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MEMOIR

How Did You Get Here from There?
Memoir of a Diplomatic Career

The Art of Diplomacy Is Letting the Other Guy Have it Your Way.

- Paraphrase of a tag on a SALADA tea bag

Beginnings

It all began with Auntie Mae and Glen Martner, FDR and The Great Depression, and Professor David Bryn-Jones, when I was a rising teenager in Minneapolis.

Growing up in the '20s was a carefree picnic for kids. For me that included, from

May to October, many weekends and most of the summer vacation at a cabin in the north woods of Minnesota that my father had designed for a brother and sister who were our closest family friends, the Martners. They had come to Minneapolis after World War I from a farm near Litchfield, Minnesota, and over time became another set of parents for me. It was during those extended periods at their cabin that I became infected with the political bug, foreign and domestic. They had a wide range of friends from a Federal judge to doctors, lawyers, bankers, businessmen and artists to a nearby lumberjack who had built the cabin and the wonderful man who looked after Glen's car. Such weekend guests made for a very yeasty combination and mealtime conversations, often debates, were always about national politics and international affairs. How infectious! And so the process began.

Such a life, the only one I knew, made the almost over-night collapse of our world in 1929 an incomprehensible disaster. Life for kids went on in familiar patterns, school and sports, music lessons, birthdays and holidays, biking, swimming in one of the city's many lakes. But surrounding all was a very different world, disintegrating, it seemed, and bewildering for young ones. Having a paper route ceased to be simply a source of casual change, it became a family necessity. Out of these calamitous times there emerged Franklin Delano Roosevelt, an extraordinary, charismatic voice of strength, reassurance, and hope. We heard him regularly on the crackling radios of the time and I was transfixed. My parents and all their friends were ardent fans of Herbert Hoover and the Republicans. But FDR made me his fan and just as ardent a Democrat, then and there. Also, a new and different kind of magazine, *Time*, appeared somewhere along the line and it brought international and national news in ways that local papers had never done before. We thus began to learn about developments and events not only at home but especially abroad that we would not otherwise have known about. And thus was this continuing process of political infection further advanced.

Yet another experience carried that process forward. My mother regularly attended a Wednesday evening book review session given by Dr. David Bryn-Jones (a very small Welshman - black suit, dark tie usually black, white shirt with wing collar, glasses that pinched onto his nose - and a wicked ping-pong player) who was the minister of one of the prominent churches in town and chairman of the Twin Cities' American Foreign Policy Association chapter. Those days in the early '30s in Minneapolis had their violent edges and it had become unsafe for women to go about town unescorted. Too many had been assaulted and injured too often by what were known then as "mashers," robbers and worse. As a tall, lanky teenager, it thus became my responsibility to accompany my mother to those Wednesday evening sessions at Dr. Bryn-Jones' church. He often reviewed books on foreign affairs and that soon led us to attend the dinner meetings of the American Foreign Policy Association. In those lean times, we couldn't afford to attend the dinner at the YWCA, but we could sit in the balcony of the hall and listen to the talk by that evening's speaker. And that did it. I was hooked.

In 1936, Frank B. Kellogg, a St. Paul lawyer, trust-buster, Senator, Ambassador to Great Britain, and the Secretary of State, 1925-1928, set up an endowment for a Department of International Relations at Carleton College and Dr. Bryn-Jones (later the author of Mr. Kellogg's biography) became its first professor. Carleton, situated in Northfield just south of the Twin Cities, was the preeminent small, liberal arts college in the Mid-West, quite selective and more expensive, of course, than the University of Minnesota. Nevertheless, I was determined to find a way to go there to study with Dr. Bryn-Jones, who by then was a good friend of ours. After graduating from high school that same year, Glen had arranged for me to have a job at the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company where he worked. That made it possible to earn enough over the next two years to pay a part of the cost of attending Carleton, with the balance coming from its generous scholarship grants and work programs.

For four years I lived in an exciting world the likes of which I could never have imagined. The students, the faculty, the work, the leisure activities, the beautiful campus and buildings were all in overwhelming and intoxicating contrast to the world I had come from. In 1940, between sophomore and junior years, I was selected to attend the Japan-America Student Conference. It started in 1933 and was held alternately in Japan and the US and in 1940 would be held in Japan. In those days, this was akin to a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for any young person (except those who were rich). I had been to Winnipeg once with Auntie Mae and Glen, and also went with a YMCA group to Chicago on the train to see the 1933 World's Fair, unusual and notable experiences for kids in that day and age. A far cry from travel nowadays, even international travel, which is so common an occurrence for our kids and theirs that we never think twice about a youngster going off for a term abroad, as one of our granddaughters did (Fall Term, 1995) in Australia.

Japan in 1940 was quite another matter for us. Our conference was held in Tokyo for some weeks, after which we traveled south through Japan, thence to Korea, Manchuria and on to Harbin on the Soviet border. We spent three months in civilizations and cultures world's apart from our own, trying to absorb what we could. Those were times of mounting tension in Asia, but we were unaware of them that summer although we learned a great deal about Japan's "Co-Prosperity Sphere" in Asia. Later (1947), when visiting our Embassy in Lisbon, I learned from the Counselor, Ned Crocker, who had been at the Embassy in Tokyo when we were there, just how Japanese officials had given wide publicity to our visit and had used us very successfully for their own domestic political purposes. We were innocents abroad to be sure.

Japan became for us a life-changing and quite unforgettable experience. During our off-hours, we wandered around Tokyo with our Japanese student friends, visiting their favorite haunts as well as many shrines and temples, lived with a Japanese family while on our travels, explored the beautiful and ancient city of Kyoto, and continued on with similar experiences through Korea and Manchuria,

both then held by the Japanese. The memories of those wanderings, the long train trips, the endless conversations, the adventures that popped up, those months of shared experiences are indelible and as vivid today as then. One of the Japanese students, Tetsuya Kamada, and I became close friends during these months together. He came to see me in Washington in 1955 when he was in the US on business, but we have not met since that time. We did correspond now and then over the years, however, and are now in close touch once again. World War II was a dreadful time for him and he is saddened by it to this day. He wanted me to know about that experience and has finally felt able, recently, to begin writing his memoir about that very difficult part of his life. The war did nothing to affect our friendship in any way, though. "It was not a war between Bill and Tetsu," he said.

That summer's experiences, with all that led up to them, thus completed the process that had begun back in the early '30s. I had become, once and for all, irreversibly committed to a career in international affairs and preferably in the Department of State.

We had been so out of touch with world news during our summer in Japan that the world we were returning to seemed to have been completely transformed. As our ship, the *Asama Maru*, entered the San Francisco Bay, we were dumbfounded to hear news reports on the radio that the military draft was being instituted that very day. (Ironically, in another 18 months that ship would be carrying the Americans who were being repatriated from Japan after the attack on Pearl Harbor.) This report and others that followed, about the war in Europe and the growing Japanese threat in the Far East, left us staring in astonishment. Talk about being "out of the loop!"

With our vivid and happy memories of that summer and our Japanese friends, it took some time to return to reality. World news was constantly before us now, however, and the dangers in Europe and Asia were obvious beyond any doubt. We tried not to accept what was so obvious, both as individuals and as a nation. We were relieved by the non-aggression pact the Germans and Soviets struck and shocked when Dr. Bryn-Jones, in a convocation address, told us that it would fail: the conflicting national interests of the two parties ran too deep and so far back in history that such a pact was bound to collapse.

He was right, of course, and the spread of the war in Europe and eventually the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor were as stark and unforgettable lessons as any wannabe diplomat - and anyone else for that matter - could ever have. The time from December 7, 1941, to graduation in June, 1942, proved to be a baptism in fire for all of us: registering for the draft, helping with the establishment of rationing in Northfield, draft physicals, completing our college career, waiting for news from the draft board - and most momentous of all finding my wife-to-be thanks to our English Lit. prof. who seated his classes in alphabetical order, thus placing Dodds and Dunham cheek by jowl). Eventually, having heard nothing

from the draft board, I went ahead with plans to take an MA at The Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy in Boston.

One day, soon after graduation, I stumbled upon my draft card which had been delivered months before but had slipped down behind the mail box and the wall it was loosely fastened to. I had been rejected - to tall and lanky and thin, I thought - but I was never able to find out for sure. (It wasn't until 1945, when I was due to accompany my boss to the newly reopening Embassy in Paris, that a physical exam showed an open lesion in one lung. That put a stop to Paris and started a constant watch by the doctor and an eating binge that raised weight from 155 to 190 and closed up the lesion.) That summer of '42, I worked in the greater New York City area for the Northrup King Seed Co. of Minneapolis, visiting all the stores that had carried their seed packets that year, settling accounts and then taking an order for the next year. After that, it was off to Boston for another school year and then, during spring break, off to Washington to search for a job.

Several of us from Fletcher made that trek, a few got jobs, two of us at the State Department. For me it was a very near thing, though. I had found nothing. Then, the evening before my last day in Washington I received a phone call at the YMCA where I stayed. It was a friend of Glen's. He had heard from Glen that I hoped to find a job at the State Department, he knew someone there and, *mirabile dictu*, had made an appointment for me to see that official at 10:00 the next morning! It was then that I met the man who would be my boss and would become, in the fullness of time, my mentor and good friend throughout our careers in the Department and later the Foreign Service, Livingston T. Merchant. We had a thorough talk: my background and education, my determination to find a job in the State Department; the responsibilities and work of the Division of Economic Warfare, of which he was the Assistant Chief. We then went next door to meet the Chief of the Division, Henry R. Labouisse, Jr. We had another good talk, the job was offered and accepted, they said they would take care of the details, and instructed me to report for duty as soon as possible after graduation. Breathtaking!

The whole process, interview and all, had taken less than an hour and I had a job in the State Department. I was agog. I filled out some forms and left, feet barely touching the sidewalk. At last I would be entering that career I had dreamed about, worked for over so many years. Now, in a few short months, it would all begin.

And that is how I got here (that far anyway) from there.

Economic Warfare Division

It had been a long haul from those exciting, introductory days at the beginning of the '30s, listening to FDR, beginning to learn from him, and thereafter many others, about international relations and our own politics at home. The Great Depression had taught tough lessons about adversity and how to face it and Dr. Bryn-Jones had taught me well and prepared me for what was to come. Auntie Mae and Glen were, as always, close by supporting, encouraging, seeing me through to that day when Glen opened the door to my new job. Now the time had come when, at last, I could enter into that world of international affairs - something it was hard to believe, as I climbed the imposing front steps of the Department of State next door to the White House, on that first day on the job, June 20, 1943.

My assignment was to serve as secretary of the Joint US-UK Economic Warfare Committee and to be responsible in our division for following economic warfare activities in Spain and Portugal, handling incoming cables and outgoing telegrams, getting clearances in the Department, and also the Foreign Economic Administration as needed.

My immediate boss was King Fleming who had been editor of *The Baltimore Sun* before he came to work for Uncle Sam. And what a teacher and friend he proved to be. I learned more from him about writing than from any English class I ever took. He was friendly, lively, and patient at the same time that he was a demanding and serious professional. No one could have hoped for more exacting training in a fundamental requirement of diplomacy - communication - than he provided. He insisted upon rewriting and rewriting until a text was precise, spare and conveyed its meaning accurately and unmistakably to the reader. On the other hand, I discovered in time that there would be occasions when you would want to write in such manner that your message could be read in more than one way - but that was an art form that would come later.

Livie Merchant and Harry Labouisse were the first two of the extraordinary superiors I would have the singular good fortune to serve during a twenty-year career. They were classmates ('26) at Princeton, Harry having come (unmistakably) from Louisiana and Livie from New York. Harry earned a law degree from Harvard and was a member of a New York law firm; Livie joined an investment company in New York where he became a partner; and they both came to the Department right after Pearl Harbor. They even brought along one of their favorite teachers, Percy Weber, a jovial, witty professor of classics at Princeton who did wonders for our division, peopled as it was by materials experts and engineers. Harry and Livie were both remarkably intelligent, experienced, able men who, while they were strong and demanding leaders, were unfailingly considerate, courteous, and thoughtful.

Harry, a true Southern gentleman, was delightful in his quiet, lawyerly way and

Livie was delightful in his own outgoing, active, charismatic way...as fine a man as you could ever hope to know. In their later careers Harry would become the UN Commissioner of Refugees and Livie, who stayed with the Department and the Foreign Service, would serve in a variety of positions involving economic affairs in Europe and the Department, eventually becoming Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs, twice Ambassador to Canada, then Deputy Under Secretary and soon Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs and also Acting Secretary of State for that unique one-day tour of duty when a new President is inaugurated.

Our Economic Warfare Division came under Dean Acheson who later became Secretary of State under President Harry Truman and one of our most distinguished Secretaries. At this time, he was the Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, our boss and the one to whom Harry Labouisse and Livie Merchant reported. In his book, *Present at the Creation, My Years In The State Department*, he devotes three chapters to economic warfare, including the internecine warfare among many Federal departments, as well as within the Department, that plagued this program throughout most of its relatively short life.

In brief, Henry Wallace, at one time the Secretary of Agriculture, had persuaded the President to establish a Board of Economic Warfare (with Mr. Wallace as chairman) to handle all aspects of US international economic policy and action, including eventually economic warfare, thus preempting the Department's obvious primacy in such matters. This whole undertaking became so contentious that the President, fed up with all the ruction, just abolished the Board of Economic Warfare, in September of 1943 and replaced it with the Foreign Economic Administration "to assure conformity of our foreign economic operations and our national foreign policy" through close liaison between State and FEA, as Acheson described it. These fights were coming to a close, the battle was won when I arrived early that summer as the new naif on the block knowing nothing of what had gone before. "The aim of economic warfare," Acheson wrote (p. 48), "is to cut the enemy's supplies, information, and funds from foreign territory and prevent his communication with it....Another aim ...was to control overland trade between neutrals and the enemy within the continent he dominated. In doing so, it posed hard problems in dealing with both the foreign neutrals and our own people. When neutrals feared an enemy such as Germany, as all European neutrals did in the early years of the war, and yet needed goods from Germany, the greater pressures were for German trade. But neutrals also needed materials from outside Europe, especially food and oil. Here lay the basis for urging them to sell to the allies and withhold from Germany. The extent to which they would do so depended on the fortunes of war.

"At home the public, almost to a man, regarded arrangements to supply the neutrals as traitorous connivance at trading with the enemy. Neutrals were judged to be enemy sympathizers. General Franco's government in Spain, in particular, was denounced as no better than a Nazi ally of Hitler. Oil to Spain might go into a

German submarine, despite Franco's promises. and be used to sink our ships."

Our job was to establish through the Joint US-UK Economic Warfare Committee common policies to the greatest extent we could to prevent, by whatever means possible, the flow of items to the Axis powers that could be used for military purposes. Then it was up to each of us in the division to watch over field operations in our assigned areas, overseen jointly by State and the FEA. The most critical items involved included: industrial diamonds (necessary for proximity and other fuses); ball bearings from Sweden; arms and ammunition from Switzerland; and, from Spain and Portugal, wolfram (tungsten ore) necessary in the production of steel. In addition to these, there were a vast number of other things we attempted to interdict, ranging from such items as hides and skins to essential oils. Preclusive buying, our most civilized method, was the one we used most often in our efforts to prevent supplies from reaching the Axis powers from the neutral countries. But, as Acheson notes (p. 54), in the Iberian Peninsula where Walton Butterworth, "a most able Foreign Service officer," was in charge, "Some reports hint at bribery, smuggling, flooding mines, hijacking, black market purchases, and tying up transportation."

As Acheson had observed earlier, the extent to which the neutrals would move in our direction depended on the fortunes of war. In April of 1944, those fortunes were obviously changing and Acheson volunteered to write a speech for the Secretary, Cordell Hull, in which he "would warn the European neutrals that their last clear chance to join the winning side with credit would soon be gone.... We could no longer acquiesce in neutrals' drawing upon the resources of the world when they at the same time contribute to the strength of its enemies and theirs.... We asked them only, but with insistence, to cease aiding our enemy." The speech, approved by the President, was a stunner and marked the turning point in our dealings with the neutrals. They got the message and gradually began changing course.

The Spaniards were the most difficult and the last to move. Petroleum was our trump card in dealing with the neutrals and it had been a particularly hot issue in the case of Spain. "So when Mr. Hull, during the oil-for-Spain controversy, received a letter from his Cabinet colleague [Harold Ickes, the Secretary of the Interior] bitterly attacking our Petroleum Adviser, Max Thornburg, I intervened," Acheson writes (pp. 62-63). We had heard many rumors that he was so angered by this letter that he had marched over to the Interior Department, charged into Ickes' office and chewed him out. Anything but. The fact of the matter was that Acheson and Ickes and their families were close friends and spent summers at farms they owned out in the Maryland countryside where they were near to one another. Gasoline rationing during the war prevented Acheson from commuting into Washington, but Ickes had an official limousine and took Acheson back and forth with him each day. With such an old friendship, the rumor about marching in and chewing out was nonsense; rather Acheson chose, characteristically, a course that was much more subtle and effective.

His account continues: "The letter [from Ickes], copies of which had been sent to the President, Vice President and others, charged that Thornburg, one of the officers principally concerned with the Spanish oil problem, was improperly influenced by connections in the oil industry. It was true that Thornburg, like Churchill, was in favor of a more liberal oil allowance to Spain than were most of the rest of us, but he was no more moved to judgement by improper influences than Churchill was. While Harold Ickes' charges were quite unfounded, the source of the argument *ad hominem* was not obscure. The Petroleum Adviser to Ickes had been a rival officer in the same company with Thornburg. Their opinions of one another were not laudatory, and this was not the first spat they had had. Since the oil controversy provided enough inflammable material without added charges of this nature, I asked Mr. Hull to allow me to handle the matter and he, glad to be rid of the whole disagreeable business, assented.

"Max Thornburg agreed to my plan. I telephoned Harold Ickes, told him that Mr. Hull had demanded an investigation of his charges, and said that one would be held that afternoon, with witnesses to be sworn and their testimony reported.

`Investigation!'he roared. `Before whom?'

`Before you,' I said.

"`What in hell is going on?' he demanded. `Are you crazy?' I explained that I was not; that, although it was well known that he was a curmudgeon, I was betting that he was an honest curmudgeon and would be willing to hear and decide upon the evidence my contention that he was mistaken about Thornburg. As the enormity and, at the same time, the humor of my effrontery sank in, he murmured, `Well, I'll be damned,' and set an hour to receive us.

"We went through with the judicial farce: witnesses sworn by a court reporter, testimony taken stenographically, and cross-examination offered to the Solicitor of Interior---now an eminent justice. The substance of the charges was disproved. No improper interest in conflict with Thornburg's duty had influenced his advice. Ickes agreed to this and was about to dismiss us when I pointed out that the retraction, like the charges, should be in writing and go to the same people. He agreed to this, also, and called a secretary and dictated an ungrudging letter saying that on further investigation he found that he had been mistaken and with- drew what he had said. A copy was given to the reporter.

"We had risen to leave when in an audible *sotto voce* Harold added, as a postscript, `Anyway, I still think he's a so-and-so.'

"`Mr. Thornburg,' I said, `resume the stand. Do you know the ordinary and usual meaning of the term Secretary Ickes has just used?'

"`Oh, my lord,' Harold Ickes shouted, `skip it. I withdraw that, too. Now get out of here and let me do some work.'

"`Good-bye,' I said, as we filed out. `I'll see you at six o'clock.' And I did."

Every time I climbed the broad, impressive steps to enter the Department during those wartime years, I couldn't help being amused by the sight that greeted the British members of our committee as they entered this same way. At both the Pennsylvania Ave. and 17th St. entrances, there, mounted on the broad sides of those splendid stairs to greet them, were cannon seized from the British during the War of 1812.

That great, ornate, gray building, grand chimneys sprouting from its Mansard roof with rows of dormers, was once described by President William Howard Taft as an "architectural hiccup." It was originally the State, War, and Navy Building; in its second incarnation it became the Department of State; with the addition of wartime personnel, space in the building grew tighter and tighter and eventually, as the war wound down as did our work, our offices were moved in 1944 to the Walker-Johnson building on F Street just off 17th Street which housed many other offices of the State Department. Eventually, the Department and the White House both outgrew their quarters. The Department was moved over to the former Combined Chiefs of Staff's building at 21st and Virginia Avenue and it became New State and Old State became the Executive Offices of the President.

When I arrived in 1943, our offices were located in the State Department's northeast corner on the third floor, except for the corner office which was occupied by Herbert Feis, the Department's Economic Advisor. Most of us were housed just up the hall in several inside rooms that looked out on an open interior square. (The rest of the rooms on that corridor were occupied by the European Division (EUR). Harry and Livie, however, had outside offices next to Mr. Feis that faced Pennsylvania Ave. Their boss, Dean Acheson, had his offices at the far end of the building, in the southwest corner of the second floor next to the Secretary.

Communication in those days was variously assisted: as well as telephones, top officials had "squawk boxes," a long rectangular wooden box with a phone receiver cradled on top and a row of levers below which could be depressed to ring similar boxes on the desks of other officials; and some divisions even had messengers, as did we and Mr. Feis. James was our man and he sat patiently, and often somnolently, in our northeast corner waiting for business. It was a job that was not without its own hazards, however. Once, during the lunch hour, some of James' buddies, finding him dozing, trussed him up in his chair where we found him later on struggling to free himself from his bonds.

Long meetings that dragged on and on often gave opportunity to examine the surroundings in that grand old building. The ceilings were far more than "as high

as an elephant's eye;" the beautiful mahogany doors (I counted 45 separate pieces) had fine engraved hinges and door knobs; and they and the windows were properly proportional to the room. All of this was designed in the best Southern style to help ameliorate the stifling summer heat and humidity. Also to this end, cross ventilation was enhanced by white Venetian doors that hung in the doorways (not a little reminiscent of saloons of Western fame), thus providing enough privacy so that the massive hall doors could be left ajar.

There were some doorways that had also had transoms that were later modified to accommodate an exhaust fan and one such was once the setting for a brief and revealing little drama. It occurred at the doorway into the private office of Paul Culbertson, chief of the Western European section (WE) of EUR. The fan in the transom over his office door had been removed thus leaving a round, open space. At that time, following the war, I was then serving as the desk officer for Portugal with an office directly across from that doorway. One afternoon, as I stepped out of my office, what should I see but a man attired, appropriately enough, in black from shoes to fedora. He was facing Paul's door and standing on tiptoe trying to hear what was being said inside his office, but when he heard me, he scampered away. He passed two colleagues of mine so I asked them if they recognized him. They had: Jack Anderson, one of the henchmen of Drew Pearson, an extremely contentious (and, many said, infamous) writer of a sensationalistic column widely syndicated in newspapers across the country.

Since our division's activities were concerned with Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, and Sweden, we had to keep in touch regularly with our European Division neighbors up the hall: desk officers for these countries plus those for the UK, since we worked so closely with the British, and for France which was affected occasionally by our activities. This gave the opportunity to know Bill George who was the desk officer for Spain and Portugal, Woodie Wallner and later on Elim O'Shaughnessy on the French desk. They were of the old, elite school, Foreign Service Officers many of whom had grown up abroad and had also spent most of their careers overseas. They tended to take a dim view of all the "outsiders" who had come into the Department during the war, people Woodie once described as those who "put on shoes and came down out of the hills to work for Uncle Sam." They were a new experience for me and I welcomed the chance to know them and to hear the stories they would tell from time to time about their experiences abroad. Other than that, our work seemed to be *terra incognita* to them, though they were always cooperative enough when I explained to them regularly what we were doing and when I went to them for clearances for our cables.

Given the constant action-oriented hubbub in our offices, I was puzzled by the relative quietude that always seemed to prevail in these offices. Of course, I had no idea then what was involved in the duties of desk officers, but they always seemed to have time to chat. In his book that I have been referring to, Dean Acheson comments on an episode that shows how he viewed such circumstances as these (p. 43). The President had put the Secretary of State "in charge [in

November, 1943] of all nonmilitary matters affecting the interests of the United States as a result of the occupation of territories in Europe and North Africa. Mr. Hull... assigned this authority to the Division of European Affairs. The order created in the division an Office of Foreign Territories....

"The old geographic divisions and their officers had no experience or knowledge of conducting an operation where men, machines, and materials were used to an end. Their experience and training had been in discussion and reporting. The Office of Foreign Territories failed lamentably." Perhaps that was the situation then, but the scene had certainly changed four years later when I joined the staff in EUR/WE. However, it does remind me of a similar assessment of our work made in the late '40s by one of the daughters of our Deputy Director of WE, Francis Williamson. She had won the coin-toss that allowed her to "go to the office with Daddy" one Saturday morning. When she got home her sister wanted to know all about her adventure. First question: "How was it?" Answer: "Boring." Second question: "Well, what does Daddy do?" Answer: "Nothing. He just sits around and talks to people."

Working in the State Department was a new and exhilarating experience; living in Washington turned out to be a new and strange experience. Where moving from Minneapolis to Boston and grad school had proved comfortable and even familiar, Washington, D.C. in 1943 was something else again. The first thing to hit you, coming from a city like Minneapolis, was the racial segregation. We had heard about Jim Crow practices, but had no experience of them. The only Negroes or colored people, as they were called back then, I had ever seen were those deck hands we saw occasionally on the boats that came up the Mississippi River from New Orleans. We used to go down to the docks sometimes in hopes of hearing them sing their marvelous songs. But I never had the chance to meet any of them. I did know some people of other races, though, when I was growing up. I had Indian kids to play with in the summers up at Glen's cabin in the north woods; and in Minneapolis, where there were quite a few Asian families, I had several Chinese buddies. In those days, any thought that we were of different races never once occurred to us. And so it was also during those months in 1940 as I traveled around with our Japanese student friends, as well as it was for five years with my very close Chinese friend and classmate at Carleton and roommate at The Fletcher School. Consequently, what I discovered in Washington came as a great shock, experiencing for the first time the reality of the sharp separation of races and all the discrimination that was part and parcel of it. I was outraged.

Three of us from Fletcher lived in the Mt. Pleasant area, located between 16th Street and Rock Creek Park, where we found rooms with a widow of a Swedish diplomat. The Mt. Pleasant street car line ended nearby which made for an easy and inexpensive trip to work. In good weather, I walked to work down 16th Street in the mornings and soon became aware that Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, later Vice President, was lopping along on the other side of the street. I also encountered a couple of others who also walked to work - Mutt and Jeff:

our very tall boss, Dean Acheson, and a very short Felix Frankfurter, a Justice of the Supreme Court. They came down from Georgetown to the corner of Pennsylvania and 17th Street where they parted, with Acheson heading into the State Department and Frankfurter hopping the street car up to the Hill. At a certain moment, he and the street car company had a falling out. The company had installed a new-fangled amenity, Muzak, later known also as elevator music and assorted other less well-bred names. In Justice Frankfurter's opinion, it constituted an invasion of privacy and he sued the company. He lost, unhappily, and we have thus been blessed with it everywhere ever since.

Then there was the Department's Mystery Man who appeared at this same corner in the morning and could also be seen around occasionally during the noon hour and in the evening when we left work. A tall, slender young man, nattily attired in a dark blue suit and overcoat, complete with velvet collar - a quite elegant Chesterfield - gray gloves, a thin leather despatch case, and the whole topped off with a dark blue Homburg...the very caricature of The Diplomat. All us ordinary types wondered who this guy could be, where he worked, what he did that would require what to us seemed an outlandish costume. Eventually, several of us got a hint about The Mystery Man. In those days, most of the Federal agencies had a "blind man's stand," a place where you could get newspapers and magazines, cigars, cigarettes, gum and candy, the place where we lunched - sandwiches, milk, coffee. And it was there down in the basement that we finally encountered The Mystery Man one misty morning as we stopped to pick up some coffee. In he came in all his splendor. He bought a sandwich and a carton of milk, opened his slender despatch case to put them in, and what did we see - one pair of rubbers and a copy of *The New York Times*. We never did find out where he worked or what he did.

Charlotte, my fiancée, took an accelerated course so she could graduate from Carleton early in 1944, and come to Washington. She lived with my sister and her roommates, worked first at the Safeway and then at the Department, paraphrasing telegrams that had been encoded. On Easter weekend, we rushed up to Boston and were married by the Rector of the Emmanuel Church, the father of a Carleton classmate, the family that was like my family away from home during the time I was at Fletcher. On Easter Sunday we dashed back again to Washington in time to go to work Monday morning. We had lucked into a one bedroom apartment in a group of garden apartments nearby in Arlington with excellent bus service at the corner. And those buses gave us yet another very intensive course in segregation and racial discrimination: whites in front, colored in back. Out of sheer cussedness, I used to sit in the back sometimes to see if anyone would chase me away. Never did.

Later on I found some transportation for us: an aged 1934-35 DeSota Airflow sedan; tear-shaped, it was described in its day as the car of the future. It did its job for awhile, but one day, as I was hunting for parking near the Department, some signs of its approaching demise appeared. I had stopped at the corner where F

Street ends opposite the Department at 17th Street. As I waited there for the traffic to clear, I noticed the paint on the hood was beginning to curl up and peel. When I opened it, smoke rose from little candles of flame along several of the wires over the engine. Folks who had been watching at the windows of an old building at the corner had called the fire department and before long we had a considerable production going. The firemen put things to rights quickly enough and then made the eminently sensible suggestion that I take the car forthwith to the nearest repair shop.

As our Division of Economic Warfare was winding down in 1945 over in the Walker Johnson Building, Livie as chief was overseeing its dissolution and I was serving as his assistant. One day Percy Weber, the classics professor, lightened the gloom of those times for all of us. While his office mate, a hard-bitten engineer, was closing out his work, Percy was dictating a letter, reporting that he was gathering up his *lares* and *penates* in preparation for his return to Princeton. The engineer suddenly looked up and said, "What the hell is he talking about?" No classicist he!

Under Secretary for Economic Affairs

Harry Labouisse had moved from our old quarters to offices at the other end of the third floor in the southeast corner where he took up as Assistant to the Under Secretary for Economic Affairs, Mr. Will Clayton. He was a very tall, vigorous, white-haired man, a founder of the Anderson, Clayton Cotton Co. Harry was being assigned to a reopening Embassy in Paris and, when he left, Livie succeeded him and took me with him. Mr. Clayton had the big office in the corner, his outer office was along the south side of the building and we adjoined his office on the east side where we looked out on the White House, the Rose Garden and Oval Office. On occasion you could even see President Roosevelt going out the gate in his touring car, top down in good weather. Between Mr. Clayton's and Livie's offices there was a narrow, little office which our secretary and I inhabited. Mr. Clayton always took a very sound ten minute nap following lunch, after which he would stagger through our small quarters to the men's room that was directly across on the inside corner of the hall. Having splashed cold water on his face, he would return refreshed, alert, and ready to go.

Livie was also on tap to go to Paris and I was to go with him. That was not to be, however, due to the lung problem (p.4) that was discovered at this time. This disappointment was not without its compensation though: our transportation predicament was resolved when Livie left and we bought his 1942 Ford sedan (it ran for another ten years and more).

I was kept on as assistant to Mr. Clayton for an utterly fascinating, but as it turned out, relatively brief tour. Among my duties was attending meetings in his office and then preparing a memorandum of conversation afterwards. He had me bring in the draft and stay while he read it. He usually had some additions and changes

to make, most often matters of detail. We would have these sessions sometimes several days later and cover several memos at the same time so I had to marvel at the way he could remember so much so clearly so long after the fact. Then I began to notice that he referred from time to time to slips of paper he had on the desk beside my memos. Finally, I said at one of our sessions how greatly impressed I was that he remembered so clearly what had been said at these many meetings. He held up several of those pieces of paper. "See these? They're *my* notes." I couldn't make head or tail of the penciled scribbles on them and obviously looked bewildered. "That's my own shorthand system," he said. "I developed it when I was just starting out in business and I've used it ever since. It's handy. No one else can read them!"

Working for Mr. Clayton opened up a window on a new world. For the first time I had the opportunity to observe a top official at work, also others at State and from other departments, as well as foreign diplomats. I had learned the fundamentals watching Livie in action; this job provided the opportunity to see diplomats and some other high officials working in far different areas and at a far different level. There were often things to be followed up for his visitors and reports for me to make to them. There were phone calls to take when Mr. Clayton was unavailable and a caller wanted to leave a message for him and have me get an answer to a question the caller had about a matter that had been discussed when I was also present. There were innumerable such matters, but in spite of their seriousness and importance, I was unable to avoid thinking at times about those twins, the two gondoliers in the operetta of the same name by Gilbert and Sullivan, when they sing:

But the privilege and pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is to run on little errands
For the Ministers of State.

The most momentous errand of this kind, I only realized a bit later, came in an urgent phone call from a Brigadier General Leslie R. Groves. I was to tell Mr. Clayton that it was imperative that the highest travel priority be given at once to an American in Africa (I forget where) to return to the US immediately. General Groves did not identify himself or his position nor did he say who the man was he was calling about. I started to ask for a bit more information, but he cut me off.... Mr. Clayton would know exactly what he was calling about. And so he did when I told him about the call and said it seemed to be very important. He said yes and added something to the effect that these men were involved in the most important project in the war effort. That knocked me for a loop and I only realized why he had been so emphatic when a bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and Brigadier General Leslie R. Groves was identified as head of the Manhattan Project!

The men's room across the hall from my office was a "comfort station," as the Aussies call them, used by the gentlemen in the EUR offices that stretched all the way down that third floor hall, as well as by those in Mr. Clayton's offices. One

day I ran into George McGhee there. We fell to talking and he said he was making the rounds in the Department hoping to find a place for himself. I knew Mr. Clayton's deputy, Willard Thorpe, was looking for someone and steered George in to see him. George found his place and went on to have a distinguished career, including in due course, if I remember correctly, the job of ambassador to Germany.

Such comfortable serendipity (or so I assumed it to be) also worked for me in that same locale not long after my encounter with George. I ran into Jack (John D.) Hickerson (Deputy Director of the Office of European Affairs) and we, too, fell to talking. Presently he mentioned they were looking for a desk officer for Portugal, to serve also as assistant desk officer for Spain. They knew about my work with the economic warfare programs in those countries and thought I would be a good fit for the job. Would I be interested? Would I?! What a shock. I stammered my acceptance, saying I would have to clear it with Mr. Clayton. Jack said I certainly should but he thought Mr. Clayton would readily agree. And sure enough he did, sending me off with warm thanks and best wishes. He was another of my extraordinary bosses.

It wasn't until later that it struck me that good old Jack had probably already talked to Mr. Clayton. Jack was an old hand and knew how to get things done. He wasn't very tall, but he was a mighty big and very able man. Long years later, I now realize that I should have sensed Livie's "fine Italian hand" in these seemingly serendipitous developments: he had made me his assistant when our economic warfare division was closing down; he had taken me along with him to Mr. Clayton's office; he had arranged for me to stay on after he left; and finally there was this encounter with Jack and the invitation to join EUR. Such things don't "just happen" and it seemed obvious that Livie must have seen to it that they would. So, thanks to him for such an extraordinary opportunity, I would now be setting out entirely on my own, working at the very center of the Department's operations.

And that is how I got here (that far anyway) from there.

Portugal

Having visited Bill George so many times in connection with the economic warfare activities in Spain and Portugal, his office was well known territory. It was a bit head-swimming, though, to return that first time, early in 1945, seeing it as my office now along with the new desk officer for Spain, Outerbridge Horsey.

Outer was an able and experienced FSO and a delight to work with and to have as a friend. An immediate task confronted us when we first joined forces. Outer had brought a tiny car back with him from his last post. (He was so tall that it looked like he was putting that little machine on when he got in.) It had to pass the vehicle inspection in D.C. and he had to get a driver's license. I showed him

where these services were located and one day he set out to do the necessary. When he came back it was to report that this outing had not been without untoward event. His first stop had been at the licensing bureau. The eye and written exams had gone well and so had the driving test up to the finale. His tiny car had a parking brake that consisted of a chain with the handle inside the car and the braking mechanism under the car. To set the brake, you simply pulled the chain up and hooked it in place between the seats. At the end of the drive, Outer had done so with a great flourish, but also, alas, with an excess of bravura that caused the whole mechanism to break loose and fall onto the street! He got his license alright, but it was off to the garage for that tiny car before it could pass its test.

One day Outer explained the origin of his name. Outerbridge came from a rum-running family in Bermuda, Horsey from a family in Maryland who were their "business" partners. Ultimately, Cupid had his way, the families were joined by matrimony, and Outer got his name. He had a touch of an accent, having studied in England, but his father, not being content with "nothing more" than a classical education, sent Outer to MIT to learn something "practical." And so he did. When we were confronted with the task of working out with the Portuguese the details and figures of a Marshall Plan Agreement for economic aid, Outer turned out to be a whiz with a slide rule!

Another notable experience for us was our secretary. The three of us were in the same room...two apparent neophytes, one veteran of the Department. She was slightly forbidding, though seemingly benign, but we gradually became aware that she watched us with a wary eye. Later, as we got into full operation, we began to notice that from time to time something we had written or dictated came back to us in slightly altered form here and there. Finally, Outer mentioned this to me and I said I had observed the same thing and wondered what was going on. Finally, a draft came back with little alterations throughout it and we had to ask her why she was making such changes. She said she thought she should help us - we were so young and inexperienced in the Department and she wanted to assure that what we wrote was done in the most acceptable way! We thanked her for her concern, but said we would prefer to have things left the way we wrote them. This caused a bit of a huff, but it eased in time, even though a certain residue of disapproval lingered on.

At that time, EUR was headed by H. Freeman (Doc) Matthews, a widely experienced, able, senior Foreign Service Officer. Doc was very much a part of the pre-WW II establishment, as were all the officers in EUR with three exceptions: Jack Hickerson, Doc's deputy, who was a Departmental officer with years of experience in the Department; Paul Culbertson, chief of WE (Western Europe), a rough-hewn, plain-spoken Departmental officer and, like Jack, with long experience in the Department; and then there was me, a Departmental officer and part of the new generation arriving from "outside." Happily for us, all three of these superiors were splendid bosses and we have them to thank for the seasoning

and training they gave us. Seen in retrospect these many years later, our EUR gang looks very much like the progenitor, in microcosm, of the new mix that would slowly emerge in the Department and in the Foreign Service during the next several decades.

A few months before I had moved to EUR the Secretary, Cordell Hull, who had been in ill health, resigned in November 1944 right after the presidential election. He was succeeded by Edward R. Stettinius, Jr, the Under Secretary, who was unknown to those of us below that exalted level. He soon proved, however, that the judgements about him that Dean Acheson later presented in his book, *Present at The Creation*, were entirely correct:

"Before arriving in Washington at the age of thirty-eight, Stettinius had gone far on comparatively modest equipment. Enthusiastic, good-natured, and with prematurely white hair, an engaging smile, and a gift for public relations, he had been Vice President of General Motors and Chairman of the Board of United States Steel. Two types of businessmen come to Washington. One is the product of a staff, is lost without it, and usually finds Washington a graveyard; the other is his own staff and relies on his own ability and drive. Stettinius was unique in that he belonged to the first group but did not find Washington a graveyard even though he became Secretary of State." (pp. 88-89)

Stettinius reorganized the top command of the Department and then put on a great show at the Senate confirmation hearings for himself and the new top officials and at the swearings in at the Department later on. Acheson continues (p. 91), "The festivities, however, were not over. All the Department had been invited to Constitution Hall [then the largest of its kind in town] to view the new team in the flesh. Walking over there, a friend in the Foreign Service observed to me that he had not seen such organized spontaneous fervor since Ed Stettinius had been head cheer leader at the University of Virginia, adding that he hoped the performance of Ed's team would be better than the university's in those earlier days." Happily they were. they saved the day, in fact, because Acheson was all too right about the "modest equipment."

At our level, we only experienced a couple of instances of the new Secretary's presence. He had a "thing" about green and promptly had the corridors of that grand old building redecorated: the walls a light green and the huge elaborately carved crown moldings painted in a variety of contrasting, darker shades of green. Our only other experience involved a memo of ours that had to be sent to him. One paragraph summarized the issue, two suggested solutions were given in the following two paragraphs for him to choose between, and the last paragraph requested his decision. The memo came back promptly enough and there, in the space at the bottom of the page, and in beautifully curving, flowing handwriting, was the reply, "I agree ES" - in green ink, of course.

Though we had no way of knowing it, both Outer and I would soon be embarked, singly and collectively, on a couple of heady courses:

- The US Air Force would soon be pressing to convert to peace time use the military facilities in the Azores it had used during World War II.
- The newly-born UN was starting out and the Soviets, as one of their first initiatives, would launch an attack in the General Assembly on what they would dub "Franco Spain," calling on members to withdraw ambassadors from Madrid. In doing so, they would make Spain one of the hottest political issues in the UN and elsewhere during the second half of the '40s.

As we were settling into our new jobs, an historic era of this century came crashing down, ending suddenly and shockingly with the death on April 12, 1945, of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. We were all stopped dead in our tracks that morning and sat glued to the radio in disbelief, waiting for more news about so unthinkable an event. Harry Truman was immediately sworn in as president and at noon Outer and I went out front on Pennsylvania Avenue to join with others as silent encouragement for Truman, who looked very small and stunned, as he crossed the street from the White House to Blair House (official guest house) with a tight square of Secret Service officers surrounding him. It was a transcendental moment, as vivid at this very instant as it was then, just over 50 years ago. Unforgettable.

Some two years later, the Horseys and the Dunhams met the Trumans under very different circumstances. One day Outer fell to talking about the protocol you were obliged to follow before the war when returning on assignment to Washington. One left cards, man and wife, on the President and his wife and the Secretary of State and his wife. In due course their cards were returned; the required calls had been appropriately made. That was then, but this was a new era and we speculated about what would happen if we followed that old custom. We decided to try it and find out. I used to drive Outer home, since I passed his place, and one evening we stopped at the White House gates next door and he stepped out and delivered the appropriate cards.

Several months later we were suddenly reminded of our caper. When I got home one evening, my wife said our neighbor lady, who liked to collect the mail from our post box and hers out by the road (so she could see what we got), had come to the door in great excitement to announce that we had a letter from the White House. Whatever could it be!?! Well, what it was was an invitation to tea at four o'clock on a given afternoon. Obviously those arcane ways were still functioning even in these immediate post-war years. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose.* Perhaps. But I doubt that our colleagues went through these gyrations very much longer when they took up a new assignment in Washington.

Anyway, we went to the tea, of course, had the chance to meet Harry and Bess, who were as reported...just plain folks like our friends back in the Middle West. The "tea" was a gigantic affair, one at two o'clock for 200 and another at four for

200 more. My wife picked up some chocolates for our two kids when she finally managed to squeeze up to the table in the dining room. The crush was so great that the chocolates were quickly squashed, but they were nevertheless still regarded as treasure from the White House so far as the kids were concerned.

1945 had marked an exciting new career prospect, but before long that was threatened by a very different prospect...a RIF, a reduction in force. As I was still very much the new boy on the block, I was at great risk and could easily be "reduced." I was not all that aware until after the fact that I was threatened, but Jack did and he knew, too, that if I were abroad I would be left unscathed. So he told me it was time to make an orientation trip to Portugal to get acquainted with the people in our Embassy, to meet Portuguese officials, and to learn about things Portuguese.

In those days, the work horse for trans-Atlantic travel was the DC-4, a four-engine, prop aircraft. The flights to Lisbon left from La Guardia Airport in New York, first stop the airport at Gander, Newfoundland, on to Santa Maria in the Azores (where the field had been developed and used by the USAF during WW II), and thence to Lisbon. This was a long trip, grinding along for hours and hours, as the record for this route will attest. On one of these trips I happened to be aboard the flight that set that record: 18 hours. Today an 18-hour flight will take you non-stop from California to Australia.

Portugal from the air looks just like the map - lush and green all the way to the mountains that form the border with Spain which, in turn, is dry and brown on its side of that border. Portugal and Spain were poor enough before World War II, but then suffered great deprivations during that war. Portugal, to some degree, was less severely affected thanks to the skills of Dr. Antonio Salazar, the expert economist who ruled over Portugal for many decades. And his job was made the easier because his country had not been devastated by a civil war and also his countrymen were anything but volatile like the Spaniards. Then, too, there was a political advantage: the Spanish Civil War together with Franco's blatant collaboration with the Axis powers during WW II made him and Spain a pariah during and after the war. On the other hand, Portugal had leaned very much the opposite way and, after the war, Dr. Salazar, appeared much more benevolent than the neighboring Franco. Consequently, we faced no political hurdles to surmount in our relations with the Portuguese Government.

Embassy Lisbon was a small post, its two buildings situated part way up a steep hill with the Residence on a corner and the modest Chancery also on a corner across the street and up a block. The neighborhood was plain and unremarkable, the rear windows of the Chancery looking out on the backyards of the neighbors behind, complete with laundry hung out to dry and an arrogant and full-throated rooster who kept us constantly apprised that he was there and in full command. During the years I was involved with Portugal and Spain, we had a succession of ambassadors in Lisbon, most of whom would have gladdened the heart of any

novelist. Herman Baruch, the brother of Bernard Baruch the distinguished advisor to presidents. was a large man with a bushy halo of white hair, a mustache and beard, looking every bit the charming patriarch. But his interests were anything but...he was an ardent womanizer and rumor had it that every Friday he received a hormone shot. When WE's much beloved deputy director, Francis Williamson, heard we had visited with a young lady who was being assigned to Lisbon as a secretary, he said, "I hope you're teaching her the sitting broad jump - so she can clear her desk when that old geezer comes after her!"

Incidentally, Francis kept us all amused with his genius for getting into comical fixes. He was much involved in the post-war arrangements in putting Austria back in working order. One Saturday morning he came into the office with another of these encounters. "Any of you know Jack Darmery? I dictated this memo yesterday and here it is this morning full of allusions to John Darmery. Who's he? The memo was supposed to be all about the terms of reference for the Austrian *gendarmarie!*"

During these years, Francis had his "crossed-eyed bear" (i.e., "my cross I'd bear") in the person of Eleanor Dulles who was among the staff working on Austria. She was a stream of consciousness if there ever was one and it spilled out all over whatever she wrote. One day he came in our office with one of her airgrams of several pages announcing that he had made what he called "a few editorial changes." They appeared in the form of lines and lines of text that had been neatly lined out plus several little balloons of new text which hovered in the margins. The whole would then only partially fill one page. We never did hear how these oft repeated experiences affected Eleanor; whenever you saw her she was always as cheerful, pleasant, and lively as ever.

Well, back to Portugal. John Cooper Wiley, a career officer and another of our ambassadors in Lisbon, never went near the Embassy offices and kept hours that would have made that well nigh impossible anyway: up at noon, off to bed in the middle of the night. He thrived on Scotch whiskey, sipping it during his waking hours, but with no visible effect. An exception did arise in this respect on one occasion. One of the Embassy officers had a weekend, garden reception. The ambassador was there and I noticed that he was speaking in uncharacteristically raised tones, especially when he asked the waiter to add a bit more water to his drink. A little later I discovered why. I was standing near the bar when the host's son rushed in, hot and thirsty from playing tennis, and asked for a glass of water. He took a big gulp and then turned red, white, and blue on the spot. The jugs that held water and gin were covered with a straw wrapper with a little sticker which identified the contents, but otherwise they looked the same. And so, horror of horrors, agua and gin became confused and both the host's son and the ambassador suffered the consequences!

The British Ambassador had his own problem with receptions. After a career as a civil servant in the Foreign Office, he was given this post to cap his career. On

one occasion a local English lady came up to him and, gushing, said, "Oh, Your Excellency, don't you just love cocktail parties?" Looking down his long, thin, aquiline nose, he replied, "Madam, cocktail parties give me gas."

Ambassador Wiley's wife, Irena, a most extraordinary lady, was the star of that pair. Polish by birth, a gifted artist, fluent in six languages, she was the Embassy's bright and shining light. As an artist, she produced works for some of the churches in Lisbon; as the ambassador's wife, her charm both as a hostess and a guest smoothed his path; and as a person, she was a distinguished presence in that small country. I remember still one unobtrusive practice she employed to avoid causing discomfort for a hostess. She did not drink, nor does my wife, and she showed her what she did at parties and receptions. When she arrived, she would pick up a partly empty glass, carry it as she made her rounds of the guests, and then set it down when leaving. No fuss, no bother, and an undisturbed hostess.

For my part, I was intrigued by the way the ambassador solved a problem he inherited. The Embassy's French chef was far and away more expensive than Wiley could possibly afford so he undertook a little campaign, flattering the chef by excusing him from some of his duties, giving him extra time off, and eventually telling him he thought an artist of his great skills and achievements should not be demeaned by being obliged to do the marketing. He had therefore decided to assign that chore to one of the servants. That did it. The chef had long been profiting handsomely from that lucrative sideline and he was not about to relinquish such a booming asset. Predictably enough, he promptly resigned!

When I returned from my orientation trip to Portugal, we had yet another ambassadorial adventure. As if Baruch hadn't been enough, Lisbon got another one like him in the person of Colonel Guggenheim of copper and Hope Diamond fame. He was lively, too, but he was anything but the charming patriarch type. He was definitely the hunter. Eventually, he carried things much too far, however, when he dropped a spoon down the front of a lady's gown - the wife of one of Portugal's wealthiest and most politically influential men - and then reached in to retrieve it. He was called back to the Department shortly thereafter and kept asking me why. All I could say was that the Under Secretary (tough General Bedell Smith) wanted to see him. He was fired on the spot and left the Department...a whipped pup. *Sic transit gloria* - for sure!

The best thing possible happened when this trend was reversed with the appointment of Lincoln Mac Veagh as ambassador to Portugal in June 1948. He had long been ambassador to Greece. As a scholar and publisher well versed in Greek and Latin, and a translator of verse in each of those languages, he had been the ideal candidate for that assignment. Then, when WW II broke out, he was assigned as ambassador to the governments-in-exile of the Mediterranean nations the Axis powers had occupied with his headquarters in Cairo. After the war he went back to Greece and came to Lisbon from there.

We were fortunate to have such a veteran arrive to lead the impending air base

negotiations with the Portuguese Government and, more than that, someone who was well and favorably known to the powers that be in Washington. It turned out that Mac Veagh and Dean Acheson were old friends from their early school days (and both had also been well acquainted with FDR). Their relationship more than once facilitated solutions to problems we would occasionally encounter on the US side in the negotiations with Portugal, and also later on with Spain.

When the US entered World War II, the short-legged aircraft of those days had only two routes for reaching Britain - via Iceland and its difficult weather or via Brazil to Africa and thence north. The Azores were an enticing but doubtful option due to Portugal's neutrality. It was Winston Churchill who came up with the device that opened the door for arrangements that would allow the US Air Force to use air base facilities in the Azores. Churchill recalled that there was a "friends of friends" clause in the 1384 (I believe it was) Treaty of Friendship between the UK and Portugal. Obviously we qualified. In due course, that led to arrangements allowing the US to develop and use during the war the necessary air facilities on Santa Maria Island.

After the war the USAF was anxious to convert those facilities to peacetime use. We were working on these requirements when Mac Veagh was appointed. He was highly intelligent, widely experienced and notably skilled, a veteran diplomat obviously best qualified to take on the responsibility for these negotiations. Eventually, when our work in Washington was completed, I was dispatched to Lisbon to consult with the ambassador and assist him as he prepared to open negotiations. We went over the background of how we had been able to develop and use the facilities on Santa Maria during the war, what the USAF requirements were now, but we left it up to him, of course, to determine how to present this matter to the Portuguese. I was staying with the ambassador and later that first evening he retired to study the documents I had brought and to start mulling over his approach to Dr. Salazar.

For the next week to ten days, the ambassador continued his mulling, occasionally asking questions or talking about one point or another, but for the most part we did other things, including some one day trips. One of these took us to Oporto and a Port wine factory famous for its lunches at which the Port wine bottle moved continuously around the table and you were expected to fill your glass each time it passed by. And there's no place to hide either! En route to Oporto, we had also stopped to visit a fascinating Roman village which boasts, among other splendid remains, a mosaic floor that is complete and beautifully preserved.

This visit also offered the opportunity to get to know much better a renowned member of the staff, Ted Xanthaky, a longtime assistant to the many ambassadors who had passed through Lisbon. One of his most striking ploys was to absent himself whenever a new ambassador was due to arrive and to return after the ambassador had had time to settle in a bit (and could then focus undisturbed on Xantak, as Mac Veagh called him). Ted was very personable, knew well everyone

worth knowing, spoke several languages, and was highly respected by one and all - an invaluable asset for the embassy and particularly for the ambassadors.

Thanks to Ted I had opportunities to meet and talk with many Portuguese officials and a few I already knew who had served in Washington. Then one day this routine was broken by an unexpected and memorable escapade. Ted and I had lunch at the Aviz so I could visit this world famous hotel. Evita Peron, wife of the Argentine dictator and a celebrity in her own right, was due to arrive the next day and there had been much ado getting her suite ready. After lunch the manager, a friend of Ted's, of course, took us on a tour of her digs. The Aviz was a splendid, palatial, old-world place, beautifully decorated and elegant in every detail. The elevator, an open gilded cage with Oriental rug and wide cushioned benches, rose grandly from the lobby taking us to the suite that occupied the whole of the top floor. The place was newly decorated, the walls and woodwork gleaming with new paint, and - what made the visit so memorable - so was the lavender-hued toilet seat which, to the manager's intense distress, refused to dry! We never did find out how that ended up, so to say.

Finally, of a Sunday evening after dinner, the ambassador started talking about the upcoming negotiations. After going over the particulars and many details of what lay ahead, he said that in the morning I should closet myself in one of the offices, he would do the same, and we would each draft a note to Dr. Salazar that would introduce the American proposal. After dinner Monday evening, we would then compare drafts and start work on a final version. By the time we were finally finished, the ambassador's secretary, who spent an arduous day typing our several drafts, must have been exhausted.

After dinner we exchanged drafts. It was a bit like Christmas, exchanging presents we had been looking forward to - at least I had and I suspect he had as well. Needless to say, consummate diplomat that he was, his draft was a masterpiece. I read it twice as he did mine. He pronounced mine an excellent statement of the US proposal and then said I had probably noticed the basic difference between our drafts: he had endeavored to write his in a way that he thought would be most persuasive from Dr. Salazar's point of view. As a naif entering that world of diplomatic practice for the first time, this lesson was one I have never forgotten. From then on, working with him on the negotiations with Portugal, and later Spain, I had as thorough an education in the arts of diplomacy as anyone could possibly wish for. And he thus became, along with Livie Merchant, one of my most significant and invaluable mentors and good friends.

The ambassador's note did the trick and negotiations commenced shortly thereafter. We were especially fortunate to have as our Air Force colleague General Lawrence Kuter who headed the USAF group. Larry was a true soldier-statesman (and President of Pan-Am after he retired) who made vital contributions during the course of the negotiations, both in Lisbon and in Washington. Eventually a first agreement was reached, duration 18 months, that

allowed the USAF to move over to Lajes, Portugal's military air base, from Santa Maria airport which was being developed into a much needed commercial airport essential for trans-Atlantic traffic.

That then set the pattern for a series of 18 month agreements that, it seemed to me, permitted Dr. Salazar to bide his time waiting to see how things would play out in these early post-war years. He was a very intelligent, able, and cautious man given to moving only "with all deliberate speed" and certainly not one who indulged in enthusiasms of the moment. Portugal was included in the Marshall Plan, NATO looked like a future possibility, and, as the years moved along, I think he eventually concluded that his own interests would be well safeguarded and relations with the US well served by accommodating our requests for a longer term agreement.

These negotiations provided a few incidents of note, one of them involving Dean Acheson when he was the Under Secretary. He would occasionally call a desk officer to ask about something, as he did me, and once he called and asked me to come down to his office regarding some details about the Azores negotiations that were involved in a paper he was drafting. One day he called a newish desk officers down the hall who didn't know about this habit of his. When Acheson identified himself this hapless soul replied, "Hi Dean. Harry Truman here!"

Another more serious episode, and a curious one, occurred in connection with the Azores negotiations. Several of the USAF folks in the Pentagon had spoken to me occasionally about their concern that we include in our arrangements with the Portuguese permission for US aircraft carrying atomic weapons to transit Lajes. They were already doing so *sub rosa*, but they wanted explicit Portuguese approval of this practice. Obviously, the Portuguese authorities, if asked, would have to refuse. They and other European governments were still officially unwilling at that time to allow these weapons to enter their countries.

This interest of the USAF produced a further development when my friend, Manuel Rocheta, who was the Counselor of the Portuguese Embassy in Washington, mentioned the subject very informally one evening when we were chatting. He had heard about it indirectly, he said, they were aware that planes carrying such weapons moved on occasion through Lajes, but they didn't want this subject brought officially to their attention. If it were, they would have no choice but to refuse permission for such traffic at Lajes. One can only speculate about how this matter reached Portuguese ears, but obviously the World War II slogan, "Loose Lips Sink Ships," didn't get through to someone in the USAF group at Lajes. Larry Kuter was as startled as I had been when I passed this message on to him. He saw to it that the idea died aborning.

The negotiations, relatively uneventful though they were most of the time, did require consultations in Lisbon and in Washington once in awhile. Two trips provided some extracurricular excitement for me. One was made aboard the

newly developed Constellation that had just become the largest commercial aircraft. When the plane arrived at Lisbon, the weather was so bad and the winds so gusty and strong that a landing was much delayed. Finally the pilot tried several times to land, but the winds caught the plane, bouncing and tipping it around dangerously, and he had to abort these attempts. Later he made one final attempt before we would have to fly off to another airport somewhere. This time he managed to keep the plane steady and we finally came down with a great bang in a very rough and noisy landing at three a.m. And who should be there to meet me but Ambassador Mac Veagh. He had stayed at the airport the whole time, very much concerned about the bad weather and very upset because of the dangerous conditions for landing. We were both much relieved when this adventure ended and I was astonished and deeply touched to think that he had remained out there through the whole thing.

On another occasion when I was due to return to Washington, the ambassador said we could fly to the Azores on a plane that was returning to Lajes, he could visit the consul out there, Clifton R. Wharton, and the plane could take me on to Santa Maria to connect with my flight back to the US. It was an easy trip and we parted on a meadow where the ambassador got off. It was a nice hill that had slowed the plane when we landed, running up it, and it helped the plane to accelerate when we took off down the hill. The landing at Santa Maria was quite something else, however. As we approached the airfield, I could see the big Constellation I was to take making its landing. When it came our turn, we made a very bumpy touch down much too far down the runway. The engines immediately roared into action and the plane tried to lift off before the end of the runway at the edge of the great cliff that surrounds the island. We didn't make it though and the plane swooped down over the edge of the cliff. Happily, it was able to lift in time and we then went around for another try and made a landing so smooth it was apparent another hand must have held the stick. When I got out, the two pilots were nowhere to be seen, but a man from Pan-Am was there to meet me. I asked where the pilots were and he pointed to them lopping off in the distance toward the terminal. When I asked about that landing, he said it was a first try for a new pilot at Lajes and he had failed the test. Charming!

Finally, in 1951, we were able to conclude an agreement with the Portuguese for the use of facilities at Lajes for a period of five years. Thereafter, I lost track of this matter when I moved on to other assignments. More recently, though, I discovered that such agreements are still in effect. In October 1995, *The Washington Post* carried a small Associated Press item reporting that "The United States and Portugal signed a treaty [sic] allowing US use of the key Lajes air base in the Azores for another five years." It went on to state that "Lajes was an important staging base for US air-borne missions to the Middle East and North Africa during the Persian Gulf War and it could play a role in any US operation to support NATO allies in Bosnia." What a gratifying bit of news forty-four years later.

One other local event of note occurred during the last couple of years of the '40s. On October 12, 1949, the assignment of Clifton R. Wharton to Lisbon as First Secretary and Consul, and, almost a year later on September 25, 1950, his promotion to Consul General marked the lifting of the color bar that had, until then, confined African-American Foreign Service Officers "south of the equator," so to say. At least that is what we thought at the time.

Born in Maryland in 1899, Cliff Wharton graduated from Boston University and earned the LL.B. degree in 1920 and the LL.M. degree in 1923. A member of the Massachusetts Bar, he practiced law from 1920 to 1924 when he moved to the Veterans Bureau and later in that year to the State Department as a law clerk. He was appointed to the Foreign Service on March 20, 1925, and assigned to Monrovia as vice consul and 3rd secretary and then Las Palmas in 1930. He moved between these two posts until 1942 when Tananarive became his new post. In April of 1945, Cliff was transferred to the Azores as the American maritime delegate and consul in Ponta Delgada. (In 1946, he was promoted to FSO-4 in May, and to FSO-3 in October, attesting to his superior service.) When we began our endeavors in 1947 to find a way to convert our wartime use of military facilities at the Santa Maria airfield in the Azores to peace time use, we had close at hand the benefit of Cliff's extensive experience and thorough knowledge of the area.

Cliff and I arrived on the Portuguese scene about the same time, 1945. During the following years, I developed the greatest respect for him, both professionally and personally, as a man of the highest qualities. It was a long time before we had the opportunity to meet, but through letters we had become so well acquainted that our first meeting seemed like just another one of many such meetings. He was on home leave and came by the office for that visit we both had long been looking forward to. Incidentally, on that occasion he brought along one of his young sons. Unhappily, I can no longer remember which one, but a few of years ago I had to wonder whether it was Clifton, Jr, who became Deputy Secretary of State when Bill Clinton became President in 1992.

Early in 1949 we knew the Consul General in Lisbon would soon be up for transfer. Given Cliff's extensive experience and long and outstanding career, I thought he would be the ideal person for this post and checked out the idea with Ambassador Mac Veagh. He knew Cliff well, of course, and agreed immediately that he was the man for the job. There was no color bar whatsoever in Portugal and we knew that Cliff, who was highly regarded in Lisbon, would be warmly welcomed and eminently successful as Consul General. So, with no further ado, I put in the request to the Foreign Service Personnel office for Cliff's transfer to Lisbon as Consul General.

Then the trouble began. Our request gathered dust for months. Phone calls were not always returned and, when they were, one was fobbed off with all manner of evasive inventions. In those days, the Foreign Service ran their personnel

operations and the pre-war Old Guard were still much in evidence. The ambassador, who had a renowned short fuse, became increasingly annoyed as the date for the presiding Consul General's departure grew closer. One day, as I was fulminating about the evident chicanery in the FS personnel office, a colleague in our division (WE) heard me and offered some advice and a warning. He was one of the Old Guard, too, and told me Cliff's transfer would never be approved. "We don't need people like him at our posts in Europe." Further, he warned me that I was getting into trouble by continuing to insist on Cliff's assignment to Lisbon and had better back off.

I knew this colleague to be one of that dwindling company of FSOs of a pre-war and waning by-gone era - so unlike contemporaries such as George Kennan, Chip Bohlen, Bob Murphy, and others who had become post-war notables. He often inveighed against the wartime newcomers who had entered the Department and the Foreign Service and there was no way of knowing whether he was an emissary assigned to shut me up or was just making his usual noise. What I did know was that the message was outrageous and totally unacceptable. I called the personnel people to say that time had run out, the ambassador was highly annoyed, and any further delays over Cliff's transfer were bound to bring his wrath down on their heads. In addition, they should know that he and the Secretary were lifelong friends, and that Mac Veagh could easily call on Acheson "to lend a hand," if needs be. Best, therefore, not to rouse those two to action; in that event, they could expect all hell to break loose. In due time, these considerations proved persuasive and, in the fall of 1949, Cliff's transfer to Lisbon was approved - but only as First Secretary and Consul. It took almost another year of continuous pressure before he was appointed Consul General.

After that, Cliff's superior qualities and abilities proved that he was the man for that job and he then proceeded on from one success to another. In 1951 he was promoted to FSO 2; in 1953 he was assigned as Consul General in Marseille. Promoted to FSO 1 in 1956, his highly successful tour in Marseille continued for five years. He was appointed Minister to Rumania in 1958 and finally ended his long and distinguished career as Ambassador to Sweden.

Once the racial road block had been broken with his appointment as Consul General in Lisbon, Cliff's widely known, admired, and respected personal and professional qualities carried the day thereafter. At the time, we hoped that he had lifted the color bar and broken the trail for succeeding generations of African-Americans in the Foreign Service. But how Cliff's successors have fared in the Foreign Service since seems a very mixed story indeed.

I was concerned by an article in the May 1994 issue of the Department's newsletter that reported on a ceremony in honor of Deane R. Hinton on the occasion of his retirement after a 51 year career. He was quoted as saying, that "Representing America requires representative Americans. We can achieve a representative Foreign Service of top quality, if we make an enhanced effort to attract recruits from diverse backgrounds with the requisite moral and intellectual

qualities...." I had hoped that remark did not imply, as it seemed to, that there still exists a color bar that deters qualified minorities from perceiving the Foreign Service as a viable career choice for them.

But, alas, the concern Deane Hinton expressed, and its import for the future, were all too prescient. 47 years after Cliff Wharton had been transferred to Lisbon, *The Washington Post* carried a front page story on April 5, 1996, Good Friday, under a headline that read: **State Department Settles Bias Suit**, Black Envoys Get \$3.8 Million, 17 Promotions.

The story, written by Thomas W. Lippman with contributions from Toni Locy, reports:

"The State Department has agreed to pay \$3.8 million to compensate black foreign service officers who alleged they were denied advancement and career opportunities because of their race, and to grant retroactive promotions to 17 of them.

"The agreement was a key part of a negotiated settlement that would end a federal lawsuit that had dragged on since 1986. The case exposed some of the rawest nerves in the diplomatic service as African American diplomats charged they were pigeonholed in backwater assignments, denied promotions they deserved and unfairly driven out of the service."

The report, which went on at some length, also quotes the Director General of the Foreign Service, Anthony Quainton:

"We believe the settlement is a fair one. But more important is the secretary of state's commitment and my commitment to a diverse work force....We will be carrying out some really substantial reforms in the personnel system so we can train our supervisors to manage a diverse work force."

Imagine that! Here we are in 1996 and the DG - and the first one to do so - is only now thinking about training "supervisors to manage a diverse work force." That should have been done decades ago. At this late date, he should be thinking about hiring supervisors who already have extensive experience in managing a diverse work force!

Meanwhile, the story reports that in 1993 "the foreign service consisted of 4,015 officers, of whom 87.6 percent were white and 6.7 percent were black. Only 1.4 percent of the senior foreign service, the diplomatic equivalent of generals and admirals, were black."

What a wretched, revolting record. Obviously, the hoped-for breakthrough of Cliff Wharton's transfer to Lisbon in 1949 barely dented the color bar, if at all. How sad - how unforgivable - after almost 50 years. And still we pretend to

represent the United States of America. This is the *American* Foreign Service? For shame!

Spain

In days of yore, when you went to the theater, you could expect that you might well find the play starting with a "dusting maid" scene. The name derives from an old practice of opening with someone on stage, originally a dusting maid, who wandered about waving her feather duster, redistributing the dust, while she chatted on about the place, the people, the previous events of significance, and the present situation. You were thus introduced to the setting for the play. For our purposes, we need a dusting maid scene, too, to set the stage for the discussion that follows.

The Spanish Civil War, 1937 - 1939, had pitted the Fascist forces of General Francisco Franco against the Government's forces, the Republicans. The war also brought some involvement of those ancient enemies, the Germans and the Soviets, for whom it served as a kind of "practice run" prior to World War II when they were able to try out their new military toys and tactics during that Civil War. The war engaged, as well, the participation of many foreign volunteers, especially for the Republicans, including the Lincoln Brigade from the US, a left-wing group who associated themselves with the Soviets in the Spanish conflict. (This got them into a peck of trouble later during Senator McCarthy's witchhunt after Communists/Communist sympathizers in the early '50s.) After Franco won the Civil War, he set up a Fascist dictatorship which lasted until his death in 1975. Both Spain and Portugal were neutral during World War II, but, unlike Portugal, Spain's neutrality had been well tilted toward Germany and Italy. We had therefore kept up a particularly active program of economic warfare in Spain to try to stop militarily significant supplies from going to the Axis powers, the very program that had introduced me to Spanish and Portuguese affairs.

After the war, Spain, seen as a remnant of the Axis and a pariah among nations, was easy prey for the Soviets who had their own post-war agenda for that part of Europe, including designs on the political infiltration of France as well as Spain whose highly strategic location they knew to be of major interest to the US as it was to them. They had some success in France during the '50s, but used the new United Nations to start an immediate preemptive campaign with respect to Spain to prevent us from developing any kind of entry there. After all, the Soviets could aspire to control the eastern end of the Mediterranean and had hopes of eventually controlling the western end as well, thus giving them control of the entire Mediterranean.

By way of first steps in their campaign, the Soviets forced the issue in the UN of an immediate boycott of "Franco Spain" by calling for the withdrawal of ambassadors from Madrid. With fresh memories of Spain's wartime favoritism toward the Axis, there were few governments in a position to resist such a move,

And so the ambassadors soon disappeared. During the next several years the Soviets kept up a steady drum-beat of attacks against "Franco Spain" thus keeping the highly charged, politically sensitive "Spanish Question" alive as a roadblock against any plans we might have with respect to Spain.

Very slowly, the US and European powers began to realize that our Soviet "allies" had a post-war agenda that called for Communist expansion world-wide. George Kennan, a brilliant Foreign Service Officer and expert on the Soviet Union who was well aware of these Soviet ambitions very early, led the way in warning about them and was the one who proposed the policy of containment that became US policy, indeed NATO policy, for the next 40 years. During 1947, he also worked up a series of papers that recommended a variety of changes and adjustments in other US policies. One of these, calling for a normalization of relations with Spain, caused an enormous ruckus especially in EUR as well as elsewhere in the Department where many felt the same strong aversion to Spain as publics here and abroad.

In addition to serving as desk officer for Portugal, I had been working as the assistant desk officer for Spain and in the fullness of time, after Kennan's blockbuster hit, if I didn't get dumped into the midst of this hottest and most controversial international issue of those times. Outer was transferred and I inherited the Spanish desk, too.

Before Outer left, I was sent once again on an orientation trip in preparation for these new duties. This time, thanks to her ever generous mother, Charlotte was able to make the trip, too. We departed in January 1947, in a threatening snow storm, leaving my mother-in-law with a two year old granddaughter and a baby grandson - and with oil for the furnace running dangerously low. As we went out the front door what should we see but an oil truck delivering on our road. I had sent for emergency help and thought that truck was it. Not so. But I was able to tell our tale of woe to the driver and he said he would add our emergency delivery to his run, making it his next stop.

When we got to New York, the storm had worsened, the snow was falling thick and fast, the flight had been canceled, and we were to remain as guests of the airline until it was rescheduled. By the next morning the snow had ended all traffic, the city was eerily silent, not a sound on the streets, but the subways were running and we could get about. A plane carrying a group of senior military officials from the UK had gone down in the storm in the vicinity of Bermuda and a great search was under way which further delayed matters, giving us even more time in NYC. After three days, we were taken out to the airport, but once aboard the plane we heard that the pilot had fallen when he was coming aboard and had broken his arm. We would therefore have to wait for someone else. Next day we went out again and this time were able to leave with the new pilot.

When we got to Lisbon, our first stop. it was evening, the field was too overcast

to land, though we could see street lights dimly through the clouds. But there was nothing for it, we would have to head to an alternate airport. So off we went to Gibraltar. At that point it turned out that the pilot was a veteran of the air line's South American routes but had never been on their runs to Europe, much less to Gibraltar. The runway there is laid out across the width of that narrow peninsula. But a high double fence runs the length of the peninsula marking off the double roadway that carries traffic between the border with Spain and the famous Rock - and, of course, it also crosses the runway. To complicate matters even further, fishing boats and others, all with tall masts, were tied up close to shore on both sides of the peninsula thus creating landing angles with very small tolerances. And the only map of this area the pilots had was a map of Western Europe. No thanks to that map, but with heartfelt thanks to the pilots and the controllers on the ground, we finally touched down safely after making several circles round and round, "getting the feel of the place" as one British officer put it. The beds were hard and lumpy, the bacon in the morning was very British - typically translucent - but the sky was clear, the sun was bright, and we went off en route to Lisbon breakfasting on the dried crusts of last evening's *hors d'oeuvres*.

After several days in Lisbon, we continued on to Madrid where we stayed with my old boss, friend, and now the *charge d'affaires*, Paul Culbertson and his wife, Maria. We arrived in the evening when it's usually time for dinner most places, But not in Spain. There business hours end somewhere between eight and nine, receptions run from nine to eleven, and dinner follows bye and bye. We did adjust eventually - but not right away, not by a long shot!

In addition to getting to know the people at the embassy and some Spanish officials, we were able to travel extensively by car through Spain: Madrid and environs, Aranjuez, Avila, El Escorial, Toledo; then Bilbao, Barcelona; and finally south to Cordoba, Granada, Malaga, and Sevilla. At that time, 1947, we seemed to be almost the only travelers. The roads were largely empty save for the ever-present pairs of the *Guardia Civil* whom we saw patrolling the roads everywhere we went, wearing their black leather *tricorne* hats, ill-fitting, plain brown uniforms, and rifles slung from their shoulders.

In Madrid officials and the rich had cars - and everything else they wanted; buses were slow and dirty; taxis were powered by big charcoal-burners mounted at the back; and everyone else walked. The gap between the rich and all others was enormous, unmistakable: fancy country clubs, restaurants, boutiques, expensive shops of all kinds, mansions, expensive cars. All others were struggling at the bottom of the pile, with no sign of a middle class.

On one occasion, Madrid provided a bizarre and remarkable adventure when I was summoned to a visit with one Juan March, originally a fisherman, also a smuggler, onetime pirate allegedly, and an extremely wealthy man who had made his fortune one way and another through "businesses" in Majorca and Barcelona. His latest endeavor: the acquisition of the Barcelona Traction Company to add to his vast holdings.

In this venture he was battling against an American, Danny Heineman, also noted for his wealth and, reportedly, for his sharp business practices. I had met him and once, when Charlotte and I were in New York; we visited him and his wife at their apartment in the swanky Carlyle Hotel on the East Side. It was then we saw that he was a collector of antiques and learned he would shortly be giving his collection of Mozart manuscripts to the Library of Congress. At the same time, he was also busy using all means possible, fighting Juan March for possession of the Barcelona Traction Company.

Hence, obviously, the summons to call on Juan March. That was to be a scene right out of an Alfred Hitchcock movie. "On a dark and stormy night" (literally), a long, sleek, black limousine came around to carry me off to Juan March's house - nothing less than a palace complete with enormous gates in a high wrought iron fence that surrounded the property. A big, swarthy butler-looking, but bodyguard-type for sure, let me in and then led me on a long hike down hallways and through anterooms until we entered an ornate, dimly lit, ballroom-size library with a ceiling so high you could hardly see it. At the far end was a massive chimney and fireplace covered with intricate carvings and in front, with its high back to us, was placed a big, black, leather wing-chair. When I got around in front of the chair, there wrapped in a heavy rug-like blanket sat a wizened, tiny man all alone in this immense space. Juan March, to be sure.

He talked, in his high-pitched voice, about this and that, a bit about his business interests in Spain and his hopes for the future of the country. But nothing about the Barcelona Traction Co. nor, for that matter, anything that involved me in any way, except one or two questions about our travels in Spain. That's all folks! The flick is over. A bizarre affair indeed. We speculated about what reasons could possibly lie behind this strange episode, but the most anyone could come up with was the guess that (a) he must have been curious and wanted to check me out for whatever that was worth; (b) he wanted me to see him in his exalted state; (c) both. In any case, he was never heard from again.

As we traveled out in the country we saw scores of farmers who live in towns and then walk long distances out to fields where they worked and plowed, much of it still being done in almost the same ways as those that have been used for centuries. Then at dusk they make that long walk back again. I remember on a trip a few years later asking the driver to pick up an elderly man who was walking so slowly he had fallen far behind the large group up ahead. We talked about his work and village and when we arrived at his town he insisted that we join him at the bistro, where he always stopped after work, so he could offer us a glass of wine in appreciation for the ride we had given him. Very proud he was, and would hear no word of our reluctance to impose on his hospitality.

The grand palace at Aranjuez is especially memorable for the room with walls covered with white porcelain and green porcelain vines, imbedded in them, that

stretch from floor to ceiling. Avila, with its towers and the great wall that surrounds the city, conjures up memories of ancient times as does El Escorial, Felipe II's huge, renowned palace so grimly white and forbidding. Toledo, the subject of El Greco's famous painting, is a beautiful, historic jewel, commanding as it does a small mountain-side from its crest to the Tagus river far below. A stunning sight and a fascinating and ancient city, famed among many things for its splendid gold and black metal work. One is ever drawn to return again and again.

Bilbao, center of the militant Basques with their separatist ambitions, is an industrial city on the Bay of Biscay. Here we had an opportunity to tour a factory, Retiro, famous for its porcelain such as the room at Aranjuez. Charlotte was much interested in their work and her many questions soon stumped our guides, caused quite a stir, and gradually drew a considerable group of men who could discuss the things she asked about, much to their delight, as we moved through the factory. After that, I was known there as her husband!

Later on we made a side trip to a nearby farm where a then little known prehistoric cave, Altamira, was located. When we arrived, the farmer came to meet us, making his way across a muddy field in his wooden shoes. The entrance to the cave was through a small opening buried in amongst boulders on a rocky hillside. He guided us down into the cave carrying a lantern that soon illuminated ancient and stunning drawings of animals on the walls of this place that had once been home to prehistoric people. A magical experience.

Barcelona, in Catalonia, home to another fiercely independent people with their own language, qualified even in those barren post-war years as a major port city on the Mediterranean with excellent commercial prospects for the future. The city with its location, lively people, long history, notable architecture and arts, is an exhausting fascination. While there, we also had an opportunity to visit Montserrat - home of the Black Virgin - a monastery built in the rocks of a mountainside that is no small challenge to reach. Well nigh unapproachable, distant, bleak, cold, damp, it obviously must be an even greater challenge to the monks who live there. A rare and notable place and a stronghold of the Church.

As we attempted to fly back to Madrid, we experienced one of the elementary problems then confronting a bereft Spain - transportation. With no phone service to the rudimentary airport and no ground to air communication, it was a guessing game whether the plane from Paris to Madrid would stop at Barcelona. The only way to find out was to be out there when the plane came along. For several days we watched it float by, until one day when it happened to land and we were permitted to board.

Southern Spain is glorious and was exactly that even in those indigent, early post-war days. Our introduction was the Parador atop the mountain at Santa Maria de la Cabeza, scene of a famous Civil War battle. It was dark when we set out on the drive up the mountain thus leaving us with no idea of our surroundings. We were

expected and soon discovered that we were the only guests. Even so, our hosts had dinner prepared and had provided us with excellent accommodations. In the morning I opened the shutters on the large windows. It was a clear, bright, sunny day, but the view was a big shock ... the drop from our window sill seemed easily a thousand feet straight down!

The great mosque at Cordoba and the glories of Granada are dramatic and breathtaking reminders of the Moorish past and its lasting influence on this region. Malaga on the Mediterranean was sunny, white and relaxing, a welcome respite with a delightful couple at the consulate there, Jack (John Y.) and Lynn Millar, who taught us much about Spain and Spanish ways and became our good friends.

Sevilla exemplifies the romantic image most of us have of Spain, the epitome of things Spanish, and it lives up in every way to its storied reputation. Our visit there was long enough so that it also included *Semana Santa*, Holy Week. Its elaborate celebration is an intense and extraordinary event. At its height, statues of the Virgin Mary, bedecked with the jewels and riches of each of the churches, are carried through the streets of the city, through the Cathedral, and thence back to their individual churches. They are moved through the streets on great platforms borne on the shoulders of countless men concealed underneath. Ultimately, the celebration becomes a revelation of the enormous wealth of the Church, even in the poorest parishes, and the deep and abiding dedication of the Spanish people to Catholicism..

Two residents of Sevilla made the greatest impression on us of all the Spaniards we met during our visit to Spain: The Infanta Beatrice, the granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England, and the Infante Alphonso, the brother of the previous King of Spain. We met them first when we were invited with the Culbertsons to dine with them at their home in Madrid. They were intelligent, bright, lively people, gracious, unpretentious with no "airs or side" whatsoever and we had a very congenial time together. Typical of the evening was a little episode at dinner. Charlotte was sitting on the left of the Infante and, at a certain moment, he leaned over and said, "You are sitting on the side of my bad ear. But, if you want to get my attention, just stick me with your fork." Certainly informal enough, but not something you would want to do to a member of that family of hemophiliacs!

At some point, the Infanta heard that Charlotte was a pianist and she later invited us to visit again and asked if Charlotte would be good enough to play for her. The result was a delightful visit filled with music and many stories from this extraordinary couple.

When it had become obvious that Franco had won the Civil War, these two volunteered to walk out ahead of troops as they marched toward towns where people were fearful of the treatment they would receive from the army. The Infanta and the Infante, who were much admired and highly respected, served in this way with great success as the guarantors of safety and good treatment for the

residents of those towns.

The Infante had been an Air Force General at one time and was allowed to keep up his flying at the military airport just outside Sevilla where their palace was located. He was not provided with a car, however, so he rode his bike when he went out to the airport. The Infante was a very tall man and must have made an ungainly sight as he peddled along the dusty road. He told us that a young Air Force major grew so embarrassed, when he passed the general in his chauffeured car, that he was eventually able to persuade the military authorities to arrange appropriate transportation for the Infante.

Another tale concerned the Grand Duke Vladimir, pretender to the Russian throne. He lived with the Infantes at their palace in Sevilla. The Infanta didn't seem to think much of this shirt-tail relative. "He can't do anything much. But he does turn the handle on the grinder when I make *foie gras*." We were reminded of this tale a couple of years ago or so when we saw pictures of the Grand Duke when he was at last permitted to make a visit to Russia not long before he died.

As the time approached for us to return home, we made a final visit to the Infante and Infanta. Before we left, we asked what we could send them from home. With no hesitation at all, the Infanta said, "Jar rubbers for my *foie gras*, just jar rubbers!" And that we did indeed, in great numbers.

These two may have been royalty, but we liked and admired them as just genuinely good, plain, honest, respectable human beings, dedicated to their country and to their countrymen and that is how we remember them to this very day.

So, after our extended visit to Spain and the extraordinary experiences we had there, it was finally back to the realities of the job. If we were to undertake a normalization of our relations with Spain, the first step was obvious - we would have to arrange for the reversal of the UN resolution requiring the withdrawal of ambassadors from Madrid. And what a political hot potato that was! The campaign was led by a number of Latin American governments, who never had liked the UN's treatment of Spain, and we quietly aided and abetted them.

Our course of action, though, was marked by more than a little internecine warfare in the State Department where many, especially in the Bureau of UN Affairs, remained adamantly opposed to the policy of normalizing relations with Spain. Over a period of two years or so, they took every opportunity, tried every dodge, to oppose or at least obstruct as best they could this first step: reversing the UN resolution. Outer often had to clear memos and cables with the Deputy Assistant Secretary for UN Affairs, Alger Hiss, who led the obstructionists there. However, Dean Rusk (later Secretary under Kennedy), whom I knew and admired, headed the UN Bureau, restrained his colleagues with a firm hand, and was the one I always went to for clearances.

This effort was also highly controversial among many members of the UN as well as among publics world-wide. The press was agog over this fiery controversy, of course, and the General Assembly's sessions were long, heated, and often grand theater. The Soviets were in particularly full cry on this issue, denouncing it as a Fascist plot and repeatedly proclaiming that it was "doomed to failure," their favorite hex they put on all the most important undertakings they opposed. They were really wound up on the issue of "Franco Spain" so that phrase rang out seemingly forever in the General Assembly's meetings.

That was not the only place that saw some tussling and a bit of theater, however. The morning meetings of our UN Delegation were another such venue, though the drama there was far more civilized. Senator Austin of Vermont, a courtly, white haired gentleman of the old school, presided over the delegation. We gathered at nine each morning at our hotel, with the members of the Delegation seated around a table and staff sitting around the room behind them. We were each called on to present the issue we were responsible for whenever it was due to come up at that day's session.

Eleanor Roosevelt was a member of the delegation and sat next to the Senator where she tended to doze off during these briefings. She had an intense interest in The Spanish Question, however, and a lively dislike for the new US policy. So, when Senator Austin called "Mr. Dunham," she popped up wide awake and raring to go! It was always touch and go how long it would take to get through this item. The US position of quiet support for the reversal of the ban on ambassadors to Spain was firmly established and not open to any change. Nevertheless, Mrs. Roosevelt, true as always to herself, never failed to make her case against that policy whenever it arose. She and I often rode out together to the General Assembly meetings (in a converted warehouse out at Lake Success) to continue this ever-ongoing discussion. I never changed her mind one whit, of course, but over time we did become friends. She was a wonderful person and a very great lady and I had and have the greatest admiration and respect for her. Who could avoid treasuring such a person and such times with her.

In the fall of 1950, lifting the ban on ambassadors to Spain was due to come to a vote in the General Assembly. The in-fighting still raged within the State Department and was finally settled by Secretary Acheson with the backing of President Truman: the US would vote for ending the ban. There was intense interest in how the US would vote and I was deluged with visitors: representatives of other UN members came calling as did people from business and industry and members of the press, all trying to find out in one way or another what we were going to do. But we weren't telling. One day, I remember, a highly prominent columnist, a nasty bit of business named Joe Alsop, charged into my office and demanded that I tell him how the US would vote. When I declined, he raged on: did I know who he was, did I know I was obliged to tell him, etc., etc. A splendid performance, but to no avail. (If you are curious for more about him, see *Joe Alsop's Cold War*, A study of Journalistic Influence and Intrigue, by Edwin M.

Yoder, Jr. Very revealing.) At last, amidst much controversy, the vote was taken, the reversal was passed, and we were launched on a new chapter in our relations with Spain.

In due course, Stanton Griffis was picked as the new American Ambassador to Spain. Rich, well connected at the top in Washington political circles as well as with Hollywood insiders, owner of the Brentano book store chain, he was set for his fourth ambassadorial post, having served previously in Poland, Egypt, and Argentina. He spent a year in Spain, February, 1951 to February, 1952. In his book, *Lying In State*, he writes as an apologist, yea an admirer of Franco, and touts his own efforts to encourage the very US policies toward Spain he knew we were already busy developing.

Meanwhile, he did not like the small Embassy Residence on Ramon de la Cruz and instead, as he reported in his book, "rented the ancestral palace of a Spanish prince, filled with masterpieces of Velazquez and other Spanish artists." From all reports, it was well suited to his purposes. His book bears an apt title for those acquainted with his proclivities. He gave enormous dinner parties, including the showing after dinner of the latest Hollywood films. He sat at the back of the room and, when the lights dimmed and the film began, he slipped out the door. Like Herman Baruch, his ladies from Paris, and in his case Hollywood, joined him on schedule and, while his guests were enjoying the movie, he was free to enjoy a dalliance with them. When the signal came that the film was drawing to a close, he simply slipped into his seat at the back of the room where he could meet his guests again.

He told Charlotte and me once that he took one of these young starlets to an embassy reception. Greeting his hostess, he remarked that he had "accepted with pleasure" and then, in introducing his companion, said "and this is Pleasure." Whatever the case, there was no mistaking the fact that the infection had spread from Lisbon and we had another one, this time in Madrid. As archy, of *Archy and Mehitabel*, was wont to say, "*toujours gai, toujours gai.*" Happily, an end would be put to these hijinks within a year with the arrival of a distinguished gentleman as the next ambassador.

While we all shared a deep aversion to Franco, the reasons for seeking to normalize US relations with Spain rested on compelling geopolitical and military factors. The Navy was seeking a base outside the Mediterranean and Spain's southern Atlantic coast offered an ideal location at Rota. The Air Force needed bases in Spain to permit long range reconnaissance aircraft to fly from the US, refuel in Spain, proceed on to Turkey and Iran in order to keep an eye on what the Soviets were doing just to the north (an area Winston Churchill described as the "soft under belly of Europe"), return to refuel in Spain, and then continue on back to the US. At the same time, we also had an interest in building up the Spanish economy, which was in shambles, in order to preempt any Soviet efforts to take advantage of that situation by infiltrating Spain for its own political purposes.

How best to proceed in developing our relations with Spain posed a perplexing dilemma for us. Even though the ambassadorial question had been resolved, that was a technicality compared to the widespread repugnance toward Spain. At this same time, the end of the '40s, great new programs were being launched to rebuild Western Europe, after the devastation World War II had wreaked, and to meet the growing threat posed by the Soviets: The Marshall Plan, which was designed to rebuild European economies, was going forward full tilt and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was a building. Thus, constructing a special US military, economic, and something of a political relationship with Spain at the same time could cause serious questions among our Western European allies. Why were we interested in building this well-protected redoubt south of the Pyrenees, "outside" Western Europe?

We wallowed in this dilemma for quite a while and every time I ran into the Secretary he would say, "Well, Bill, when are we going to do something about Spain?" Whenever we brought a sticky issue to him, he would often ask, "Is this a manageable problem?" And woe unto anyone who had to admit it wasn't. So, on one such occasion, when Acheson seemed in a receptive mood, I used his own test on him: "Soon," I replied, "but it's not a manageable problem just yet." He laughed at this bit of impertinence and said, "Okay, okay, *touche!*"

Then, one evening sitting on the back porch, it suddenly hit me: make a bases-for-aid horse trade with Spain. So I got a pad and pencil and wrote out a proposal then and there. It turned into a pretty top secret affair before I was done so I had to sleep with it that night. Next day I took it in, got it typed, showed it to my boss, and we took it up to our boss, George Perkins, the Assistant Secretary for European Affairs. His reaction was, "We better take this up to the Secretary right away." His reaction, in turn, was, "So we've finally figured out what to do about Spain. Good! I'll take it to the President as soon as I can get in to see him." That happened soon enough - that same day much to my surprise. When Acheson returned he told us they had had a long discussion and Truman finally said, "Well, okay Dean, if you say so." Then he added in his exceedingly plain spoken way, "But I don't have to like the son of a bitch, do I?" Unfortunately, this remark found its way into *The New York Times* later, but didn't seem to cause any reaction amongst the Spaniards.

Things then happened very quickly: a high level meeting between the Secretary and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the next thing we knew the JCS Chairman was off to Madrid for a highly secret confab with his opposite number over there. We were, at last, launched on another step in trying to normalize our relations with Spain.

The bases/aid negotiations involved, on the US side, a wide variety of US departments and agencies in addition to the State and Defense Departments and many sections within each of them. In a situation such as this, the desk officer in the State Department is responsible, like a quarterback, to keep all those who have

a part (however small) in the negotiations fully informed and involved, as necessary; to make sure that each and everyone of them understands at all times what is going on and why; to make sure they also understand how their particular interest fits into the whole; and to keep everyone moving in the same direction. The desk officer is responsible for all communications with the negotiators - all instructions regarding the negotiations go through the desk officer who is responsible for drafting them and then clearing them with all concerned.

We were extraordinarily fortunate in having Ambassador Lincoln Mac Veagh chosen as the one to be responsible for the negotiations with Spain. He and I, working together on the Azores negotiations, and visiting back and forth between Lisbon and Washington, had become good friends. When he was in Washington, he often came home with me for dinner and the evening visiting with Charlotte and our daughter and son. Before long he became known as Uncle Lincoln and when our second son arrived he served as his godfather. We were thus very much in sync when the time came for him to move over from Lisbon to Madrid to take on the bases-for-aid negotiations.

One of the hazards in diplomacy is that one can eventually become too involved, too sympathetic toward the country where you are posted until you are perceived as having gone "native." This becomes a particular hazard for those who are not accustomed to serving in a diplomatic/negotiating capacity abroad and can cause difficulties in the negotiations when they become too sympathetic toward the interests of the other side, too willing to give in on one thing or another in order to gain agreement. As was to be expected, such difficulties eventually arose with some of the military officers involved in the negotiations, causing occasional stress and strain and even ill-feelings between those in Madrid and those in Washington. Therefore, having a veteran diplomat as the ambassador in charge of the negotiations was a vital safeguard.

On the home front, the load had become increasingly heavy and I was eventually fortunate enough to be allowed some assistance. One day Bob Murphy, then a top official who was following our work on Spain, said he thought I should be given some help. He knew one candidate and suggested I talk with him - Robert Goheen. A classics professor at Princeton, he was just back from the war and was much interested in getting a job in the Department. We did talk, he was obviously a splendid find, and we agreed the job becoming available would be just right for him. I talked to Bob Murphy and he set out to pull the necessary strings. Then a freeze on hiring hit, the deal was off, and Goheen said he guessed he'd just go back to teaching classics at Princeton. After some years, I saw a news item one day reporting the election of one Robert Goheen as the new president of Princeton University. Some years later yet came another news note announcing the appointment of Robert Goheen as ambassador to India. It took awhile, but lo, he had eventually made his way on board.

The hiring freeze didn't prevent an inside search. I had met Jack Millar in Malaga

when he was consul there and knew him as a very intelligent, experienced and knowledgeable FSO with a solid tour in Spain under his belt. I heard that his time for transfer was coming up and persuaded the powers that be that Jack was just the man for the job. And, indeed, so he proved to be. Around this same time, both the French and Spanish desks were in dire need of expert help with economic affairs. I knew a brilliant young economist, E.J. Beigel, in a division on the economic side of the house. He had already been very helpful with some of the economic issues that we confronted and so, in concert with the folks on the French desk, we mounted a campaign and were successful in stealing E.J. away.

During these years, working on Portugal and Spain, we were lucky with the people in WE (Western European Affairs). First off we had somehow "lost" the secretary who had tried to rule Outer and me long ago and were blessed with an ideal replacement, Cleona Asher. Later on I was blessed with yet another helper, Ed Rowan, but in due course he ran off with Cleona. She was succeeded by yet another excellent person, but the FSO who replaced Jack Millar, Peter Rabenold, eventually ran off with her!

We were also fortunate with most of those who headed WE. In addition to Francis Williamson who was with us for many years, the Directors were Homer Byington (briefly), John Wesley Jones, and Theodore C. Achilles. Homer never was much involved in the Iberian Peninsula doings, but he left an indelible memory with me. He made every effort to avoid stepping on the cracks between the floor tiles and could make the long walk from our offices at the back of the building to the EUR offices at the front of the building and never step on a crack!

Johnny Jones and Ted Achilles, on the other hand took direct interest in the Spanish negotiations, as did Francis Williamson. They were all highly experienced, intelligent, and very able men. Johnny I especially remember for his friendly, sunny personality, and Ted, as a fellow pipe smoker, who despite his personal riches always smoked an old broken pipe he had found somewhere. They, along with Jamie (James C.H.) Bonbright with his delightfully dour ways, were a joy to work for and learn from and the four of them were very much part of that group who were my great mentors and friends.

The aid-for-bases negotiations were extremely complex and lasted for over three years. Arrangements for the naval base at Rota went smoothly with no serious problems. Not so negotiations for air bases. These included a considerable number of detailed and complicated subsidiary technical agreements and great care had to be exercised to make sure that any commitments made in them were fully approved in Washington and didn't contain even the slightest implications regarding the defense of the bases and thus of Spain. In addition, the overall agreement covering all base arrangements had to provide precise terms and conditions governing the use of the several air bases.

From time to time, as questions arose about these matters, we had to consult

higher authority, including the Secretary at times. On other occasions he sent for us. After one such session ended particularly well at noon, I remarked that the Institute of Iberian Studies would have to do a little celebrating. Acheson was curious, what was that all about. I said it was just a bit of foolishness. The Institute was nothing more than a chowder and cocktail society: Oriental Cocktails (a martini with an onion rather than an olive) and seafood at one of the little dives down at the fish docks. In short, just a lunch break for us working level types. "Working level, what do you mean working level?" Acheson barked in mock outrage. "What do you think I do!" He then asked if he qualified to join us sometime. We invited him on the spot, anytime, just let us know, but of course he was never able to find time to frolic with us, though he did ask about the Institute once in awhile.

As for aid, the Spanish Government was, of course, very interested in military assistance, something we had to keep to a minimum for obvious political reasons. We weren't about to help build up Franco's military forces; some small amount of military aid was possible, but that was all. For our part, we were most interested in aid that would contribute to rebuilding the Spanish economy. Jack, E.J. and I sat down and began by reviewing the terms and conditions of the agreements that were being negotiated under the Marshall Plan at that time. Eventually, we cobbled together what we thought was an economic program that could help to build a stable economy, using not just dollars but also technical assistance. At one point, as we were drafting our proposed economic aid plan, Jack came up with an excellent Spanish word - *contraproducente* - that was a perfect fit in a very awkward spot in the draft. We used it to very good effect in this instance and some months later what should I see but "counterproductive" in a paper that had been prepared somewhere else in the Department. Gradually, over the next several years, it came into more frequent use in the Department, eventually spreading to the Hill through letters and other items that were sent up there from the Department. Nowadays, of course, it stands as just another ordinary, unremarkable word.

Very occasionally, Acheson inquired about our economic aid plans when he saw E.J. That happened fairly frequently when E.J. was called for briefings on another part of his job: the military aid we were giving to help the French with their military activities in French Indo-China, as it was then known. This produced another amusing incident when Acheson summoned E.J. to a high level meeting that was in progress. When E.J. walked in, Acheson told him what they had been discussing and told him they were confused about what military equipment, and how much, we had given the French to date. He asked E.J. what the figures showed. The records in this respect were less than clear and E.J. replied, "Well, sir, what would you like them to show?" which brought the house down - with Acheson leading the guffaws.

From these somewhat muddled bare beginnings, we all know all too well their tragic consequences as we slowly slipped, over the next decade, into that

disastrous war in Vietnam. That was yet another proof, if any more were needed, of Agnes Allen's Law which all of us are well advised to heed at all times: "Almost anything is easier to get into than to get out of."

Participating in negotiations as politically controversial as the ones with Spain were in those days, was not without its own hazards. There were those in Congress, in organizations like the Lincoln Brigade, and other groups adamantly opposed to any dealings with Spain who mounted continuing campaigns against any agreements with "Franco Spain." Anyone so engaged was regarded as a Fascist. On the other hand, there were those in the Congress and other groups outside government who saw business benefits they could reap once these agreements were completed and they regarded as a Communist or a Communist "sympathizer" anyone they thought was driving too hard a bargain. I remember Senator McCarran hailing several of us up to a committee he was on to explain a cable he had got somehow. I had drafted it, Livie Merchant had signed it, and the Senator was suspicious that we were up to something that would be harmful to one of his constituents - the Wells Fargo Co. It was some very incidental matter that had nothing to do with that company, but the senator's immediate conclusion that we were "up to something" was symptomatic of the suspicions many business people had that their interests in future business in Spain were being overlooked.

The Spaniards had their own "lobby" set up. They had sent a high ranking official to their Embassy in Washington to encourage such suspicions about anything and anyone they thought was trying to drive too hard a bargain. Jose Felix de Lequerica, whom we all regarded as Ambassador-in-waiting, was a typical ward-heeler politico, ebullient, tricky, overtly friendly but untrustworthy, and capable of any underhanded maneuvers that would advance his cause. In short, a man well suited to his task.

As a consequence of this pervasive atmosphere in Washington, I was regarded, as the highly visible quarterback behind the scenes, as the *bete noir*, the evil spirit of the negotiations, by both sides! Where all the charges, hints, rumors came from I never knew (though I had my suspicions), but I was under almost non-stop investigation by the security people in the State Department as well as by the FBI. My friends in the State Department who were forever being questioned about me grew highly entertained by all this fuss and made a practice of letting me know whenever they had another interview.

I still remember one inquiry that vividly illustrates the hyper-sensitivity that infected our security people in those days as McCarthy began his witch hunt. My wife had been invited by a close friend of ours, with whom she regularly played chamber music, to join her in playing with a group one evening; she knew those in the group but not the person at whose home they would be playing. So off they went for a fine evening of music-making. But that was not the end of it. One day who should come tap tapping at our front door but an FBI agent. I had taken a couple of days off to paint the dining room so invited him in, gave him a chair,

explaining that I couldn't stop in the midst of the job, but we could go on talking all the same.

It seems the FBI had somehow heard about the chamber music evening and it turned out, so the FBI man assured me, that the husband of the hostess that evening was known to be a subscriber to *The Daily Worker*. In the FBI's world, anyone visiting his house therefore took on guilt-by-association with a communist, or at the least a fellow-traveler as the phrase had it in those paranoid days. And, of course, since it was my wife who was there, I was automatically infected with that guilt-by-association as well! I told him how my wife happened to be there that evening even though she and her friend didn't know their hostess much less her husband. They had gone as they often did to join a group simply to play chamber music. As bizarre and absurd as this incident seems, and ludicrous in retrospect, it was nevertheless worrisome at the time. We couldn't help but recognize the detail these people were going into whenever my name came up. Nothing came of this particular affair, but the inquiries of my friends in the Department continued unabated.

The *ad hominem* attack is an ancient political device, of course, and it was in constant use all during the negotiations. At one point when they were coming down to their most difficult and delicate point, I finally asked my friends to relay a challenge from me to the next agent who came along: "Why don't you have guts enough to come in and talk to me directly instead of sneaking around behind my back all the time?" Well, did that ever hit a nerve. Before I knew it there was an FBI agent at my door. We did a little venting of ill-feelings on my part and explaining of required procedures on his part and then talked about why these constant charges were being made. I told him what was going on, the many opposing forces and special interests that were represented behind them, and finally asked him, "Did it ever occur to all of you that all of us are trying to do the best we can for Uncle Sam and that charges like these coming from all sides, from the far right to the far left, must demonstrate that we're doing a pretty good job for the US?"

Whether this encounter did any good I don't know, but the steady flow of investigations soon began to wane, aided, I suspect, by Senator McCarthy's witch hunts that were just beginning and soon occupied all the security types full-time chasing after the far more prominent people Mc Carty was attacking.

Our seemingly endless labors that the negotiations required were not without some relief occasionally. Ambassador Mac Veagh told me about one event that took him off to the celebration of the 400th anniversary of a Spanish university. He had been asked to represent his *alma mater*, Harvard, at the white tie ceremonies in a great cathedral (I have forgotten where). He was well down the chronological list of institutions represented and the formal greetings that were given in Latin made his wait a long one. When his turn finally came, he had a long walk from near the back to the front of the cathedral. He had his speech in

hand, but as he reached for his glasses they broke loose from the ribbon that held them around his neck, fell to the marble floor and shattered. As a former publisher of Greek and Latin poetry he had translated, he could recall enough of the greetings he had written so that he was able to present them, seemingly extemporaneously!

In the fall of 1952, when I was in Madrid for consultations, we also managed a fine but short outing. Back home the presidential campaigns were in full cry and it was certain that Ambassador Mac Veagh would be out if Gen. Eisenhower became president. I never knew what had happened between those two, but it was obvious from little remarks Mac Veagh had dropped at one time or another that there was bad blood between them. He had a very low opinion of Eisenhower and made no secret of it.

When it came time for me to leave, Mac Veagh suggested that we take a few days off and drive over to our old stomping grounds in Lisbon for a brief visit. I could then go on home from there. He was apparently anticipating the end of his diplomatic career and I had a feeling he was looking on this little trip as part of a final hurrah. If so, it certainly didn't disappoint. We always had a good time together and this outing - our last as it turned out - was no exception.

En route we stopped at Merida, a town that was once a leading Roman center. It had been extensively excavated and we were able to walk around that considerable area and along the ancient, rutted, cobblestone road that ran through the town, passing in front of the completely preserved foundations of houses and other buildings. The Forum bespeaks the grandeur of Rome and its great empire. Merida, however, reveals the daily life of ordinary people in an ordinary Roman town. It was, therefore, something one could relate to which made it an experience that roused feelings of awe, wonder, and fascination.

Cavendish Cannon, a veteran career officer and old friend of Mac Veagh's, had succeeded him in Lisbon and we were able to stay at the Residence since Cavendish and wife were away. She had piled up and locked all silver and other valuables in one reception room. But there were other rooms and tableware available that we could use for the big dinner party we had planned. It was a fine affair that completely filled the dining room with colleagues and many old friends. We all had a grand time and, thanks to Manuel, the major domo for many years, all went off without a hitch - save one small incident at dinner.

I sat at one end of the table and Mac Veagh at the other down near the entrance from the kitchen. At a certain moment I noticed that he was becoming agitated and wondered what could have gone amiss. He had a violent temper that occasionally erupted without warning and I - and he, too - certainly wouldn't want that to happen. Presently, Manuel came up to my end of the table, leaned over and whispered in my ear, "The senor's foot is on the signal bell." I finally got the

message after he explained that the button that rang a bell in the kitchen was hidden under the rug and thanks to my Number Elevens was making a racket at the other end of the table. With peace restored, our last hurrah was indeed a splendid success.

In the early months of 1953, the change of presidents, with the election of Eisenhower, brought the usual sweeping changes of senior officials in the Department and among ambassadors abroad. In the process, James Clement Dunn succeeded Ambassador Mac Veagh in Madrid. Jimmy, as he was known by one and all, was a distinguished, widely experienced, senior Foreign Service Officer and ideal for the Madrid post at this point in our negotiations. We were in the final stages and there was much to be finished up carefully and thoroughly and we needed someone who could step in, take charge, and see to it that the job was properly completed. And that Jimmy Dunn did in fine style.

I had not worked with him before, but enjoyed every minute of the relatively short time we had together both in Washington and in Madrid. He was a genial, very considerate and thoughtful man of generous spirit who can best be described as "a gentleman of the old school." All the same he was a skillful, resolute diplomat who could be tough as needed, but always in the most polite fashion. We worked together in Washington before he left and thereafter I made trips to Madrid as required to help out there. When I left Madrid after the last of these trips, he wrote a note to Charlotte, a kind and considerate gesture that was completely unnecessary but as characteristic of Jimmy Dunn as anything I could possibly think of;

Dear Mrs. Dunham

I feel very badly for taking Bill's time so much away from the family. I shall never forget what wonderful support he has given me.

There is no way you could conceivably be more "thoughty" than that.

One final adventure emerged as the negotiations were nearing completion. The negotiations for the naval base at Rota had gone smoothly, thanks to the orderly and highly professional assistance of the Navy's representatives on the negotiating team in Madrid. So also did the negotiations for the small military aid program and the economic assistance agreement.

The negotiations for the air bases were a very different story, both because of their complexity and highly technical details and also because we had run into some tricky, behind the scenes tactics by a couple of key Air Force officers, a one star general in Madrid and his "agent," a Lt. Colonel in the legal office of USAF headquarters in the Pentagon. They had gradually become increasingly obstructive during the course of the negotiations, frequently pressing to modify US positions, tactics, or instructions in such a way as to give in to, or otherwise

favor, positions taken by the Spanish negotiators. So both in Washington and in Madrid we had to keep a constant watch on their activities.

The positions taken by these two officers on issues in the negotiations were so similar that it was obvious they had a very busy back-channel running full time. Still, we thought we had kept them well within our negotiating limits. Then the day came when I discovered, while reviewing the drafts of the technical agreements subsidiary to the agreement on air bases, a paragraph none of us had ever seen or heard of before. It concerned defense of the air bases, should that ever be necessary, was vague and badly worded, but seemed to carry an implication committing the US to defense of Spanish territory. I checked with our folks in Madrid and they, too, were totally unaware of this paragraph as were Air Force members of our team in Washington.

At that point, I reported this new development to the USAF general who headed their Washington team and the next thing I knew the Lt. Colonel had vanished without a trace. I heard that the general also chewed out that one star type in Madrid and put an end to his operation behind the scenes. That still left us, however, with our doubts about that questionable paragraph. Our Assistant Secretary decided we should take it up with the new Secretary of State, a disagreeable man with a brilliant mind, John Foster Dulles. We were all wary of him because the day he assumed office he called all employees out to the parking lot where he gave us a speech about "positive loyalty." We were uniformly offended. Dulles had ripped his knickers right off the bat so far as we were concerned.

The Secretary's office was a massive affair with a ceiling two stories up and a length of half a city block. I explained the course of the negotiations to date, what the technical agreements were all about, and what our concern was about this particular paragraph. Dulles asked some questions, then sat there pondering, and finally got up and started pacing back and forth the length of his office. He was thinking out loud, analyzing the paragraph word by word, step by step, and I trotted along beside him taking notes. Eventually, you felt you could see light at the end of the tunnel, the probable conclusion he would come to. And sure enough, there it was when he finished.

It was a fascinating and extraordinary experience and, although it happened over 40 years ago, I still remember it as clearly now as I did then. He agreed that the paragraph was very poorly written, so much so, he thought, that no one could conceivably interpret it as an implied US commitment to defend any Spanish territory. We were thus spared the embarrassment of going back to the Spaniards to disown what the general and his Washington honcho had dreamed up, thus also revealing our momentary disarray.

Eventually, the time came when all that was left was working out the last details of all the agreements, proof reading them, and then obtaining final approvals all

around on both sides, a long and arduous process. Then, at long last, we were able to hold signing ceremonies, three years and more after we had started negotiations. The job that had actually begun back in 1947, with George Kennan's paper, was finally finished.

The naval base at Rota evidently proved to be everything the Navy had expected because it is still in operation today after more than 40 years. The agreements regarding the air bases functioned well without untoward event, allowing the USAF to carry out for many years the missions for which these bases were intended. Years later after those missions were no longer required the bases were phased out leaving only occasional use of the air facilities near Madrid, particularly essential transit during the Gulf War. The military aid arrangements were modest, but did provide a very military Spanish regime with a fig leaf of respectability in return for the air and naval facilities they provided the US.

For Spain, the agreements provided two results of fundamental significance. First, concluding agreements of such importance with the United States was of invaluable political import for Spain and started the very long process of removing them eventually from the situation of an international pariah. Second, the economic aid given under that agreement assisted Spain's efforts to revitalize and strengthen its economy and helped to stimulate the development of a middle class.

Spanish governments of whatever stripe have had to depend on a trio of elements to survive: the military, the Church, and the wealthy landowners and industrialists. Franco manipulated these groups with great skill to maintain his hold on Spain for 35 years. As a consequence of Spain's economic growth, however, that new element, a robust middle class, emerged in such proportions that it took its place along with the other three as one of the major elements in Spanish politics. Therefore, these latter day developments ultimately provided their own strong support for the peaceful revolution in Spain's political system that occurred following Franco's death in 1975.

After World War II, Franco had begun to plan the succession after his death. In 1947 he obtained life tenure as chief of state and a regency council was set up to enthrone a king of his choosing as his successor. Then, in 1954, he made an agreement with the Bourbon pretender to the throne for the 16 year old Prince, Juan Carlos, to be educated in Spain, thus indicating that the Prince, the grandson of the last king, Alfonso XIII, was to be groomed as Franco's choice to be his successor as the next king of Spain.

The conclusion of the agreements between the US and Spain encouraged businesses from the US and other countries to expand into Spain. Economic development had also been aided by the influx of American military personnel and their families whose presence benefitted the economies of the communities where the American bases were located. Gradually, then, with the strengthening and expansion of Spain's economy, with travel facilities improving and

expanding, tourism began to grow rapidly. This surge soon required the construction of suitable facilities to meet tourists' needs and that encouraged even greater tourism. With such fine facilities blossoming on the Mediterranean coast, it was not long before Spain was enjoying a tourist bonanza which continues to this day.

Over the last four decades we have seen what the Spaniards have been able to accomplish. The association between the US and Spain may have been of some help in the early years in inducing the beginnings of a trend, but what was accomplished over those decades was unquestionably a Spanish achievement. During the first two decades, Spain's financial and economic conditions prospered and strengthened and eventually a time came (I forget the exact period, the '70s?) when Spain's highly favorable balance of trade with the US placed them second only to France in causing a drain on US gold reserves.

It is reasonable to say, I believe, that it was in large part a consequence of this solid growth and the wide-ranging prosperity that, after Franco's death, Spain, never noted for the peacefulness of its political transitions, was able to move without disruption to a monarchy and parliamentary form of government and eventually even a socialist government - the most unheard of thing anyone had ever heard of. Franco had prepared the way for the return of the monarchy and soon the new king, Juan Carlos, provided a rallying point, a point of determination, will, and solid support, for the development of democratic institutions, policies, and practices as well as the preservation of conditions for their orderly growth.

As a consequence of these developments, Spain gradually began to take its place again in the world community as a member of the UN and the various European institutions and of NATO in 1981. Much later, in December of 1995, this process was completed, in effect, by two notable events. On December 2nd, President Clinton visited Madrid to attend a meeting of European nations to sign wide-ranging economic and trade accords which would strengthen US relations with Europe. And on the 5th, Spain's Foreign Minister, Javier Solana, was elected Secretary General of NATO.

Swiss-Benelux

After serving as Assistant Chief of French-Iberian Affairs, the next move was to Chief of the Swiss-Benelux Division once we had completed the agreements with Spain. Jamie Bonbright, EUR's acerbic but always witty Deputy Assistant Secretary, characterized the move this way: "Too heavy for light work, too light for heavy work, so they made you a Chief!"

Once again, this new assignment begat an orientation trip in 1954 to the new domain. Doc (H. Freeman) Matthews, who had been our boss as Director of the Office of European Affairs, was the ambassador in The Hague and Andy Ronhovde, who had also been in EUR, was the Deputy Chief of Mission. They had arranged sessions that gave excellent opportunities to meet and learn from members of the staff and officials at the Foreign Ministry, and some gatherings that also provided chances to meet some other Americans living in The Hague and a few prominent Dutch citizens. They also left time for some quick visits to other parts of Holland, including the military cemetery near Maastricht in the southeast corner of Holland where my very best friend was buried. He was a paratrooper, killed by a land mine in a muddy Dutch field just ten years before. That was both the low point and the high point of the entire trip.

The Embassies in Brussels and Luxembourg City provided similar helpful experiences as did the Embassy in Bern where I met up with a good friend, Frances Willis. She was the senior and the most distinguished woman in the Foreign Service. I had worked with her in the Department and all of us who knew her were elated when she was appointed ambassador to Switzerland, the first time for the US to have an ambassador there - and a woman at that in a country where women didn't have the vote.

Frances had been just such a trail blazer throughout her long career and she continued to be so as she reached the top levels of the Foreign Service. She was appointed to the rank of Career Minister when it was instituted; when the Career Ambassador rank was established she was again promoted to that rank. All who knew her work and her contributions to our foreign policy and to US representation abroad knew she had fully earned such recognition and distinction.

Ann Miller Morin's book, *Her Excellency*, (a title we have always regarded as wholly inappropriate for our officials) does not include a section about Frances Willis. True, she was no longer around to be interviewed, and she is referred to by others who were interviewed. Inexplicably, however, the author made no effort to gather those and other comments and put them with a summary of Frances's career in a section devoted to the one who was widely regarded as indisputably the first and most outstanding woman in the American Foreign Service, including the first woman to hold three posts as chief of mission, as Morin herself observes.

Morin thought Frances Willis got ahead because she "had as her mentor the very

influential Under Secretary of State Joseph Grew, and she was much more of an establishment player and went by the book," whatever that means. Constance Ray Harvey, a contemporary of Francis Willis whom Morin much preferred, "did not achieve Willis' distinction," Morin states; she "had no mentor and was more of a risk taker." Ambassador Grew was long gone when Francis began to make her mark, and as for being a "risk taker" that doesn't strike me as necessarily a Good Thing; depends on what she means by risks I guess. Harvey herself is quoted by Morin as saying Frances "was regarded with the greatest admiration by her colleagues, including me. She was, to me, the great lady of the Foreign Service so far." Morin also quotes Clare Booth Luce speaking admiringly of Frances. She described her as "a wonderful woman. I thought she was *une femme serieuse* (a reliable woman). She was straight and very effective." So much for Morin's biases.

(I never met Mrs. Luce although during her years as Ambassador to Italy she was often in our midst consulting with the people on the Italian Desk. I had heard that she tended to be very direct and plain-spoken which was confirmed by an indirect encounter with her that was both startling and amusing. One day I had to go down to the nurse's office for something or other. As you entered there was a book where you were asked to sign in and indicate your complaint. As it turned out, Mrs. Luce had been the last one to sign in and as I wrote down my trouble I couldn't miss seeing what she had listed: "The galloping GIs!")

The two comments about Frances Willis Morin quotes that most struck me were one from Margaret Joy Tibbetts and a second about Rozanne Ridgway (the Assistant Secretary for European Affairs under Bush). Tibbetts mentioned a conversation she had with Frances in which the subject of women's issues came up; neither of them was interested at that time (1949). Frances "said it had been her experience that you did most for women by *becoming a competent officer*." In writing about Rozanne Ridgway, Morin quotes a comment a fellow ambassador made about her, "*When she walked in the room, there was authority*." Exactly the same description fits Frances Willis.

Those of us who knew and worked with Frances at home and abroad were well aware of such qualities. I have attended meetings where Frances, the only woman present, quietly and unobtrusively steered the proceedings and moved them along to useful conclusion. Nothing pushy or manipulative, simply a deft touch, good humor, impressive competence and the authority that brings with it. She was, in short, a first rate FSO.

The visit to Switzerland was, as one would expect, as well organized and helpful as the visit in Holland. In addition to all the official activities, there were some opportunities to travel about and also to meet officials and others socially. At one such affair Frances invited a large group to a film showing, with dinner before for a small group. I had the good luck to sit next to her mother, a tall, spare, unpretentious, Lincolnesque lady with a lively spirit and sense of humor. She kept all of us who were seated near her highly entertained. The dining room opened

through a wide doorway into a large reception room and from our side of the table we could see a few people beginning to arrive as we were finishing dinner. The butler quickly closed the big double doors at which point Mrs. Willis confided, "He's doing that so they won't feel bad because they weren't invited to dinner, too."

One memorable person during this visit was a famous Swiss glider pilot who appeared at the big International Air Show in Zurich that Frances and I attended. It is a major affair and he was one of the major attractions for the Swiss. When his turn came he appeared out of the heavens sweeping across the airfield, doing stunts in his white glider. Finally he swooped around and made a perfect landing directly in front of the group of dignitaries in the front row of the stands. Out he popped dressed in a white flying suit with a white helmet complete with proper goggles, and -for a final flourish - a long, flowing white silk scarf tossed casually around his neck.

In sharp contrast a bit later was the "Flying Wing" which made a "fly-over." Looking like a boomerang, this great, black aircraft, with its bank of engines spewing long contrails of black smoke, had flown in from SAC (Strategic Air Command) Headquarters just outside Omaha and, having made its menacing appearance, turned around and headed back to Omaha. It was a briefly famous, controversial plane that didn't last - and a chilling sight that particular day. (As they say in the comics and cheap novels ... "Little did he know that a few years hence he would be making more than a few visits to SAC Hqs.")

Frances and I had opportunities to work together over the next few years. Then in the mid-60s we met again in New York which gave us an unexpected chance for one last escapade. I had left after 20 years to become Vice President and Secretary of my *alma mater*, Carleton College, just south of the Twin Cities, and she and I arranged a reunion on one of my business trips to New York where she was serving on our UN delegation. After lunch she suggested we should visit the "new" UN digs, since all I had ever known was the temporary place out at Lake Success when the UN was just starting up. That visit confirmed the then common expression, "Clothes make the man." I was wearing the subdued dark suit, white shirt, and tie so customary in those days and we walked in the front entrance, right past the guards who didn't bat an eye, and eventually on into the room where shortly the Security Council would be meeting. What a contrast with these times 30 years later.

Swiss-Benelux Affairs was a quiet tour after the heady years with Iberia. The one controversy that threatened trouble was an old sore between the Dutch and the Indonesian over West New Guinea, or Irian as the Indonesians called it, a virtually pre-historic region. The story went that the Dutch wanted to hold on to it because that gave them a presence in the Far East and thus a right to take part in Asian affairs. For their part, the Indonesians thought it should have come to them when, after five years of off and on conflict, they finally won their freedom from

the Dutch early in 1950.

Other than that, there was the usual business for us and the people at the Dutch embassy of keeping up on our governments' views and positions on various, current international issues. Ambassador van Roijen was a traditional, veteran diplomat, very professional and a bit detached, who ran a tight ship. He made regular calls at the Department and included all the right people in Washington at the regular flow of social activities at the Dutch Embassy.

One dinner party - they were always rather formal and stiff - was made memorable for me when I sat next to the wife of the then Chief of Staff of the Air Force, a charming, lively lady. Somehow we fell to talking about pets which brought up the subject of the parakeet she was trying to teach how to talk. She labored steadily at this project, but with no success. And her husband, who scorned her efforts, offered no support. All he ever said about her project, she told me, was, "'Hell, honey, that damn bird can't talk.' But he could and that is exactly what he learned to say!"

Embassy The Hague

The next chapter began with an assignment, in the summer of 1956, as chief of the political section in The Hague. Doc Matthews was the ambassador, probably why I was lucky enough to get there after our years together in EUR, and many of the other Embassy officers had also served with him in the past. It was a very traditional, pre-war-diplomatic-corps-government-officials oriented enterprise.

We were a bit out of character, very music-oriented, four kids ages 4-11, dog and cat and, happily, my wife's mother, known to all as Mamie, short, spare, lively, endearing - and fully capable of dealing with anything that came down the pike. She and Frances Willis' mother would have made a formidable pair and would surely have had a grand time together. Almost two of a kind, but not quite - they were each unique, as were their daughters. The Swiss had found that out and the Dutch would soon find it out, too.

Arrival in La Havre on the S.S. United States and arrival in The Hague by car - a new Ford fresh off the ship - were both marked by singularly unwelcome unpleasanties. We drove up the coast 50 kilometers, stopping at the seaside town of Fecamp for lunch. We then continued on, but only just beyond the town when the engine threw a rod - all eight of them - with much gnashing and grinding. So it was back to town and the Ford garage, a one car affair. It would be two or more days to get the parts from Paris and fix the engine the mechanic assured me. So a very dowdy, French seaside hotel became our encampment ... top floor, lots of room, but low ceilings, tiny dormers, and lumpy beds. The cat was in disarray and promptly wet one of them. I called Doc, after some travail with the French phone system, and just as he answered the operator said, "Your three minutes are up." If

you know anything about that phone system you know to expect such novelties; I thought I had made a firm deal with the operator to let the call run on as necessary. I then tried to make the same deal with the next operator and, for reasons unknown, it worked the second time. I told Doc we were stuck, but would be along in the coming bye and bye, God and a French mechanic willing.

In The Hague a house went with the job and we all looked forward to more inviting surroundings. But never underestimate the bureaucracy even when it's very small. Everyone concerned knew from early spring that our caravan would be arriving in August. But, no matter, the house was not ready and we could enjoy a nice seaside inn at the famous nearby beach, Scheveningen, on the North Sea. And so it was except for the "nice." It was a dreary small space on a beach that was cold and windy where the sand blew in under the doors and around the windows. The incompetence of the man handling the project was revealed, for all the good that did us; we just sat on the beach until the job was completed weeks behind schedule.

The location, the neighborhood, and the house were all very comfortable if a bit tony. The place was a woodsy *cul de sac*, in town, but very close to the beach where we had been buried, holed up, whatever. The Germans had used it as a headquarters during the war and a large bunker jutted out of the ground at the end of our street. Beyond that lay what had been a golf course and then the vast dunes that stretched out to the sea. The Germans had used the golf course as a site for launching some of their V-2 rockets at England. There were a number of elegant houses, ours and the one next door sat well back from the street in amongst the trees. The house was designed by the famous Dutch architect, Rietvelt - two stories, somewhat boxy, lots of glass expanses, and very white. The grounds were surrounded by a wrought iron fence with brick posts that held gates at the end of the driveway. Unlike most Dutch houses, it had lots of light - and people walking through the woods had a largely unobstructed view in winter of the frolicking inside.

Ted, at four when we moved in, was our window and door on the immediate Dutch community. He went off to Dutch kindergarten, soon was speaking Dutch, and (until we finally learned how) did all the talking in those early days with the tradesmen who came to the door daily, delivering bread, milk, butter and eggs, fish, and flowers off their three-wheeled bicycle carts. Meantime, we all stood about watching and listening to this small, stalwart four-year old do his stuff, handling our business with sundry Dutchmen who towered over him. Later on, James, who was six when we arrived, introduced us to the hospital that was quite nearby. One day he sat in one of those folding lawn chairs made of metal tubes. It wasn't entirely set and when he sat down his finger was caught as one of the joints closed and it severed the tip of the finger. So we wrapped up the finger and the dangling tip, dashed over to the hospital, and met up with a young doctor who immediately went to work. After he had attached the tip to the finger, he said it would be awhile before we would know the result, but he felt very encouraged

that all would be well. And indeed it was - perfect. A few years later I was glad to have had this introduction to that fine hospital - I had to go there, too, for an emergency appendectomy.

Our several neighbors apparently found us a good risk after they saw our kids coming and going, playing in the yard and woods. The couple next door, van Bosse, invited us for a champagne brunch one Sunday. They owned sugar and tea plantations in Indonesia and were thus a bit in limbo in view of the worsening Dutch-Indonesian relations that had reverted almost to daggers drawn once again, this time over West New Guinea which the Dutch still held. They were very friendly and helpful neighbors and we became good friends. One summer when we were away on vacation, their goose Josephine also joined in, doing us an invaluable good-turn by driving burglars away when they tried to break into our house. Her racket woke up their son, and others in the neighborhood, and the burglars never had a chance. The Romans certainly knew what they were doing when they used those birds as watch dogs.

Next, just around the corner, were two families who became good friends also, Heerings and Leembreukens. Mr. Heering once explained to me that it was not usual for Dutch people to make friendships so quickly. Holland is small and very crowded; people value their privacy; and consequently they take a long time when deciding how close a relationship they want to commit to. Thus, he said, a year or two or even more may pass before they move from Mijnheer Heering to just Heering. An even longer time is required before they will move to first names. The whole process can take as long as ten years. Happily for us, the process moved much more quickly as one incident illustrates. When the US finally got its first satellite, Echo, up and orbiting the Earth, and it first passed over The Hague in the middle of the night, these families woke us up so we could see it and join them as they celebrated this new phenomenon with cheers and shouting back and forth in the woods in a manner singularly uncharacteristic of this very reserved little community!

Pieter Heering was a wine-lover and something of an expert on the subject. He and others in The Hague were regular purchasers from, and well advised by, a French wine dealer from Bordeaux who came to town several times a year. It was after one such visit that their adviser reported on another wine expert, a Britisher. This man, a prominent British sports writer, had figured out a system for identifying and even predicting the best wine years. Simple: The best cricket years in the UK are the best wine years in France. QED.

As we were gradually settling in, meeting people through the many requisite calls, receptions, and dinner parties - and were eyed in return - Doc Matthews told us there was one subject the Embassy's staff were forbidden to discuss: a recent uproar that had engulfed the royal family and caused a Cabinet crisis. The Queen had brought in a German faith healer, Gret Hoffman, at a certain moment in the hope that she could help the youngest princess, adversely affected before birth

when her mother had come down with German measles. As time went on, there were those, including Prince Bernhard the Queen's consort, who thought the relationship between the two women was growing much too close, to the point that Gret Hoffman was having undue influence with the Queen that extended beyond her work with the princess. Eventually, these suspicions became public, the Prince was known to be pressing for Hoffman's removal, officials who agreed with the Prince began to become involved, and finally the crisis exploded, Hoffman was sent packing, but so were some members of the Cabinet, chief among them Wim Beyen, the Foreign Minister.

In our rounds, we had met the Grande Maitresse, the Baroness van Tuyll, and Charlotte and her mother had had opportunities to talk with her, a charming lady and the Queen's close confidante. Then one day she invited Charlotte and Mamie to tea. That was certainly unexpected and I was eager to get home that evening to hear what had happened. Turns out that the Baroness told them the whole story about Gret Hoffman, the uproar, and the political crisis that ensued! That evening Charlotte typed out a full report and I took it in next morning and gave to Doc. He was utterly astonished, took over the report, and sent it in to the Department, how and to whom I never knew.

I was intrigued by this incident and the way the Dutch had arranged to pass on to Washington this story as the powers that be wished to have it known. We were new to the scene in The Hague, a known quantity at the Foreign Ministry well before we arrived, of course, and evidently also known to other interested parties. The Baroness had undoubtedly checked us out herself, was satisfied by her talks with Charlotte, and had picked her as the person through whom to pass on the story.

In time, Charlotte's chamber music evenings brought a couple of other unexpected connections. Through the Baroness van Tuyll's assistant we met Wim and Gretel Beyen. He was an amateur cellist and, being "at liberty" as a result of the Hoffman imbroglio, had time and was eager to play. She promptly invited him to come over to play sonatas. These occasions became more frequent, we soon became good friends, and our relationship was further benefitted one evening when we were tardy getting back from some required affair or another. When the Beyens arrived, Nancy and Warren, our two eldest, had taken over, carried on a sprightly conversation and Nancy had plied the Beyens with some of the wonderful confections she was forever making - cookies, cakes, and candies. Afterwards Gretel Beyen said she would hire Nancy any day as her dessert chef!

Wim Beyen, genial and cheerful, was a man of good humor and his own quiet charisma. A veteran diplomat of long experience, a key figure as Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Dutch Government, he was also a tough-minded man of principle who had not hesitated to put his career at risk when he believed the Hoffman situation was threatening the best interests of the country. (Nor did so valuable a man remain in limbo for long. By the early '60s he was the Dutch

Ambassador in Paris.) We seldom had occasion to talk "business," but obviously a way had been provided so we could do so had it proved necessary. Still I learned a great deal about the Dutch governmental system and its parties, current goings-on, and interesting parts of Holland from our informal chats during those evenings.

Wim also furnished another such avenue of communication when he called one evening to ask if they could bring a friend along. We were pleased he asked, of course, but were absolutely stunned when we found out who the friend was: the other one of the Queen's close friends and confidantes, Miss Tellegan, who was the leader of the Dutch underground during WW II! After the war, she was active in political matters on the Queen's behalf, but exclusively behind the scenes. So much so that she was not seen by outsiders and never appeared on the social circuit. She was lovely company and sat curled up on our sofa enjoying the music. It was impossible to picture this tiny, gentle lady posing as a bedridden invalid in the attic of a farm house out in the center of the country, hidden away from the Germans, yet there directing the efforts of the Dutch underground throughout the war. A redoubtable and justly famous Dutch heroine.

One evening Wim had an amusing encounter at the Kurhaus where they always stayed in summer when they came to The Hague. A famous hotel on the beach at Scheveningen, its fine concert hall one of the sites for the Holland Festival that ran all summer, a place where many of their friends stayed, it was also, fortuitously, just minutes away from our house. On this particular evening, they were leaving to come over for more music-making, Wim was carrying his cello, and whom should they meet on the elevator but Isaac Stern who was going downstairs to play a concert. They had met on other occasions and Stern said, laughing, "Oh, I see you aren't coming to my recital." Wim replied, "Sorry, but no, not this time. I'm off to play chamber music tonight." Stern sighed and remarked, "I wish I were going with you."

As the second Eisenhower administration began, there was the usual round of changes in top officials at home and abroad, including the ambassador in The Hague. Doc Matthews was replaced by Philip Young, one of Eisenhower's old friends, his aide when he was president of Columbia University, and an official in his first administration. Andy Ronhovde, as the Deputy Chief of Mission, had the job of assisting and advising the new ambassador as he assumed his duties. I never did know what went on, but the word crept out that things were not going so well and that at times Andy was anything but as helpful as he should have been. Before long, Andy left and we proceeded without a DCM for some time.

Phil Young, a tall, pipe-smoking, friendly, quick-witted, genial, and highly intelligent man, made it his business to get to know everyone from top to bottom throughout the embassy. He ran things in such a way that we all knew what was going on, and not just in our own sections, and thus the staff ultimately formed a congenial team. It all happened gradually and subtly and was furthered by the social occasions the Youngs arranged that included everyone on the staff from

time to time. In the absence of a DCM, the ambassador worked closely with section chiefs and held regular staff meetings where he could learn what was going on in each of the various sections and where he could get information, ideas, and suggestions from us. Before long he had built a happy ship indeed.

The worsening relations between the Dutch and Indonesians over West New Guinea was the one political issue of major concern, not least because the US was being pressured by each side to support its cause. We dealt with this issue at a number of levels. The ambassador, of course, dealt with the Foreign Minister, Josef Luns, and other top officials; my colleague, Bill Sullivan, kept up with the Labor Party on this and other matters as did I with the Catholic Party, those being the two major political groups. At the same time, I worked with the official in the Foreign Ministry responsible for UN affairs, Theo Bot, who was also the point man on the New Guinea question. Eventually, he was made number two in the Interior Ministry with exclusive responsibility for the New Guinea issue, thus emphasizing that the Dutch regarded this as an internal matter.

As a very traditional, pre-war-diplomatic-corps-government-officials oriented enterprise, Embassy The Hague fitted hand-in-glove with the local scene. Here was the standard, unrelieved, tight, diplomatic social scene with all the requisite daily crush of luncheons, formal calls, receptions, dinner parties, week-end tennis and golf. And on the Dutch side there were the usual grand affairs for the Diplomatic Corps, for example the Queen's annual reception for all the diplomats and her dinner for the ambassadors.

The "big do for the dips." took place in the late morning at De Dam, the immense Royal Palace in Amsterdam. It is a highly formal affair requiring the most formal dress - white tie/tails and decorations (for those who have them, namely, all but Americans) and the most formal gowns for the ladies. It was a bizarre sight to see all of us in The Hague leaving our homes at ten in the morning in these ceremonious rigs. At the palace, a cold, dank venue, we were served hot *consomme* to cope with the chill as we circulated around to keep the circulation going. Thus did we endeavor to cope with the chill. In due course we were rounded up in our own embassy groups, ranked in proper order, and hence suitably organized to meet the Queen, Juliana, a friendly and cordial lady. We could then hie ourselves back to The Hague and "get comfortable" again.

The annual dinner for the ambassadors was an equally formal affair, only they got to sit down part of the time. Our man was seated next to the wife of the new Ambassador from Indonesia. This being a first for her, Phil sought to be helpful by describing the "drill" to her - what would be happening step by step. She was a great talker and he had some doubt whether she was taking in the various bits of information and warnings he was trying to pass on. His doubts were confirmed when the fish course came along. He had emphasized that as soon as the Queen had finished a course all the plates for that course would immediately be removed from the table regardless of whether a person had finished or not. So best to eat

first and talk second. And, lo, so it was - and the Indonesian Ambassadors wife ended up going without the fish course. QED!

"Representation" was not something the Youngs (nor we) liked to tackle exclusively in the traditional, formal ways of yore. As "protocol officer," I worked closely with Faith Young and she could put on as fine a formal black tie or white tie dinner as anyone. But these were restricted to occasions when such formality was inescapable. Otherwise she devised dinner parties where multiple small tables were used, thus mixing up the guests in much more interesting and enjoyable ways than formal dinners. And it made seating much more flexible, no one could figure out the rankings other than the way the top dogs were seated. Altogether, when people in this rather formal capital got used to these "different" ways of doing things, they thoroughly enjoyed them.

Evening affairs took different forms, too. Square dancing was a new and soon popular event. The ambassador was an excellent and experienced "caller" who was also an effective teacher for the uninitiated. After clearing out the two large reception rooms at the Residence, there was plenty of space for Virginia reels and waltzing as well. One evening the ranking guest, the Luxembourg Ambassador, was having such a good time he didn't want to leave when the time came. Charlotte was dancing with him and suggested that he go home briefly - he only lived a few doors way - and then come back. He demurred saying that his wife was away and what would she think when the servants told her that he had come home about 11:00 one evening and then shortly left again! As an alternative, he and Charlotte left and went for a walk and then came back, thus allowing the ambassador to enjoy the dancing until much later.

On another occasion, things didn't go so smoothly. The Youngs had a set of English handbells and it seemed that using them at the Christmas receptions would be fun and an attractive switch from the usual standard reception routine. There wasn't much music available for the bells so we decided to make some on big sheets that could be set up on a rack where all could see the notes. The Air Attache made a saving suggestion: better color-code the notes because most people don't read music. It was a tedious job, but in the end a big collection of Christmas music emerged. We organized volunteers from the staff into a group of bell-ringers, had practice sessions until we were reasonably proficient and could start off the bell ringing at the Christmas receptions.

That was all well enough until the addiction bell-ringing is known to cause surfaced at the first of the receptions and created something of an incident. The Embassy ringers started off as planned. After a few numbers they then handed over their bells to some of the guests. They had their turn and then handed the bells on to others. At a certain moment, however, some formidable Baronesses decided they wanted to continue and they hogged their bells to the point that others were being left out. Finally, there was a spate of muttering until eventually an official from the Foreign Ministry and his wife left in a huff.

As for us, we did an occasional reception as well as dinners at times for officials and diplomats and the like, the local "social" whirl. But mostly we did our "representation" through musical events at home, at the Young's, and occasionally around the country. For a brief period we had a DCM from "the old school" who thought receptions and dinner parties for officialdom were the only acceptable forms and disapproved highly of what we were doing (and what the Youngs were doing, too, I have no doubt - what with square dancing, bell-ringing, informal concerts).

His rigid ways spread into the office also, of course, and soon became enough of a disruption that the ambassador noticed that his team was beginning to fray. The DCM was picking on the junior officers, secretaries, Marine Guards, local employees, chauffeurs, and morale was falling. When Phil asked some of us about all this, the answer was, "Oh, it's just a lot of little things." Wrong answer. Phil's response was, "Little things! They're often what make the most trouble." At that point, he went into action and quickly discovered the damage that had been wrought; soon the DCM was gone and we rapidly reverted to the *status quo ante*. I learned a lot working for Phil Young and he became another extraordinary mentor and good friend.

Phil Young and Foreign Minister Josef Luns, also a large, tall man, got on very well together. Luns tended to be a bit bigger than life, speaking rather louder than necessary, given to comments that were a bit exaggerated as many politicians are inclined to do, but withal very savvy, deft, experienced and intelligent. The two of them carried the load on US-Dutch relations with respect to the New Guinea issue. It was a pretty bumpy ride sometimes because the Dutch wanted our unreserved support and we were non-committal, caught as we were between requirements of our relations with Indonesia as well as with The Netherlands. I remember one time when we were not committing to a vote they wanted at the UN on this controversy, Luns was trumpeting around about the US as "Our Unfair Lady," that new musical then at its zenith.

These tense times were leavened, though, by lighter moments. One such was the visit of a US nuclear submarine. Except for the Dutch, the Europeans weren't ready to welcome such a visit which made a good bit more of the call at Rotterdam than would otherwise have been the case. It was capped by Luns' visit to the submarine at Phil Young's invitation. He asked me to go along; I didn't get to go down into the sub, though, as it turned out. We picked Luns up at his house. It was a typical ugly, wet Dutch winter day and Luns, who had a back problem, came out with a heavy, plaid blanket wrapped around his waist, railing loudly about *stinkende weer!* His humor was to be much improved, shortly, when Phil told him, as we drove down to Rotterdam, about a dream he had that anticipated this visit. Phil seemed to have these helpful bits of nonsense at hand when needed. This time it was a tale about the two of them aboard ship where they had taken refuge in a tarp-covered lifeboat so they could talk in confidence. What was so secret was a riddle: why was Eve called the nuclear-powered girl? Give Up?

Because she was Adam-powered!" Well, anyway, it caught Luns' fancy and he laughed his head off. It did the job, though, and the visit went off in fine style.

Before I left Washington there had been talk about building a new Embassy in The Hague. But it was more than talk when we were told the plans were drawn and the building would soon be started. The famous architect, Marcel Breuer, had designed it and it was no surprise to find that it was a splendid place. The building is on a corner with the USIA library facing a main street that runs along beside de Hofvijver, a small, rectangular, artificial lake; on the other side of the lake are the Mauritshuis, with its famous art collection, and the buildings where the First Chamber of the States General (Parliament) meets. The front of the Embassy faces a park-like area which includes, among the buildings bordering it, the Queen's small, in-town palace just a few doors down from the Embassy; The Royale, a famous European restaurant; and a fine, medium-sized concert hall well-suited for chamber music where Charlotte once played with a local chamber orchestra.

The Embassy building is, of course, very contemporary in appearance and well designed inside for its many purposes. On the second floor at the front of the building are located the offices of the Ambassador and the DCM. Across the hall facing the back of the building are the offices of the Political Section. And, handily enough, the private door of the ambassador's office is directly across the hall. (It helped us rescue Clark Gable from a crowd that was pursuing him during our first July Fourth open house; before they saw where he had gone, we got him through that door and into my office.) Our rooms looked out across a broad driveway, leading down into the garage in the basement, and then beyond to a large park.

A pleasant enough location, but it was to be seriously called into question by a security official when he was making his rounds inspecting the building one day. He told me we were not to discuss anything classified in our offices because, with modern technology, what we said could easily be picked up from that big park! I was utterly dumbfounded, the ambassador was outraged, and we were all left speechless that so fine a building could have been planned and built without any consideration having been given to so elementary a security requirement. I suggested lead shields be substituted for glass, but the inspector was not amused. Nothing to do, just watch out what you talk about.

You might think of Holland and The Hague as small quiet, safe places where very little happens. Not so. There are certain to be those whose intelligence services are trying to find out whatever they can about us. Our official facilities are therefore regularly inspected by US security officers: the ambassador's residence, the embassy offices, even our house. (I remember the ambassador teasing the inspector who came to his house about his thorough personal security - he was wearing both a belt and suspenders.)

We did have one episode that was a reminder about personal security. The Hague was a first assignment for a new, young FSO. He settled in well both in the office and on the social scene. At one point he was talking about some of the interesting people he had met, in particular someone from the Soviet Embassy who apparently knew he was a chess enthusiast and had invited him several times to play with him. On checking him out, he proved to be just doing his job - "making friends" with a young, new FSO.

At one point I became involved in another but very different kind of affair. A Dutch doctor, who had got my name from someone I knew, came to see me one day. His nephew had disappeared and he wanted the Embassy to know about the situation. The boy, 16, was the son of the doctor's sister and her American husband and had come to Holland to stay with the doctor and his family for a year and study in a Dutch school. When he disappeared, the doctor had, of course, notified the police, they had searched without success, and had even called on the Interpol for help. I told him I would report the matter to people in the Embassy and the Consulate General in Amsterdam and he said he said he would keep me informed.

Sometime later he came by to say that all the police efforts were still without result and a psychic, well-known for his success in such matters, was being brought in to help. Well, however that may have been, lo and behold if a month later the doctor didn't call to say that man had led them to the boy holed up with his kidnappers in a dingy building on the docks in Bremen!

Later the doctor and his nephew came in to report what had happened. It seems that the people who took the boy had convinced him that he was the Messiah, they had been searching for him, and they would now see that he received his rightful recognition! What a tale and this young one fell for it. Understandably, his uncle promptly sent him back to his mother and, as thanks, he gave me something he makes as a hobby. He takes a sea shell, cleans out the inside, pours pewter in; when it hardens he breaks off the shell thus leaving a beautiful pewter paper weight in the shape of the inside of the shell. I've had it on my desk ever since.

Theo Bot was hardly settled at the Interior Ministry when the problems surrounding the New Guinea question began to grow ever more threatening. The Indonesians started expropriating Dutch properties again and this time ordered the eviction of everyone who held Dutch citizenship, a population that included a great many Indonesians. They began to flood into Holland and the influx ballooned to such staggering proportions that our Congress passed a special act allowing many of these people to come to the United States, thus relieving to a significant extent the pressure on The Netherlands. In time, the expropriation of Dutch properties, such as tea plantations for example, began to cause serious practical difficulties for the Indonesians involved. The field hands were familiar enough with working the tea plantations, but only up to a critical point: when to start harvesting. That was a determination only the Dutch could make, a decision

requiring long experience, including smell and taste, directly associated with the preferences of the markets the Dutch owners served. Thus did seemingly small things exacerbate the tensions between the two countries.

Phil aroused some quite different tensions when he was able to get a film of the Kennedy-Nixon "debate" during the 1960 campaign which dealt particularly with Far Eastern affairs. That subject was of great interest and very controversial in Holland so he invited the members of Parliament to a showing at the USIA auditorium. And what an occasion that became following the film: a full blown Parliamentary debate that quickly hotted up and ran on until late in the evening. A good time was had by all!

For me, weekends provided opportunities on occasion to explore the country, two parts of which held special interest. Zeeland, in the southwest corner was a province of dikes and waterways on the North Sea and an area that dramatized the way the Dutch managed its land and at the same time protected itself from the sea. Friesland, north of the Zeider Zee, was in many ways a very separate part of Holland. While the Romans, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese had left their marks in the larger part of Holland south of the Zeider Zee - indeed half is Catholic and half Protestant - Friesland was a marshy, wet land, remote, inhospitable, and much less accessible in those early times. Today, with the great dike across the mouth of the Zeider Zee, and polders dotting this interior sea, Friesland is a thriving dairy and agricultural province. It still has, however, its own ways, language, and culture, also including today a fine symphony orchestra in Leeuwarden, the provincial capital, that my wife once played with at the Kurhaus when they visited The Hague one summer.

I particularly sought out fishing villages, small towns, local activities and fairs to talk with fishermen, farmers shop keepers, as well as local officials and newspaper editors. It was not only good education, but also an excellent way to improve your Dutch. In one encounter, I met a man of 90 at a cattle auction in Friesland. He was sitting on the broad sill of the front window of a pub. Men were circling around out front obviously striking deals and this old gentleman explained to me as best he could the convoluted, arcane way the cattle auction worked - both behind the scenes in the pubs and out front where the formal auction was going on. He, having been at it all his life, understood it thoroughly, but I not at all. Nevertheless it was fascinating to talk with one of his years who was still active and involved in making his part of the economy function effectively.

It reminded me of a conversation I had one day with our *melkboor*, the milk man who came to our house each day. There was some controversy at that moment about wage and price controls in Holland and he explained to me in some detail why such controls were essential, difficult though they were for workers, in order to keep Holland competitive in the world markets. He was one among most Dutch people at all levels who understand their nation's interests, policies, and practices.

My colleague, Bill Sullivan, went me many times better in making his rounds. He took off on his bike. Much closer to the land and to the people that way, he made a grand tour for a week, traveling around as the Dutch do themselves - on their bicycles. That conveyance is called a "fiets" in Dutch and the message we got from Bill was, of course, "I've been on my fiets all day."

Meanwhile, the New Guinea issue was continuing to preoccupy the country. The Dutch and the Indonesians were at daggers drawn, the crisis was heating up not only bilaterally, but multilaterally at the UN, and it eventually became obvious a solution was required that would provide a fig leaf of respectability for each of the parties.

While the discussions of possible solutions spread far and wide, Theo and I sat quietly in our corner talking informally from time to time about scenarios that might hold some promise. The Dutch had given the territory self-government in 1950 and it was evident to us that any solution would need to include recognition of that authority. And that, in the fullness of time, was the essence of the settlement that was finally reached. Theo went out to West New Guinea as the Dutch representative at the signing of agreements with officials from New Guinea and Indonesia that, in turn, then made it possible for relations between the Dutch and Indonesians to begin to settle down again. But there could be no blinking the fact this time that Indonesian hegemony had replaced Dutch in that still obscure territory, West New Guinea.

Theo returned with a memento peculiarly characteristic of New Guinea: one for the state museum, and one for him and one for me (these latter two perhaps on the sly). The instrument was made from a V shaped tree branch. The longer part, the handle, was smoothed down by use. The other part was wrapped tightly with canvas that held a broad flattish green stone at the end which was painstakingly honed down to a sharp edge. It was at once a tool for gardening as well as a weapon of war. To this day it hangs on the wall as a reminder of the principal and potentially explosive issue that was at the center of this five year tour in The Netherlands.

That tour came to a sudden and rather disorganized end when an old friend, Joe Jova in Foreign Service Personnel, called me one day in December to say that I was being assigned to a new State-Defense exchange program. It had been developed late in the Eisenhower administration and the Secretaries of State and Defense wanted to announce it before the change of administrations in January. Two groups of seven officers would be exchanged; I would be the senior officer from the State Department and would be assigned to USAF Headquarters at the Pentagon. The announcement ceremony was being planned for early January and I should be there for that occasion. Meanwhile, I could make farewell calls, attend the ceremonies in Washington, and then go back to The Hague to pack up and return to Washington.

Fine. That all seemed reasonable enough. However, in the end it didn't happen that way at all, of course. But then, we all know about slips between cups and lips, don't we? Evidently the works got gummed up, the ceremony was delayed and was finally called off. I never did hear what occurred, but later events suggested that exchanging a general and me may have been part of it. In any case, our sudden departure from The Hague was delayed until mid-January.

One of the nicest things that happened in connection with leaving involved Mamie. She was greatly appreciated among our Dutch and other friends and much respected for the fact that at her age, 80s, she was the librarian in her home town (Galena in the north- west corner of Illinois). She had also had her 15 minutes of fame on one of her flights to visit us. She was the first in the family to fly on a jet and on one such trip aboard KLM the plane set a new trans-Atlantic record. That morning there was much jubilation at Schipol, the international airport at Amsterdam, lots of officials, press, and cameras. Mamie was one of the first off the plane and when she was asked how she liked the trip and the record that had been set, her reply was, "I didn't even have time to finish my orange juice!" a remark widely reported. The story about our departure in The Hague paper was a surprise, but also a gesture of genuine appreciation of Mamie. It appeared under a front page headline reporting that the "Library Lady" was leaving.

Except for our return from home leave, when we too had the chance to fly on a jet, we were fortunate to make our Atlantic crossings by ship, both the United States and the America. Our trip back to the States in January, 1961, was aboard the United States. Where those other trips had resembled placid cruises. this trip took us through the enormous storm that had smashed into President Kennedy's inauguration. The seas were gargantuan, many were seasick, but the pitching and rolling of the ship were so severe that many who might have been sick survived without a twinge. Some damage was done to the forward part of the ship and, when we got to New York, the photos in the papers showed that paint had been scoured from that part of the ship and we were festooned with icicles - typical Dutch *stinkende weere* as an appropriate finale to our five years in Holland.

When we got back to Washington, I found that my assignment was delayed (still under negotiation?). I had to knock around for some time, waiting for word. Then one day I heard an unwelcome rumor. A friend, back from a tour as consul in Milan, was up for assignment as the Foreign Service aide to Vice President Johnson. He didn't want that and had suggested I should be given the job. That was the last thing I wanted so I rushed off for help from old boss, mentor, and friend, Livie Merchant, then a top officer of the Department. He immediately telephoned General White, Chief of Staff of the USAF, who said, "Send him over to see me after lunch and we'll get this thing straightened out today." And so it was. Next morning I reported for duty at US Air Force Headquarters in the Pentagon.

State-Defense Officer Exchange Program

The need for this program reminded me of a movie I saw back in the '30s. It had a scene in it that always served, in these later years, as a metaphor for the way those at Defense and State seemed forever fated to perceive one another.

In the scene, set just before the beginning of the war between Britain and Spain in the 16th century, a British knight in full armor and a Spanish grandee in elegant velvet and lace were engaged in ardent contention over whose forces were the stronger and would thus triumph in any war. The knight, to dramatize his claim to superiority, raised his great broad sword high above his head and swung it down ferociously on an anvil, cleaving it clean in two. The grandee, without blinking, then tossed a silk handkerchief in the air and, with his long, thin rapier, slit it clean in two as it floated down.

The exigencies of World War II brought crucial political and military concerns together and often into conflict which required the closest working relationships among political leaders and top military and diplomatic officials. Chief among the Department of State's officials involved in these operations was Robert Murphy, a veteran Foreign Service Officer, who worked directly with the top American and Allied political, diplomatic, and military officials.

Much later after WW II, Bob wrote a detailed and fascinating account of these activities in his book, *Diplomat Among Warriors*, published in 1964. In the book's Foreword, the publisher comments:

... Murphy was far too busy with immediate problems to think about the long-term effects of the cooperation he was improvising between diplomats and warriors, but a pattern emerged -the "combined operation" of military plus diplomacy - and this new type of cooperation became his chief preoccupation from 1940 onward.

Those were the years when diplomats and warriors learned that they would have to work together far more closely than they ever had done in the past. Today [1964] every American Foreign Service Officer has become concerned, one way or another, with military activities, and American generals and admirals have had to include some measure of diplomacy in their own plans. The creation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization ... and forty-odd other security arrangements and alliances became possible only through close coordination of military and diplomatic negotiators.

The demands of the immediate post-war years had not only brought crucial political and military concerns together but often into conflict and required the continuation of the closest working relationships among political leaders and

military and diplomatic officials that Bob Murphy had pioneered during the war.

Soon after the end of World War II some of us had already begun to be concerned with military activities: the conversion of wartime military facilities abroad to peacetime use, negotiation of new agreements for such facilities, and also, of course, the extended negotiations of the agreements that established NATO.

In my case, I had been involved during the late '40s and early '50s in converting to peacetime use the military facilities we had used in the Azores during WW II and in negotiations with Spain for bases there for the Air Force and Navy. Both sets of negotiations proved to be a long, quite difficult, and ultimately successful involvement in military activities. Thus did many of us at State and Defense keep Bob Murphy's wartime "combined operation" going.

The responsibility for bringing into accord both intra- and inter-agency views and positions involved in undertakings affecting relations with a given country almost always devolves upon the desk officer concerned. Some liken them to "quarterbacks" trying to keep a team in sync. All right as far as it goes, I suppose. I prefer to think of them as Lawrence Durrell described the awkward situation of a British ambassador to Yugoslavia. Durrell wrote two books (published in 1957 and 1958) of excruciatingly funny short stories about his service during the war with the British Embassy in Belgrade: *Stiff Upper Lip* and *Esprit de Corps*, Sketches from a Diplomatic Life. A story in the latter, entitled "Noblesse Oblige," recounts how the ambassador became trapped in a dicey protocol predicament, seating guests at lunch, and how it was resolved by a bizarre Third Secretary:

His final feat of placement - he was dealing with central European Politburo members of equal rank - was to have the Embassy dining-table cut in half and a half-moon scooped out of each end. When it was fitted together again there was a hole in the middle for H.E. to sit in while his guests sat round the outer circle.

And so it is with the desk officer - ever ensconced in the middle! I don't know how other desk officers managed their situations when they became "concerned, one way or another, with military activities" and with "American generals and admirals ... [who] ... had to include some measure of diplomacy in their own plans." For me, at least, the Azores base negotiations went swimmingly because we were blessed with a highly intelligent and skilled veteran, Ambassador Lincoln Mac Veagh, and a soldier-diplomat, if there ever was one, General Lawrence Kuter. The Washington team was small and excellent, with Larry Kuter heading the Defense component. The Spanish base negotiations were also led by Ambassador Mac Veagh, but in this case we had larger though similar teams in Madrid and Washington. These negotiations often became quite intense and controversial within the US side and were made more difficult without a Larry Kuter. The Navy group involved was unexceptionable; a few in the Air Force group were tricky and difficult at times.

This was the type of "combined operation" then in use. Other efforts to improve and facilitate State-Defense operations included liaison officers, joint committees, and an office in the Bureau of European Affairs that was specifically responsible for keeping watch over all these kinds of operations. As the number and complexity of post-war negotiations involving military needs grew, it was necessary to assure that our several standard provisions were maintained and kept free of any conflicting differences and undesirable precedence in the military facilities agreements that were under negotiation in various parts of the world. An example of one of such standard provisions was the section on jurisdiction which was always particularly pesky.

Despite these efforts, and many personal relationships between officials at all levels in State and Defense, basic differences in outlook, approach, practice and procedures, as well as differences in diplomatic and military requirements and practices continued to present conflicts that were difficult and sometimes intractable. The old, subliminal perceptions of "knight and grandee" remained alive and well.

My assignment was in the large policy office that served the Air Force Chief of Staff. It was a clearly bifurcated staff: one section dealt with strictly military subjects, the other with political-military policy considerations involved in international and diplomatic affairs. But, what was not yet settled, evidently, was exactly where they were going to put me. The welcome was most considerate, warm, and friendly and I was given a desk in a large room in the spacious front-office area (on the outer E Ring, i.e., with windows on the world). There were two desks in the office, one with a name plate for me and the other with a name plate for Brig. Gen. James Stewart, USAF. I had heard that, in addition to his Hollywood activities, he had this Air Force Reserve position. I was intrigued by the opportunity to meet him, not the least because I had been told all too often that I looked and sounded just like him. So much so that a cab driver in New York once denounced me loudly and profanely for denying that I was Jimmy Stewart. "I'll never go to any of your movies again!" I could hardly wait to tell him I had lost him a fan. But, alas, he never showed up.

Those first couple of weeks provided the opportunity to meet the generals who headed up this office, their front office staff, and to receive briefings on myriad USAF activities, equipment and facilities in the US and around the world, and also on USAF plans and policies. A most vivid memory of those days was a briefing on plans for a vehicle they called a space shuttle that could be shot into space like a satellite, but could then return to fly another day. Remember, this was 1961 and all I could think about was my childhood passion for Buck Rogers and to wonder a bit about these folks who were talking to me! (You want to know about "lead time?" That's it.) I didn't even think of scoffing, though, because only a few days later a man demonstrating a flying belt passed my window and looked in!

I also received voluminous amounts of data, publications, briefing papers about facilities and equipment, all background materials which I could take home to study. The missiles and aircraft had a special fascination for my youngest son who, at the age of nine, quickly absorbed everything I brought home on these subjects and then became a ready and highly accurate source for me to check with because I learned about them very slowly and never completely. (Today he is a space scientist.)

In due time, I was moved to the Office of Plans for Policy, headed by Brig. General "Doc" Williams, an experienced and lively, gregarious officer - and soon good friend. I had the office next to his, evidently as a "deputy general." I shared it with the third officer in this front office, Colonel Frank Pancake. Here, too, we had a window, but it looked out on a blank wall only a few yards away. Our major responsibility was to direct and oversee the preparation of briefings to be given to the Chief of Staff on a wide variety of subjects that would come before him and to review and sign off on other such briefings from other offices. We then attended the briefings (often following lunch, an unfortunate, sleep-inducing time for such an activity) to answer questions and act as backup (protective if necessary) for our briefing officers.

After years of experience working with USAF officers on negotiations for air base facilities in the Azores and in Spain, I knew that inevitably an issue would arise where my position would conflict with an Air Force stance - and my credibility would hang in the balance. And it was not long in appearing. The rather overbearing way in which the US military had been operating in Okinawa was increasingly causing strains there which eventually became more and more widely known and eventually began to cause political embarrassment on the mainland for the Japanese Government. In time, the Japanese raised the subject with the US and, ultimately, it developed into such an awkward political situation between the US and Japan that the issue was included as an item on the agenda of an early one of those meetings the new President, John F. Kennedy, would be convening at regular intervals with the Secretaries of State, Defense, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff (or, as Senator Everett Dirksen once referred to them in this sterling spoonerism: the Chief Joints of Staff.)

Obviously someone would have to give on this issue and it didn't take much imagination to figure out who that would be. At least it didn't for me. For the USAF, however, I knew it would be quite another matter! The poor briefing officer, a colonel, was understandably appalled by the line I said this briefing should take: we should make some accommodations on Okinawa, which we could easily arrange, that would help the Japanese Government to extricate itself from its embarrassing political situation at home, thus removing an unnecessary irritant in our relations with Japan. I promised the colonel that the very moment he completed the briefing I would speak up and say that it was I who directed the briefing. He was mollified, temporarily, by that assurance, but nevertheless

mightily distressed when the moment came for him to give the briefing.

These briefings took place in a large, carpeted, windowless, secure room. A big rear-projection screen was set in the center of the wall at one end of the room and the briefer's podium was placed to the side of it. The Chief of Staff sat up there at the head of a long table, but to one side so he faced the briefer. Down both sides of the table were then ranged all the top generals. I sat at the other end of the table. Those at the table discussed the briefings as necessary. Those who would be giving briefings and their immediate bosses sat behind the table on a great U shaped line of chairs around the room - and spoke only when spoken to. Withal, we were a very considerable but largely silent multitude.

General Curtis E. Le May, creator of the Strategic Air Command (SAC), had become the USAF Chief of Staff soon after I arrived on the scene. Le May, a famous and highly distinguished officer, was known from his early career and from his World War II service as a brilliant pilot, commander, and military innovator. But he was not all that long on non-military, that is to say diplomatic and political considerations. He was also famous for his characteristic gruff, rough, tough, demeanor - and his severe treatment of anybody he found wanting or, worse yet, incompetent.

The briefing I had directed was, of course, the worst heresy in that particular venue. The room was always quiet and hushed enough at best, but during this briefing it became so still it was as though everyone had stopped breathing as the import of what was being said began to dawn on them. As the colonel was finishing up his harrowing duty, he had his eyes locked on mine and I spoke up even as his last word was leaving his mouth. "General, I directed this briefing for the reasons the colonel has stated." The deadly silence that followed was quickly broken by Gen. Le May. He just leaned forward, took his ever-present cigar out of his mouth, and, looking down that long table at me, barked, "Dunham, that's stupid! Next briefing." To me it was not all that surprising, but it was dreadfully alarming to all others present. The new boy on the block had ripped his knickers. End of the world. Off with his head. He's dead. My new colleagues were stunned and completely at a loss to know what to say afterwards.

As usual we waited around for the General to come back for the customary debriefing. That afternoon's meeting was a long one and Gen. Le May didn't return until 8:00 that evening. Everyone was present again to hear his report on each of the items he had been briefed on that afternoon. When he announced "Okinawa," the same breathless hush fell over the room again. As before, he leaned forward, took the cigar out of his mouth, looked down the table at me and said, "Well, I got shot down in flames on this one" - long pause before he continued - "by the President himself!" (Q.E.D. He didn't say that, of course. Neither did I. But I admit it did cross my mind.)

Not much was said in the aftermath of this little drama. Some said they were

impressed that my advice had been so accurate. And others asked how I knew that what I had proposed would be the position taken at the meeting. I had to say I didn't "know" at all what decision would be made. Given the circumstances, though, it seemed obvious to me that there was no choice but to decide as they did to make some adjustments to accommodate the Japanese.

Yet here we are again 35 years later, spring 1996, in even worse trouble, with the rape of a local girl by a couple of US soldiers having inflamed the simmering hostilities of the Okinawans and led to mass protests demanding that US forces be withdrawn from Okinawa. This time another American President became involved when, in preparation for Bill Clinton's state visit to Japan in April 1996, we were finally forced to act in a meaningful way by dropping back from the proprietary ways in which we almost always behave once we have forces and bases abroad. The longer we stay the less willing we are to make any changes much less talk about cutting back or, Heaven forbid, withdrawing.

In this case, *The Washington Post* reported on April 16, 1996, that the US would "return to the Japan all or part of 11 U.S. military installations...[and thus] give back 20 percent of the land it occupies on Okinawa, relocating a hospital, housing, huge communication antennas and runways, but no reduction in forces. U.S. officials also agreed to eliminate live artillery drills over local roads, parachute training near residential areas, noisy nighttime jet flights and other irritants that have caused enormous ill will with the Okinawan people since the end of World War II." I should think so! In a moment of perspicacity, Defense Secretary William J. Perry ventured the thought, according to the Post's report, "Why didn't we do it a year ago, five years ago, ten years ago?" Or far better yet, say I, 30 years ago which is when we should have begun doing so. Some things we never seem to learn.

After our own little "Okinawa affair" in the office, life went on as before. Or so I thought. I was more than a little slow to comprehend the subtle change that was coming over my standing throughout this large policy office - on "both sides of the house" - that served the Chief of Staff. I was apparently being seen in a new light as having "proved" myself in some acceptable way as a consequence of "the Okinawa Affair." I was soon being invited to participate in a variety of meetings, to attend briefings on subjects I had not been acquainted with before, to review and comment on papers, and thus to become involved in sensitive matters many of which I had never been privy to. These new activities gradually expanded the scope of my duties and opened the way for me to begin work on what seemed to me to be the fundamental purposes of that new venture: the State - Defense Officer Exchange Program.

The "Okinawa Affair" was a classic case, a microcosm of the basic differences in the way people at State and Defense perceived and dealt with the same issue. In this instance a solution had been imposed. But I took it to be my job to demonstrate that we could manage such problems ourselves by learning how we

each initially perceive an issue, how we each customarily deal with it, what our policy-making procedures are, the kinds of considerations that are involved, and how we each reach final decisions. By going through these processes, it seemed to me we could learn about the concerns and principles that guide each of us and thus understand, through such experiences, how best to work together to achieve mutually acceptable solutions to the problems we must deal with jointly.

I therefore set out to learn in detail about Air Force procedures and operations and to explain the same about the State Department as we dealt day by day with common issues and problems. In the process, I had daily opportunities to work closely with officers of all ranks in USAF Headquarters and at some of the major commands in the US. In our own head office, I was struck by the superior quality and intelligence, the breadth of understanding and knowledge, among that top support staff. Some of them, I thought, could well serve as Bob Murphy's opposite numbers: "warriors among diplomats." In certain cases, this was the direct result of the opportunity they had had to attend the National War College or similar institutions run by the services. Over time, these opportunities and working relationships became increasingly enlightening and productive for all of us and, I believe, began to make for a growing appreciation and trust of one another.

Qualities such as these came immediately to the fore with the sudden emergency caused by the Cuban missile crisis. Contingency plans, readiness, smooth functioning command and control, and the speed with which the Air Force brought overwhelming forces to the East Coast, all fully prepared for action should that be required, were remarkably impressive in every way. The multi-faceted skills and competence of the staff in our offices were of the same high order as they presided over the USAF participation in all the military, political-military, and policy aspects of this crisis. All offices were staffed 24 hours a day and senior officers and some aides never left the building during the crisis, sleeping on couches and even on the floor. It was a revelation to see these men whom I had worked with as office colleagues convert instantly with decisive efficiency to "battle ready troops" as it were. From then on I saw them in an entirely new and unforgettable light: they were indeed warriors among diplomats.

There had gradually been other occasions when I also became involved in some matters that were handled only by the strictly "military side of the house." Among these were documents brought occasionally by special couriers from Gen. Le May's office, papers on highly sensitive subjects that I was expected to read and in some cases comment on. One fascinating example was an emergency report just in from a USAF pilot who feared he might have strayed over Soviet territory and been detected. Both the text of his report and the map displaying his flight left the situation anything but clear. Nevertheless, Gen. Le May had ordered that all appropriate authorities in Washington and Moscow be immediately notified and he thought I should know what was happening in case we were confronted with a troublesome incident.

In addition to these various new undertakings, I was assigned to visit SAC Headquarters near Omaha, then the North American Air Defense Command (NORAD) at Fort Collins, Colorado, and finally Cape Canaveral in Florida, to meet the Commanders and their staffs, and to familiarize myself with their missions, responsibilities, and operations. I would then be ready for a further assignment, namely, escorting on similar visits appropriate State Department officials and new ambassadors who were or would be involved in areas where the USAF had important interests and operations.

SAC had secure, underground headquarters with the most extensive command and control facilities. Everything was so new and strange to me that the visit was nothing short of mind-bending. The staff ran through the full litany of their responsibilities and operations and the precision and detail of their myriad activities was, suffice to say without revealing matters best left unsaid here, impressive in every way. The visit also included descriptions and demonstrations of their extensive, flexible, and indeed awe-inspiring use of computers for many aspects of SAC's operations. This was my first acquaintance with this new technology, the now ubiquitous computer.

NORAD Headquarters were on the Air Force base at Fort Collins and would, like SAC, be relocated underground in a vast facility that was being dug under a nearby mountain. Here again I had the opportunity to see and learn about their operations and command and control facilities and the way their activities were integrated with Canadian military forces. The briefings and discussions were, as at SAC, thorough and provided even a layman like me with a good understanding of their mission and how they carried it out. That was exactly what I had hoped we would be able to do for other officers of the Department and the Foreign Service when and as I would be able to escort them to these commands.

Cape Canaveral was necessarily a much more dispersed place with its many activities spread out over a large area. Nevertheless it was possible for me, and later visitors I brought there, to get a clear, overall understanding of the futuristic activities that were being developed. My first visit, and those I arranged later for others, all included the launching of a rocket and we thus had shaken into us the monumental experiments and work that were going forward at this other-worldly place. If one wanted a glimpse of the future, it was right here!

A goodly number of people from the Department, ambassadors as well as others, were able to visit these three Commands during the two years and more of my assignment at USAF Headquarters. They were given the same kind of surveys of facilities and activities that I had received and these visits did much to familiarize them with hitherto unknown Air Force activities, including especially those in regions of direct interest to them at the time.

The flights for these trips went smoothly each time, with one exception when we

were headed to Colorado to visit NORAD. We ran into a thunderstorm complete with lightning as we came up on the Mississippi River. Our office plane, a trusty DC-4, got through it well enough, but afterwards the crew chief came back to look out the window at the wings. I joked that they were still there. But it was no joke to him. "Just have a look at the holes in them!" Sure enough lightning had struck the nose of the plane (we discovered the needle sized holes later), passed through the frame of the plane, and then blown out through several sections of skin on one wing! Meanwhile, we were losing altitude; we were flying at the same altitude above sea level but local ground level was catching up with us as we flew west. The Air Force usually gets left-over altitudes so the pilot and his colleagues were getting on the air traffic controllers for a higher altitude "before we begin plowing the fields," as they put it.

Out of all the visits I made of this kind, there was only one that ever turned out to be unfortunate and that one was nothing short of disastrous. I took Ambassador Walt Butterworth on a visit to SAC and was appalled by the behavior on that occasion of the then SAC commander. He had a small, formal briefing room complete with a low podium where he stood. He arranged to have visitors seated before he appeared. When he did, all were expected to rise as he marched into the room. Then, even without the courtesy of any introductions, he proceeded to give his briefing (harangue would be a more accurate description). On this occasion he was all wound up about the Soviet threat and at one point said he wanted to bomb Moscow right now and if anybody asked him why he did it he would tell them, "Because I'm pissed off!" I don't know what became of that firebrand. But, needless to say, that episode produced an hiatus in these visits to SAC until appropriate adjustments could be made before such visits were resumed.

There were some other trips I made that were also of special interest to my job. One took me to Thule AFB at the northern most edge of the Greenland glacier where the huge missile detection center was located, with its giant radar screen the size of several football fields, and its associated special equipment designed to track any missile the radar had detected and provide early warning of an attack on specific US targets that the tracking equipment was designed to identify. Another trip tied in with the one to Thule when I saw the other side of the coin, as it were. When I was in California, I had the opportunity to visit Vandenburg Air Force Base, learn about its activities, and witness the test-firing of one of our own missiles.

Yet another useful trip was to a site inside a "mountain" outside Washington, I know not where, the place to which our office would be evacuated in the event of an emergency. And, sure enough, there were the quarters for our office and for those of us who would be removed to this redoubt. What a massive undertaking to provide facilities like this for who knew how many offices in Washington! That day-long trip we made by helicopter, my first experience with that machine, and I made it my business to assure that it was my last. I felt I was traveling in one of those washing machines that has a plunger that pumps rapidly up and down. The

washer (the rotor blades) holds still while the plunger (the cabin) pumps rapidly up and down. A thoroughly wretched machine.

A similarly unattractive experience came during a trip to the Air Force War College in Montgomery, Alabama, which I made with a group from the office. We were led, and piloted, by one of our newest officers, General John Carpenter, previously commander of Edwards AFB, then as now the scene of extensive testing of new, advanced USAF aircraft and, of course, a landing site nowadays for our shuttles. We made the trip not only to visit this Air Force facility, but also to hear Henry Kissinger, then a newcomer to the national scene as a member of the National Security Council at the White House. He was to report on the visit to Vietnam the President had sent him on. He was an unknown at that time, but as highly intelligent, perceptive, analytical, and articulate then as now. We were all deeply impressed by his remarks and came away with a vastly better informed and far more distressing impression of the situation the US was facing in that area. (Incidentally, the only difference I noted in him in later years was that on this occasion he spoke with nary a trace of an accent!)

On our return trip, in that good old reliable goony-bird, the C-47, (in this case rigged with metal benches for parachute troops practicing jumping) we ran into very stormy weather that tossed us around with some force, and heavy fog when we got to Washington. Bolling AFB across the river from National Airport didn't have the equipment necessary to bring us in through the dense fog so we had to divert to National. I was looking out the window seeing nothing but soupy fog until suddenly there was the runway just a few feet from our wheels. Later, when I reported this adventure to my wife, she said please tell Gen. Carpenter thanks for bringing you back safely. When I did so next morning he said, "No thanks needed. I wasn't thinking about you anyway. I was thinking about me, the first and most affected if we hadn't made it!"

Other visits of special interest were those to quite different USAF activities such as the Rand Corporation in California which did special research and studies for the Air Force, and the one to the USAF War College in Montgomery, Alabama. Of major interest, though, was the visit I was invited to make to the splendid Air Force Academy near Colorado Springs. I had worked on a plan that would have enabled the Academy to grant the MA as well as the BA degree and this visit reinforced my opinion that it was competent in every way to grant the MA. Eventually, however, the plan came afoul of the usual inter-service competition and had to be scrubbed because the Navy and Army were unprepared to do the same and opposed the USAF going ahead alone.

Then there were what might be described as "*ad hoc*" trips. As they could, the officers I worked with kept up their flying time on weekends. They could reserve an aircraft and plan a flight wherever would serve their purposes in keeping up their flying time. Once in awhile one or another of them would ask whether I had any place I would like to go. It was a generous thing for them to do and, I

discovered later, also made it easier sometimes for them to get an aircraft - and perhaps a better one, too - when I was going along. (Apparently rank had its privileges even if it was only simulated!)

I was able to take advantage of such invitations only on two occasions, both of which turned out to be notable. My daughter was a freshman at Carleton College in Minnesota and that became the destination on the first trip. It was made memorable when Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota asked to fly with us. That meant that we really got a fancy aircraft and my friend and colleague, Doc Williams, decided to join the party, too. It was a fine trip and the Senator was a delightful and entertaining companion. As we were preparing to land at the Minneapolis-St. Paul Airport, the Senator asked who the pilot was. Doc Williams had taken over that job and the Senator said he much preferred it when younger officers made the landings. "I feel a lot better when they're doing it than the generals." As luck would have it, we touched down just as he was speaking. Then, looking out the window, he asked, "Have we landed already?" Sure enough we had. Doc had hit a powder-puff landing. The Senator, famous for his verbosity, had nothing more to say!

The other such trip I made much later on at the invitation of two pilots who had to go to Minneapolis, thus giving another chance to visit my daughter. On this trip we had an aircraft, a Convair, that was set up for navigation training; the seats had been removed, tables set up in their place, and, for this trip, an airline seat put in for me. The flight out was smooth going, but the return flight was something else again. From Minneapolis we flew across Wisconsin and over Milwaukee - a route known as "thunderstorm alley" - and we got more than our share of them. So much so that the chair and I were lifted and tossed up and down more than once. We ran into icing and hail that sounded like machine gun fire and the pilots kept calling for a lower altitude to get away from the icing. The biggest excitement came, though, when smoke began drifting back from the cockpit! Turned out the de-icing equipment on the forward edge of one of the wings had malfunctioned and was causing the smoke. That quickly got us a lower altitude, the de-icer was shut off, and the smoking stopped. A memorable trip, indeed, and the one that marked enough for me of these extracurricular adventures.

On a couple of occasions during my tour at USAF Headquarters General Le May made official trips abroad, one to Australia and one to Portugal and Spain, on which he asked me to accompany him along with his wife and a few aides who usually went with him.

On the trip to Australia, he used a KC-135, the USAF refueling tanker, fixed up with some passenger seats and minimal amenities, not including heat where the restrooms were located way in the back of the plane. However, there was ample space amidships for a vast array of gear Le May was using to develop a secure telephone system for the President. Communications were a hobby of his and he had undertaken this project personally, assisted by some able Air Force hands. He

was taking advantage of this trip to test their work to date. We stopped in Hawaii over night and then continued on the next morning. As we were crossing the equator, one of the sergeants who was working with the telephone project came back and said that the General wondered whether I would like to call my family. What an idea! It was perfectly possible, though, and before I knew how it was done there they were on the phone. With my wife and four very talkative children, I thought we might have an overload until I discovered that I had to flip a switch to control which of us could talk. So no problem, we had an extraordinary time talking between this plane and home half a world away.

Mrs. Le May was a seasoned traveler, of course, and was only bothered on take-offs and landings when various things like the landing gear went bump. "What's that, what's that" were her regular remarks at those times. They seemed to be rhetorical and went unanswered which didn't seem to bother her at all. She proved to be a good companion on this long flight while her husband was nowhere to be seen as he worked away on his telephone project.

The trip to Canberra was largely a courtesy visit, although the two air force chiefs of staff did have some meetings about purely military business. Otherwise we were entertained, wined and dined, and given opportunities to see this planned city and some of the outlying areas.

General Le May always took the controls for take offs and landings. As we were preparing to take off on our return trip, the crew chief came back and said, "The General told me to invite you to come up and sit with him when we take off." When we got into the crowded cockpit, there was a folding chair set directly behind Le May. "Good. Thought you'd like to see this operation," said he. Right off the bat, one of the engines began acting up and wouldn't start properly. So the General told the crew chief to go take care of it. In order to do so, he had to go out through a hatch that my chair stood on! Unattractive. I have no idea what he did out there though I heard a couple of bangs like a hammer hitting something. Whatever it was, everything went off as it should once he got back inside. Meanwhile, Le May and the co-pilot had run through their check list - seemed endless.

Finally we were ready to take off. The plane was carrying a very heavy load of fuel for the long flight to Hawaii and was loath to leave the runway. There was a counter on top of the instrument panel in the center that indicated time left to point of no return. It ran down closer and closer to the end until Le May finally had to abort the take off - an exciting maneuver I must say. So we went back, tried again, and made it. After that, I was invited for each landing and take off and, for the first time, had a chance to see all that goes on at those times. Fascinating, especially given the chief pilot.

This experience made me think of one of those stories about Le May and his cigars. The story goes that he smokes his ever-present cigar even when flying a

plane. This so worried a co-pilot one time that he remonstrated with the General before a take off. "General, the plane may blow up if you don't put out that cigar." Answer: "It wouldn't dare!" Apocryphal, of course, but typical of the stories about Le May.

The other foreign trip was an official visit to Portugal and Spain. Having been intimately involved with the negotiations for military facilities in both countries, this was old and familiar territory and I was delighted to participate in these visits. They were admirably done by the Portuguese and Spanish officials, as one would expect, and offered the chance to renew old acquaintances. This was also the first opportunity to see the air base facilities in Spain we had worked so long and hard to get ten years before. Of course there was really nothing new or different to see; they looked exactly like any other air bases anywhere else.

From Spain, General Le May was going on to other business and asked me to go to Morocco to talk with a USAF group there about some pending matters before returning to Washington. For that short trip, I was flown over, the only passenger, on an enormous old two-story aircraft, one-time World War II bomber, now converted for VIP use. Talk about rattling around! This trip was not such a memorable one except for that astonishing aircraft and the opportunity to visit a new country.

On returning to Madrid, one question was still left up in the air, so to speak. My ride to Lisbon and Madrid had flown off into the wild blue yonder, so how would I get home again? No need to worry. I would be flying back with the Commandant of the U.S. Coast Guard. He proved to be a genial, unpretentious, "regular guy" and we had a fine time together. His plane was much smaller, happily, with a comfortable cabin outfitted much like an informal living room and we passed most of the time playing cribbage all the way to Bermuda. Fortunately, we were evenly matched which gave the game sufficient interest to keep us alert and entertained between meals.

In March of 1963, my tour on this unique assignment to USAF Headquarters came to an end. My colleagues there were overly generous with receptions and ceremonies. The Secretary of the Air Force, Eugene Zuckert, and General Le May, in a totally unexpected and over-whelming gesture, even presented me with a medal. It was the Department of the Air Force Exceptional Service Award complete with an appreciative letter of commendation regarding significant contributions to "...the formulation of sound policies involving political-military activities of the Air Force..." and the like. Astonishing as this presentation was, and unique though this assignment had been, it seemed to me that they did demonstrate that the job had apparently been worthwhile and that this new exchange program itself could well contribute in ways we had been unable to accomplish in the past.

The chance to work day by day inside one of the military services and side by side

with its people top to bottom provided a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Working with General Le May, for example, was an exceptional experience, starting with our first meeting, "the Okinawa Affair." He never did say anything to me about it afterwards, but as it turned out he didn't have to. From that day forward his actions, his treatment of me as recounted here, made it crystal clear how he had reacted to that episode. And it carried through right up to the very end when his was a major presence at the presentation ceremony in the Air Force Secretary's office.

And so it was with all those I worked with day in and day out. We managed over time to develop close working relationships based on mutual respect and trust. We spent endless hours working together on political-military questions that involved both our departments and in the process we had more than ample opportunity to learn how diplomats perceive and deal with political-military questions and how warriors do the same - and how the two together can find solutions acceptable to both. What better than that can you ask!

I don't know how my fellow exchangees fared in that first exchange under this program. We never met those who were assigned to the Department; we never met together before we took up our jobs at the Pentagon; we never met while we were there; nor did we meet afterwards. I have never seen a report about the program, no word about what eventually became of it. I can only hope it continued to thrive.

Still, as I moved on to the halls of academe, I couldn't seem to be shed of a lingering subliminal feeling that the ghosts of "the knight and the grandee" might yet hover over the Potomac and lurk in the interstices at State and Defense. Even so, I harbor the modest hope that somehow those of us who labored in this program may at least have dimmed the presence of those two shades.

And so, now that all's said and done, this, then, is how I got here from there.

End of interview