulda Gap anymore. All of a sudden, here is this huge military apparatus and your designated adversary is potentially not around.

CLYDE: Exactly. There was a lot of "What do we do now? What do these changes mean?" It was all still very new, and nobody really knew what direction things would move. Where are the new challenges going to come from?

It was also very interesting to see how each service was still very protective of its own resources. We had one faculty member, a civilian, who suggested, "Well, why can't the Navy and the Air Force use the same kind of jet? Why can't you combine these programs to save millions and millions of dollars?" And the immediate horrified reaction was, "We can't do that! Our jets have specific purposes. We need our specific equipment." That was one area where most of the military were not very open-minded. There didn't seem to be a lot of willingness to really see where there might be cost savings and combining of programs. I had not realized how strongly entrenched that attitude was.

The other unexpected thing was that they didn't know much about the other services. I would have assumed that the military all knew about each other, but the Air Force didn't understand how big an Army battalion was, or a company, and the Marines really didn't know much about the Army. That was one of the purposes of the program, since senior military officers often serve in what are called "joint" commands, where personnel from different services work. Much of Colin Powell's talk to the class focused on that, the need to understand all aspects of the military and all aspects of national security strategy, not only military but diplomatic as well. In fact, a majority of the military officers in the class were expected to be assigned to a joint command following the War College year.

Q: Did you find yourself defending the media?

CLYDE: Yes. All of us in the civilian agencies did. And Powell emphasized that as well. We tried to point out that a free press was a vital part of our democracy, protected by the Constitution. We who had served overseas had all seen countries where there was not a free press and seen the negative consequences of that. But I don't think we got very far.

We were divided into groups, maybe 15 people each, called seminars. It was sort of your base while you were there. They would very specifically make sure that there were representatives of each of the different services and of a couple of civilian agencies in each one of these groups. So there was a lot of opportunity for interaction among us in the small groups.

Q: Was there any kind of competition among these groups?

CLYDE: To a certain extent. Much more so with the class at the Industrial College of the Armed Forces [ICAF]. ICAF was located right next door, and was also part of the National Defense University, as was NWC. But there was quite a rivalry between the two. My military classmates disparagingly called ICAF "Black and Decker U," because it focused on resources, logistics, that kind of thing, and not so much on strategy and planning. There were a series of intramural sports events between the two schools, and many of the military guys sort of forgot they were in their 40s and not 20 anymore. You always saw a few of them walking around on crutches or with an arm in a sling from going after a ball a little too vigorously.

Q: Most of those classes take an overseas trip at the end of the year. Did yours?

CLYDE: Yes we did. I chose the trip to Korea and Japan, because I had never been to that part of the world and knew little about it. When the list came out of who was going on which trip, I was the only woman in my group. The Marine Colonel who was leading that group, and had done so for a few years, called me in to his office to explain carefully that the military counterparts in Japan and Korea often invited the group to attend events that I might not want to attend—meaning a strip show—and that perhaps I would prefer to have someone take me on a tour of the city instead. I told him that where the guys were going, I was going. And I did. It was a fun evening, not an overly explicit nightclub show, and the local military who took us were very nice to me.

On the other hand, not all the hosts in those cities quite knew what to do with me. At one stop in Japan, each of the men was given a nice set of pens and writing materials as a gift. I was given a nifty little sewing kit. At another stop, we had to climb some stairs to the entrance, and a young woman was waiting for me at the top, to whisper in my ear, "Do you need a restroom?" which was in fact a nice courtesy, but I was amused.

Two big memories of that trip stand out. One was our visit to the Demilitarized Zone in Korea. Really an amazing place, to look across at North Korea and the North Korean military and realize just how close they are to Seoul, how vulnerable South Korea is. The other visit was just for fun. Four or five of us got up very early in Tokyo and went to the enormous fish market. Just wonderful, not to be missed, although you did have to be careful not to get run down by someone hauling a several-hundred-pound frozen tuna.

Q: What was your husband doing that year?

CLYDE: He wasn't working. We knew we would likely be in Washington just for a year. He had applied for a position in M/FLO, the office at the State Department that oversees the Community Liaison Officers at embassies abroad, since he had experience as a two-time CLO. But they hired a woman for the job, and Peter wasn't even granted an interview. That surprised him, because he had high praise from Ambassadors and DCMs at the posts where he had been CLO. He did some research and found that in all the years since the founding of that office, not a single man had ever been hired for a position there, even though by that time there were a number of male CLOs in the world. He talked to the Equal Employment Office about it on an informal basis. Although he didn't file any kind of complaint, the word got back. The next hire at the M/FLO office was a man, and since then there have been several men who have been employed there. So perhaps a small step for mankind.

But it meant he had time to audit some courses at NWC—they allowed spouses to do so—which he really enjoyed.

Q: So you spent a year there and graduated in 1991?

CLYDE: Yes, in the Class of 1991. My only regret is that at the time, they did not grant an academic degree, although they were in negotiations to be accredited to do so. I think starting with the Class of 1993, students got a Masters in International Security Affairs. I'm sorry that didn't happen a little sooner.

SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL

Q: After a year of this, what did you do?

CLYDE: I was assigned as Senior Branch Public Affairs Officer at the Consulate General in Sao Paulo, Brazil. There were then six branch USIS posts in Brazil, in São Paulo, Rio

de Janeiro, Porto Alegre, Belo Horizonte, Salvador de Bahia, and Recife. The Branch PAOs took their programming directions and their funding from the USIS office in the Embassy in Brasilia, the same system I had worked with in Porto Alegre. Fortunately, a new USIS management officer, Renate Coleshill, also arrived that summer and changed the financial arrangement to give us all in the branches much more independence. We were given a modest budget to work with, and no longer had to clear every dime with Brasilia first.

I think it was a good thing to have had that year in Washington, because if I had gone to Sao Paulo directly from Port-au-Prince, the contrast might have been overwhelming. I can't imagine two cities more different. Sao Paulo is just outsized in every way. It was the second or third largest city in the world, nearly 20 million inhabitants. My whole district, which included the states of Sao Paulo, Santa Catarina and Mato Grosso do Sul, had over 40 million inhabitants. Sao Paulo was and is the economic, cultural and media engine of Brazil. So many of Brazil's political leaders come from that area. I was running a bigger operation with more staff and more territory than PAOs in a great many countries.

We quickly found that you don't really live in Sao Paulo, you live in your neighborhood. Ours was the Jardins, definitely an upscale area. We lived on the 19th floor of a 20-story high rise, just a couple of blocks from the Consulate. One day Peter stood at the kitchen window and tried to count all the high-rise buildings he could see. He got to something like 275 before giving up. When we returned to the U.S. and flew into any big city here, New York, Chicago, wherever, they all looked like small towns. I've never been anywhere else quite like it.

Traffic was often gridlocked. There were all kinds of stories about people being carjacked while stuck in traffic. One article in the newspaper said that this had happened to a man who gave up his car to the thief, then spotted a policeman about a block away and went to ask for help. The cop came with him, and they found the hijacker and the car still stuck in the same spot. We didn't even have a car there, since just about everything we needed was within walking distance, and we could rent a car or a taxi if we needed to go further. Driving would have been foolhardy, and we would have always been lost. I had two drivers on my staff who were just marvels at getting us around town.

Q: What kind of operation did you have there?

CLYDE: 1had an American staff of four besides me—a press attaché, a cultural attaché and two assistant cultural officers, plus about 30 locally hired staff. The English Teaching Officer and his Brazilian assistant were also based there, but reported to Brasilia. A minor inconvenience was that the press section was on the sixth floor, while everyone else was on the second floor, and our library, run by three Foreign Service nationals, was on the first floor. This apparently was the result of a reconfiguration the Consulate had done a couple of years before because of increases in staff and in the number of other agencies coming in. We had a Drug Enforcement Administration office, and representatives of the Internal Revenue Service, the Defense Intelligence Agency and

the Agriculture Department, among others. Sao Paulo was so much better a transportation hub than Brasilia or Rio that the Consulate needed to accommodate more people.

My predecessor had fought for two years to try to get us all back on the same floor and to get us more space, since the new setup was considerably smaller than they had had before. But to me, it was apparent soon after I arrived that this was a done deal. It wasn't going to change, so we just had to make the best of it. I was rather proud of the design I did for office space on our floor, to try to give every member of the staff reasonable space they could use efficiently, even if it was a little smaller than they had previously had. I made sure to include them in all the discussions. I had seen too many examples of the boss just informing the staff of what was being done, without their input. It meant I spent a fair amount of time going up and down between the sections, and I had to make an extra effort to be sure the cultural and press sections were talking to each other, but it worked well enough.

Q: How was your Brazilian staff?

CLYDE: They were among the best of anywhere I've served, although some of them had been there for a very long time and probably were not up to date with technology. We had one gentleman in the press section who had worked there for more than 50 years. He had started as a teenager. In some cases, their jobs and their skills were not quite what we needed anymore. The incumbents were not always able to perform the new jobs, so just rewriting the job descriptions wasn't enough.

About halfway through my tour there, Renate Coleshill in Brasilia managed to persuade Washington to fund the very high severance payments that would be required under Brazilian law, and USIS Brazil reorganized its entire operation. We had to let around 20 locally hired staff go in total. In São Paulo, I had to fire seven members of my staff in one day. That was without doubt my worst day there. They were mostly philosophical about it and took it much better than I might have. Rumors had been rampant for weeks. But one or two were devastated. Tears were shed. We paid for training to help them find new positions, and I think those that wanted to keep working were able to find jobs. The others simply retired. But I found it a heartbreaking day. These were all good people, all hard workers, just not able to take on new positions, new technology. We wrote new job descriptions and hired some more good staff who did perform these new jobs well, but that day of firing so many people whom I liked and respected was a hard one.

Almost as hard was when there was another cost-cutting round my last year, and I was told that we had to phase out our large library operation. This was during the period when USIA was phasing out libraries and American cultural centers. At least in this case, I was able to negotiate an agreement with Alumni, one of the two major U.S.-Brazilian binational centers in Sao Paulo, and transfer the entire library to them, along with our three FSN librarians. I think we had to agree to pay their salary for a year or two, but at least they were not fired, and the library was not lost. That was a hard pill for the USIS staff to swallow. There was still a large network of binational centers, perhaps more than 30, in our district, including the two big operations in Sao Paulo itself, Alumni and its

rival, União Cultural. We tried to support all of them, although even that was getting more difficult with fewer resources. We lost some opportunities to make friends for the United States, I think.

Q: Did that hurt your relationship with the FSNs?

CLYDE: Surprisingly, no. I think they could see how much I hated to do it, and they did not blame me personally for the reorganization decision. Many of them understood why it was being done, even if they did not want to lose their colleagues. I had a very good relationship with my staff. The FSNs in the State Department sections of the Consulate, especially in the Consular Section, once went on a work slowdown because they did not feel management was listening to their complaints about some salary issues. My staff did not participate, because they knew I had their backs and would represent them fairly. We talk about open door policies, but I really had one. I did not shut my office door unless I was working on a document I needed to concentrate on, or I was meeting with someone. Any member of the staff knew they could come see me anytime. I started holding regular staff meetings to try to keep the Cultural and Press sections working on the same page, since their physical separation meant they often forgot to consult each other. I hope I had learned something about meetings from Ambassador Adams in Haiti. I tried to avoid stilted groups around a table listening to the boss. I tried to make them true brainstorming sessions.

Q: What was your relationship with the others in the Consulate?

CLYDE: I got along well with them. I tried to involve them as much as possible in our programs and activities, especially the junior officers. There was one vice consul who had difficulties with his colleagues, not all of them his fault, and he spent a lot of time in my office talking about how to resolve them. I sat on the Housing Board and was president of the Consulate Employees Association, which managed the Commissary, for a year or two. I tried whenever possible to support the activities of the Marine Security Guard detachment.

When I was head of the Commissary board, we and the Marines put on the most amazing fundraising event I have ever seen. The manager of the Commissary was Maria Alicia Parkerson, married to Phil Parkerson, the Press Attaché. She had noticed at the big farmers' market that roses were ridiculously inexpensive. She suggested the Marines might want to sell them to raise money for their Birthday Ball. The Marine Security Detachments always tried to earn enough money during the year to pay for the ball so they could invite the Embassy staff and other guests without asking them to buy tickets. That was almost always impossible, but the goal was to keep the ticket price as low as possible. So they were always open to new ideas.

On Valentine's Day, Alicia went down to the market very early and bought dozens of roses. A couple of the Marines who were off duty volunteered to deliver them, wearing their dress blue uniforms. We charged something like the equivalent of a dollar a stem, and invited everyone to put in their orders for roses to be hand-delivered to anyone in the

building. Since we were not talking about duty free items, the foreign national employees could participate as well. It just snowballed. Soon everyone in the building was ordering roses to be delivered to other individuals or to their entire staffs, men and women alike. It really was quite nice to have a handsome Marine in dress blues knock on your door and gallantly deliver a beautiful rose. Alicia had to make two more trips to the market to keep up with the demand, and just about everyone went home that evening with an armful of roses. We raised several hundred dollars for the Marines, and it added a fun kick to the day.

Q: What kind of issues did you focus on?

CLYDE: That was the real challenge in Sao Paulo. In Managua and Port-au-Prince, it was easy to see where our focus should be. In Sao Paulo we had far too many opportunities to be able to do it all. The key was to find the areas that would further U.S. goals and that we had the resources to handle. My job was to guide the office in those directions, but I was much less hands-on and out doing the programming than I had been previously.

We were incredibly busy all the time, but it wasn't quite the same kind of pressure cooker it was in Haiti or Nicaragua. Rather there were just a lot of projects going on at once. There were so many movers and shakers in Sao Paulo that I tried to focus on important contacts. We did quite a bit of economic and commercial programming. The Embassy Labor Attaché was based in Sao Paulo, and we worked with him to support labor issues. That was important because Lula, later president of Brazil, was then just coming to the fore, and he represented union workers. I also got involved in some environmental programs. My district included the state of Santa Catarina, where the mayor of the capital city, Curitiba, was ahead of his time in innovative ideas for mass transit and protecting the environment.

The district also covered the state of Mato Grosso do Sul, which includes the Pantanal, a vast, environmentally sensitive wetlands area in western Brazil. I was able to get out there three times, and I consider it one of the wonders of the world. Iguazu Falls was also in our territory. And we were involved with the Rio Environmental Conference in 1992, when President George H.W. Bush came down. I ran the American press center for that.

Bush made a visit to Sao Paulo in early 1995, soon after he had lost his reelection bid to Bill Clinton. He was invited by some local organization that had the money for a large speakers' fee. He also spoke to a local university and attended a reception where several of us from the Consulate were also present. I was at his university talk and was struck by how bitter he was over his election defeat. At the reception, during his brief photo op with me, he asked me why the local press had focused on that issue. I think I was rather vague in my answer. But he was most gracious to everyone.

One of my special projects was an exchange program with the judicial system in Sao Paulo, as part of our goal of encouraging good governance in Brazil. The seeds were planted by my predecessor, but I was able to build on that and put it all together for about

ten judges a year. We developed a plan that involved the Sao Paulo Judges' Association (Associação Paulista de Magistrados [APAMAGIS]), the Alumni binational center and USIA in Washington. Several years previously, USIS Sao Paulo had hosted a speaker from the Samford School of Law in Alabama, Charles Castaldi. He had made and maintained very close connections with local judges and law associations. In our judges' program, Alumni provided English classes for the judges. APAMAGIS provided a financial grant to each of the judges for expenses. The judges themselves paid their own airfare. We worked with the Voluntary Visitor (VolVis) office in USIA in Washington, which arranged a one-week visit to various judicial institutions in Washington, and funded the group's travel to Alabama. VolVis, as it was known, provided assistance at a post's request to foreign visitors already traveling to the U.S. on their own, unlike the International Visitor program where we paid all expenses.

A local lawyer who was very active with the Alumni BNC, knew a U.S. federal judge in Washington who had been a Peace Corps volunteer in Brazil years before. That judge in turn had a good connection with Justice Anthony Kennedy of the Supreme Court. Our judges always got to meet with Kennedy and visit the Court because of that connection. They sat in on trials and hearings in lower court. They met with the Federal Judicial Center, where they talked about things like plea bargains, alternative penalties to prison time—concepts which were unknown in Brazil—and other ways of dealing with the huge backlog of cases and terribly overcrowded prisons in the country.

Then the group went down to Alabama, where Professor Castaldi set up a great program for them, both at his law school and in local courts. The program really was a good example of putting together all the right connections, of following on with a speaker program and of cost-sharing. I was very proud of it. We managed to keep it going for five years, but then it just got too much to handle as we moved through the ranks of the judges. USIA started to balk at giving us the same Voluntary Visitor assistance year after year, when other USIS posts in the world were requesting help. I hope it had some lasting effect, though. My last year in Sao Paulo, Peter and I were invited to the annual APAMAGIS dinner. We were the only non Brazilians present with some 1,500 Brazilian judges, lawyers and legal representatives. I was very flattered by that.

And my judicial connections came in handy at one point when a Consulate couple was trying to adopt a Brazilian baby and had run into some bureaucratic snags. I was able to talk to one of "my" judges, who specialized in foreign adoptions, and he cut through the red tape for them.

Near the end of my tenure, I was attending a reception where several of the judges and other legal types were present. I found myself alone and noticed a Brazilian couple by themselves, so I went and introduced myself. He was a lawyer who specialized in human right cases, and we had a nice talk. I started sending him materials I thought he might like. A month later, he was named the new Secretary of Justice for the state of Sao Paulo, in charge of the very overburdened prison system, which we were encouraging the Brazilians to reform. I was the only one in the Consulate who had ever met him or even knew his name.

On that theme of connections, while in Sao Paulo I saw an item in the Miami Herald mentioning John Anderson, the former presidential candidate whom I had first met in Senegal years before. It said he was teaching at a college in Florida, so I wrote to him, reminding him of how we had met and asking whether he might ever be interested in coming down to Brazil to speak about the U.S. political system. He agreed and did several lectures in Sao Paulo, Brasilia and Rio.

We sent up good slates of International Visitors every year and made good use of the Voluntary Visitors office as we did with our judges. If we learned that someone in an influential position was traveling to the U.S. on his or her own, we could ask the VolVis office to pay for a few days of lodging and set up some meetings as appropriate, whether in Washington or elsewhere. There were enough Brazilians who traveled to the United States that we could often tack on some meetings to their trips that would be beneficial to them and to our goals.

It usually worked quite well, except for one gentleman, the dean of a journalism school in a city outside of Sao Paulo. We arranged for him to make a stop at the University of Missouri School of Journalism, working through the professor who had come to Santiago a few years earlier. The VolVis office was paying for part of his domestic travel and lodging. The dean said he would make his own plane reservations. The morning he was supposed to arrive in Missouri, we got a call from USIA asking where he was. They had received a call from the university asking the same thing. We called his office, then his wife, who told us he had called her, telling her he was in Columbia, as he was supposed to be, but nobody had met him. We finally figured out that his travel agent had booked him to Columbia, South Carolina, instead of Columbia, Missouri.

Q: What was your impression of the media?

CLYDE: With the exception of TV Globo in Rio, the Sao Paulo media was the most important in Brazil. People in Brasilia read the Sao Paulo papers first to find out what was going on in the country. The press was quite free and quite resourceful. Although Phil Parkerson, our Press Attaché, handled most of the media activities, I did develop a good relationship with Roberto Civita, one of the most influential media moguls in Brazil. He ran the weekly news magazine Veha, the equivalent of Time and Newsweek, although much more influential than those publications. When a member of the Public Diplomacy Advisory Board came down, I was able to set up a private lunch meeting for him with Civita at Veja headquarters. And when Ambassador Rick Melton left the country late in 1993, I arranged with Civita for a farewell essay by the Ambassador in *V*eja, which was prominently featured and widely praised.

Q: Who came as Ambassador after Melton?

CLYDE Melton was replaced by Mel Levitsky, with whom I did not have many dealings. I don't think he was a particular fan of public diplomacy. He often referred, in a derisive tone, to USIS cultural programming as "tippy-toe dancers."

Q: I've talked to Peter Romero, who was Assistant Secretary for Latin American Affairs around this period. And he said he realized that in dealing with Brazil, there was almost a zero-sum reflex with the Brazilians. If it was good for the United States, it was bad for Brazil, and vice versa. Did you find this?

CLYDE: Brazilians are a lot like us in many ways. They consider themselves to be the big player in Latin America. Their economy is far larger than most countries in the world. They have lots of manufacturing. They make their own automobiles, their own airplanes, they rival the United States in production of agricultural products. They had aspirations of becoming a nuclear power at one time. So I think they often feel a bit disrespected by the United States. Sometimes they took the attitude that they didn't need us, that they should be treated as an equal player in world economic affairs. But I think that attitude was probably more evident in Brasilia than to us in Sao Paulo. In many ways, Sao Paulo had that same attitude toward the rest of Brazil. I often heard the suggestion that the part of Brazil from Sao Paulo south should secede and form its own country, which would in fact have been quite viable as an economic entity.

Q: Were Argentina and Brazil competitors?

CLYDE: Oh yes, primarily in commerce. The Brazilians wanted to be able to export things to Argentina, and Argentina of course was concerned about its own economy and also wanted to be the major player in the region. There was a sort of free trade agreement among the Southern Cone countries—Brazil, Argentina, Chile and Paraguay—at the time. But Brazil was the giant in the room that dominated it all.

Q: Was there much coverage of the United States in the media?

CLYDE: They certainly paid attention to what we were doing, but by far the most coverage was of Brazil itself.

Q: You mentioned that Porto Alegre was very much a white city. Was that true in Sao Paulo?

CLYDE: Sao Paulo was a much more diverse city than Porto Alegre, but still dominated by whites. But saying someone is white in Brazil is a little misleading because Brazilians come in all shades. In the southern part of the country, people tend to be lighter skinned. There is such a difference between the southern part and the northern part of Brazil that they're almost like two different countries, not only in skin color. Brazilians are quick to tell you that their society is colorblind. And it is true that many Brazilians that we would think of as people of color will identify first as Brazilian and secondly as black. But of course there is discrimination in Brazil, as there is anywhere else, although it's not usually blatant and certainly less evident in social settings. There are just not many people of color in positions of authority, especially in the southern half of the country.

Slavery existed in Brazil long after it was abolished in the United States. Several thousand Confederate families moved to Brazil after the Civil War, where some of them bought slaves in their new homeland. There is still a community in Sao Paulo State called Americana that was established by some of these people. It's a very strange place. Portuguese is the common language; English almost forgotten. Attitudes are more tolerant, and as in most of Brazil, there has been a lot of inter-marriage. Americana is really a Brazilian community now, but still very proud of its Southern U.S. roots. They celebrated their heritage every Spring with a big festival. Lots of Confederate flags, hoop skirts, square dancing. The flag doesn't carry the negative baggage it does here, but there were beginning to be a few voices raised against its display. It was just a very odd town.

One of our projects was a large conference on immigration, the brainchild of one of the Assistant Cultural officers, herself African-American, who was working on increasing American studies in local universities. We brought in a number of speakers and invited quite a number of academics, sociologists, legal people and others. It was quite a logistical challenge, but very successful.

One of my own efforts there was to get involved with the anti-racism society in Sao Paulo. I sent the group's director to the United States on an International Visitor program, where she made some useful contacts. When we had a staff vacancy, I asked her to put out the word with her contacts to see if we might find a candidate or two. I kind of wanted to diversify our staff. There were a few black officers among the Americans in the Consulate, but I don't recall a single person of color among the local staff, other than a couple of Brazilians of Japanese origin. I have to say some of the Brazilians on my staff were a little skeptical about this, but in fact we did hire a young man of color to fill one of the vacancies and he did fine.

Q: Did you have a problem with crime?

CLYDE: There certainly was crime. I fortunately didn't have any problems, although Peter was pickpocketed once. It wasn't usually violent crime in our area, but you had to be a little bit careful. Our apartment building, like almost all the others, had a locked entrance and a 24-hour guardian on duty. There were a lot of carjackings. For some reason, Rolex watches were a big target of thieves, maybe because there were enough people with the means to wear them in Sao Paulo. Someone in the Consulate was driving with his left arm on the windowsill when a thief snatched his watch off his wrist. The Consulate's IRS representative was walking back from lunch one day with a visiting official from Washington. They were stopped at gunpoint, and the thief demanded the visitor's Rolex. Stan, the local IRS rep, then offered up his own watch, a Timex, which the thief scornfully refused. Even thieves had standards.

Q: I've heard stories about the very wealthy using helicopters to go to work.

CLYDE: Oh yes. Many of the tall apartment and office buildings had helipads on top. There were constantly helicopters flying overhead. Many businessmen used them, partly to avoid carjacking and crime, and partly just to avoid the traffic snarls. There was an in-

town airport, with hourly flights to Rio, which many of them used, and it was a lot faster to get there by helicopter. And the police and military used helicopters to get around, so they were very common.

Q: Who was the Consul General?

CLYDE: The Consul General when I arrived was Jim Creagan, with whom I overlapped for less than a year. Then it was Phil Taylor. And just before I left, Melissa Wells arrived.

Q: Tell me about them.

CLYDE: The Consuls General in Sao Paulo were almost always economic specialists because that was the big emphasis there, rather than politics. Certainly that was the case with Creagan and Taylor. And the Deputy CG, or at least the officer considered to be the second in command, was always the Economic Officer. There was also a Political Officer, but he or she was usually a bit more junior. Creagan was a decent guy, but not overly attuned to the value of public diplomacy. As an illustration perhaps, Ambassador Melton was coming down to visit the post, accompanied by the Country Public Affairs Officer in Brasilia, who was my supervisor, and who was a little old school. He and Creagan were setting up the schedule, deciding who should do what, without much input from me. They decided that I should be in charge of showing Mrs. Melton around, maybe take her shopping. I pointed out that they would never have asked a male officer to do that, and I thought that since I had many of the public affairs contacts the Ambassador wanted to visit, I would be better suited to accompany the Ambassador on some of his calls. To their credit, they both saw the light.

Phil Taylor had a better understanding of public diplomacy, and we worked together very well. He got involved in many of our events and activities. I wrote a number of his speeches. We traveled together on several occasions to other parts of our district, to Campo Grande, the capital of Mato Grosso do Sul, and to other cities in Sao Paulo State.

I only overlapped with Melissa Wells a few weeks, but I liked her a lot, and I'm sorry we weren't together longer. Two events stand out for me in that short time. The first was when some VIP—and I can no longer remember who it was—was transiting the airport in Sao Paulo, which was a common occurrence. Just as we were leaving for the airport, the communications people handed us each a mobile phone, without any instructions. Neither of us had ever seen one before, and when we got to the airport and were waiting in the VIP lounge, we discovered that neither one of us knew how to turn the darn things on. Many Ambassadors or Consuls General would have been seriously angry at their PAO for not being up with the technology, but Melissa and I shared a good laugh about it, and we coped fine.

On the other occasion, I had invited her along to the opening of a big art exhibit. The exhibit was actually three different ones, set up in two different rooms, with one of the exhibits in the long hallway between them. We wandered around the first room, saying the appropriate things to the appropriate people, then headed over to the second room,

which meant passing through the hallway where the third exhibit was set up. It wasn't until we were several steps down the hall that it dawned on us that the exhibit consisted entirely of hundreds of large color photographs of people's genitals from around the world. Well, of course, we didn't want to stop and stare, so we walked on, both of us with our eyes twitching back and forth, and when we finally reached the far end, she leaned over and whispered to me, "Who would ever have thought there was such a variety?" She would have been fun to work with.

Q: How was Brazil doing economically then?

CLYDE: The country was in the middle of incredible hyperinflation in my early years there. The currency lost value every day. As always, we were paying our staff in local currency at the official exchange rate on payday. But they would then have to run out and spend their money as fast as possible, because within a day or two, it would be worth far less. Grocery prices and rent would have already gone up to match the horrid inflation rate. By the end of the month, their paychecks would be worth nothing. We did manage to arrange to pay them in U.S. dollars for a while, as we had in Managua—although nobody asked Peter to be a bagman this time—because they were hurting so badly. The inflation did finally come under control.

While we were still in this hyperinflation, Renate Coleshill, the USIS management officer in Brasilia, asked me to go out to Campo Grande and find out what had happened to a rather large grant of $25,000 or $30,000 that had been given to the binational center there a year earlier for some new equipment. But they had not sent back the necessary paperwork we needed for our books to justify the grant. I was going out anyway and agreed to check up on it, to see if I could get some receipts or evidence of how the money had been spent for the stated purposes. There was a team of inspectors coming, and they would be looking closely at our books. So I went to see the center director, and she cited a few items they had bought, not nearly enough to account for it all. I said, "Well, what happened to the rest of it?"

And she said, "Well, it's gone."

"What do you mean it's gone?"

"It's just gone."

They had received the grant in local currency, and she had not spent it fast enough, but rather put most of it in the bank. So it really was gone. What was left was worth maybe $50, rather than $25,000. We basically had to write it off as a bad investment.

So the hyperinflation really was a problem. And the Foreign Service Nationals (FSN) were hurting. The American officers decided the first year I was there to give them a Thanksgiving dinner. We invited them and their families to come and have dinner with us. The idea was that we would prepare a traditional American Thanksgiving feast for them to show our gratitude. The Community Liaison Officer (CLO) was setting it up,

being sure that we had enough volunteers to bring food, and it was kind of amusing. She held a meeting of spouses to find out what each would be willing to bring. Mind you, this was entirely voluntary, unlike the old days when the Ambassador's wife could just tell a spouse she had to provide three dozen cookies for a party. The CLO suggested they might each bring a typical dish they had enjoyed at Thanksgiving dinners as they were growing up. But it turned out that there were only two American-born spouses in the room, one of whom was Peter. So almost none of them had grown up celebrating Thanksgiving. But we managed, and it was a success. I suspect getting paid in dollars was even more appreciated though.

Q: Was Lula a political figure at that time? Later he became president.

CLYDE: When I arrived, Fernando Color de Mello was president. He had been elected in 1990 for a five-year term as the first president chosen under a new constitution by direct popular vote since the military coup in 1964. But near the end of 1992 he was impeached for corruption. He resigned before he could be tried and was replaced by Itamar Franco, who had been his vice president. Fernando Henrique Cardoso was elected president in 1995, not long before I left. The country was moving fully into what was called the *abertura* (opening), restoring full democracy after years of military dictatorship. Lula ran for president while I was there, but did not win. Most of my contacts in Sao Paulo were happy about that. They tended to be a bit more conservative than in Rio and the north of Brazil, so they saw Lula as a left-wing, rabble-rousing labor leader who would destroy the country's economy.

Q: Was there concern about a return of the military government?

CLYDE: There didn't seem to be a lot of fear they were coming back. I don't know what would have happened if there had been a recurrence of what the military considered terrorism, but generally I think they were glad to turn it back over to the civilians.

Q: Were the people in Sao Paulo looking towards Europe more than towards the United States or? Or was it pretty much inward looking?

CLYDE: It was a little bit of both. There were many people of German or Italian or Portuguese descent. The very wealthy traveled to Europe quite a bit, as they did to the United States, not just to Portugal, which would seem natural, but elsewhere in Europe as well. But the average citizen was happy being in Brazil.

Q: How about cultural life?

CLYDE: Sao Paulo was the center of culture in Brazil. It had world class art museums and orchestras. The Sao Paulo Art Biennial is probably second only to the Venice Biennale, a fantastic international art exposition and competition. The United States always sent an artist as its official representative. Two years before my arrival, we had been chosen as the best entry of the exposition. Our official representative that year was the amazing sculptor Martin Puryear.

The Bienal was just opening when I arrived in 1991, and I have conveniently forgotten the name of the artist representing the United States. She was an installation artist who wanted to make a statement about the cycle of life. She had two small rooms. In one room she had lined the walls and the ceiling with the little copper tags that coal miners used to keep track of the bags of coal they brought up. She decided that there should be a flock of canaries in that room as well. Canaries in coal mines, I suppose. But it was quickly discovered that the canaries didn't fare well in this dark room with poor ventilation, and every morning the Bienal staff would find several of them dead on the floor. It was decided that dead canaries weren't a good image of the United States, so the canaries were disposed of. I know not how.

They were replaced by two glass cases, each of which held the carcass of a large buzzard and a whole slew of maggots, which, by the end of the Bienal would have devoured the buzzard carcasses, thus demonstrating the cycle of life.

Q: Oh, how nice.

CLYDE: Yes, it was lovely. Unfortunately, we got word one morning that some of our maggots had escaped and were starting to devour *other* people's exhibits. We immediately dispatched our senior Cultural Specialist down to the Bienal with a large can of Raid, so she could spray all the nearby exhibits and spray our own exhibit to control the bugs. It was not a terribly successful exhibit.

In order to avoid conflicts with the Venice Biennale, The Sao Paulo Bienal decided to switch to even years, so the next one was held in 1994. The American representatives were two very good African-American artists. It went much more smoothly.

These exhibits always involved a tremendous amount of coordination and planning, especially for the Cultural Affairs Officer, and many high-level representational events. There were always very wealthy Brazilian art lovers throwing gala parties. I remember going to one, where the host had actually built an entire fully equipped art gallery, a large building next to his residence, to house his collection. We left that party about 1 am but later heard a whole new group of posh, with-it guests had arrived around 2 and stayed until dawn.

I went to a slightly more genteel gathering at the high-rise home of another wealthy art collector couple during the 1994 expo. Our Cultural Attaché, Neil Klopfenstein, and the senior Cultural Specialist—she who wielded the Raid in 1991—had been out all day at other appointments, and Neil had not had time to go home and change clothes. The Cultural Specialist, Maria Estela Correa, known to all of us as MEC, was one of those FSNs just about every USIS post has. They are so smart, so creative, so hard-working—just a phenomenal asset to the United States and a joy to work with. We were lucky enough to have more than one in Sao Paulo. They are essential to what we do.

Neil was wearing a decent suit, but when he got out of the car, MEC took one look at him and said, "Neil, you cannot go in there with those shoes." And it was true. His shoes were a bit scuffed up, and I recall a small hole in the sole of one. What to do? Our driver that night was Moacir, a young man who was easily the sharpest dresser in the Consulate. MEC looked at his shiny shoes and said, "Moacir, what size shoe do you wear?" It was close to Neil's, so she ordered them to switch shoes. One did not ignore MEC's instructions, so they dutifully swapped shoes, and Neil, MEC, and I went up to the party, where hopefully we upheld the sartorial honor of the United States. It was a painful evening for Neil, I fear, because Moa's shoes were one size too small. But Moacir may have suffered even more, having to spend the evening in scuffed shoes, even waiting in a parking lot. It was known ever afterwards as the Great Sao Paulo Shoe Swap.

Sao Paulo was one of the few cities in Latin America that had the sophisticated audiences with the disposable income to pay steep admission prices, so major performing groups made it part of their itinerary, along with Buenos Aires, Caracas and Mexico City. There was a constant flow of high-level talent. Guns and Roses came, greeted by hundreds of screaming fans outside their hotel. Tickets ran about $300, as I recall, and all the performances were sold out. We went to a great Willie Nelson concert. The New York Philharmonic performed. We arranged with them for a few tickets for our contacts and some workshops for local musicians. Peter and I hosted a representational dinner for the first chairs of the orchestra at our home. Several major dance groups, Twyla Tharp, Lar Lubovitch. and others, came through. We tried to latch on to many of these groups that were already scheduled to perform in the city and use them in our programming. Besides trying to land free tickets we could give to our contacts, or arranging workshops with Brazilian musicians or dancers, occasionally we could arrange an extra performance under our auspices. The Virginia Opera Company was in the neighborhood once and put on an excellent performance of "Porgy and Bess" for us.

None of these people came cheap, so we had to get into fundraising in a big way, looking to big American or Brazilian companies to sign on as sponsors. That was a whole new field for all of us. It helped that I was a member of the Brazilian-American Chamber of Commerce and had some good contacts. But USIA had lots of regulations about fundraising that we had to learn to navigate. They didn't want too many posts going to the same companies all the time looking for handouts. There were obviously strict accounting rules to follow. Maria Estela was a whiz at coming up with creative ideas to fund our involvement in these performing groups. She won the Latin American FSN of the Year award for it.

USIA also helped us bring lesser-known artists to Brazil. Through them we tried to show the diversity of the United States. We had some excellent Native American dancers who performed at several universities. And a talented violinist came to participate in a music festival in a small city outside of Sao Paulo. We were trying to demonstrate that music in the United States has a wide range, not only pop and rap.

The festival was excited to have the violinist on hand, and the organizer introduced him with gushing words of praise. He also told the audience that the man's violin was very valuable, worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars. And he noted that the violinist was staying in room 355 at the X Hotel. I saw the musician flinch at that, and afterward he told me he would have preferred that his room number not be public knowledge, and that he hoped nobody would see an opportunity for a quick score. I must admit I was a bit nervous carrying this valuable violin for him when we went back to the hotel. Fortunately, both he and the violin had a successful visit.

That membership in the Chamber of Commerce was interesting. I was on the philanthropy committee, which tried to develop the concept of philanthropy in Brazil, where it was relatively unknown.

Q: For a wealthy, very large country, I'm not aware of much in the way of Brazilian cinema.

CLYDE: There certainly were Brazilian filmmakers, but their films tended to stay in Brazil. They are not well known outside of Brazil. Most of the filmmakers were based in Rio, rather than Sao Paulo. Since 1960, there have been some 50 Brazilian films submitted to the Motion Picture Academy for Oscar consideration, but only four actually were nominated, and none has won. The Motion Picture Association of America had an office in Sao Paulo to deal mainly with piracy and copyright violations, which was a big problem for us there. We spent a lot of time trying to combat it. The MPAA office was occasionally able to provide first-run American films for the Ambassador or Consul General to use at invitational gatherings.

Q*: And of course, soccer is very important to the Brazilians, no?*

CLYDE: Oh my, soccer is king. They were mad about soccer, "futbol," as they called it. We were there during the 1994 World Cup, and during the matches, the streets were deserted and silent, just amazing for a city like that. The only noise was a mighty roar when Brazil scored a goal. Ron Brown, the Secretary of Commerce, came for a visit to Brasilia during the Copa. The Embassy was able to arrange the official meetings that he wanted, but his staff insisted that he had to hold a press conference, and the only time available was during the match between Brazil and the United States. The folks at the Embassy recommended against it, but Brown's staff insisted. Of course only one or two Brazilian journalists showed up. They were all watching the match on TV. The USIS office had to recruit people from the FSN staff to go with their notebooks and pretend to be reporters. Of course they produced detailed press releases afterwards to get out Brown's message, but it was not something the Brazilians were very interested in at that particular moment.

Peter and I had taken a couple of days off to visit the Northeast of Brazil, and we were staying in the Branch PAO's apartment in Recife while he was away the night of the final match of the 1994 Cup. Brazil won, and I have never seen anything quite like the celebration that followed. It was raining hard, a real tropical downpour, with sheets of

blowing rain, but that didn't stop anybody. We were watching from a balcony as thousands of delirious Brazilians danced in the streets, jumping up and down with joy. All accompanied by booming music from what they called "trios electricos," which were essentially huge flatbed trucks with the biggest speakers I have ever seen mounted on them, blasting out music. There must have been four or five of these things parked along the seafront while the crowds celebrated. It went on for hours and hours. Brazilians do know how to celebrate.

Q*: Did you feel a heavy hand from Brasilia?*

CLYDE: I was aware of it, but it wasn't oppressive. I now had my own budget to arrange programs, and we had plenty to do. There were twice yearly meetings in Brasilia of all the Branch PSOs, and we had visitors from there fairly often, so there was good communication. Once in a while, we would not be on the same page about a program, as had been the case in Porto Alegre. Sao Paulo was so different from much of the rest of the country. Just a few months after I arrived, they threw me a curve ball. The Latin American bureau of USIA decided to hold its annual conference of Public Affairs Officers from throughout the continent somewhere outside of Washington, and they picked Sao Paulo. I was terribly nervous about it, of course, since I was so new there. Henry Catto, the Director of USIA, came down—not Charles Wick at that point, thank goodness—along with a lot of other USIA bigwigs and all the PAOs from the region, so I had to impress them. Fortunately, all went very smoothly.

Q: What was your husband doing while you were there? This was a four-year tour, no?

CLYDE: Yes, I was assigned for four years, and that made Peter very happy, because he was tired of moving every two years or less. For 18 months or so, he worked first as an admin assistant to the Regional Security Officer, then moved over to a position in the office of the Defense Intelligence Agency. But in late 1992, he finally got a call from the State Department that they were setting up a class of general service specialists, starting in April 1993, and did he still want to join? Of course he did, and he went up for four or five months of training.

We were a little worried about where he might be assigned, but luck was on our side. There was a vacancy as the Assistant General Services Officer (GSO) in Rio. Otherwise the nearest option was somewhere in Africa, so we were very happy about that. He got to Rio in the summer of 1993, and for the next year, we commuted back and forth. He was usually the one to travel, since he could get away on weekends more easily. The Rio downtown airport was very near the Consulate, and he could leave his office at 5 p.m., catch the hourly shuttle to Sao Paulo, and be at our apartment by 6:30 or 7 p.m. We managed to spend a weekend together every two or three weeks.

And I had the great privilege of having a base in Rio de Janeiro, which truly is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. I was able to go up for Carnaval, go to the Sambadrome, and spend New Year's Eve on Copacabana Beach watching the little paper

boats with candles on them float out to sea. It was wonderful. But I agreed with many others—Rio for play, but Sao Paulo is the place to live.

I think Peter enjoyed his year in Rio. The Consulate General there is an older building, the former Embassy from when Rio was the capital of Brazil. I know he once had to flood the basement of the Consulate with sewage to save the ground floor. Apparently heavy rains had caused the drains to back up—the Consulate was on low ground near the water—and the toilets all started to overflow on the first floor, where the Consular Section was located. To keep the waiting room and the offices from being flooded with sewage, Peter had all the vehicles taken out of the garage, then opened the drains there, so the basement was flooded, but nothing else. A nasty cleaning job, but better than the visa waiting room.

In the summer of 1994, the mission in Brazil was cutting costs, and decided to eliminate Peter's job in Rio. A new junior officer was due to arrive in Sao Paulo then for a rotational position, a year as GSO and a year as Vice Consul. She very generously agreed to forgo the GSO year and do two years of visa work, so that Peter could be assigned to the Sao Paulo GSO position. We were very grateful. So he moved back down for a year.

Q: You left there when?

CLYDE: We were in Sao Paulo until the summer of 1995. We wanted to stay overseas, but we could not find ongoing assignments together. We didn't want to do another separate tour, even though we had an ideal one with Rio and Sao Paulo. We had been assured by so many people in personnel and elsewhere that we had the perfect tandem—PAO and GSO—and would have no trouble finding somewhere to serve together. But to our surprise, it didn't work out. We tried for Romania, for Rome, for Mexico, but each one for some reason fell through. Someone floated Papua New Guinea in front of us, with me as DCM and Peter as administrative officer, and that certainly would have been an interesting post, but probably a conflict of interest, with me supervising my husband. So we came back to Washington again. He went to work in the State Department's Office of Procurement, and I became the PACO, the Planning and Coordination Officer, for the Latin American Bureau in USIA, a job I didn't particularly want and which I didn't especially enjoy.

After four years in Sao Paulo, I had made so many good contacts and close friends. But the deputy in the Latin America bureau informed me that unless I got back to Washington within two weeks, I would lose the job in that office. Even though it wasn't a job I really wanted, I didn't know what else might be available at that late date, so we cleared out on very short notice. I didn't have the chance to say goodbye to so many people or wrap up projects I had in process. I never quite forgave the bureau for that.

I should mention here an Equal Employment Opportunity (EEO) complaint I was involved in that was settled in 1995. In 1993, I had been promoted to the Senior Foreign Service—the SFS—to the rank of Counselor, FE-OC. I was obviously quite happy about that, especially since in 1990 I had been recommended for promotion to the SFS but

missed the cutoff by one. I think there were six people promoted, and I was number seven on the list. What was especially galling about that was that in 1983, I had missed the cutoff for a promotion from FS-02 up to FS-01 by one. A friend who had been on the FS-01 promotion panel had called me and said he was sorry I didn't get promoted, but I should check the rank order list of those recommended for promotion, and I would be very pleased. Well, of course I was not very pleased, to have missed it by only one. And then to have it happen again in 1990. But it finally came through in 1993, and I didn't think much more about it. Just bad luck, even though I had phenomenal evaluations from Nicaragua and Haiti.

But a couple of other women at the same rank paid more attention to that list and realized that almost no women were being promoted into the Senior Foreign Service. All of us women were being recommended, but we almost never seemed to get high enough on the rank order list to actually get the promotion. All six who were promoted to the SFS ahead of me in 1990 were men. So they filed an Equal Opportunity complaint. Several other women and I were asked if we wanted to join the complaint, since we had all barely missed the cutoff in the last two or three years. There were eight of us in total.

The complaint was resolved in our favor in 1995, and my promotion into the SFS was deemed to have happened in 1991, as of the date that the Senate has concurred with the senior promotion list of 1990. So that was nice. We were enjoined not to speak of it at the time, but I think enough years have passed.

WASHINGTON, D.C., USIA OFFICE OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS

Q: So you came back to Washington in 1995 to become the Latin American Planning and Coordination (PACO). What is a PACO, and what does it do?

CLYDE: I had applied to be the new deputy for Latin America, but that job went to someone else. She was eminently qualified, so I couldn't really complain, but I was disappointed. The PACO position is a little difficult to define. As it says, it's planning and coordination. It's the third-ranking position in the regional bureau and considered part of the office management team. You were supposed to be the voice for policy and strategic planning for USIA in the region, the liaison between the region as a whole and USIA's functional bureaus that produced things for the posts to use—the written material, the electronic material, whatever. I was supposed to be sure the posts were getting what they needed, and to be sure the functional bureaus understood what that was. And I was supposed to keep the posts apprised of U.S. policy shifts that affected the area or the Agency.

I usually sent out key articles about Latin America from the major newspapers every morning to the posts electronically so they could see what was making headlines here. I worked with the desk officers for each of the posts to be sure they got the support they needed from us. The posts would usually go first to their desk officer if they needed

something, but the desk officers often would come to me for help working with other parts of the Agency.

I got involved with Civitas, a project that was a priority for USIA Deputy Director Penn Kemble. Civitas was an effort to increase citizen participation in democracy and democratic institutions around the world. A worldwide Civitas conference, funded in large part by USIA, was scheduled for the fall of 1996, and I was mainly responsible for picking the Latin American attendees from the names that had been proposed by the various posts in the region.

You never knew what might come up. I once had to write a speech on 24 hours' notice for Joseph Duffey, the USIA Director, to give to some kind of Dominican commercial organization in New York. That required a lot of fast coordination with Santo Domingo. Fortunately I knew the policies pretty well and was able to get it done. Duffey liked it, the trade group liked it, and it got wide play in the Dominican Republic.

One of the biggest issues that year was the Helms-Burton Act, which Congress passed in the spring of 1996. It was formally called the Cuban Liberty and Democratic Solidarity Act, and it tightened the sanctions and embargo against Cuba, mainly by penalizing foreign companies that traded with Cuba.

Q: How did that go over in Latin America?

CLYDE: It was wildly unpopular in Latin America, and the posts really had to scramble to answer questions and explain it to their contacts. I went down to help with the media at the Organization of American States General Assembly in Panama that spring, and I was kept busy briefing U.S. and Latin American press on Helms-Burton and its intentions.

I also got back to Port-au-Prince to support Vice President Gore's visit there. This was to celebrate Jean-Bertrand Aristide's first year in office as President on his third try to complete his term. Aristide was elected in 1991, but overthrown by the military twice. The international pressure was so great that President Clinton had ordered U.S. troops to Haiti in 1994—Operation Uphold Democracy—to persuade the military to allow Aristide to come back and finish his term. I have to say that Port-au-Prince looked even sadder and more crowded than it had when I was there before.

But the issue that hung over us all, probably tolled the end of USIA as an independent Agency, was the Government Performance and Results Act (GPRA) of 1993, which tried to force federal agencies to focus on strategic plans and to measure performance quantitatively, clarifying just how well they were living up to those plans. It was a nightmare for all of us. The Social Security Administration can measure how many claims it processes in a month, how long it takes on average for each. But how do you measure the results of "soft" diplomacy, which is what we specialized in? It was easy enough, if a little time-consuming, to count the number of articles you gave to contacts in the economic field, or how many you placed in the local press, for instance, or the

number of people who attended an event you held. But the "so what" factor was a lot harder.

Most of the results of our activities didn't show up for years, and they were almost always difficult to quantify. A favorite example we often cited was P.W. Botha in South Africa, who was sent on an International Visitor grant years before he became president of the country, but who later credited that visit in part for his decision to end Apartheid. How did you measure the impact of getting the Economic Counselor of the Embassy together with the Minister of Finance, both lovers of jazz, at a jazz concert you sponsored, where they strike up a conversation about music, but develop a cordial relationship and end up some weeks or months later resolving a thorny banking issue we want resolved? Did that jazz concert help? We think so, but how do you measure it? How would you measure the impact of that lunch I helped arrange in Haiti between Ambassador Adams and General Avril? How would you measure the impact of the increased educational exchanges I managed to get for Nicaraguan students? Those things surely made a difference, but how in the world would one quantify them, especially if you had to do it in the next fiscal year? Those educational exchanges would likely not show results for at least 20 years.

So that was a real challenge. It was a challenge for the posts because the early reporting requirements were quite onerous, keeping meticulous track of every action we took, and taking a huge amount of their time when they should be out actually doing the things they felt important for U.S. objectives. And it was difficult for USIA, because of the skepticism of many USIS officers stationed overseas. They didn't really see the need to do this, to justify what seemed obvious to them, and they didn't really understand how to report on their activities in a way that made the impact or potential impact clear.

As it happened, I had long been thinking about the "so what" factor, what the end goal was in our activities overseas. I had found over my career that many things we did were certainly nice to do, quite laudable, but it wasn't really clear what they contributed to the objectives of the United States in that country. So I supported the objectives of GPRA, but not its details and methodology.

Q: *How do you think this helped kill USIA?*

CLYDE: There were certainly many skeptics about USIA's work overseas. Ambassador Levitsky in Brazil mocked our cultural exchanges as working with "tippy toe dancers." He wasn't alone in that attitude. Certainly many in Congress agreed, most notably Senator Jesse Helms. We had just endless meetings among the PACOs of the various regional bureaus, among the staff within the regional and functional bureaus. We sent constant messages to the posts to encourage them to report their activities in ways that made it clear just how they supported United States objectives. Some of them were much better than others at doing that. But in fact, even that wasn't enough. I remember one of Senator Helms' chief aides who came to speak to a group of us, saying quite clearly "anecdotes don't equal data." They wanted hard numbers, and those were almost impossible in USIA's work.

At the same time, we had a director, Dr. Joseph Duffey, who I think was not all that enthusiastic about his job or his Agency. He was no Charlie Wick, no high-power defender of USIA. Our budgets kept getting cut. We brought fewer and fewer junior officers into the Agency. In 1995, USIA told a class of junior officers who had just been sworn in and were starting training that they should consider transferring to the State Department or run the risk of being let go from the Foreign Service through an official Reduction in Force, a RIF. Many of them did transfer, and in the end, none was let go, but it left a bitter taste. It was pretty clear to many of us that USIA's odds of remaining an independent agency were getting slimmer.

Many in the State Department also agreed with Levitsky that what we did wasn't very important. One of the Deputy Assistant Secretaries in the Latin American Bureau at State when I was working there in the press office praised me in my performance evaluation for keeping the press away from him, not for any contribution I might have made to the United States.

To be fair, for many years, certainly when I joined, USIA had acted quite independently of the State Department. We had our own generous budgets, and sometimes we coordinated with the State Department people at an Embassy, but often we just did whatever we wanted to in terms of working with foreign contacts and foreign governments. We had our own money, and we made our own decisions, although in theory we answered to the Ambassador. It was something that had bothered me for a long time. Why are we spending the taxpayers' money to do some of these things? What is the United States getting out of it? What's the goal? That certainly was no longer the case. We had by this time long been part of the overall strategic planning, the effort to support the same U.S. objectives as the State Department and the White House. But old memories died hard, and not even some of our own officers were quite focused enough on that idea.

WASHINGTON, D.C., USIA OFFICE OF WESTERN EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

Q: So you were only in that job for a year?

CLYDE: Yes. Serendipity came into play again. You recall I mentioned earlier that when I was in Nicaragua, USIA had had brought a couple of groups of press attachés and public affairs officers from Europe to Managua, so they could see for themselves what the Sandinista regime was like and be able to talk with some credibility to their contacts in Europe, who generally were very pro-Sandinista. One of the participants in that program was the policy officer for the West European office in USIA, Miller Crouch. Apparently I had made a favorable impression on him. When I came to AR in 1995, he had advanced to be the Deputy Director in the West European office, WEU, which happened to be right across the hall. So we saw each other fairly often in the hall and chatted in the elevator lobby. He knew I wasn't too enthusiastic about my PACO job. In

the summer of 1996, the Director of WEU left, and Miller was assigned to take his place. Soon afterward he walked into my office, plopped himself into a chair and asked, "How would you like to be my deputy in WEU?" That took about three seconds to decide. I went over as Deputy Director of the Office of West European Affairs, which was a great job because of the challenges we faced and because he was a great boss.

Q: How was he a particularly good boss?

CLYDE: We had a terrific working relationship, a team. We shared information, and I always felt that if he were not around, I could make a decision knowing what he would want to do. I felt I had all the facts at my command. We hashed out everything. And he shared information with the rest of the staff as well, which they appreciated.

We were also completely in sync on the need to demonstrate why and how USIA/USIS work was critical to national interests. As I mentioned earlier, that was something I had long wanted to see more of, way before the Government Results Act, and something so many USIA officers ignored. It was fantastic to find a kindred spirit in Miller.

Also good for me was the fact that he did not particularly like to travel. Public Affairs Officers got two yearly evaluations, Officer Evaluation Reports (OERs). It was rather a confusing process. PAOs got one evaluation from their Ambassador and another from the regional office in Washington, written by the Director or the Deputy Director of the regional bureau. Both evaluations go into the officer's file for the promotion panels at USIA. I think the reasoning was that they needed an evaluation from someone for whom they worked on a daily basis as a part of the senior team at the Embassy. But they also needed one from USIA, to evaluate how they were carrying out their work for their home agency, So we needed to travel to each country at least once a year to observe for ourselves how a PAO was doing. It was not easy writing an evaluation report on someone you saw only once a year. You had to depend on their written reports, on how they had responded to our queries during the year, phone conversations, and from observing them with their staff and Embassy colleagues during that one short visit. We always tried to talk to their Ambassador, to the DCM, to the locally hired staff and to the Embassy administrative officer to try to get a feel for the PAO's performance.

We agreed that Miller would do the evaluations for the PAOs in the five big posts—London, Paris, Bonn, Madrid, and Rome—and I would do all the rest. And I did the evaluations of all our desk officers and other Foreign Service staff in the office. That meant I had to do nearly 30 evaluations every April. Only the Deputy in the Africa bureau had more—I think he had 41 to write. That was a challenge. Many of them would be considered by the same promotion panels, so how did you write these things so each one was seen as an individual? I managed to get seven commendations from various promotion panels over my two years in that office for my evaluations on different officers.

One of the absolutely most enjoyable tasks I had was to call up one of "my" PAOs to tell them they had been promoted. Because of the time difference with Europe, that was

usually after they had gone to bed, but nobody ever complained when I woke them up with the news.

Q: Is that what you spent most of your time on in the European Bureau, figuring out the result of USIS programs?

CLYDE: That occupied a lot of everyone's time in the office. But I think the bulk of my time really was spent on personnel and resources. West Europe made a big fat easy target for budget cutters in Congress and within USIA. Europe is expensive: salaries and rents are high, so our budgets were large. And it was easy to say, "Why should we worry about Europe, they're already on our side. They already have access to information, so why do we need USIS there?"

We knew it was vitally important to keep explaining U.S. policies, to promote educational and cultural exchanges, to reinforce those key alliances and to encourage trade and economic ties with Europe. That was especially true in light of the Russians' not-so-hidden desire to restore the grandeur of the Soviet Union. But time after time, when budget talks came along, West Europe was the target, and we would lose more resources.
Once Miller and I and Jim Bigart, our management officer, were all in Brussels to attend a PAO conference when we got word that we had to submit, by the next morning, contingency plans to cut USIS programs and staff in West Europe by three, five, seven and ten percent. Amazingly, I had all the information in my head, and in consultation with the others, I was able to come up with figures within a few hours. And then we needed to send well-written justifications for why such cuts would damage our relationships with Europe, which we were able to do. Fortunately, we did not have to go to the extreme of seven or ten percent when the cuts came. But they did come, over and over. I think that between 1995 and the merger with the State Department in 1999, the West European Bureau lost more than a quarter of its budget. I'm pretty sure it would have been much more without the efforts by our team in WEU.

There were constant cuts. For instance, we were told we had to cut one of the Assistant Public Affairs Officer positions from Scandinavia. All of those Embassies had two-person USIS posts. They had all been three-officer posts a few years earlier. As it happened, three of the four positions were filed by officers who had arrived in the last year, and were settled into their jobs. The Assistant PAO position in Helsinki was due to change over the following summer, so it was the easiest financially and emotionally to cut.

The new assignee was two-thirds of the way through a year of Finnish. She had stocked up on wool sweaters, ordered a Volvo with heated seats, and was ready to go when we abolished her job. She ended up in Panama instead. She never complained, went off to Panama and did a great job there. But one of my happier moments in my position in Personnel three years later was to see her assigned as PAO Helsinki, for which she was clearly the best candidate. Whenever you got the short end of the stick in a Foreign

Service assignment, you were always told, “We’ll remember you and make it up to you.” Almost never happens, but this time it did.

Another time I was traveling in Europe, and Miller called to ask me to make an unscheduled stop in London, where we had been forced to cut some locally hired staff positions. One of those cut was a woman in the Cultural Section who had been there for many years and was very well connected politically. I think one of her relatives was in Parliament. The PAO there had handled it badly—just walked into her office and told her she was out of a job, no warning, no empathy. She was furious and threatening legal action, even though she would be getting a rather large severance payment. We wanted to avoid that, since local courts all over the world tended to side with the plaintiff in such cases.

When I arrived in London, she refused even to talk to me. It took two days to work my way into being able to sit down with her in her office. And then I listened for two hours as she spilled out her anger and pain. I explained why the cuts had been made, and how much we hated them too. I told her how sorry I was that she had been the victim of those cuts. And I told her how sorry I was that she had been given the news so abruptly. We ended up talking about what she might do afterward. She was thinking of standing for Parliament herself. By the time we parted, she had calmed down and the threat of legal action had passed. The key, I think, was to listen to her, which not enough people do. She just really needed to vent to a sympathetic ear, so that she knew we understood her pain, which was certainly legitimate. There was no reason to let her go except for the budgets.

Q: Did you have to do that a lot?

CLYDE: Fortunately, not too often. Most of our PAOs were more gifted at talking to people than that one was. And in some cases we could juggle vacancies so that we could cut a position and a salary, but not fire anyone who was actually on the staff then.

But in every post, I spent a lot of time talking to Americans and FSNs alike. At one post, a new officer was refusing to do any work after hours. She just went home at 5 p.m. and complained if she were asked to attend an evening event or stay late to work on a project. Her PAO was more old-school—you work until the job is done, even if it’s 12 hours a day. Conflict. I talked to both of them, and they both shifted their positions a bit, hopefully easing the situation, but it really was a difference in the way they saw the job.

Sometimes I got lucky and was able to resolve a problem quickly, probably getting more credit than I deserved. At one post I discovered the Information Resource Center, the IRC, the successor to our libraries, which was supposed to serve the entire mission, was the victim of construction in an adjoining space. The construction materials had been dumped in the IRC, which made it pretty much unusable. And the debris had been there for almost a year. The excuse was that the Embassy had not yet determined who was going to occupy the new space, nothing to do with USIS.

I went to the DCM to see what could be done, pointing out that a major resource for the entire mission couldn't be used. I doubt he had actually visited the IRC himself to see the mess. And it turned out that in fact they had decided who was going to occupy that adjoining space. It was just a matter of negligence that the construction wasn't complete. But because I pushed it, they started the construction immediately, and it was done within two weeks, so the IRC was back in business.

In Belgium, USIS had a big print shop, left over from a bygone era. It wasn't doing enough to justify its continued existence in USIS. But I talked to the Tri-Mission administrative officer, whose portfolio included the bilateral Embassy, the U.S. Mission to NATO and the U.S. Mission to the European Union. We figured out that there were bureaucratic ways that they could take over the print shop for the benefit of all three missions. Nobody lost a job, and the print shop was still available for USIS projects when needed. Win-win.

In Norway, the PAO's residence had been destroyed by a fire. Fortunately no one was injured, but he and his family lost almost everything. Happily, I knew someone in the State Department Office of Procurement—my husband—and I was able to use Peter's connections to get a new set of government furniture shipped in record time. It got there in about a month, just in time for the PAO to move into his new residence, one less worry for him and his family.

And everywhere I was preaching the gospel of results. Trying to get USIS officers to focus on the "so what" question. Why was what they were doing important to the United States? It was a harder sell in some places than others. Every week we asked all the posts to send us a short report on what they had done that week and why it mattered. Interestingly, the big posts, London and Paris and Bonn, were quite unresponsive. They obviously felt they had more important things to do than send another report to Washington. And I can certainly understand that. When I was a PAO, I hated sending in all these reports, which seemed to me to be unnecessary. But we needed these results reports to help stave off even more budget cuts, and for the Agency to argue for USIA's continued existence as an independent agency. Some of the very best reports we got were from the PAO in Reykjavik, Iceland. He understood, and he produced reports that made it seem that USIS Reykjavik had saved the world for democracy. He didn't tell us anything untrue, but he knew how to write the reports so they were impressive.

And everywhere, there were many, many conversations about the future, since consolidation with the State Department was definitely in the air. What would happen to them, they all wanted to know. I didn't have many answers, but at least I could reassure them that we would keep them informed, and that one of USIA's top priorities if consolidation happened was to protect them.

Q: You mentioned you worked a lot with personnel in Europe. Tell me about that.

CLYDE: The personnel issues really covered several fronts. First of all, a lot of care and feeding of individuals, through evaluation reports, guidance, encouragement. I've always

found encouragement works much better than berating someone. Miller and I definitely wanted to diversify USIS personnel in Europe. It was true when I joined, and it was still true even in the 1990s, that Europe was viewed as sort of a closed shop, with only white males welcome. When I joined, there was a group of four or five white male officers, all admittedly quite talented, who dominated senior European assignments. They seemed to pass around the PAO positions from one to another—one would transfer from Rome to London, or from London to Madrid or Paris, and none of them ever seemed to serve elsewhere or leave room for others to serve in those posts. That had changed a little, but it was still a pretty non-diverse region.

We deliberately set out to change that. USIA's assignment system was easier to work with than State's. We were a much smaller agency, far fewer FSOs, and we didn't have a specific bidding season, as State did. We announced positions opening up a year in advance of when someone would need to start studying the language if one were required. It worked well. And it gave us more flexibility to find good officers. I knew a lot of people from Latin America and Africa, whom I encouraged to bid on European jobs. Many people previously didn't even bother because they figured it would be pointless. The common wisdom was that the European bureau takes care of its own first.

The regional bureaus had a great deal to say about who got assigned to their posts. Miller and I were both very good at writing justifications for why a certain officer should get a certain position. We recruited women and minorities, and by the time we left, about 60 percent of the PAO positions in Europe were held by women or minorities.

Just about every Embassy in West Europe was headed by a political appointee as Ambassador. That created its own problems. Some of them appreciated what USIS could do for them, and some didn't. One Ambassador considered USIS to be basically a clipping and translation service for the items about himself and his wife that appeared in the social pages of the local press. That same Ambassador enjoyed criticizing and humiliating his staff, all of them, from the DCM down, and the PAO was a frequent target. She was foreign-born and had a slight accent. He criticized her to me directly because she "doesn't even speak English like an American." One of the worst examples of a political appointee in the job.

At another small post, where we only had one American officer, the new political appointee Ambassador liked USIS and wanted to use us in her work. But she was a dynamo, and her PAO was methodical—very good, very smart, but not as fast-moving as she wanted. Miller had met a young officer at one of the branch posts in Germany on one of his trips and been very impressed by her. She didn't even have tenure in the Foreign Service at the time, but we managed to get her transfer approved. Fortunately she got her tenure before she arrived, and she did a wonderful job, keeping the Ambassador happy. And the outgoing PAO was a champ, no complaining. He even overlapped a week with his unexpected placement to get her off to a good start.

Q: How about your staff in Washington? Did you supervise them as well?

CLYDE: We both did. We had several country affairs officers, who looked after the interests of specific posts, plus a couple of FSOs who coordinated cultural exchange activities or economic efforts throughout the region, and we had a PACO, the job I had in the Latin American bureau. That was Paul Panaccione, and he was so much better than I ever was at that job. He was just brilliant at distilling the "so what" from the information we got from WEU posts on their activities. I have no doubt that his analytical and writing skills, laying out our posts' support for U.S. policy goals, was a key factor in our avoiding even more draconian budget cuts.

Generally we had very good people in our office—we recruited hard there as well. I tried to do a lot of mentoring for younger officers. One of our FS desk officers was diagnosed with cancer and was unable to come into the office every day. It really showed how much Miler and I thought alike that neither of us had any hesitation about assigning her work she could do at home so that she would not run out of sick leave. It was clearly the right thing to do.

We had to face one horrific incident when a family member of one of our PAOs was murdered by another family member. We had to help the police get in touch with him quickly, and we arranged for his immediate travel back to Washington. The desk officer and I met his flight and took him home. We also attended the funeral service and tried to do everything possible to support him.

We had several Civil Service support staff. There has long been friction between Foreign Service Officers and civil servants in Washington, both in USIA and at the State Department. The civil servants believe that FSOs consider themselves somehow superior and look down on Civil Service employees. And in many cases, unfortunately, they're right. Our support staff, as in many offices in USIA or the State Department, were all African Americans. So I really had to get into EEO questions. I was able to work with them well and was flattered that they often came to me to talk over problems, both personal and professional.

Q: What were some of the problems that you saw?

CLYDE: There certainly were no out-and-out racial incidents. We would not have tolerated that, and I think all of our FSOs believed they were color blind. But there would be little incidents, based on misunderstandings. I remember one that seemed very minor to the desk officer, but was a major problem for one of the young African-American secretaries. The secretary had gone across the street to deliver something, and she hadn't come back quickly enough for her FSO supervisor, who was very angry, and berated her when she finally returned. The reason she hadn't returned sooner was because it started raining hard. And African-American women's hair has real problems in the rain. She was trying to wait until the rain stopped. This was before cell phones, so she couldn't notify her supervisor of the delay. And her Foreign Service boss, who was a young white woman, gave her a very hard time about this being such a stupid excuse. Why was she worried about a little rain? In fact there wasn't any terribly urgent reason the supervisor needed the secretary back immediately. She just felt that this was dereliction of duty.

So the secretary came to see me and said, “I feel like I’m not being respected and not understood about why I didn’t come back sooner. It really would have been a problem for me, but I can’t seem to get my supervisor to listen to me.” So I had to go in to talk to the young FSO to explain why, to her secretary, this was an important issue, and she felt she was being disrespected. A very minor issue, perhaps, but I think if I had not stepped in, it would have escalated and created bad feelings among the staff.

I was able to help encourage another member of the African-American secretarial staff, who was a single mother raising a young son. She really wanted to get a college degree, but she was hesitant about trying to get it through night classes and worried about whether she could succeed. I encouraged her to go for it. I used my own experience of taking classes after work at George Washington a few years earlier. And I just learned that she recently finished her degree in education and is retiring from the Civil Service to become a teacher, so it made me feel good to think I helped her get started.

Q: You were there from when to when?

CLYDE: 1996 to 1998.

Q: The winds of consolidation were blowing pretty hard, weren’t they?

CLYDE: Indeed they were, yes. Gale force by that time. USIA’s budgets had been going down for years. We had brought in very few junior officers for several years. Senator Jesse Helms, for many political reasons, wanted to see USIA and USAID merged into the State Department. USAID had a stronger director, willing to fight to retain at least some of its independence. We didn’t. Joe Duffey was willing to go along with the political winds.

But there was still a great deal of denial within USIA that it was going to happen. There was a belief that it was just political talk. Somehow USIA would survive. We were finally getting into understanding that we needed to show that what we did made a difference, improved the standing of the United States abroad, and helped us politically, militarily, and economically. But it was too little, too late.

In the summer of 1998, the Foreign affairs Reform and Restructuring Act was introduced in Congress. It would merge USIA into the Department of State on October 1, 1999. There wasn’t much doubt that it would pass and become law. That was a hard blow, because there was still a lot of disbelief that it could actually happen. There was growing fear on the part of American staff and FSNs. When it was clearly inevitable, l sent a long email to every West European post explaining what it meant and trying to reassure them that it was not the end of the world, although it may have felt like it. I was told the email was read at staff meetings and distributed to all the FSNs at posts. People were worried about their programs and projects. They were worried in many cases about their State Department colleagues, some of whom were already gloating. And their number one question was “What’s going to happen to *me*?”

WASHINGTON D.C., FOREIGN SERVICE PERSONNEL

Q: Then you went to Personnel?

CLYDE: Yes. I was fortunate enough, thanks to a couple of awfully generous evaluations from Miller, to be promoted to the rank of Minister-Counselor, because they wanted somebody at that rank for the job as Director of the Foreign Service Personnel Division. Peter and I were still looking around for overseas jobs for both of us, but again it didn't work out. And the personnel job was one I really wanted. I had worked so much with personnel issues during the two years in the West European office, and I saw the opportunity to be involved at a senior level with personnel during the merger with the State Department as someplace I could make a serious contribution.

Q: Talk about rearranging the deck chairs. That must have been a difficult job.

CLYDE: It was definitely challenging, incredibly frustrating, incredibly rewarding, often all at the same time. When I started the job in July 1998, USIA's demise was not yet official, although we all knew it was going to happen. The Foreign Affairs Reform and Restructuring Act was signed that October, so we had less than a year to figure out how to merge our different systems, policies, personnel, every aspect of our structure with State. USIA was organized differently from State in almost every aspect. The whole culture was different. We had some terrific people working on ways to move us over with the least disruption to our mission or our people. Pat Kennedy was then the Assistant Secretary for Management at State, and he was very welcoming, unlike some of his colleagues. He wanted to introduce some of USIA's "best practices" to State. For instance, State Department personnel could not access the Internet from their desks. We could. Lots of issues like that.

Personnel was one of the big merger items. I was blessed to work with some great colleagues. Jan Brambilla was the Director of USIA Personnel and my supervisor. I was her deputy. We also had Bruce Cole as head of the Civil Service Personnel Division, also wonderful to work with. The three of us made a great team. And I had a terrific group of FSOs and Civil Service support staff in Foreign Service Personnel. There were four or five career counselors who worked with individual Foreign Service Officers, and several FSOs who were area personnel officers, working with the different regional offices to help manage their personnel needs. I was the career counselor for the Senior Foreign Service Officers as well.

When the merger was made official, I think there were two basic reactions among USIA personnel. One was panic, and the other was trench warfare. The big question on everyone's mind, as I said, was "What's going to happen to *me*?" The systems were different enough, and State was so much larger, that there was great fear of the unknown. And many of our officers just dug in and tried to resist, which was futile. I spent a lot of my 15 months in that office trying to inform and reassure USIA FSOs that we had their

backs and that we would do our best to protect them from any disadvantages from the merger. I had dozens of individual consultations, gave talks to PAO conferences, to junior officers, to regional offices, to anybody with an interest in what was happening in the personnel aspect of the merger. I wrote cables, memos, emails, just trying to get the word out. I thought that the more information people had, the better, the less fear there might be.

On a side note, I was very flattered that at a worldwide PAO conference to find myself in the hallway with four younger PAOs, all of whom I had worked with in the past, and all of whom began to outdo each other to talk about what a great mentor I had been for them. That was a good feeling.

At the same time, we were having some issues with our own leadership. It was an odd debate, since Joe Duffey had never seemed too enthusiastic about USIA and had not seemed to fight very hard for its existence or its budget. We brought in the last two junior officer classes in December 1998 and March 1999, the last of only four classes over a five-year period, far below our needs to fill the available jobs. We were suffering a serious shortage of personnel for overseas posts, not only at entry level, but at senior level. A lot of jobs were going vacant, and in fact, we had to eliminate many of the entry level positions. Some of our senior officers saw opportunities with State to be Consuls General or Deputy Chiefs of Mission, where we had not had much of an impact before. These were good officers, known at State, so there were four or five of them who were sought after for those jobs.

The reaction of our front office was very negative, because we had several big senior USIA jobs that were vacant—PAO Mexico and PAO Nigeria among others—and those who wanted to move into senior State jobs before the merger were viewed as traitors to USIA. That was ironic, since USIA had only months to live. I had to do a real selling job to persuade Duffey, Kemble et al that this would be good for the concept of public diplomacy in the long run, which was something we all in Personnel agreed on. What better way to show the value of public diplomacy, to bring the culture to State, than to have practitioners running embassies and consulates? The front office finally bought off on the list of five, but when one more candidate for a DCM job asked for similar treatment, the answer was absolutely not. “We’ve relented on five people already. That’s more than enough.” Essentially the view was that they owed their souls to USIA. So that candidate was not allowed to take the DCM position he wanted, and which State wanted him for.

Q: Before I forget, where was Peter at this point, still in the Procurement office?

CLYDE: No, he also moved in the summer of 1998, to the Bureau of Diplomatic Security at the State Department, just before the Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania were bombed. Congress appropriated something like $600 million to beef up security at overseas embassies, which meant new hires, along with new equipment and new office space, which Peter had to manage. He was incredibly busy and particularly proud of

getting a new office building up and running from scratch in less than a year, a process that usually takes several years.

Q: There were differences in the USIA and State personnel systems?.

CLYDE: Yes The whole assignment and bidding process was different. We announced our vacancies on a rolling basis. State had an official bidding season. We were much more flexible in assignments. In State, we could never have moved a junior officer into that more senior PAO job in Europe so quickly just because the political appointee Ambassador wanted a change.

We also had different rules for the number of years one could stay at a given rank before being promoted or selected out. One serious disadvantage for the most senior USIA officers moving over to State was that at their level they should be going out as DCMs or Chiefs of Mission, but talented State officers at that rank almost all already had been DCMs at small missions and had that experience in their files. So even though USIA officers had often managed large budgets and staffs, they were seen as not having the requisite experience to be a DCM at a large mission, which is what their rank would entitle them to.

Just about every aspect of USIA was organized slightly differently from State, so there were committees all over the Agency, not just in Personnel, of people working with State to figure out how best to merge the two agencies. And the attitudes of the people in the State Department really varied. There were some who basically said, "Ah-ha, now you won't have your own cars," and "Ah-ha, now we can take the official PAO china, which you shouldn't have anyway."

Q: I understand cars and china were big issues.

CLYDE: I heard State officers' comment that this would be the end of this nonsense where they, as an econ officer or a political officer, would be trying to hail a taxi in front of the Embassy to go to an appointment because no cars in the State motor pool were available, while the junior USIS officer would just be driven off in the official USIS vehicle. For some reason, there was not this resentment against USAID personnel, but many State officers felt that USIA FSOs had had too many perks for too long, and they were about to get their comeuppance.

Public Affairs Officers had official china and glassware, like the Ambassador, since USIS jobs involved so much representation, so much official entertaining. But there was the feeling by many of our people that at midnight on September 30, 1999, the Embassy would back a truck up to the PAO residence and load up all the dishes. These were small issues, obviously, but easy to focus on, and they grated on many State officers.

It was widely believed that USIA promoted people too easily. I don't think the percentages of promotions was higher than at State, and certainly many USIA officers had difficult, challenging jobs that involved managing resources and staff in support of

national security objectives. But this was a common complaint among many State officers who didn't really understand the nature of USIA's work. So there was a real attitude among many State officers that "Now we're going to show you what Foreign Service life is really like." And that scared USIA officers, who feared they would be kicked around after the merger.

Others, like Patrick Kennedy, were very open, very willing to work with us. USIA had received authorization to use quite a large sum of money—unused funds from previous fiscal years—to upgrade State's technology, for instance, to bring it more in line with USIA's. These funds were referred to as "dead money walking." Unfortunately Y2K intervened, and most of the "dead money" was spent on preparation for that.

The head of the entry-level personnel division at State, Niels Marquardt—who has since become ambassador a couple of times—and I worked particularly well together. I remember one very unpleasant and contentious meeting at State to hash out how to integrate our last class of about ten entry level officers in March 1999.

Starting around 1995, USIA junior officers were again participating in the A-100 orientation class with their State peers. That was a good thing. But we also offered them some public diplomacy training before the A-100 started, which galled the training people at State. And we determined their assignments. Niels and I agreed that we should try to bring these new USIA junior officers as completely into the State system as possible as soon as we could. But in this meeting there were a number of people on the State side and a number of people from my office, from our training staff, as well as the junior officer counselors, and there were some very opposing positions. Some people from our side wanted to keep the junior officers separate as long as possible and give them extensive public diplomacy training. "We're still a separate agency until October 1, and we want to continue the way we have been. We want to control the assignments. We don't want our USIA officers wasting their time doing visa work." State needed so many bodies in junior consular positions that the rule was that all entering officers had to do two years of consular duty, no matter what their specialty was. This was absolute anathema to many USIA officers, who thought new public diplomacy professionals should only be assigned to public diplomacy positions.

And some on the State side responded, "Well, we can make you do this. We have ways to make you do this. We'll punish these people if they don't come into State the way we want them to right now." The meeting dissolved into shouting and accusations. Nothing was resolved, and we ended the meeting on an unpleasant note.

A little later Niels and I ran into each other in the hall outside of the State cafeteria, and we said, "Let's make this happen. You and I will make this happen." And we did. We agreed that we would bring our new USIA officers in a week before the A-100 started, so that we could give them a week of public diplomacy orientation. This was over the objections of the leadership at the Foreign Service Institute, who felt that specialized training should wait until the officer was assigned to a job requiring it. Then the USIA junior officers would join the State orientation class, the A-100, and be treated on an

equal basis with their State colleagues, with a single assignments list, including available public diplomacy positions. And all the JOs would be allowed to bid on whichever jobs they wanted.

We also agreed that none of these untenured junior USIA officers would be required to do a consular tour. I never understood why this was such an issue, but so many of our officers had the attitude that, "By God, I never want to do a consular tour. I never want to have to sit on a visa line." Even though it's a very useful experience.

I had been sitting on State selection committees for Principal Officers and Consuls General positions, and it was obvious to me that the Bureau of Consular Affairs played a big role in those selections. They almost always insisted on candidates with consular experience to fill these positions. So I didn't feel that consular experience was a bad thing, but there were many in USIA who felt strongly on the issue. We had already made assignments for most of the Junior Officers (JOs) from the earlier class, both their initial assignment and their follow on, so this would only affect three or four of the earlier classes of JOs. Niels and I worked out an agreement that these three or four, as well as those in the new class, would not be assigned to a consular position unless they wanted to be. We could not guarantee them a public diplomacy job, but we would take consular positions off the table. It was a small victory for USIA and a small thing for State to give up, and it seemed to placate the nay-sayers on both sides. As I recall, a couple of our JOs did consular tours of their own volition and were perfectly happy. I only had to remind the entry level division of the agreement once, a couple of years later after both Niels and I had left, and they were trying to push a Public Diplomacy (PD) officer into a consular job he didn't want.

Our merger with the entry level division went very well. By the time that A-100 course had started, the FSO on my staff who had been doing counseling for our JOs had left, so I took that over. I went with the entry level division staff when they took the A-100 group on a two-day retreat in West Virginia. The JOs went through bonding exercises, kind of a break from the classroom at the Foreign Service Institute, while we sat down and tried to figure out assignments, The JOs had all made a list in order of their choice of assignments from the list of available jobs we had given them. They had all talked to their career counselors and explained why they wanted a particular job, whether there were family reasons or health reasons this or that position would be best for them. And we each acted as advocates for those we counseled, while trying to find ways to give most people jobs they wanted.

Somebody would say, "Jane Smith's first choice is Job X." And somebody else would say, "Yes, but if we give X to Jane, then Joe Jones has nothing left but his sixth choice, and X is his second pick. If we give Jane her second choice, Y, then we can give X to Joe, and they'll both be happier." It was like a chess match, moving the pieces around on the board. I think in the end, everyone got one of their top three choices. It was a smaller class, only about 40 JOs, so it was easier than some of the very large ones. But that was a nice break for me, too.

We expanded the idea of cross assignments to the mid-level and senior levels at State the last couple of months before the merger, when State's bidding season had started, and that worked well also. There was a balance that we in USIA Personnel were trying to find, and I think we did it well, figuring out what we could do in conjunction with State even before the merger. It made sense to merge the JO classes since that was far more beneficial to them. And it made sense to open all the assignments to officers from both agencies, especially since their bidding season was going on just as we were merging.

In most other ways, we were still an independent agency, and we had to keep working the way we had been doing. We made sure the new JOs had a week of USIA/public diplomacy orientation before they joined the A-100 course. We brought in a couple of library specialists—we had a small corps of library specialists and English teaching officers. We continued to make our own assignments. Every couple of weeks I would attend the senior officer assignments (SOA) meeting, composed of USIA Deputy Director Penn Kemble, Henry Howard, the Director for Management, Dr. Duffey's executive assistant, and Jan Brambilla. We in Personnel would have already determined our favored candidate in consultation with the regional bureau involved, and I would write a justification memo, which I then had to defend for the panel. I am very proud that in my 15 months there, the SOA never disagreed with our choices.

And we still had to deal with personnel crises. In one case a PAO had lost the confidence of her staff and of the Ambassador, and the regional office wanted to move her back to Washington as soon as possible. We were able to do that, even though she was reluctant to make the move. In another case, an officer had been assigned to a job as press attaché at a medium-sized embassy, but she was promoted to the senior service, and the regional bureau really wanted her to be the PAO at a much larger post. She obviously wanted the larger job. We persuaded the USIA front office that it was a good idea, but I had to spend 30 minutes on the phone with a very angry DCM at her original post. I promised him we would get him a good candidate for the job there, and we did. That was an example of USIA's ability to be flexible, largely because we had so many fewer people to work with. I'm pretty sure that State would never have even considered making that change, which is why the DCM on the phone was so outraged.

We met with an organization representing USIA gay and lesbian FSOs. They were hoping we could change some practices and regulations that were discriminatory toward same-sex couples. We were sympathetic and would have liked to change things, but in many cases, we were dependent on the State Department. For instance, the group asked for diplomatic passports for the same-sex partners of gay and lesbian officers, as the spouses of married heterosexual FSOs received automatically. The State Department handled passports and visas. Travel was another big issue—same-sex partners had to pay their own way to the post and were not included on any other official travel, such as home leave or R&R. They were not included in calculations of family size for housing or any kind of allowances. There was no assistance form the State Department to get visas for the same-sex partner. Many countries would not recognize a same-sex partner as part of a legitimate diplomatic couple and would refuse visas altogether. The U.S. Government did not push this issue. We were far behind a number of other nations in that

regard. The officer often had to identify his or her partner as a servant in order to get a visa for them. Employment in the mission and official recognition of the same-sex partner by embassy personnel were other issues. In some cases the same-sex partner could not even get a pass to enter the embassy.

As I recall we did agree to improve training for same-sex partners, to allow them to take language classes at FSI when their officer partner was doing so. On all the other issues, we could not act independently of State. And State was leery of crossing conservative members of Congress like Jesse Helms, who already had several axes to grind with the Department. All we could do was promise the group that we would push State to act, would bring it up in the merger discussions and do as much as we could independently. This was a very real issue of discrimination in the Foreign Service. We had passed beyond the point in the past where a gay officer had to stay hidden in the closet or be thrown out of the Foreign Service, beyond the point where they were viewed as security risks, but they certainly did not have equal treatment. That has changed quite a lot in recent years under Hillary Clinton as Secretary of State, and same-sex partners are now treated equally with heterosexual partners in terms of travel, passports, embassy employment, etc.

We did run into a very messy situation in the last couple of weeks before the merger was complete. The previous year the American Foreign Service Association (AFSA), essentially the Foreign Service union, had negotiated new standards for promotion into the USIA Senior Foreign Service (SFS). AFSA and USIA management had all agreed to these new standards, one of which was that to be eligible for promotion into the Senior Foreign Service, an officer must speak two languages and have served in two regions of the world. Everybody had signed off on them. Now obviously, nobody really thought this through very clearly, because if somebody speaks fluent Arabic or Chinese, and they spend most of their career in that part of the world and do an excellent job, does it really matter that they don't speak Spanish? Why should they be penalized for that? More importantly, it was totally unfair to introduce this on such short notice. It just was not possible for someone who might be in the middle of a tour to suddenly find another assignment, get language training, and go off and serve in a part of the world where they spoke that language, all before the promotion panels met in a matter of months.

This is years ago, so I suppose I can talk about it now. The panel from the 01 to the Counselor level, FE-OC, the first rank in the SFS, took these new standards to heart. The other senior promotion panels prepared two lists, one list if you're going to apply these standards, and one if you're not, because the standards were already under attack. But the panel from O1 to OC came up with just one list of recommended promotions, which adhered to the new standards. They had just finished meeting when the decision was made by USIA management and AFSA to toss these new standards out and to go back to the drawing board to try to create a system where people would have a fair chance to adhere to them.

So we asked the panel to go back and reconsider, to put together a new list of those who would have been recommended for promotion but who were left off because of the new

standards. They reconvened and then gave us a list of something like 23 people who should be promoted, three times the number who would normally have been on the 01 to OC list. The panel insisted that all the people on their original list still had to be included in the rank order. That meant that FSO X might have been number seven on the original list, and the number to be promoted was supposed to be seven, but now FSO X was number 23. The panel insisted that anyone who would have been promoted the first time around had to be promoted this time.

USIA management debated about what to do, and finally decided they had no choice but to accept the list and promote all 23, because the panel had chosen them, and the person in the 23rd slot now would have been on the original promotion list. The panel members threatened to raise a stink if that was not done. And that was so badly viewed on the State side, tremendous anger. The State Human Resources people understood the reasons for it because Jan Brambilla had briefed them, although they certainly weren't happy with the situation. But the rank and file in the State Department Foreign Service did not understand, and we couldn't talk about it publicly. There was real anger, a real belief that we had deliberately jacked up our promotion numbers before we went into the State Department, because obviously these people wouldn't get promoted under the State system. That wasn't the case, but it was an unpleasant episode, and a bit of a bitter note to start out our new identity as State Department officers.

Q: I've talked to many people who view Joe Duffey as being a real disaster, somebody who really wasn't interested. He was a friend of Bill Clinton's, but didn't really see the role of USIA, didn't travel. And was sort of basically a very poor leader.

CLYDE: He was certainly not a very dynamic leader. No Charles Wick. I don't know if the merger would have happened under Wick's direction. The Director of USAID, Brian Atwood, was able to negotiate a good deal of independence from the State bureaucracy, but we had the impression that Dr. Duffey did not really care that much. His deputy, Penn Kemble, was a much stronger personality, but most of his focus was on Civitas, the citizen participation program, which he wanted to take worldwide. I think there was general agreement among those of us at USIA that we did not have strong leadership then, much to our detriment.

Q: So you were in a very important job at a very important time with very poor leadership.

CLYDE: Yes, unfortunately. But I was lucky that we had such a good team in USIA Personnel. The senior career counselor, Gary Pergl, was invaluable. I had to be away for more than a month during a crucial time for the merger, April and May of 1999, because of a serious illness in my family. But Gary stepped in and was so calm and cool that the process kept going without missing a beat. I often saw him calm down an acrimonious discussion with soft-spoken logic and reason. He was so good that I did my part to help him become DCM in Ghana after the merger, where he did great work. And it was fortunate that most of those in senior positions in Human Resources at State were willing to work together and understood the pain this was going to cause on both sides. Many

State officers were worried about all these people coming in to compete for the good jobs. That was especially true of political and economic officers, since we had many of the same skills, but had management skills as well.

Q: One of the things that struck me as I'm coming out of the consular side of the Foreign Service is sitting on country teams, how important and how strong the Public Affairs Officers were abroad. It was such an important part of America's presence abroad. I've been very impressed by the ability of Public Affairs Officers to get things done.

CLYDE: It was quite a change for everyone. For those who were PAOs, it meant going from being the head of an agency at an embassy and having resources that you could really control, to being the head of one section of the embassy with much less say over your resources. There is still a separate budget for exchange programs, which helps, but many of our management tools are now part of the administrative section of the embassy. And public diplomacy efforts really depend now on the attitude of the Ambassador and the DCM, since they have a lot of say about the use of public diplomacy resources and the role of Public Diplomacy in the mission.

I always encouraged PAOs to do their best to be included in strategy meetings, to be part of the Ambassador's inner circle. I also encouraged them to be active on mission-wide committees like ICASS—the joint administrative and resources committee—or on the housing board, on the awards committee, or on the commissary board, for instance. Every embassy has several of these boards and committees. They are sometimes thankless jobs, and often a pain in the neck because they take time and energy, but they get you into the workings of the embassy as a whole. They help you know what's going on, develop closer relationships with your colleagues and have a say in things beyond public affairs.

Every mission reacted to the merger differently. In many of them the integration went very smoothly. There was still respect for public affairs and its role. I don't know that any trucks showed up at PAO residences at midnight on September 30 to haul away their china and glassware, but in some cases it was soon taken away to be stored in a warehouse for use of everyone in the mission. Other administrative officers took the sensible attitude that they might as well store this stuff at the PAO residence, still for the use of everyone, but not taking up valuable warehouse space. Some embassies had this mentality of, "Now we'll teach these guys from USIS who's in charge." There are still PAOs out there who continue to dig in their heels and resist truly integrating with State. There are certainly more people with public diplomacy expertise and abilities who are in senior positions at State, both in Washington and overseas. But I am afraid that the whole concept of Public Diplomacy, the use of soft power, has suffered because of the merger.

Q: Where did you go afterwards?

CLYDE: When we moved over to State I became the Deputy of the Assignments Division at the State Department. The position did not exist before, so my duties were pretty undefined. I was only there for about five months. My main focus was to try to

clear up a couple of issues we had not been able to resolve before consolidation. One of them involved a few people who had been on detail to USIA from the Voice of America. Some of them had been with us for five or six years, filling public diplomacy jobs overseas, and wanted to convert to the Foreign Service. But they found themselves in limbo after the merger, because State had no mechanism to make the conversions. VOA didn't want them back, since their positions had been filled. The other big issue was the small corps of USIA management officers, whom we called executive officers, and were merged into State's Foreign Service administrative cone. Some of them were at the point of being promoted into the Senior Foreign Service, but in some cases they did not fulfill all of State's requirements for admin or management officers to do that because USIA had different requirements. I was not able to resolve either of those during my short stay in the Assignments Division, but my successor, Bob Dance, who had been one of the career counselors working with me in USIA, was able to do it. Both those issues were resolved in favor of the former USIA personnel, thanks to Bob's persistence and low-key negotiating skills.

I can't say I particularly enjoyed my short time in the Assignments Division. Losing USIA was still on our minds for many of us. I was not happy about the way State had treated Jan Brambilla, who had been Director of Personnel at USIA. She had been promised verbally that she would be a senior deputy in State's personnel system. But that didn't happen, and I think she was treated quite shabbily. My job was so ambiguous. I really was the Deputy in name only. I had no supervisor's responsibilities.

I presided at a few of the weekly assignments meetings, which were very different from those in USIA. At State there were at least 25 people around the table, and usually a list of 50 to 100 personnel actions that had to be considered. Most of them were fairly routine, but some required long discussions. State Personnel literally had a whole book of rules and precedents, all referred to by the name of the individual involved. This was mainly because State had been the target of so much litigation in the past. If someone requested leave without pay for a year, for instance, and the feeling was that it should be denied in this case, someone would pipe up in the meeting citing something like the McGregor Rule, based on a similar case in the past where McGregor had been granted the LWOP. The whole system was far more complex and arcane than ours, far more than it needed to be, I think, but they had so many more bodies and jobs to keep track of.

USIA officers found it difficult to adjust to the new system at first. Because State had so many more FSOs than USIA, it was more difficult for bureaus making assignments to know all the candidates or easily get information on them. The State bidding system involves a huge amount of lobbying. Candidates for a job are expected to sell themselves and to call on friends in high places to lobby on their behalf. We had done far less of this, and it took a while for USIA officers to get the hang of blowing their own horns so much. The whole idea of a giant free-for-all bidding system once or twice a year was new. Efficiency evaluations were written differently, and our people needed to learn how to write them for State panels. At the same time, the State promotion panels often did not understand how to evaluate the work public diplomacy officers were doing. Even many of our Civil Service staff found the transition difficult. They were thrown into a much

bigger pool of State administrative and personnel technicians, many of whom were not terribly welcoming. It was a learning process for everyone.

For many years, we had published names and assignments publicly on the Wireless file daily telex feed when that existed and in the USIA World employee magazine. Since we were a small community of FSOs and specialists, we liked to keep track of where our friends and acquaintances were serving. As the merger approached, one of our career counselors had moved over to the mid-level division of State personnel to be the public diplomacy counselor and assignments officer. He continued to keep track of assignments of public diplomacy officers and assignments to public diplomacy jobs, and published them as a cable every two weeks. We named it "Phil's List," in his honor, and former USIA officers everywhere looked forward to it. It continued for a year or two after his departure, but unfortunately, but perhaps inevitably, a later successor in that job, not a PD-specialist officer, killed it off unceremoniously. No other specialty had that perk, and the assignments officer just decided she didn't have time or energy to produce it. She was actually quite proud of ending it. I suspect the security people did not especially like names and posts to be so public either. There was discussion of the R Bureau, the new home of public diplomacy and public affairs at State, taking over Phil's List, but it never happened. It was a hard blow to the morale and community spirit of former USIA personnel, and I am still hearing complaints about its loss. I have never had the impression that economic or political officers or consular officers at State have the same kindred spirit that USIA public diplomacy officers used to have, so it was hard for them to understand the loss of Phil's List.

Shortly after I moved over to State, I started to lose my hearing. I didn't have a very good ear specialist. He basically told me it was old age, nothing you can do about it. And even though I had a rudimentary hearing aid, it became harder for me to do the job properly. Peter had been assigned as the general services officer, the GSO, in Copenhagen, Denmark, the next summer, the summer of 2000. So I just decided 33 1/2 years was enough. I retired from full-time active duty in April 2000. As it turned out, my hearing problem was bad, but it was not due to old age. I found a better specialist, who determined it was a progressive disease which was not curable, but was treatable with better hearing aids.

So by the time we got to Denmark in July 2000, I was doing much better, so I signed up for the "while actually employed" (WAE) list, sort of like a contract position to fill vacancies as needed, although there are limits on the number of days you can work and how much money you can earn. I did that for ten years, until 2010, so I kept my hand in.

POST–RETIREMENT

Q: WAE work is sporadic, so most of the time you were a Foreign service spouse, no? How did you find that adjustment?

CLYDE: I found it difficult at the beginning, going from a fairly senior position in USIA and the State Department to being the GSO spouse. Of course nobody at the Embassy in Copenhagen had ever known me as a senior-level FSO. It gave me a real appreciation of how Foreign Service spouses are often treated. The hardest thing to adjust to was that I wasn't privy to information any more. I didn't know what was going on in the mission, in our bilateral relationship with Denmark. I remedied that in part by taking a contract job as the editor of the Copenhagen Embassy newsletter, the Viking Voice. I put so many hours into it that I was probably earning something like 25 cents an hour, but I loved doing it. And it may have been the best embassy newsletter anywhere.

Q: Who was the Ambassador there?

CLYDE: When we arrived, it was Richard Swett, a former Democratic Congressman from New Hampshire, whose wife was the daughter of California Congressman Tom Lantos. Swett left in July 2001 and was replaced by Stuart Bernstein, a real estate developer from the Washington DC area. Bernstein was a very popular Ambassador. He listened to his professional staff and relied on them. He was on friendly terms with just about everyone in the mission, including contract guards, janitors and drivers, the kind of people often ignored by Ambassadors, political appointees or not. Bernstein and his wife Wilma wanted some fairly extensive renovations done to the official residence. That wasn't unusual, but what was unusual was that he understood when the administrative staff told him some things couldn't be paid for by the U.S. Government. So he paid for them himself. That certainly made Peter's job as GSO easier. A couple of examples of his generosity: Soon after their arrival, while renovations were being done on the kitchen at the house, he decided to take everyone out for pizza. He loaded all the house staff, including all the guards but one, into a van and went into town, where they all ate pizza together. And he made sure to bring some back for the one guard who had been left to keep an eye on the house. Every December he held a huge holiday party at the Residence and invited every single member of the Embassy staff, again including the guard force and the janitors, for a lavish buffet. Not the typical image of a political appointee Ambassador.

Q: What was it like serving in Copenhagen?

CLYDE: What's not to like about Copenhagen? It's a clean, beautiful, safe place, wonderful people, excellent public transportation. We were very fortunate with our housing assignment. The Embassy rented an apartment for us on the second floor of an insurance firm. The owner had just beautifully renovated the place to add three apartments. Otherwise the building was empty after 5 pm. And we got even luckier with our next-door neighbors—the Spanish deputy chief of mission and his lovely Bulgarian wife in one unit, and the director of a British chemical firm and his Ecuadorian wife in the other. We all liked each other a lot, got along famously. We had sort of an international eating club to explore restaurants as a group. Although the apartments themselves were beautifully modernized, the building was a couple of hundred years old, with a great arched entrance for horses and carriages. We could see the top of the Queen's palace from our kitchen, and know when she was home by the flags flying. We

were a couple of blocks from the Little Mermaid, about an eight-minute walk from the Embassy, and the same distance in the other direction to Nyhavn, the lively port area full of restaurants.

The Embassy itself had a fine restaurant, run by Keld, a professional chef, who served up quite remarkable restaurant-quality dishes every day, at far more reasonable prices than at the nearby restaurants. He also catered representational dinners in the restaurant space for Embassy staff. It was such a different arrangement from other Embassy cafeterias in the world that inspectors and auditors always had questions, but never found any improprieties. It was just our good fortune. And it was a far cry from the Embassy cafeteria we had in Managua, where we identified the cuisine of the day by the color of the fruit juice always served on a given day of the week—Tuesday was red, Wednesday was purple, Friday was orange and so on.

But the people were very much Scandinavian, very aware of personal space and privacy. We were there three years and often met the same people walking the same route and knew that we recognized each other, but no one ever exchanged any acknowledgement of that. Having served mostly in Latin America and Africa, I was probably more comfortable in more open, exuberant and extroverted societies.

The Danes are so civilized. Even the occasional anti-American demonstration in front of the Embassy was civilized, with families and babies in carriages marching around with placards, but not screaming threats or throwing rocks or tomatoes. They were very law-abiding. If you crossed a street against a red light, someone would always warn you. But they would speak out occasionally. A few days after our arrival we were buying something at the deli counter in the supermarket, and when the clerk realized we were Americans, she began to berate us for having the death penalty in America—"Why do you like killing people?" I think there had been an execution in Texas a day or two earlier, and the Danes were very opposed to capital punishment.

Everyone spoke English perfectly, it seemed, and was always willing to help with directions or other questions. Danish is a difficult language, and neither of us learned more than a few words before we went. Even television was largely in English. Danish is not a widely spoken language, and it was cheaper to put subtitles on American or British programs than to dub them in Danish. So we could watch quite a few U.S. TV shows. Sometimes the subtitles were amusing, though. We were watching an episode of "The Gilmore Girls" one evening, where the scene was of a town meeting to select a new town crier. The candidate was described as having worked at a Kinko's. The subtitles said he had worked at "a sex shop," which in Denmark probably would not have been a disqualifier.

We also had some unusual opportunities to travel while we were there. We took a fantastic cruise up the coast of Norway across the Arctic Circle in June, the time of the Midnight Sun. Peter went to Botswana for a worldwide GSO conference and took a couple of extra days so he could visit a game park. I missed that one, but we both took a one-day trip to Thule, Greenland, crossing six time zones to visit the U.S. Air Force Base

there. Greenland is a Danish territory, and our arrangement with the Danes was that all supplies for the base had to be purchased in Denmark. Once a month the military folks at the Embassy chartered an SAS jet to ferry supplies. There were a limited number of seats on the plane, and the military often invited others from our Embassy and from foreign embassies to ride along for a tour of the base. The base was a very important one at the height of the Cold War, when it would have been one of the first to spot Soviet missiles en route to the United States. By 2000, some were doubting its usefulness, so it was to the military's advantage to show it off. Our trip was in July, but it was still cold, with large chunks of ice floating around the harbor. We were only on the ground for a couple of hours, back home for dinner, but it was definitely a worthwhile trip and certainly an unusual one.

Copenhagen's main disadvantages were thigh prices, and the winters were often dark and damp, the sun rising around 10 and setting by 4p.m. But it was not a hard life for us.

Q: What was Peter doing as GSO?

CLYDE: He was fortunate to have an extraordinarily capable staff. He upgraded the Embassy's security perimeter. We were on a main street, and the State Department wanted an additional layer of security before visitors could enter the building, so Peter supervised the building of a new guard booth and visitor screening center. He also dealt with the logistics of a large number of official visitors, including former President George HW. Bush, who was a friend of Ambassador Bernstein's. Bush, as he had been in Sao Paulo, was very friendly and willing to meet with Embassy families and pose for photos.

In December 2002, the Embassy received a request from Sate to assist former President Jimmy Carter as he transited Copenhagen en route to Oslo to pick up his Nobel Peace Prize. Carter's arrival would coincide with the weekend Denmark assumed the presidency of the European Union for only the second time, and almost everyone in the mission was totally focused on that. Nobody seemed too interested in dealing with the Carters. Peter realized after a few days that the Embassy had not responded to the State Department's request, so he asked the DCM if he should take over the project. The DCM was happy to have a volunteer. Peter was excited about doing it, because he had regretted missing out on Carter's earlier visit to Managua.

He met the Carters' plane at 6:30 a.m. on a Sunday morning and installed Jimmy and Rosalynn in the Queen's VIP Lounge at the Copenhagen airport. They were traveling with a large entourage of friends and relatives who were joining them for the Nobel ceremony. The others had all been installed in the SAS business class lounge, but the Carters asked whether a couple of others, including their daughter Amy, might be able to join them in the small Queen's lounge. Peter had to do a fast dash across the airport terminal, but he was able to get Any moved over to join the former President and Mrs. Carter. A week later, when the Carters came through Copenhagen on their return to the United States, it seemed half the Embassy wanted to be at the airport to greet him.

Q: Were you there on 9/11?

CLYDE: We were indeed there on 9/11. I was at home that day, and Peter called me from the Embassy to tell me to turn on the TV because a plane had crashed into one of the Twin Towers. I turned it on in time to see the second jet crash into the second tower and was glued to the television the rest of the day.

The next morning Peter and I walked to the Embassy together. There were dozens of Danes walking the same route, carrying bouquets of flowers. When we arrived at the Embassy, the entire entrance steps were piled high with flowers, with more coming every minute. Several hundred Danes were standing in silence out front. It was incredibly moving. Ambassador Bernstein had been en route back to the U.S. that day, and his plane was among the many diverted and grounded for a couple of days. So our DCM, Larry Butler, was Chargé d'Affaires and rallied us all. He did a great job of it. Peter saved the U.S. flag that had been flying over the Embassy on 9/11, and with Ambassador Bernstein's wholehearted concurrence, he presented it to Larry upon his departure the next year to become Ambassador to Macedonia. I think, like JFK's assassination, 9/11 will be one of those occurrences where everyone remembers exactly where they were.

Oddly, that led to a significant and much happier turn of events in our personal lives. We had been planning to meet some Washington friends in October for a vacation in Italy, but they decided that they no longer wanted to travel. My first WAE job had been a couple of months in Bratislava, Slovakia, as acting DCM. The PAO there, whom I had not known well before, kept talking about a retirement home he had bought in SW France, and offered it to us if we ever wanted to visit that part of the world. This seemed like a good time, so we stayed there for two weeks, in a little village called Lauzerte, population about 1,500, and just loved it. Not only was it a beautiful, medieval village of stone houses, but the weather was perfect. We went back the next year, saw a house down the street for sale and ended up buying our own place there, which we still have and try to spend every summer there. We had thought at one time we might retire there as well, but eventually gave up that idea. But it's a wonderful place to get away from Washington in the summer.

Q: What else did you do under the temporary WAE system?

CLYDE: The acting DCM position in Bratislava came along just after we arrived in Copenhagen. They were scheduled for an inspection that fall and wanted someone to be sure they were prepared. The DCM was serving as Chargé because the Ambassador-designate's confirmation was being held up in the Senate. I also worked on a couple of VIP visits—George W. Bush to the UK, where I was part of the Northern Ireland segment, and Secretary of State Colin Powell's visit to Spain.

Most of my other WAE positions ended up being in training. Renate Coleshill, who had been our executive officer in Brazil while I was in Sao Paulo, was then the head of the Regional Program Office in Vienna, Austria, which was originally established to support USIS posts and embassies in the Soviet bloc. They also had a nice training facility, and they needed someone to teach a week-long course in effective writing for Foreign Service

National Employees. So I went to Vienna and taught several classes. I enjoyed it tremendously, to my surprise. I'm not sure I would have enjoyed teaching seventh graders, as my mother had, but I loved teaching adults. And effective writing was dear to my heart. Writing for the State Department or within an Embassy is quite different from normal prose. I don't mean it should be turgid or bureaucratic, just the opposite, but it has to be aimed at certain audiences. I was able to draw on my journalism training—put the important facts up front—and on the concept of "so what?" Why should the reader care about this document? I always invited another FSO to be my assistant, and we did a lot of hands-on training with individual students. We talked a little about grammar and formats for different kinds of documents, such as cables, memos, emails, etc. But we mostly worked on the idea that almost everything we write at State has one of two purposes, to persuade or to inform, and that they needed to figure out which they were intending and how best to do that for a particular audience. Was this memo for their boss or for the ambassador or for Washington? What did that particular audience need to hear and in what manner?

The course was originally just for public diplomacy FSNs, since it had originated as a USIA training course. But soon it was opened to FSNs from other embassy functions. That made it a little harder for me, because they were all responsible for different kinds of writing, so I had to make the exercises more general. The students all spoke and wrote good English, but the idea was to help them write so their writing would have more of an impact. They were always surprised when I told them that it was important to keep their writing short and sharp, especially since people in the State Department were so busy that few of them would read beyond the first paragraph or two of a telegram or memo. To illustrate that lesson I used a telegram I had seen from a post about a cultural presentation, which went on for two pages in chronological order, from when the performers had arrived at the airport, where they performed the first day and on and on. The next to last paragraph talked about how at the last performance, the country's rather anti-American foreign minister had attended, had sat next to the Ambassador, and in that casual setting they had come to agreement on a couple of tough bilateral issues. That was a very significant "so what," justifying the expense of this performing group, and the post had buried it at the very end, which hardly anyone in Washington would ever look at.

They were also always surprised when I told them that sometimes they couldn't stick to hard and fast grammar rules, like the Oxford comma. If their boss was always sending back their work either adding or subtracting that comma, then they should just go with the flow and do it the way the boss wanted, even though their next supervisor might feel differently. Many rules were not cut in concrete—that was obvious from the differences my FSO assistant and I always had about commas or dashes or capitalizations.

It was a fun course, and I taught 12 or 15 sessions, in Vienna, Frankfurt, and Paris. In one of the courses there was an FSN from the Embassy in Madagascar, and I mentioned to him that I had lost track of some very good Malagasy friends, but didn't know to find them again. He volunteered to do so for me and was able to send me an address soon after he returned to Tana, so that was a nice bonus.

We tried to set up some sessions of the writing course at the training center for Latin America in Fort Lauderdale, but the timing never worked out, to my disappointment. And although the students universally said it was among the best training they had ever had, the course was dropped in favor of more emphasis on technology, which made me sad. I also was certified as an instructor for the Seven Habits of Highly Effective People and did a few sessions of that as well, in Vienna and in Chisinau, Moldova.

When we came back to the United States in July 2003, I also started running training courses for the Public Diplomacy Division at the Foreign Service Institute, FSI, especially the two-week PAO Management course. Peter went to work in entry level training at FSI, which he really enjoyed. He was able to develop an entirely new one-week orientation course for new State Department Civil Service employees, something Secretary of State Colin Powell had requested. He and Powell, and later Secretary Condoleezza Rice shared the dais a number of times for graduation ceremonies at the State Department for participants in that course,

In 2009, I was acting PAO in Paris for two months, which was great fun. It was in July and August, which should have been very quiet, but a new Ambassador, Charles Rivkin, was coming at the end of August, so there was a lot of preparation for his arrival and a far smaller staff than usual to do it, since the French, including those who work for us, do not give up their August vacations very easily.

Traditionally the U.S. Ambassador gives a number of large receptions in September for Embassy contacts at the end of the vacation period. Since Rivkin was newly arrived, these would also serve as his official introduction. This took hours of preparation, deciding just whom to invite. We in USIS were primarily responsible for the guest lists for a media reception and a cultural reception. For the cultural reception, our staff wanted to include several graffiti artists from a poorer, mostly Muslim, neighborhood of Paris, where we had been holding workshops with a visiting American graffiti artist. One of the Embassy's goals was to get closer to and increase our understanding of Paris' Muslim minorities. The cultural staff at USIS had the idea of inviting some of the local artists and providing them with blank paper to make art at the reception. The Rivkins liked the idea. They were fans of graffiti art, which was big that year, and had visited a couple of exhibits in Paris just after they arrived. I wasn't entirely sure the security office would like the idea of young men with cans of spray paint at the Ambassador's residence, but they bought off on it, and the evening was a smashing success.

My last WAE assignment was for the European Public Diplomacy office at State, which wanted to do a survey of the feasibility of creating some kind of American cultural center in various countries of the region. The pendulum was swinging back toward trying to find ways to reach younger audiences, not concentrating only on the elite opinion makers. I think the Arab Spring demonstrated the need to do that. I made two trips, each one two or three weeks long, to 15 or 16 countries in all. That required a good deal of logistical maneuvering, trying to figure out dates and itinerary. And it was the year of Snowmageddon, when most of Washington closed down because of a series of blizzards. My passport was trapped in the Azerbaijani Embassy, waiting for a visa, so I had to get a

second passport at the last minute for the first trip, and switch the itinerary around. An interesting trip, but exhausting, and I didn't see much of the countries I visited beyond the embassies and hotels.

I was interested to see how the former USIS offices and staff had been incorporated into their missions. In a couple of posts, I was very disappointed to find the PAOs and their staffs still clinging, after ten years, to the notion that USIA should be an independent agency. It didn't help that in some cases, Ambassadors did not have high regard for public diplomacy. In one post, the Ambassador actually refused to speak to me, cancelling my appointment with her and saying it wasn't necessary. That was disappointing. But most places seemed to be adapting well, and as more and more new public diplomacy officers who know nothing of life under USIA enter the Foreign Service, it will get easier, although I am certainly not persuaded that the cause of public diplomacy and soft power is better served. Maybe I am just an old USIA relic myself.

After that last assignment, I decided that I was getting too far out of date with current policies and practices to be effective. The new technology most posts were using was not anything I was familiar with. So I decided to end my WAE work and retire a second time. Peter had retired from State in 2007 and had no interest in ever darkening the door of the Department again. So now we are both enjoying retirement and our French vacation home every summer.

Q: Thank you very much for talking to us.

CLYDE: Thank you.

End of interview