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

AMBASSADOR HUME HORAN

Interviewed by: Charles Stuart Kennedy
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INTERVIEW

Q: Today is the third of November, 2000. This is an interview with Ambassador Hume A. Horan. This is being done on behalf of the Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training, and I am Charles Stuart Kennedy. Hume and I are old friends. Hume, let's start at the beginning. Can you tell me when and where you were born and then we'll talk about your parents and your family and we will move on?

HORAN: Fine, thank you, Stu. I was born - I first saw the light of day - here in Washington, DC, at the Columbia Hospital for Women, on August 13, 1934. The day corresponded with the birthday of my favorite uncle, Larry Hume.

Q: In the year of the dog by the way.

HORAN: Yes, I am a dog. That is, by the Korean Zodiac.

Q: I'm a dragon; my wife is a dog. According to all the Chinese restaurant things dragons and dogs should never marry.

HORAN: My wife, Lori Shoemaker, is a tiger, a Horangi. A Korean friend said to me, "Ah, yes! Tigers and dogs get along quite well. It is a happy correspondence."

Q: Well, anyway, let's talk about your parents, I mean about your family and all that.

HORAN: My mother was the daughter of an old Washington family, very conservative sort of in a Thomas Mann sense. She was a rebel, a rather dramatic, unconventional flapper.

Q: What was her family name?

HORAN: Margaret Robinson Hume. Her mother was Sally Cox, who married Charley Hume. Mother's grandfather was a Cox, who owned an estate in Washington named "Tunlaw." The name survives in the Glover Park street, which it so happens, is just two blocks from our house at Huidekoper Place. An earlier ancestor, Colonel John Cox, had been Mayor of Georgetown. Around the turn of the century, Coxes and Humes were

numerous in Washington. Many repose in Georgetown's Oak Hill Cemetery. Mother, however, was of a different mold. She traveled to Paris as a young woman and from what family gossip has it, had herself a wild, wonderful time. On returning to Washington, she quite shocked her family and friends by eloping in 1923 with a Persian diplomat, a young Third Secretary named Abdollah Entezam. You can imagine how such a marriage was received by the close-knit, southern society of Washington, DC! As one newspaper said, "The groom is a young man of great charm but with an olive complexion." My wonderful grandmother, however, was and always remained very attached to Daddy.

Daddy's next assignment was to Tehran. He and Mother sailed from the U.S. to Marseilles, went by train across Europe to the Caspian, then took a ferry to Iran. Mother spent the next three years in Tehran. She loved the family, and was loved, in turn, by them. She learned Persian, was adventurous, independent, and traveled everywhere in Tehran via little horse-drawn "droshkies." She completely eschewed the American club - partly because her husband was not allowed to enter. After Tehran, my parents had a number of foreign postings, including Prague, Warsaw, and finally Bern. It was from Bern that Mother returned to the U.S. in 1939 with me and my sister. Soon after her return to the U.S. she and my father were divorced. One often hears about the tribulations of western women who marry Muslims, and in particular what these women sometimes endure at the hands of family and mothers-in-law. Mother's case was altogether different. In later years, when I visited the family in Tehran, they were full of affectionate generosity and remembrances of Mother, and criticized my father for having let his marriage fail.

Q: Did she come back to have you? The Persian hospitals weren't the greatest.

HORAN: Yes. Life was extraordinary for a young American woman in Tehran in the 1920s. Mother told me how while traveling from Babolsar on the Caspian to Tehran, we spent the night in a caravanserai. For days thereafter she worked to remove the fleas and lice from my hair! But back to my birth: my sister, Leyla, was born in Paris. It was a difficult birth, so when I got to be born, Mother decided to come back to Washington to have me with better medical care.

Q: What was, where did your father's family fit into the Persian society at that time?

HORAN: His was a family of some prominence under the Kajar dynasty. His father, Entezam Saltaneh, had been governor of Tehran. In time, Daddy became Foreign Minister, Deputy Prime Minister, then head of the National Iranian Oil Company. His brother, Nasrollah Entezam, was ambassador to Washington and Paris, and President of the U.N. General Assembly back in the 1950s. Nasrollah died in a military hospital/prison after Khomeini took power in 1979. When the Shah fell, Nasrollah was overseas. Friends warned him not to go back, but he said,"I have nothing to hide." My father, however, was never bothered at all by the Khomeini regime. No scandal or impropriety was ever attached to his name (or to Nasrollah's either for that matter). Helpful to my father were his close ties to the Sufi movement, plus a reputation for total honesty and often

embarrassing frankness. While serving in Bern, I was told, my father had been something of a guardian for the young Crown Prince, who was a student at Le Rosey. In later years, this relationship let my father speak more bluntly to the Shah than other members of the court would. One evening, the Shah held an imperial soiree. The Shah wore his super-dress uniform - something like a marquee at a Las Vegas casino. He noticed my father was wearing a plain, dark business suit. The Shah asked,"Entezam! Where are your orders and decorations?" My father relied: "Your Majesty, I am too old for those sort of things." As the monarchy was toppling, the Shah asked Daddy to serve as Prime Minister (a sort of relief pitcher, in a losing game, in the bottom of the 9th). He refused and retired to private life. When he died, Sir Dennis Wright, who had been British ambassador to Tehran, wrote a touching obituary in the Times. He stressed that Abdollah Entezam was known as a man of extraordinary independence and total honesty, throughout his life. I visited my father in Tehran after his retirement. His apartment was very modest: living room, dining room, kitchen, and a single bedroom. He'd been given a beautiful rug on retirement from the National Iranian Oil Company; he gave the rug to my sister. To me he said "I have got everything in the world I need here. I live on my pension." When I think of the people of stature that I have met over the years in the Middle East, there have not been many who died as poor as he.

Q: Your mother and father divorced in 1939. So you would have been five years old. Were there any sort of memories of Persia or Switzerland or anything?

HORAN: Vague memories of Switzerland. None of Persia. My sister remembers Persia much better. The divorce sort of flowed over my head without a ripple. First there was Daddy and later there was Pops, another brilliant, affectionate, wonderful person.

Q: By the time you were five were you speaking Persian?

HORAN: When we were in Tehran, I was very small. So only maybe a few baby words of Persian - I remember none. My earliest memories are of Europe, especially Bern. I learned some German when I was small.

Q: Well, in 1939 what happened to you?

HORAN: I guess the marriage was beginning to come apart. They were not a well-matched pair: Mother was social, outgoing, and tended to extravagance. Daddy could be very warm and funny, but basically was highly intellectual and simple in his lifestyle. About 1939, though: there was a story Mother used to tell that she'd urged my father to take us out of Europe. "This continent is going to blow to pieces." He, the professional diplomat, said, "Oh, no, don't worry. The great powers will not allow it. The British will do this, and the French will do that, etc." She decided anyway to take us home. We went down to Marseilles. We sailed on the "Exocorda." I remember it from dockside as this titanic steel slab of a ship. How am I going to travel on that? We were the last boat out of the Straits of Gibraltar before war broke out. Food may even have run short on the last days of the crossing, because I remember eating a lot of broccoli and drinking a lot of

tomato juice. The Exocorda was sunk during the war. Anyway, we were home in the States. Daddy was in Europe. In the course of time Mother met my stepfather, Harold Horan. She divorced my father, married Harold, who adopted me.

Q: Well, what was his background?

HORAN: His mother, Helen Horan, was originally Austrian; his father, John Horan, was Irish immigrant who joined the New York police force. The mother was sensitive, cultured, with great hopes for her children. The father was a hard, almost cruel man. A Lieutenant on the police force in New York, he was head of the "Strong Arm Squad" in Hell's Kitchen. I was always a little afraid of him. He was very handsome - tall, strapping, well-built even in his 80s, but there was a coldness about him that always put me off. Pops, though, took after his mother. He was a very fine student and became an accomplished violin player. He'd play with orchestras and also at night clubs. The money he earned - plus a Regents' Scholarship - enabled him to go to Columbia. There he won another scholarship to study International Law at the Sorbonne. That was in the mid-1920s I guess. While in Paris, however, he befriended the children of William Randolph Hearst. Pops had been a classics scholar at Columbia and won prizes in Greek and Latin. Hearst's boys could not pass some important Latin or Greek exam, so Hearst hired my father as a tutor. To Hearst's pleasure, the boys all passed, whereupon Hearst said to my father, "Come work for me. I need someone who knows Europe, and you'll make a lot more money than you would as a scrivener for some law firm." So my father did that. For a number of years, he was Hearst's personal assistant whenever Hearst and Marion Davies came to Europe. Marion Davies, my father said, was a really nice woman. He also reported for the Hearst papers from Italy and France. I have some photographs of my father and Mussolini. Mussolini was a violin player and since Pops played a very good violin, Mussolini once had him brought out to his palace on some lake to play a duet. Pops said, "That was as close as I ever wanted to get to that fellow." He had a very interesting time in France. He once broke a story about a secret French-British Naval Treaty that would have gotten around limitations on capital ships. As a consequence, the French government fell, and Pops fled France.

Q: What happened then?

HORAN: He came back to the U.S., left the Hearst papers, and became the Time Inc. representative in Washington for Harry Luce. He was also head of the State Department's Correspondence Association. Around 1940 or 1941, Luce chose my father to open a Time/Life/Fortune office covering Latin America. We spent the next three or four years in Argentina. I was told that Pops did also work for naval intelligence during the war. He had contacts up and down the continent. He was a wonderful linguist. Beautiful French, fine Italian, and over the years his Spanish was just like Cervantes'. A man of great culture, widely read, loved music, continued an interest in the classics. He was very sociable. He liked Latin Americans. Both he and Mother were exceptionally good with people. People liked being around them; they showed a warmth and a receptiveness, a genuine interest in others. They had a marvelous circle of friends. I must add, they

approached life insouciantly. They rarely worried - others did. Their grandchildren idolized them. There was in them a little more of the grasshopper, than the ant. They lived in Argentina, and Caracas, Venezuela, until the 1980s - except for a break in the late '40s when we lived in New York City and Pops was personal assistant to Henry Luce.

Q: What were you doing? First of all there is a question I always try to ask. Were you talking about issues as an early kid? I mean with a family around the dining room table and that sort of thing.

HORAN: A very good question. No. I had no interest in world affairs, other than listening on WOR and WJZ as Superman and Captain Midnight would again and again confound the Axis. Mother was not intellectual; Pops was, but I don't recall discussions about politics, economics, the great social issues of the day. Pops was a strong New Dealer. He had known FDR, who had inscribed a nice photograph to him. But it was a childhood that was not much directly affected by the intellectual interests of my father. He had a lovely library and just assumed that I would read in it as I wished. I did do an awful lot of miscellaneous reading in his library - not being aware that these were classics or books of any importance. I read Gulliver's Travels and much of Kipling - but only as adventure stories. I was unawares completely that these texts had any literary or political dimensions.

Q: No, they were good stories.

HORAN: Occasionally, my father would take me for walks. He would discuss books and so forth. I did not like walking, and avoided such excursions whenever I could. I much preferred to read. I read a lot. The kind of trash that kids like, i.e. Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Q: Oh, yes. John Carter.

HORAN: YES! YES! John Carter, Dejah Thoris, Tars Tarkas, Barsoom, etc. Great, great books. I've re-read some of them. The first two thirds of A Princess of Mars is really marvelous. The inspiration is extraordinary. It begins to fade a little in the last third. But I would say Barsoom, and Pellucidar, and the Venus and Moon series, and of course Tarzan, filled my childish imagination. To this brew were added H. Rider Haggard's works, and - at a slightly earlier time - Hugh Lofting's Dr. Doolittle series, and the L. Frank Baum and Ruth Plumly Thompson Oz books.

Q: Jack London.

HORAN: Yes, lots of his books - including "The Cruise of the Snark," (which gave Martin Johnson his first taste of adventure). The list could go on and on: Conan Doyle, Thornton W. Burgess, Ernest Thompson Seton, Rex Beach, John Masefield, Jules Verne ("The Courier of the Czar"), and lots of trashy science-fiction magazines, "Thrilling Wonder Stories," "Fantastic Adventures," "Astounding Science Fiction,." and the anthologies of Donald Wolheim and Groff Conklin. My world was full of B.E.M.s, aka

[also known as] “Bug-eyed monsters!” Again, I really liked Kipling. I had little idea who he was. But I read Stalky and Company and Kim and the Jungle Books several times. I really liked Kipling’s poetry, especially “The Barrack Room Ballads.” His was the first poetry I tried to memorize. T.S. Eliot called him a great versifier. There were lots of books in the house. I’d take them down at random, and sometimes they were good - as well as interesting.

Q: What about education, sort of formal education. Growing up in Latin America mainly?

HORAN: From about 1940 to about 1944 were living in Argentina. When we got there my mother’s reaction was typical. She said, "Go to school, the American school? How ridiculous!. We are in Argentina. You go to an Argentine school." That was that. On one of our first days in B.A., she put me directly into “Champagnat,” a primary school run by a religious order. I spent the next three to four years partly at Champagnat, and partly, after we moved to a small country town, “Ingeniero Maschwitz,”in public school, “Escuela Numero Catorce,” i.e. P.S. 14. There was one other American student at P.S. 14. I was quite happy there - even though I disliked horseback riding. I was a terrible horse person. Around 1944, we came back to the States. Pops had an apartment in New York City; weekends, he’d come to our nice house in Califon, New Jersey. Real country. For a few years, I attended Miss Gills' School in Bernardsville, New Jersey. Then in 1946, I was sent to boarding school. Portsmouth Priory School, a Benedictine school in Portsmouth, Rhode Island. A word of advice to parents and children: avoid that place like the plague!

Q: Why?

HORAN: It was absolute hell. Gloomy and cold. Right out of “Such, such were the Joys!” The older guys would beat up on the younger kids. No women on the campus at all. Chapel twice daily, mass three times a week. Let it be said of the priests, though, that they were all men of upstanding character. You hear weird stories about the old padres these days. These guys at the Priory were tough and mean - but they were all straight. I respected them even while I disliked them, and they disliked me.

Q: Were you brought up as a Catholic?

HORAN: Yes. Pops was a Catholic. After two years at the Priory, my record was such that they asked that I not return. I got a "9" out of "100" in Latin for the year. I hated the Latin teacher. I had discipline problems, too.

Q: I was thinking you had to speak Spanish and Spanish and Latin are not that far I guess.
HORAN: I was just a miserable Latin student, partly because I didn't like the school, I didn't like the masters. The announcement that I was not welcome any longer at the Priory arrived on my birthday in 1948. We were summering in Gloucester, Va. Big crisis in the

family. My classics major father could not believe my Latin grade. Fortunately, my brother-in-law, Daniel Phelan, was with us. He said to my parents, "I went to St. Andrews. Just let me call the school to see if they'd take a chance on the kid." Dan was a hero to me. He was very influential in my life. He'd left Harvard in 1941 to enlist in the U.S. Cavalry. The war took him as an OSS paratrooper - and Captain - to Belgium and Ho Chi Minh's Indo-China, where Dan worked to organize guerilla resistance to the Japanese. Dan got to know Ho fairly well. He considered him more of a nationalist than an agent of the Communist International. My sister in St. Louis, has on her wall a beautiful stork needlepoint screen, bearing a plaque "For Capt. Daniel Phelan, from Ho Chi Minh."

Nowadays getting into a good preparatory school is like getting into the U.S. Senate, almost. But the school just said, "Drive him up." So Dan drove me up. The school was full, so while they worked out a cubicle for me, I spent my first two nights with the headmaster, Dr. Walden Pell.

Q: St. Andrews was located where?

HORAN: Middletown, Delaware. Pall was an Arnoldian Rugby figure. Rhodes Scholar, great oarsman, great believer, large, handsome, craggy. God and exercise went hand in hand. You would see him pounding around the track at the school, outdistancing boys a third his age. Then after 20 years of heading this elite private school - it was built by the DuPonts and I think is the most highly endowed private school in the country - he told the students "I have done my work getting this school where I want it to be." Whereupon he left for Vietnam and worked as a rural missionary there for the next 15 years. He was the genuine article!

Q: Well, talk about St. Andrews at the time. You were there from '48 to '50?

HORAN: '48 to '51. I graduated '51.

Q: What was life like there as a student?

HORAN: Okay. I liked it. They had sports that I liked. I liked wrestling and crew. I liked them both. The masters were married, and they had children and they had dogs. We had dances with local girls' schools. It was an Anglican, Episcopalian kind of humanism. They had religion but it wasn't grinding on your knees. Saint Andrew's did not obsess. There was no hovering dark cloud of imputed guilt.

Q: You are reflecting back to your Catholic background, particularly your Portsmouth Priory days.

HORAN: Yes that Priory was...

Q: It is a terrible name. Portsmouth brings to mind to an American a jail over in England.

HORAN: Yes, that is correct.

Q: And then a priory sounds like something stuck up on a cliff somewhere surrounded by fog.

HORAN: It was always cold, always drizzly and dark in Rhode Island. St. Andrew's was nice. I had a bad conduct record there also, but the masters didn't spazz out. They simply punished you. Once I found a large dead carp in Noxentown Pond. The Pond is a lovely body of water, great for rowing, one of the best rowing courses in the country. I took the carp and climbed up to the attic of the main building where I slid it into the air conditioning system. Bad smells. I was pumped! Of course, I couldn't refrain from boasting to my buddies. Pretty soon, some weasely snitch carried the word up. The head of the Discipline Committee called me in. He said, "Give it to me straight. Did you put that fish in the air conditioning system or not?" I replied, "Yes, I put the carp in there." And he laughed and said, "Well, I hope the fun you got is going to be worth it." They kept me over for most of Easter Vacation, cleaning stables on the school farm. But I didn't mind. I thought that was just fine. I liked the School's realistic attitude.

Q: Well as two readers of Stalky and Company it reminds me of the dead cat in Stalky and Company.

HORAN: Stalky, and McGurk, and Beetle, bless `em! I couldn't get my kids interested in the book. I guess the tone was too Victorian. But all in all, I did okay at St. Andrew's. I mean not brilliantly, but I was a pretty good student. I did pretty well in sports. I was quite happy.

Q: Any of your subjects that particularly grabbed you or didn't grab you?

HORAN: History absolutely. History I really loved. At Priory I won a prize in ancient history from a wonderful professor, Dr. Lally. He knew I was having problems with the monks. He was a layman. He would let me come and read in his study. He had a beautiful study, books all over the walls and stuff. He gave me his study key and said "Anytime you want, just come in and read or study." A very nice man, I cherish his memory.

Q: How about languages, any...

HORAN: I took a year of Spanish at St. Andrew's, but it seemed like cheating. For my second two years I thought, why not study French? The French teacher (and head of the Discipline Committee), W. L. Fleming, was an astonishingly great drillmaster. It was like learning the Manual of Arms from one of Frederick the Great's generals. Boy! Did he make you sweat. I learned all right. I learned French, you know, as you would at school, grammar and stuff, but he gave me a really solid base. Years later, after I joined the Foreign Service, I thought I should do something more in French. On the basis of what Mr. Fleming had taught me, I began to read French literature, and then - with Spanish

grammar and syntax in mind - I began to inflict myself verbally on the Francophones in Baghdad. I persisted in my home grown French efforts, and in 1963, when I came back to the FSI, I tested as an S-4/R-4+. I never cared how foolish I sounded while using a foreign language. My philosophy was always, “Toujours de l’audace!” And in time one gets better. I remember Mr. Fleming very kindly. He gave me a tool that I was able to use to my very considerable personal and professional advantage. Years later, when I spoke at St Andrew’s on my daughter’s graduation, I was able to express thanks for the work of this able and dedicated schoolman.

Q: Well, while you were at St. Andrews, I mean the war was over but the new shape of Europe and the Cold War were beginning. Korea. As a student were you following this or was this something over the horizon?

HORAN: I was just a sort of jock - not too dumb a one, though. I was living for the moment. For the next wrestling match, for the Stotesbury Cup races in Philadelphia, or for a particular master's daughter to come back from vacation. My focus was pretty terrestrial in those days. In some schools it is not very good to be too smart - not that I was the smartest by any means, but I sort of was upper middle. I was a pretty good student, and a somewhat better than pretty good athlete. I was friendly. People liked me. I got along well with people, so I had a very happy, busy time on that very pretty campus.

Q: At a certain point when you are at a prep school, you think about higher education. Whither and what were you up to and what were you thinking about?

HORAN: I mean, these are really fine questions - when I think back of trying to get my own kids into college. The agony, the ecstasy, the essay, the college visits. My own parents couldn't have cared less what I did. “Whatever you want to do, make up your own mind. It is your life.” So before I graduated, I applied to the University of Virginia. St. Andrew’s friends were going there, and I heard U. of Va. had great parties.

Q: Oh, it had that reputation.

HORAN: Yes that was the thing.

Q: That was a good motivator.

HORAN: And then my brother-in-law, Dan, said, " Hume, I went to Harvard; I had a good time when I went there. Cambridge is an interesting town. Harvard has rowing, which the University of Virginia doesn’t. Why don't you apply to Harvard too?" So I did and was admitted to both schools - and happy to follow Dan’s lead, I opted for Harvard. I was still 16 when I graduated, so I decided to postpone college for a year. I joined my parents in Venezuela. They helped me get a good job with a construction company in the interior. I made a lot of money and had just a good time. I mean, I was the only American in this little construction camp, speaking Spanish all the time.

Q: What were you constructing?

HORAN: They were getting ready to build a big dam, a hydro electric project, and were doing maps and hydrological studies all along the region. I was the camp manager, the administrative officer. I was making so much money, I pretty much stopped thinking of college. Then I met with an oil man friend of my father's. He gave me some good advice. He said, "Young man, my brother and I head of a multi-million dollar oil tool company. I went through the fourth grade. My brother was the scholar. He went through the sixth. But now, when we look for people to hire, I make two lists; one for those who went to college, and another for those who didn't. I just throw the second pile away. So whatever you want to do, you better go to college. Maybe it's fun out there in the bush, but there is more to life than fun."" My parents would have gone along with either option! I mean, it is extraordinary how much autonomy they were prepared to give me! I haven't been so laid back with my own children! So, just before school opened, I flew up to Cambridge, Mass. Harvard hadn't heard I was coming, but after a few weeks of confusion, found me a room in Holworthy House, in the Yard. So began my freshman year in the Eisenhower era! One of my earliest, memorable functions was attending the Young Republicans election party. I wasn't a Democrat or a Republican. The Young Democrats offered only popcorn and peanuts at their rally for Adlai. The young Republicans, however, for $1.00, had all the beer you could drink, plus unlimited hot dogs and hamburgers. Rice bowl Christians!

Q: This would be the 1952 election.

HORAN: 1952, yes. Anyway I spent two years going to college, and then I went into the army for two years.

Q: Let's go back to Harvard. You were there for two years you say?

HORAN: Yes.

Q: So it would be '52-'54. What was Harvard like at that time?

HORAN: You hear all these stories about stuffy Ivy League colleges, the final clubs and everything. You're told that in those days if you didn't make the right club you might as well have been in Siberia. Race relations were said to be the pits. Maybe it is a sign of my own myopia, insensitivity - or maybe people tend to project their current sense of guilt onto the past. But I was not aware of any of these pressures. There was this club life that only a very small minority of the students cared about. I had no interest in it at all. I mean I went and visited. I was punched by a couple of the clubs. Drank a lot of their liquor. In the end, though, I couldn't understand why healthy young men would want to join some little nincompoop house where only other guys could go. You go there and you get soused with buddies. No girls were admitted! No girls! That was just too grotesque. Like St. Andrew's with booze! I thought that what with all of the great things you could do in Cambridge, Massachusetts - and there were lots of them - why in the world go to the DU

house or the Fox club for a drink? You could be seeing a girl friend. Or throwing a party. Or going out on the river. I really liked rowing.

Q: What about was there the I am not sure of the name of it, but sort of like the British system of you belong to a residence. As a sophomore, you were at...

HORAN: Yes, that is right. In my sophomore year, a group of friends and I were assigned to a suite, G-42, in Kirkland House. 3 bedrooms, a bath, a nice living room. Kirkland house had its own DR, plus library - a fine place to study. Your tutor lived in your house, though you took your classes in the various lecture halls. The houses had their own intramural athletics. The house was the true center of one's college life. I really never liked the idea of fraternities. They seem grotesque and contrary to the ideals of a university. In class, a university teaches universal ideals...beauty, truth...but out of class, some college environments teach the opposite. They teach snobbery, and social selectiveness. I really liked the open, free, easy indifference of Harvard. Some of the courses were good. But I had no interest in getting to know the profs. I wasn't looking for a mentor. Some students said, "You need to get to know faculty." I said, "Listen, I have been to small preparatory schools. We lived cheek-by-jowl. I decided to go to a great big school where I could do what I want and no one is going to bug me, and I am free." Harvard was just right. It was just fine.

Q: Well now, did the outer world intrude at all on your, you know you had Eisenhower in there?

HORAN: Looking back, I see just how unreflective, how driven by the immediate moment life was. Youth! Some of the courses I liked. I worked medium hard. If you want to get good grades you had to work. My second year I began working pretty hard, but I always had plenty of time for the things that really mattered. A good social life, rowing. I put a lot of miles on the Charles.

Q: Now when you say rowing was it sculling?

HORAN: Yes, sculling. I set a record for a sculling category that may still stand. Sculling positively filled out one's life: You'd go to class, have a coffee date, then lunch with roommates. Afterwards, you could put everything aside. Go out on the river and just make your way up the four miles to Watertown. Hardly a sound! Just the oars turning in the oarlocks, now and again a small splash, the water hissing and gurgling by. On nice days - they have them in Cambridge - an afternoon on the river could be almost an out-of-body experience. Spring in "The Wind in the Willows!" One spring and summer I coached sculling and intramural crew. I liked my major in U.S. history, but my life had a hedonistic quality to it.

Q: Were there people around you sitting around pointing out the meaning of life and lecturing on metaphysical finalities or whatever the hell they were?

HORAN: There were, but I didn't know many. Maybe I was reacting still, to boarding school. I wanted to do what I wanted to do and to be left alone. I was content with my life: we'd sit around at lunch or dinner, sometimes talking politics, but mostly just bulling. It was fun. At the time, I was getting more seriously interested in American history and literature. Some of the professors were pretty good, Freddy Merk, Arthur Schlesinger Sr., Kenneth Murdoch ("Increase Mather").

Q: That would be in '54.

HORAN: '54. Yes, maybe it was the summer after my freshman year in '53, I went down and worked on a construction job in surveying. I had learned a certain amount of surveying when I was in Venezuela. So I got a pretty decent job with Gibs & Hill in Pennsgrove, New Jersey. They were building a power plant at the foot of the Delaware Memorial Bridge. I worked all that summer, made some good money. When I went there I notified my draft board that I was working in Pennsgrove, New Jersey. When I went back to college, I forgot to tell the draft board. As the draft board wheels began to grind at the end of my sophomore year, I got a notice saying, "Your friends and neighbors welcome you to the colors." I was bummed. I was enjoying college, and beginning to be a serious student, more or less serious. My father would speak of an intellectual adolescence that follows the physical one. I think he was right. I spoke to the draft board, but they said, "Look, you lost your deferment when you didn't tell us when you went back to college. So come join the Army." Sounded like St. Andrew's. So I did that.

Q: You were in the army from '54 to '56?

HORAN: Correct. July of '54 to July of '56. I got sent to Germany as an infantryman. One day at the training ground in Wildflecken, the first sergeant asked, "Anyone know how to type?" My hand shot up. They gave me a tryout as Medical Company's company clerk. I got the job. A lot better than lugging a base plate up over a hill.

Q: A base plate for a mortar.

HORAN: Yes. So I must say I had a pretty good time in the army. I thought the food was fine. The physical side was okay. I developed a world of admiration for some of the NCOs. None had much education, but if I had to survive on a desert island, I'd offer the whole bankroll, plus the family farm, to have Sergeant Poe, or SFC Gordon, or M/Sgt Sammons with me. I remember them to this day as models of practical common sense, good leadership, soldierly effectiveness. And listening to them talk in the orderly room, I better understood the oral traditions that underlie the Iliad! I got my discharge in July 1956. And then, HALLELUJAH! I got the GI Bill. Dear Lord, let me say right now I want to thank you for putting the idea of the GI bill in some saintly politician's head. The Bill gave me four full years of college/grad school - at $110 a month. It made a world of difference in how Hume Horan became Hume Horan. This was true for many of us.

Q: Did you get any feel for Germany while you were in Germany?

HORAN: Yes. I had no recollections of Europe from childhood. But I was curious, and one of the other clerks had a VW.

Q: Volkswagen.

HORAN: Yes. David Ingalls had studied music and German at Yale. Another friend, Jerry Ziehlke, was the chaplain's assistant. He'd been a professional organist. We were all draftees. My friends were both smart, and intellectually above me. When the three of us went out, it wasn't to trash some gasthaus and get torn up. "Look," they'd say, "There's a Baroque concert tonight at the Bishop's Palace built by Balthazar Neuman." "Balthazar who?" But they'd take me. I remember we also went to hear Der Meistersinger, and Fidelio. I enjoyed them. You could buy a ticket to the opera at Frankfurt's Kleineshaus for about a dollar. My friends, would say, "Hume, you are just an Anvil Chorus man, but we are going to try to do something with you." This all sounds like a Bildungsroman! Adalbert Stifter's "Nachsommer."
Q: Where were you located?

HORAN: Just outside of Frankfurt in a very pretty town, Gelnhausen. I met a German family, really a wonderful German family. They were super good to me. They had a son and a daughter. The family's company helped make my time in Gelnhausen happy. The work was okay, and while I never enjoyed winter maneuvers, I knew I had it better than lots of friends along the DMZ - even though the Korean armistice was in place.

Q: Did you pay much attention to the "Soviet Menace" ?

HORAN: You know I sound like such a dum-dum. But when you are young you've got so many other things on your mind. We used to train at Schwedenschanze in the winter and Grafenauer in the summer. They were both near the East German border, and both had been training grounds for the Wehrmacht. We were almost on the border between the two Germanies. You'd hear Russian and E. German artillery practicing just on the other side of the hills. Your least concern, though, was, "Might they come across?" That was the Lieutenant's job, or the Captain's and so on up. You just tried to make your tent securely fixed, you know, have a little gutter around so the rain wouldn't get in. And don't brush against the sides of the tent! But as a company clerk, I always managed to sleep in the ambulance, much better than out there with the dog faces.

Q: I'll have you know at one point I was an enlisted man in Darmstadt during part of this time.

HORAN: Goodness gracious.

Q: Then later I was a brand new vice consul in Frankfurt depending on you to keep the Soviet menace from overwhelming me. In case the war came, I was to put a card table out in the parking lot in Frankfort and sort out Americans. I am not quite sure what, but to

put them on convoys to leave in an orderly fashion; although, we expected that the Soviets would probably be within two days at the most before they arrived in Frankfurt at that point.

HORAN: You were in good hands! The Russians knew they'd face the 4th Infantry Division - which makes Napoleon's Imperial Guard look like Safeway baggers. Only kidding. The unit had a 10% leave policy. Everybody had to be ready to go. But when I became a company clerk, I had my own "Class A" pass. I could just swank in and out of Coleman Kaserne any time I wanted. Like a diplomat! At the time I remember saying to myself, "You know, Horan, this isn't bad at all." Some people complained, but I thought the U.S. Army was okay.

Q: Well, I hate to keep coming back to the point of asking, did the world intrude on you. There you were: a future ambassador. I was wondering whether you were contemplating the German-French conundrum and all that?

HORAN: One hates to sound after the fact, so indifferent, insensitive. Here these important things were going on in Europe, and all I could think of was "Will I get my three-days pass, to visit Paris and see the monuments there?" Tom Kinney - ran the regimental football program and is now a psychology professor at the University of Maryland - and I DID get to Paris. I'd say we saw most of the main sights, an unforgettable, though hard-walking, experience.

Q: We did do Europe as a couple in '55-'56 on $10 a day and had a little left over.

HORAN: Ours was a low-budget trip, too. Paris made a big impression. It made me think I ought to learn some French. Thanks to Mr. Fleming, I could make out words and sentences. Just as being in Germany made me wish I had known German, and a visit to France made me wish that I had known French. My mind was beginning open up, just a bit. I did a lot of reading, yes. They have wonderful libraries in military posts.

Q: In military posts they are small but they have got good books that means you have to concentrate on.

HORAN: I used to go to the library before I got my class A pass and before I got to meet this German family. I particularly remember one day: I'd been at post for four or five months. I'd never gotten off base. All the time it was, "PT and clean your weapons and more and more cleaning..." One night I was in the library and across from me sat down this very nice looking woman. On an impulse, I got up and sat next to her and said, "Forgive me, but would you mind just talking to me? I've been here for five months and I haven't spoken to a woman once." She was the wife of a captain in the Regiment. She said, "Well, where are you from? Would you like a cup of coffee?" Oh, God bless her, she was really so nice! So we went to the cafeteria where I tried to buy her a hamburger. Instead, she paid for my burger, fries, and chocolate milkshake. I was really, really touched. We talked about families and the USA. Afterwards she said, "I know

Gelnhausen must be lonely for young men like you. But I want you to know, I am glad you came and spoke to me." Almost in tears, I replied, "Listen, it was so nice of you to talk to me." I never saw or tried to see her again. A precious memory!

Q: Stuff like that.

HORAN: Then I got my class A pass. My friends and I were beginning to see Germany. At a certain time in life, when you are young and you are exposed to France and German architecture and the German countryside, so much flows in from your environment! Your ability to process is overwhelmed by the inputs! I began trying to pack in as much experience and exposure and coverage as I could. When on base, I'd go to the post library. I'd read history, and fiction, good fiction. No trash. While in Germany, my "education," my "Bildung," was not set back at all. Maybe you had the same feeling, Stu? I also learned something of working with people. In heavy weapons training, I became a squad leader almost right away. My mortar squad won a competition for getting themselves set up faster than anybody else. The unit also had some real Epsilon-minus losers. I learned that if you want to get a bunch of guys to work with you, a kick in the pants may be good, but a little bit of leadership by example, some pastoral care, is good, too. You want your men to see that the unit and their interests are more important to you than your own comfort or convenience. The squad can pick up right away on whether you are sincere in what you say, or not.

Q: I was drawn much more in my military experiences as an enlisted man in the foreign service than one might think because, you know, as a consular officer I may be dealing with people not an educated elite necessarily. I realized it was damn capable people basically. It was not just talk; they could do things.

HORAN: Yes, and if you want the unit to work, you have got to work as a unit. You will find intelligence and abilities in all kinds of people. As you were saying, whatever talent one has for dealing with people is - much can be learned from the U.S. Army. I think the Army was one of the best educational experiences that I have had.

Q: Well, it also boosts you away from the prep school, Harvard type system and those that go from there, I mean to ROTC or a naval officer for a couple of years, they miss something.

HORAN: Yes, we had all sorts. Willie Jones, our orderly room clerk, was a sad case. All he did was polish the floor. SFC Gordon would say, "Jones has a brain...but only God knows where it is." Willie was from Mississippi. To his draft board doctor, he said, "Doc, I can't run." The doctor replied, "Willie, can you crawl?" Willie replied, "Yes, Sir." The doctor said, "You'll do." There were quite a few Willies in the draftee Army. There were hard cases, too. FBI agents came and arrested an EM who was wanted for several murders in Chicago. Very bad man. Very bad soldier, too. Sergeant Poe - himself a pretty scary guy - rode him incessantly. Maybe in the end, U.S. jails were an improvement from Poe's craggy face shouting down at you all the time? When we learned the EM was a murderer,

some suggested that Poe had been taking chances crowding the man so hard. Poe replied in deepest Georgian, “Sheet! He’s killed himself a couple of civilians? How do you think I won the Silver Star in Korea?”

Q: Well then, in '56 you are getting ready, July '56, to get out. Whither? What are you going to do?

HORAN: Got out. I stayed the rest of that summer with my parents. My mother and sister had a cottage in Maine on Islesboro, a little island across from Rockville. I took with me a bunch of good books, Rousseau’s Confessions, of course, in a translation. Also Sandburg's one volume Lincoln, several books by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. including The Crisis of the Old Order. I was becoming an intellectual! Only kidding!

Q: The Age of Jackson.

HORAN: Andrew Jackson - you bet! Also the Marquis Childs biography. I began to read poetry. I had a taste for poetry, the sort that you could memorize. At summer’s end. I went back to college. How different an experience from before! The next four years, two in college, two in grad school, were intense. Looking back I don't see how I did all the things I did. I rowed more than ever before. I partied more than before. I studied more than ever before. Was my reaction a little like that of the high-achieving, returning veterans after the War? I had such motivation, and my grades were good. At the end of my junior year, the registrar told me that out of a thousand juniors, I was something like No. 110. My new roommates were great! Last year, three of us and wives, went on hiking trip in Tuscany. Great hiking. Fabulous food and drink, too. One roommate had been one of the most senior people in the CIA before he retired. Another was a very prominent lawyer in Atlanta - he’s now also semi retired. Wonderful people.

Q: On the academic side, what were you up to?

HORAN: American history. Not much to do with foreign affairs.

Q: Any particular element of American history?

HORAN: I especially liked the Progressive Era, Teddy Roosevelt, that sort of thing. America’s coming of age in the world, interested me. Teddy Roosevelt was a great figure. I read a good deal about him, and I could see...

Q: There was a book by Pringle, quite a biography.

HORAN: That's right, yes it was. I had that in paperback. I had the “Republican Roosevelt” by Morton Blum from Yale. There have been two other very good biographies, you know, Mornings on Horseback and The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt.

Q: Those came, Morning on Horseback came much later.

HORAN: American history, medieval history. One of the great medievalists, Charles Taylor, was house master at Kirkland House. He gave a course on medieval French history and medieval intellectual history. Two of the best courses that I have had in my life. There was nothing high priestly, nothing canned, nothing finished about Taylor's product. He would get up there, and his insights and his wisdom and modesty were such that it was as if you were working side-by-side with a master in his atelier. He'd discuss cartularies. He'd say, "Some scholars believe this, and others that...But when one deals with the 10th and 11th centuries, a lot is just guesswork." I also valued George Buttrick's course on the New Testament. One of the best courses ever. Buttrick was University preacher, professor of homiletics, and editor of the Interpreter's Bible. He put some thoughts into my head.

Q: Have you fallen into the Anglican camp or the Catholic camp?

HORAN: No nothing like that. I went a couple of times to Quaker meetings on the Cambridge Commons - in front of Longfellow house. I was looking for something different from the Priory or even St. Andrew's. I read the entire Bible. I read a fair amount of Reinhold Niebuhr, Moral Man in an Immoral Society, and The Nature and Destiny of Man. Those books were significant. They made the point that as individuals, we can be moral within some limits. But because we live in a social matrix, a social context, you find yourself behaving in ways that in the larger context, are not moral at all. But they are needful. So you avoid "Angelism," because a certain amount of guilt attaches to us all, simply because we are agents in society, agents for our country, or for whatever. Perfection is never attained by socialized individuals no matter how hard they try. So keep your eyes open as you step into a morally ambiguous world. I was one of Buttrick's better students. I was invited, with three or four others, to his house for tea. I audited a lot, too. Four classes quite faithfully in my junior year. East Asian art was one; a couple of others. I was beginning to grow up and try to take advantage of some of the things I could do and I could see all around me in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Q: Did any of the outside world intrude at times?

HORAN: No. But I read Time Magazine. At St. Andrews I won the current events test.

Q: I won one of those, too.

HORAN: I got a book. Kon Tiki by Thor Heyerdahl.

Q: I got This is Your War by Ernie Pyle. This was in the middle of... So we are laureates of Time Magazine.

HORAN: I liked medieval history; I liked Dr. Buttrick's courses. I knew the world was out there. Through Buttrick's courses, I began thinking about my place in broader society. Some of the big questions were underlined by going to some of the Quaker meetings.

They weren't always satisfying. All these guys were jumping up and haranguing us about the Great Moral Issue of the month! I was told, the Meeting was troubled, because there were many eccentrics in Cambridge, and they all wanted to have their say.

Q: It gives them a podium.

HORAN: The Quakers are too tolerant to chuck them all out. So, I didn't do much religiously at all, but I was thinking about some of these things more and more.

Q: Did the two words "Foreign Service" every pass your ears?

HORAN: Maybe a little. I liked Ernie May's course in U.S. Diplomatic History. I got an honors degree in American History (`58). But it was after that, at the Center for Middle Eastern Studies, I began thinking longer-term of what I wanted to do. I thought, "You have to get a job somewhere. That is necessity. Muss ist eine harte Nuss. Necessity prods. What do you want to do?" The dreary things that many adults were doing did not appeal. I wanted to travel, see exciting parts of the world, and play a role.

Q: Was there any contact with your birth father at all?

HORAN: Not at the time. As best I can tell, my ultimate interest in the Middle East was quite independent of my early childhood. China was actually more important to me. In my senior year, my thesis advisor was John King Fairbank. Real China scholar.
Q: Oh, yes, he is Mr. China, was for decades.

HORAN: Yes. What a guy. I was his only undergraduate tutee. I had done well in his course on "Rice Paddies," East Asian history.

Q: The nickname was rice paddies.

HORAN: Yes, that's right. It was really called East Asia Civilization 101. He and Ernest Reischauer taught it. So I wrote my senior thesis on the U.S.- China relationship in 1943. By that year, it was becoming clear to some observers, that the Kuomintang would never reform. Signs began to point to a likely communist victory. Some great U.S. Chinese specialists sounded the alarm. After Chiang's flight to Taiwan, the USG was ruthless in suppressing the messengers. Good-bye John Carter Vincent, John Paton Davies, Owen Lattimore, *et al*. Fairbank was a hard hitting tutor. He'd read the draft chapter I'd labored so hard over, and in a jiffy leave it in tatters. "Bring me another draft in two weeks!" My tutorials, though, were mostly unconventional. Fairbank would say, " For tutorial, it's best that you come early for Thursday teas, and help Mrs. Fairbank. You can then mingle with the people there. Try out your ideas on them." I was a happy houseboy. Mrs. Fairbank was a scholar of Chinese art, and I heard many interesting conversations at their house. Towards the end of the year, I asked Fairbank, if I should do graduate work on East Asia? Fairbank was a tough old bird. He said something like "Hume, you don't strike me as a scholar type." He added, "And where with the USG would you work in China?

For most of your professional career, China will not open up. University jobs? We Sinologists are long-lived. You'll spend your life looking over the hedge: New Delhi, Taiwan, Singapore. Is that what you want?" He went on: "But if adventure for Uncle Sam, and foreign culture interests you, what about the Middle East and the Middle East Center? It is just downstairs. Sir Hamilton Gibb is the Director, and is the world's foremost Orientalist." That was fine by me. The Middle East was full or riots and revolutions and assassinations. King Faisal of Iraq had just been overthrown. The Royal family was massacred, so was P.M. Nuri al-Said, plus three Amcits - Messrs Alcott, Burns, and Colley. The "ABC cases."The Russians were trying hard to get in, and we were trying to keep them out.

So Fairbank called Gibb, we met, and the Center accepted me into its Master's program.

Q: I know of those cases also.

HORAN: I spent 1958-60 at the Middle East Center studying Arabic and Middle Eastern history with Sir Hamilton. I took a lot of Sir Hamilton's courses, a crushing experience. He was as demanding as John King Fairbank. The difference between journeyman intelligence, just being out there and smart enough to do the job, versus being Numero Uno in an academic discipline, is as great as the distance from Cambridge, MA to the rim of the galaxy. When you see someone like Fairbank or Sir Hamilton... you are back in the era when a Ph.D. truly meant that you had mastered the entire range of human knowledge. These men seemed to have. Modern Scaligers.

Q: Well, the Harvard system as I recall it was really keyed to the scholars wasn't it? It wasn't aimed at "Let's bring this guy up to snuff for getting out in the world and doing something in the Middle East or Asia or something." The idea was to turn you into a full blown scholar.

HORAN: Everything in the atmosphere inclined you in that direction. Perforce, what with the Cold War and trouble in the Middle East, they opened interdisciplinary centers for the Middle East, East Asia, and the Soviet Union. The Centers, though, were always stepchildren of the different departments. They didn't have their own faculty, and students in the Masters' programs were like dispirited members of the J.V. squad. But if you aspired to the great big, red, academic "H," you'd better be in a doctoral program. I think John King Fairbank hit it right on the button, that I was probably was not going to be good at cranking out those footnotes in stacks. So, *faute de mieux*, I took and passed the Foreign Service Exam. I'd also been interviewed by the Agency, but had put that option on hold until I learned the results of the F.S. process. Frankly, I couldn't muster the energy to fill out again all the forms for another government job.

Q: I did that too, and it was incredible. I want to say 23 pages but it was probably more and when I did it, at one point my mother was still alive. I couldn't have done it otherwise.

HORAN: How excellent! Oh, Stu, I looked at this stuff and I thought maybe I would like the Agency, but I'll tell you I just didn't have it in me to fill out another titanic form. I let that option drop, and having passed the F.S. written, went on to the oral.

Q: Had you thought about a Ph.D.?

A bit. But I think Fairbank had me pegged right. i.e. No scholar. Also, I wanted to get out into the world. I was tired of writing papers, and listening to profs and grad students - me included - excogitate on what Nuri Said, bless his soul, should have done, or what the French should do in North Africa. It was all so insubstantial! I wanted a practical experience. No more books. I'd received a National Defense Education Fellowship to work on my doctorate. But I decided I really did not want to spend more years in a Widener carrel, writing about someplace that I had never seen. All that I knew was from books and opinionated profs. I thought, heck, get out there and make your own judgments.

Q: Let's talk about the oral. Do you recall what was asked, how you felt?

HORAN: Frederick Farnsworth was head of the oral panel. He seemed very New Englandish, tall, gaunt, severe. He'd been Inspector General or deputy I.G. in Washington, and a Consul General overseas. The panel met in one of the U.S.G. buildings downtown. They called me in and offered me a chair. My father had advised me: "When you walk in, look carefully. Don't fall over the rug. A bad beginning." I entered very carefully and sat down. The oral panel had five members. I don't recall the others.

But I DO remember some of Farnsworth's questions: one was, If you started at the headwaters of the Missouri and followed them all the way down to New Orleans, what states would you pass through? I said, "I can give you some of them, but I can't give them all" I offered six or seven. Then he asked, "You've spent time in Virginia. Tell us about its tobacco industry? I said, "Sir, if I saw a tobacco plant, I wouldn't recognize it." Then, blessed relief, they asked me about American literature. Frederick Farnsworth said, "Who is the critic you care for the most and some of the writers?" Among my favorite writers, I mentioned Thomas Wolfe. Farnsworth laughed. He said something about "all young men at a certain phase in their lives, love the echoes of Thomas Wolfe." He added, "As you get older, your opinion will change, but Wolfe is a permissible enthusiasm for someone your age. Just be careful." Then asked about one of my favorite books, Alfred Kazin's, <u>On Native Ground</u>. That led to a good discussion of some Puritan writers and William Bradford - whose <u>Of Plymouth Plantation</u> is one of the greatest books written in America. They excused me. After a quarter hour - which seemed much longer, they called me in and said I'd passed. They added,"Go speak to our secretary. She'll give you the details." I was very happy. The secretary offered me a June starting date, and a salary of $5250 a year! I said, "I never imagined anybody would pay me that much!" That was a lot of money to me. I was living pretty small as a grad student. I had the GI bill, my parents helped some, and I got some money for crew coaching. But I was just at treetop level. I

was living with five other grad students in an abandoned house, which we had fixed up. So, on June 16, 1960, I reported to the Foreign Service Institute.

Let me mention that years later, in Cameroon, I met an exceptional Peace Corps Volunteer, one Kate Farnsworth. She was Frederick Farnsworth's daughter. Through her, I re-established a tentative connection with her father. Also, I had the privilege of writing her a grad school recommendation that must have been the wonder of her Admissions Committee.

Q: Before you went out there, what were you getting from your colleagues about the foreign service?

HORAN: Oh, let me tell you. You are so insightful. When I decided to join the foreign service, some relatives were befuddled. "You are going to work for the government?" My sister called long-distance. That was something in those days, a long distance call. She said, "Hume, what is this I hear about you joining the Foreign Service?" I said, "Yes, Leyla, I am thinking about that because you know, they will probably send me out to the Middle East or somewhere, give me more training." She said, "Hume, don't throw your life away." That was what my brilliant, wonderful sister thought of her brother joining the Foreign Service. To her and to others I tried to explain that America had a duty to the world. We had saved the world from the Kaiser. We saved it from Tojo. We saved it from Hitler, and if you really cared about American civilization, if you are really going to have to put out 100% in your work, why not do it for your country, and not for a corporation or a university Do it not for the part, but the whole, the U.S.A. I said I'd looked at the Russian challenge, and saw it as probably the biggest issue facing humanity at the moment. Did I want to have a part in it? Or go to B-school, and come up with a better formula for automobile tires? The Great Game was still in progress, and I thought I would want to play a little role in it.

Q: What was causing this attitude on the part of some relatives?

HORAN: It was the notion that someone with a decent educational background should be thinking of Law school, or B-school. And then the private sector. Why in the world go abroad for the government? Actually, I had thought of working for Aramco. I'd had a nice interview with them in New York City, but was told Aramco was not hiring that year for its government relations programs. If they'd offered me a job, I'd probably have taken it. I mean, if you were willing to go and live at the pumping station at H-4, they paid you real bucks. I would have probably been moved by that.

A vignette about Aramco. Years later, as DCM in Jidda, I visited the Aramco offices in Dhahran. Their government relations representative, Bill Mulligan, had a file on his desk. It contained my job application and my interview notes of decades before! My respect for Aramco, always great, rose further. I rate its organization right up with that of the Prussian army and the Vatican.

Q: They did it right. They still do.

HORAN: For an American company to go looking for oil, in a turbulent and anti-capitalist part of the world, is a challenge. And then to succeed at its task, so triumphantly! Consider also, the early Aramcons were by no means cross cultural education experts. These oilers, they were hard men, straight shooters, very effective, and just through the force of their Americanness, their character, they imposed. Where now is "Iraq Petroleum?" Or "Benzine Pars," as the Persians used to call B.P.?

Q: Yes, great. Well look, I am going to stop here. It is a good place to stop, and I will put at the end here where we go. We will pick this up the next time; we will talk about in 1960 you came in and took the A-100 course. We haven't talked about the A-100 course, and we will get going.

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Today is the 20th of November, 2000. Hume, you came in 1960 and you started your basic officers course. Can you talk a bit about the, I mean when one comes into a basic officers course, one has heard a lot about the foreign service, but this is your first real look. What did you think of these people?

HORAN: I had a scary moment. We had to arrive in a certain place and at a certain time in the morning. I got lost; I was stumbling all over Virginia. I thought, "There goes my career right down the drain before I even get started." In any event, some nice person gave me directions. "Pant, pant," I almost ran into the FSI. "Where does Class A-38 meet?" I was not the last to arrive. Almost on time, even! I looked over the group of about 25 officers. One woman: the marvelous Margaret Beshore. She'd gone to Fletcher. Her first assignment was to Panama - where she served for, and married, the non-career, hyper-rich, polo playing Ambassador. So much for that career, although when Margaret is in DC, she'll invite some of us to a very nice lunch. We had one black: the late Jim Baker. Solid man. He was sent to South Africa in the mid-'70s as an economic officer, and acquitted himself well. Most of the officers were about my age, had some graduate work, and served a couple of years in the military. The class bound together quickly and easily for various reasons. It was not really a multicultural kind of class, but it was a class of solidly committed individuals who brought interesting experiences to the Foreign Service. They were all eager to get overseas. To go abroad and play a role, even a very small one, in what they saw as a confrontation between the forces of light and the forces of darkness! I used to talk to my kids about this. I'd said, "You know, there is evil in the world, guys. We are not perfect by a penny, but on the other side there is very big evil. Somebody has got to stand up to it, and again and again in this century America has stood up to it for the benefit of America, but also for the benefit of mankind." I'd get looks from the kids as if I were standing before them in a bearskin and with a mammoth bone in my hand! I don't want to suggest the class had a cold war warrior mentality - that suggests too much aggressiveness. Rather they were out there not so much to oppose communism, as to spread the message of America, and make things safer and better for our interests.

Q: Well taking out the religion the feeling you describe was sort of missionary.

HORAN: We Americans have long had that impulse for which we are always faulted: American exceptionalism, the American missionary impulse. You know, the desire to moralize American foreign policy. A point made so often and well by George Kennan. But without a little of that motivation, why go overseas to the places we were likely to be sent?

Q: Well then, how did you find the A-100 course as far as getting you into the service?

HORAN: Okay. It was all right. No big deal. The course director, Sandy Peasley, very solid, a good representative of the career, serious, very upright. Whenever we would suggest some scandalous short cuts for getting anything done, he'd say with genuine astonishment, "Oh, how can you do that?" Some thought he was a little too straight. But he was a good guy and had a sense of humor and was a good camp counselor for our first eight or nine weeks. We went all around official Washington. Had a good off-site with Ed Wright, who spoke ably about the Middle East. By and large we were just taking it all in. We had made our career commitment. We were happy with each others company. We spent a lot of time just BSing [bullshitting] with one another. Then we all went into the consular course.

Q: Were you picking up any sort of foreign service prejudices, what type of specialty you should have, or area to go to or anything like that?

HORAN: I was pretty innocent. I remember when I took the foreign service exam, they said what kind of work do you want to do. administrative, economic, political, consular? I said, "I want to do consular work." They said, "Why?" I said, "Well in consular work you meet a lot of people. I like people and I think I would have more fun with visitors from various cultures." No comment from the panel. Probably in their mind's eye, they were seeing me in Jamaica, or Lagos, or Santo Domingo - a visa stamp in hand!! In those days you came in unconed - which I think is absolutely important. How can you honestly ask a young man or woman about the join the Service, to commit themselves to 20 years of a special F.S. function, when they don't yet know much about the F.S. itself? It is almost un-American. You're giving somebody a caste designation!

Q: So a little like the Chinese system where you are assigned to a trade before you have a chance to know what you are about.

HORAN: We do that, of course because the system is such a bunch of wusses, so lily-livered, so lacking in discipline, so overwhelming fearful of legal challenges, that it prefers to have its postulants sign yellow-dog contracts. That way the eggs come to us already graded. Makes it easy for management. But its bad for the unity of the Service. It's also a rather pathetic abdication of leadership. There! I feel better now that I have got that out.

Q: So you took the consular course. Was that the course run by Alice Kerr?

HORAN: Frank Auerbach. He was a real martinet. He literally wrote the Consular book.

Q: He wrote basically for Congress, but he wrote the immigration laws and was very dramatic.

HORAN: Yes, we marched along at double time through the consular work. We all passed. I worked seriously, but there is always one last sharp turn before you get to the right answer. Too often, I'd go off the road at that turn. But, I passed, yes.

Q: Did you have any idea of where you wanted to go?
HORAN: That is a good question. My parents were friends of Loy Henderson, and so Mother said, "Hume, why don't you go see Loy. You know, he is really very influential in the State Department," I went to see him. He was then Under-Secretary for Political Affairs. I knew he had been in the Middle East. I only saw him for about 10 minutes. He asked about my parents. Then he asked, "I hope you are enjoying your work?" I answered in the affirmative. "Do you have any idea what kind of work you would like to do or where you would like to go?" I told him of my graduate work, and said, "Sir. I'd like to go to Baghdad." He replied, "Ah, you know, I don't have a long line of people waiting in my office to go to Baghdad. Let's see what we can do." That was the first and last time I saw Mr. Henderson. But I got sent to Baghdad.

Q: Why Baghdad? I mean in your thinking.

HORAN: Yes, the city of the Abbasid Caliphate and the Arabian nights! That appealed. There was archaeology in which I was interested. Baghdad had a certain resonance, Also a lot was going on: that ghastly Abdul Karim Qassem, the first of many...

Q: So it was really only two years after the '58 July 14 coup.

HORAN: Correct. In some ways a tough time for Americans. But Baghdad was... Baghdad! I know in our profession you must resist the temptation to romanticize your host culture. But unless you can respond to it even a little, unless your imagination sees it not only in the present, but also in some historical and cultural dimension, you are going to have a miserable, superficial experience. Your colleagues are going to have a bad time with you, also. So, Baghdad was for me a genuinely romantic place, and for the U.S.A., one big mess.

Q: Now, before you went out, did you get any sort of training, did you read yourself into the place and find out what was going on or anything like that, or just go?
HORAN: I've mentioned Ed Wright. He was very good, a former missionary.

Q: I knew him, too..

HORAN: He was very good. He has us read not only on the Arab world, but recommended some good books on Iran - I remember E.G. Browne, "A Year Amongst the Persians. and Moirier's "Hajji Baba of Isfahan."

Q: Well, before you went did you run across any old Baghdad hands?

HORAN: Yes, I did. You know, they were saying, "Gosh, then was then, now is now. All our contacts are dead or in exile. The survivors are here in Washington or London." I went to the Middle East Institute and met a couple of people who had been in Iraq in the good days. But my feeling was, "Thank you very much. I don't want any more briefings; just let me get out."

Q: Okay, you got there, let me go to the beginning, you were in Baghdad from when to when?

HORAN: I got there in September of 1960. Didn't have any language training-I'd qualified in Spanish. My Arabic, even after lots of grad courses, was rudimentary. I could puzzle out headlines, but not editorials! I was there until December of 1962.

Q: Let's first talk about the situation when you got there. How did we see the situation in Baghdad and the American interests in Iraq?

HORAN: American interests were then, as they are now, substantial in Iraq. The country has had a historic role in the area. It was a kind of communist stalking horse right between Iran and Saudi Arabia and Jordan, countries that were close to us and important. There was a rogue quality to Abdul Karim Qassem. To say he was a communist was probably wrong. His mind could not seize and hold anything as systematic as an ideology - except for Qassemism, I suppose. The communist party was very powerful. But insofar as he ever had to choose between, "Heads it is America, tails it is the Russians," it would often come up "Tails." The atmosphere was extremely anti-American. When we arrived at the airport the police asked if there were any diplomats amongst us. Ostentatiously, the clerk put our diplomatic passports below of everybody else's. We were the last people through. No one was there from the Embassy to meet us. We made our own way to the Chancery... welcome to the Foreign Service, Hume!

The Russians had a large, triumphal embassy in Baghdad. We ourselves had a beautiful new embassy designed by Jose Luis Cert. It was mentioned in Jane Loeffler's recent book, The Architecture of (U.S.) Diplomacy. We had a magnificent compound. It extended from a main road, down almost half a mile to the Tigris River. It must have covered 50 acres. Every piece of furniture in that Embassy - Residence and Staff apartments and the Chancery - was inspected and set in place by yours truly. I was Assistant to the Administrative Officer, and the new Compound was my job for the first six months. I liked everything.

Q: You were married at this point.

HORAN: I was married, yes. We had no children at the time. Everything kind of glowed, and I thought here we are. Now we are in the Middle East. No more seminars, no more blah, blah, blah. And I liked the administrative work. It was REAL. Clearing customs and all this stuff, pedestrian maybe? But when a load of frozen food and butter arrived at the railroad siding on a Friday - everything was closed, of course - I had to get it out. Well, I got it out. I felt more satisfaction than if I'd gotten an "A" in a seminar. I had good relations with the little people. They didn't mind seeing a junior American because no one really cared about them. So my contacts tended to be carpenters or tailors, or refrigeration mechanics, or clerks in the customs and the railroad. Small people, but they could make your life easier or harder as they chose. I didn't talk politics with them, but I would get invited to their weddings and baptism ceremonies and go down to the river with them and have picnics of masqauf, roast fish. I would come home with rice all in my hair and smelling of fish grease. I would give little presents - you know, books about America and stuff. I could see that despite the official anti-American line of the government, the average Iraqi tended to like the average American. I had a sensational boss, Raymond Cary, Jr., who was to foreign service work what Vince Lombardi was to football.

Q: The very famous football coach.

HORAN: Yes.

Q: Cary was the administrative officer.

HORAN: The Administrative Officer, I was his assistant, and General Services Officer for part of my time.

Q: Was there concern, I mean we had a couple of Americans almost literally ripped apart two years before you got there by a mob. Was there concern about safety in Baghdad at that time?

HORAN: You always had to watch out for someone making a move against Abdul Kareem. If you were in the vicinity, people thought that would be really bad news. At our national day, our marvelous DCM Roger Davies and our wonderful Ambassador, John Jernegan, passed the word that if Qassem came, and if we heard any funny popping noises, don't worry about protocol. Fall flat on the ground or dive into an irrigation ditch. It was very difficult to travel out of town. There were travel restrictions on Americans. You had to make a request weeks in advance. Often the request would be denied - unless it was to a "permitted destination," such as Babylon. I never encountered hostility on the part of Iraqis I was prudent as I would go around town. If I saw a large crowd gathering, I wouldn't go near. But, as I moved around town they'd hear I was from the American Embassy. Looking back it was kind of silly. I would ask them what do you think about the Abbasids and the architecture of a certain mosque. This, to people who were wondering if they could haul our refrigerators up the stairs! They must have gotten a lot of laughs on me sometimes. But I got along well with the Iraqis. I didn't have to deal with

policy issues which were at full stop. But contrary to many Embassy people, I DID see a lot of Iraqis.

Q: Well, this is a problem particularly when relations are bad. The people who are supposed to be out there learning things are almost frozen out because their contacts are all officials or with people connected to officialdom who don't want to be seen with you. They are frozen, whereas you are down there mixing with sort of "the people."

HORAN: It was a good tour. I had a worm's eye view, but for those days, not a bad one. I sometimes dealt with more Iraqis than some people. I should remark we had two really sensational political officers in Baghdad, Bill Lakeland, a real chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche,* and James Akins, who later became Ambassador to Saudi Arabia when I was DCM there. Both amazingly good people. I think they found the work frustrating, but they were real models for me.

Q: Who was the Ambassador?

HORAN: John Jernegan was ambassador and Roger Davies, later assassinated in Cyprus, was DCM. Great men, wonderful men, great Americans.

Q: How did they run the Embassy did you feel?

HORAN: John Jernegan was somewhere up there by the side of God the Father, maybe even in His place! But always watching out over his embassy - and with a perceptive, tolerant, humane eye. Roger Davies was, so to speak, God's manifestation on earth. He was excellent. Very good with us juniors. He'd invite us to his house, his wife, Sally, was like our house mother. Mrs. Jernegan was a beautiful, spirited woman. When I took the job my boss, Ray Cary said, "Hume, I am going to judge you a success or failure on the number of direct phone calls I get from Mrs. Jernegan. If I get a phone call from her, you are going to be in trouble." So I made a special effort to be accommodating, obliging, and to anticipate what Mrs. Jernegan wanted. Her requests were always reasonable. She loved her garden, and in my two years I learned a lot about gardening. When she'd make a request, I would get right on top of it. I thought, you know, senior people deserve good support. They have a tough job as it is, and I am happy to do whatever I can to take a bit of pressure off of their lives.

Q: Did you work strictly as an administrative officer during this time?

HORAN: Strictly in Admin, generally. I filled in as B&F Officer, also, for awhile.

Q: That's Budget and Fiscal?

HORAN: Yes.

Q: You were in a good position to observe a hardship place under real pressure. Embassies often work better or posts work better than when people are living in the lap of luxury. Were there currents within the embassy or disputes or problems at all?

HORAN: You know, the station chief was excellent. He and his wife were really nice to me, included me in parties. I was beginning to speak French, and his wife was a Francophone Lebanese - so French was a plus for me. She also knew that I very much liked French literature - still do. At that time, my reading was way better than my speaking. On the whole, the Station got along well with the Embassy - our respective officers had shared the war...But AID tended to rotate on its own inscrutable orbit, doing things people couldn't quite grasp.

Q: What did AID do in such a hostile environment?

HORAN: Zero, zilch, but they had a rather large Mission, headed by some very senior people. Supposedly they were there to shut down the program. But it was like bringing a super-tanker to a full stop from 18 knots p.h. They were still around when I left in 1962. They had this suite of offices and I used to wonder what they did there for 10 hours every day. I never found the answer to that. USIS was very good. They had the Cultural Center downtown, including a library. They had access that many of us envied. They had books, and programs, and even some scholarships. They were not as tainted with the USG brush as people who worked in the Chancery. The Iraqis didn't like American policy - but did like American culture.

Q: But that was also the year when they had the cartoons, "What are we going to do today? Let's go down and burn the USIS library." Did you have any demonstrations, you know, somebody pushing buttons saying we don't like what is happening in the Congo?

HORAN: We were lucky. There were a few demonstrations, just a few, but the government having been helped to power by unbridled, unrestrained demonstrations was inclined to confine that genii to a bottle. You start a fire in a wastebasket, the next thing you know there goes the roof.

Q: You know, I was in Yugoslavia close to this time, and they had problems because they had some demonstrations just to show their solidarity with the communist cause. It began to turn and students demonstrated on other matters going after public buildings, not much. They got nervous and they stopped that sort of stuff.

HORAN: That is the way it was.

Q: Were you able to develop any sort of Iraqi friends? Did they come over to the house and that sort of thing?

HORAN: a few pretty low level people would accept my invitations. I met some other nice Iraqis through parents of children at the American school where my wife was

teaching. Nice Iraqi families; sometimes the husband was Iraqi and the wife an American. Often, they'd met and married while he was in graduate school in the U.S. Some of these marriages worked out well. More perhaps, though not in our own circle of friends, did not. We heard bad stories of spouse abuse. Through my language instructor I met a couple of nice Iraqis. It was all very low key. Very often they would prefer not to come to my house, but if I were to come by their house for tea, that would be all right. I mean, the Iraqis were really paranoid, but they could see there was no malice in Hume Horan as he stumbled around asking about the Abbasid Empire.

Q: How about I am just curious, getting things cleared in customs? Often this requires in some places a little gift or something like that. Did you find there was any...

HORAN: No, I didn't get hit for that. Sometimes I really thought that some of these officials didn't mind responding to my appeal: "I have a problem and my boss will kill me unless..." There are times when some Arab functionaries can respond well when you present yourself to them as a fellow human being in a jam. That was one of the nicer qualities of some local bureaucrats. There are easements in Arab bureaucracy, and I may have benefitted from some of those. Of course, I also saw to it that my better contacts were remembered by the Embassy at Christmas.

Q: What about your Arabic? How was it coming along?

HORAN: Very slowly. I was working at it diligently. At grad school, I'd had the equivalent of one full academic year, three courses or four courses just all Arabic, all classical Arabic. Ibn Khaldoun, Basic Arabic, contemporary Arab thinkers and writers, but as I said, I couldn't read a newspaper. Certainly not the editorials. So in Baghdad I got a tutor for whom the Embassy paid, and I worked hard with him. My Arabic improved somewhat, but it is a difficult language. By the time I left Baghdad I may have been at best an S2/R2 plus.

Q: Well, in this '60-'62 period, were there any sort of dramatic occasions that sort of stirred up the country?

HORAN: Yes. Iraq claimed Kuwait and was going to invade. *Toujours les mêmes chansons [French: always the same songs]!* The British sent paratroops to protect the Kuwaitis. The United States supported the British position, whereupon John Jernegan was PNGed. He went on to Algeria. We were sorry to see Ambassador Jernegan go. Before leaving, he and Mrs. Jernegan had a reception at the Residence for all Embassy Americans. In his farewell remarks, I'll never forget, he selected the administrative officer for especial praise! He said,"You should all know, that the officer with the hardest job here is Raymond Cary, Jr. who is also the best administrative officer I have ever seen." Jernegan would have been within his rights to have especially congratulated his wonderful Political Officers, Bill Lakeland and Jim Akins. Instead, he selected the man who kept the power and water flowing. Leadership!

Q: That is Persona Non Grata [PNG].

HORAN: Yes. Then Roger Davies ran the embassy for a time and did so extraordinarily well. He was transferred in the summer of 1962. He was replaced by Roy Melbourne, with the rank of charge d'affaires. Roy later became our charge to Finland. He was able and vigorous. No previous experience in the Middle East.

Q: Were there any sort of demonstrations or clamping down during the Kuwait crises?

HORAN: a few demonstrations were carefully orchestrated and controlled. But because the Embassy's new location was far from the center of town, demonstrators had a very long hike - and a very hot one - to reach our gates. At one demonstration I seem to remember the Iraqi government not only trucking people over, but offering free watermelons. Once, the secret police actually entered the compound and took away some Iraqi visitors to the Consulate! We had every kind of a dust up over that.

Q: Did you have any feel, I mean this wasn't your job, but you were at the embassy,, about Iraqi relations with its two major neighbors, Iran and Syria?

HORAN: Relations with Syria were bad. A rival Ba`th state! Relations with Iran - the traditional enemy, were terrible. When you had a chance to take some R&R or leave, you would head for Iran. It was so nice! I'd go down to Sabah, a small port near Basra, and from there take a ferry to Abadan. Some of Daddy's people would meet us, and we'd drive north to Shiraz, Isfahan, and Persepolis to Tehran. Wonderful! In Tehran life was comfortable; Daddy had a great house, there was a big PX, wonderful restaurants. All along the way, the culture tended to overwhelm. Isfahan! Boy, it was like you had taken a plastic bag off your head. One trip I was accompanied by Bob Paganelli - one of my closest friends. Bob became Ambassador to Qatar, Minister to Rome, and Ambassador to Syria.

Q: So in December '62 you are off. Did you have any idea what you wanted to do?
HORAN: Yes, I was going to the Arabic language school. I thought, "I have been messing around with Arabic for a long time. It seems like forever. Always one step forward, two steps backwards. Let's finally get this show on the road. Let's really spend some hard, concentrated time." Beirut, for various reasons, was the place to do it.

Q: So you started Arabic when in Beirut?

HORAN: I began in late February, 1963. I was at the FSI Field school until June of 1964. The environment was totally motivating. I don't think I ever worked as hard and as focusedly on anything before or after. a great Director, Ray Chambers, drove us hard. He told us that he expected us - apart from our classtimes - to spend at least three full hours a night on homework, especially on the constant repetition of our canned dialogues. Evenings, I would sit in my living room, while the alarm clock ticked away, and would loudly repeat to the apartment walls the dialogues of that day. After those three hours, I

began translating a well-known Arabic novel. It was slow work, but I said to myself, "I want to do some real Arabic." The next year, my translation was published by Khayat's, a well-known Beirut publishing company.

Q: Let's remember things. Obviously the Six Day war was on then, but let's start in the first place, what was the connection with the embassy or much of a connection at that point?

HORAN: The nice thing was we were housed by the Embassy, had access to all of its conveniences and privileges, but had really no responsibilities except to push on with Arabic. Very few official functions. For Washington's birthday, I remember, Ambassador and Mrs. Meyer would invite the advanced students up to the Residence at Yarze to help out with the guests. They were both very nice to the students. They could be tougher on the Embassy's senior officers.

Q: You seem to have enjoyed Beirut.

HORAN: It was an unexcelled cultural experience. To be given 14 months, at full pay, to steep yourself in the language and history of an area as rich as the Levant! Beirut itself was fascinating - the mixture of Arabic and French. I traveled a lot. We'd go on picnics in the Anti-Lebanon Mountains, often travel to Baalbek and Damascus, visit Krak des Chevaliers and Palmyra. The romance of history and culture was all around you! The world of Maurice Barres's Un Jardin sur l'Oronte! I also traveled to Jordan - saw Petra, and of course went to Jerusalem! In those days you went down to the Jordan and crossed the King Hussain/Allenby Bridge to the Israeli-controlled West Bank. I'll never forget my first view of that wonderful and terrible city, silhouetted again the setting sun, as we drove up from the Dead Sea. Everywhere I went I had a chance to try out a couple of little phrases of Arabic. You know, people really responded so well. It gave you the sort of feedback, encouragement you needed to go back to your room and the alarm clock.

Q: One of the problems with Arabic I have been told by others who have taken it is dialect because there are a number of dialects, and sometimes they thought their teachers were forcing them into using, getting a little too classical. How did you find it there?

HORAN: I could see the bodies on the various strands of barbed wire framing this issue. I thought well, I am not going to be one of them. One hardy perennial was whether it was better to approach contemporary Arabic via a classical door - like the British Center for Middle Eastern Arabic Studies (M.E.C.A.S.) in Shemlan, or via an immersion in colloquial Lebanese. In the British case, students were eventually expected to expand their Classical range downward; at the FSI, we were expected eventually to raise our colloquial Arabic upward. Our scientific linguists were not FSOs. They wanted us to follow the "scientific linguist" approach, i.e. heavy at first on Lebanese colloquial. I had my own thought, which was that colloquial Lebanese is not going to do me a lot of good as I travel around the Arab world meeting with government officials. Linguistically correct colloquial Lebanese, only raised eyebrows in most Arab Foreign Ministries. Roger

Davies was once reproached by a Syrian official for speaking his "best" Lebanese. The Syrian told Roger: "Officials do not speak to one another that way. Your dialect is like what I speak to my driver or gardener in." Anyway, to myself, I said, if the colloquial approach is the company line, I will do that. I will not fight that problem. But through my studies on the side, I steadily improved on my fair base of classical. And as soon as I left Lebanon, I got rid of colloquial Arabic substantially, and ended up - after some years - speaking what the Arabs call, "al-Lugha at-thaalitha." That is, "The Third Language." It is not colloquial, but it is not really classical either. Real classical could be like you and me speaking Beowulf. What I spoke is sort of Restoration English. If you speak this variety of Arabic, everybody can understand you anywhere in the Arab world. Depending on their education, they can respond the same way.

The other perennial, popular among Arabs, and which I always avoided discussing, "Which country speaks the purest Arabic, that Arabic closest to the Koran." In that direction, I believed, lay madness and broken friendships. In reality, I believe they are all about equidistant from a Koranic starting point, except for spoken Moroccan - which seems almost a blend of Arabic and Berber.

Two more: is it is best to begin at the Classical or colloquial end of things? Avoid that ant-lion pit. Students should just be told to work really, really hard, and maintain some enthusiasm, some intellectual curiosity, about where their studies may lead them. E.W. Lane learned in a cave near the Pyramids, while studying with a tutor from a mammoth Classical dictionary. But again, you just have to sweat. Any system will work. None is easy. Success or failure depends on the student. I got results: an S4/R4 plus when I graduated from the school, which I raised to a 4 plus/4 plus after my next tour in Libya.

Finally, students must try to become sufficiently fluent in Arabic that they can insist on its use, as against the English of their interlocutors. a slight difference in fluency can be decisive: if your Arabic is approximately as good as your interlocutors' English, you'll use it more, and it will improve. If it is not - you'll just use it with taxi drivers and waiters, and in the end, maybe not even with them. Subduction! Tectonics!

Note: It is important for an Arabist to work in Arabic, not English. In English you are not speaking to your interlocutor. He is speaking to *you* in English. Meanwhile, "he" remains one dimension behind the scenes, in his native Arabic. He is playing on your 10 yard line. You should try to play on his end of the field. A relationship established and developed in Arabic gets you significantly closer to the real person, to the facts of the case. In English, your contacts are, so to speak, going through an interpreter - themselves.

Q: One of the charges that has come down through the time, It has sort of died out now. I think it may have been Israeli sponsored, any Arabist was ipso facto anti Israeli. Did you sense any of this in your class?

HORAN: I would find it one of the weirdest kinds of accusations. I sometimes said to people: "You know, we go to the Arab world and look at the record, Colonel McGinnis is

hung by the PLO, Curt Moore and Cleo Noel get assassinated, Our Embassy in Beirut gets blown up - twice, the Marines suffer 250 casualties, our defense attaché in Amman, Bob Perry is assassinated. Meanwhile every Arab editorial is pouring venom and vitriol over the United States." To those that see Arabists as "soft" on Arabs, I ask, "What do they think we are? a bunch of idiot masochists? Begging to be blown up again? All this pain and vituperation is supposed to make us pro-Arab? I mean give me a break!" To our critics, I'd say, "We are professionals. We are like oncologists. You don't like cancer but you deal with cancer. You don't like Arab radicalism, but it is there and you have got to deal with it. You don't call your doctor a cancer-lover when he has to bring you the bad news." If anything, an Arabist's experience in the Middle East should tend to make him pro-Israeli. You'd drive through Syria and Jordan and then cross into Israel. It would seem a weight had been taken off of one's chest. It was hard not to, because for all of the messy inconsistencies of Israel's democracy...it was the most democratic state by far in Africa or the Middle East!

Pro-Arab? The phrase might apply a little to British Orientalists. After a youth spent in these awful public schools, they go to an Arab society and can feel right at home: NO WOMEN. But lots of falcons and camels! Give me air! I respect the British tradition. I especially respect the great Victorians, just extraordinary human beings. But we are not Victorians. Our FSI class was just a group of young Americans, just out of military service, and looking at the area afresh. Our optic, if we had one, was strategic. There were those - of Loy Henderson's generation and just after - who even saw our close ties to Israel as a strategic disadvantage. It helped give the Russians entree into a very important part of the world. Henderson felt, that Israel was something of a bone sort of stuck in the throat of what otherwise would have been a continuing good relationship between the United States and the Arabs. The Arabs had no particular beef with the United States prior to 1948. We were their favorite Western power. The King-Crane commission, that was sent out by Woodrow Wilson to determine the will of the people in the pre-mandated Middle East, recommended Syrian independence.

I personally disagree, though, with those who say that but for Israel all would be well between us and the Arabs. The problems between some Arabs and the U.S. (and by extension with Israel), is that the decrepit and corrupt traditions of Arab politics cannot endure the contrast with the open, democratic, dynamic society of the U.S. - 5000 miles away. Much less, that with the reproachfully powerful state established by the despised Jews along the Eastern Mediterranean. Israel inverts a proper world order, promised to Muslims by Mohammed...one that seemed for centuries to stand the test of time. The Huntington thesis *does* have some validity when applied to the contending aspirations of Jews and Arabs in the Middle East.

On the other hand, "has Israel always been a plus for U.S. policy in the Middle East?" I find it hard to make that argument. Israel is surely a more attractive state in many ways than its neighbors - except for Jordan. You just breathed more freely when you got into the more-or-less democratic atmosphere of Israel. You felt closer to home. What would *realpolitik* say, though? That point is moot. Israel exists. We support Israel. That is our

policy. As loyal Americans, we have no difficulty in supporting that policy. The policy is made by the President. We get to put our views forward. We should do that. But when the decision has been made, we work to make it succeed. An FSO is something of a lawyer for the U.S. side. You take your brief as given you. As a "lawyer" for Uncle Sam, you give your client your full support. Are our clients 100% right in every instance? Maybe not, but right or wrong, they're our clients, and we have a duty to do our best for them.

Q: Did you find yourself always responding in whatever contacts you were having both in Baghdad and in Beirut to the question, "Why did the United States recognize Israel right away?"

HORAN: It would come at you, again and again. You just put your mind in neutral and your tongue would come out with the usual antiphons. You know, I never was tempted to beat my breast, a la, "I am sorry, a great wrong, but..." Sometimes, even I was so bold as to ask back, "What are some of the really nice things the Arabs have done for us? Or for their fellow Palestinians, for that matter?" I was never pro-Arab, or anti- Arab. *But through Arabic, I was able enough to appreciate the good aspects of Arab civilization - so that the tawdry present did not sour me toward my hosts.* I suppose in a somewhat vague way, I could be considered pro-Israeli. I was fascinated by my study of Weingreen's Classical Hebrew. The relationships with Arabic are dramatically evident. But like most Arabists, I saw myself as being only pro-American. "My country right or wrong...but always my country." Does that sound too melodramatic?

Q: How were things Palestinian-wise in Lebanon while you were there?

HORAN: Not very active. The big push in Lebanon for the Palestinians came after the Jordanian civil war - yet to come. I was political chief in Amman during Black September (1970). There is something amusing about Arab expressions of support for the Palestinians. The Arabs are so hypocritical. "I love Palestinians..." Then comes the subscript: "But not in my neighborhood...and they'd better not ask for citizenship or work papers, or try to get out of their camps. Hell will freeze over first."

Q: Did you, I mean were you aware of how Lebanese society broke down at this particular time?

HORAN: Yes. The Christian Maronites held the Presidency, the Sunnis, the Prime Ministership, and the Shi`a, the Speakership of the House. Shiites outnumbered both other groups put together, but the Shi`a were also the most economically and politically downtrodden. In the '60s, speaking of the Lebanese political system, people would exclaim, "Amazing isn't it? How well this very fragile coalition manages to survive. The Lebanese have a genius for accommodation!" Well, the system did have elements of flexibility. But these were finally exceeded after 1975, when several hundred thousand radical Palestinians, fresh from Jordan's Civil War, were added to Lebanon's ethnic mix.

Q: Well then, how many other students were taking Arabic at the time you were there?

HORAN: There were probably about 10-15 students at the language school.

Q: How would you characterize them?

HORAN: a couple were good. I think especially of Norman Anderson who came after me. He was very good. Mostly, we were good hard working journeymen - some could have had more sparkle. a little more intellectual curiosity about where they found themselves.

Especially deplorable was the FSI's practice of keeping students in training long after it was clear they would never crack the code. These students became bitter - toward themselves and especially toward the Arabs. If a student had very little ability, the FSI's approach seemed to be to keep the poor person's bloody nose to the grindstone for another three months. After awhile, some of these students - before they even got to their first Arab posts - already were very jaundiced against the Arabs, their language, and their culture. How could they not be? Their studies had inflicted such a blow to the self-esteem of officers who in other ways might be very competent.

Equally reprehensible, was the FSI's tendency to yank out really promising students as soon as they had reached S3/R3. "Good enough for government work" seemed to be the position. a foolish position, certainly. I believe that an S4/R is worth multiples of S3/R3s. Something like a capital ship being that much more effective than a lot of escort craft. Jim Akins, did very well in Arabic. In less than a year he was at the 3/3 level. To himself he said, "I'm headed for a 4-4." Then they yanked him out. In Kuwait, where he went, he got his Arabic to that level - but he felt he had not been supported by our system.

I got to a 3/3 after six months. I thought this is my one chance to really make some progress in Arabic. So when murmurs about possible transfers came up, I scotched them. I'd been assigned for a year, and wanted to get all those benefits. I struggled and kicked and managed to stay until the spring of '64. We didn't have many alpha pluses such as Dick Parker or David Korn.

Q: Also were these pretty much career officers, I mean working on a career, or were they with sort of an agenda?

HORAN: No, they were all, they were all career people, either for State or for USIS.

Q: Were you getting much in the way of information you and your colleagues about Arab civilization and all that?

HORAN: We had lecturers that came down from the AUB. We were encouraged to do readings on our own and I found that really very interesting. These readings led me beyond what I had been doing in grad school. History was always my hobby and avocation. It helped you look at developments and people who did not react the way you

thought they should. History helped you understand and even deal with these people, even when they were hostile or self-destructive. So, I did a fair amount of reading in Islamic civilization. It was both a pleasure and a necessity. Classical Arabic offers many rewards. But if you never cross its literary threshold, if you see and hear only the meretricious public outpourings of Arab press and radio, you would end up by having a big tummy ache with regards to the Arabs. It's as if you were a foreigner, living in New York City, and getting all your news about the U.S. from the New York Post or the Daily News or supermarket tabloids. You'd think, "These Americans, they're all sex fiends, drug addicts or insane!

Arabists should cultivate a professional view. They should study Arab politics and society in depth. What they learn from such a deeper study of a great civilization, can help them deal in a more balanced way with a very untidy, violent, sometimes irrational present.

Q: Yes, one of the things I think has always been a negative for relations with the United States as far as Americans see the Arab world is their exaggeration. There are two things you can count on, that is the Arabs will shoot themselves in the foot and the Israelis will miss the train as far as something could be done. I don't know if that is still true or not. Did you have to almost steel yourselves to discount the adjectives in the Arab world or not?

HORAN: There was something awe inspiring about the rank negativism of Arab political discourse. You could see them at the beginning of the article, taxiing composedly down the runway, but a paragraph or two later they would give their motors full throttle. RRRRRRRR! Driven by the high-octane of 1500 years of Arabic rhymed prose and poetry, in no time they'd be at 10,000 feet. But they might not know how to fly the plane!

It is an etymological fact, that in Arabic saying something tends to make you and others think it is so. Arabic a very oral culture. The language can carry its speakers and listeners off to a world of instant gratification. "We are all right. They are all wrong." Arabic can impede the methodical dissection and analysis of issues - such as we do in English. The reason is partly linguistic and etymological. Arabic operates on the totality of a person's intellectual and auditory systems. Each word is emotive to a degree that no word in English can be. In English, words are usually divorced from their historical and etymological contexts. An English word may have an origin in a language other than English. Maybe from French and in turn from Latin, and in further turn from Greek. Even farther back may lie some Indo-European root. But among us English speakers, who knows? Who cares? The background and the history and the weight of the word is all filtered out for us. It stand alone - unless we are scholars or etymologists.

This is not the case with Arabic. Arabic words can operate on Arabs not just at the intellectual level but right down into the hypothalamus. In Arabic there are few of these etymological linguists crossovers from a series of languages, ending in Arabic. Arabic is resistant to loan words. For a concept you may have a word, but that word is based on the fundamental sense of a parent tri-literal root. And when the word is used, many related

forms and concepts, also derived in a regular pattern from the triliteral root, crowd in. They all demand a hearing. When you are speaking contemporary Arabic, at your elbow, whispering in your ear, are thousands of years of Semitic - layer upon glittering layer. Their cumulative emotive, historical drift can carry the speaker away. The baroque, crystalline structure of Arabic, the lacework of higher forms of the verb, of participles and gerunds all derived from of the root form, can act on the mind like strong drink. Before you know it, you start talking rhymed prose Blah, blah, blah. It is as easy as pie to talk rhymed prose in Arabic. In fact, if you don't tighten your seat belt, you can end off somewhere up in the stratosphere. “My God, what did I say. I didn't really mean to say that! The language just came over me!”

It is interesting to consider why Hebrew - which is as close to Arabic as French is to Spanish - work so differently on the endocrine system. The difference may lie in the long hiatus between the end of spoken Hebrew - replaced by Aramaic even in Roman times, and Hebrew’s renaissance in the past hundred years. I always regret not having gone beyond Weingreen’s Classical Hebrew Grammar.

Q: In your class and other people you talked to about where when you are getting ready to go, was there sort of an understood pecking order where the best places to go and all?

HORAN: Good question. I can't really say that was the case. Cairo? Maybe Damascus - the true heart of Arabism. I always wanted to serve in Syria - they speak the best Arabic anywhere - but it never worked out. I don’t think, though, I even applied to any particular places. In those days personnel mostly told you where to go. So I was assigned to Aden. I liked the idea. It sounded very radical, the Hadramaut, dramatic. Then well into my preparation for Aden, I got assigned to Baida, Libya. I thought Baida, Libya! I’d been assigned to a place in the Arab world which I, an Arabist, had never even heard of! It almost got worse. I wrote my “Happy to join your Team,” letter to Ambassador E. Alan Lightner. At the last minute my good angel jogged me memory. Was Libya spelled “Lybia” or “Libya?” The dictionary helped, and I wrote a new letter.

We had a branch office, a branch embassy in Baida, Libya, staffed by one officer and an American secretary and a code clerk, who was also the administrative assistant. For a time, we also had a very excellent USIS officer his wife - George and Marion Naifeh. Nice, precocious children. Great arguments for home schooling! To my sorrow (maybe not theirs), they got transferred to Benghazi in the middle of my tour. I was to be the Principal Officer and Political Officer at this one officer post. We had a post in Baida because it was the birthplace of King Idris. Baida was a small mountain village, that the King was pumping lots and lots of money into. He meant eventually to turn it into the capital of Libya - a would-be Brasilia that in the end never happened, thanks to Qadhafi. Idris did not like western Libya where Tripoli was. He stayed at his palace in Tobruk most of the time. So if people wanted to see the King, they had to fly to the WWII landing strip near Baida and drive 3 hours to Tobruk. I got the Baida job, because the Principal Officer had to be able to interpret for the Ambassador when he saw the King.

Tripolitanians hated Baida. If they were sent there, they felt they were in exile. But the MFA people had no choice but to go because the King said the Foreign Ministry would be in Baida, the Army headquarters, too. The Parliament, likewise met in Baida. But apart from the Libyan government offices, Baida was surrounded by a lot of goat pastures. The climate was nice. The entire American community - all six of us, including two small children - could get into my little Ford Falcon. We'd drive to Cyrene, site of some of the greatest Classical archaeological sites anywhere in North Africa. The earliest Doric marble temple was there. Then we'd continue down the escarpment to Apollonia - more fine ruins and some lovely beaches, but watch out for the mazut [oil]. Other diplomats? There were two: Nationalist Chinese counselor, and a Belgian Commercial Officer. There might have been one or two other westerners doing mining or engineering. Not far way was the Yugoslav T.B. hospital. Our contacts with the Yugoslavs were not close, but they were - medically - always there if we needed them. They cured me of a nasty throat infection.

Q: You were there what this would be '64?
HORAN: '64-'66. I came in the summer, September of '64 and was there until June or July of '66.

Q: How about your wife? Did she speak Arabic by this time?

HORAN: She studied Arabic and was one of the better students. She was good. If she had been a full time student, she would have been one of the best people in the program.

Q: I was thinking, going to a place like this it would be pretty rough to have a family unless both could get along in Arabic. How did she react to the Arab world?

HORAN: She not only got along in Arabic, she got along with the Arabs. She had a baby in Beirut and we had another baby when we were in Baida, Libya. Life there was totally primitive. Diapers were hanging up and down the corridors - just above the space heaters. She did a heroically wonderful job. This is an appropriate place to say in a loud voice that no praise is sufficient for her work, not only in Libya, but all the other disagreeable places we lived and where she raised three really nice children. Son Alex, was a much-decorated Major-select when he left the USMC, after commanding a unit of First Force Reckon and seeing action in Desert Shield, Desert Storm, and then chasing warlords in Somalia. He then joined the F.B.I., and as head of a Bureau SWAT team, personally arrested Robert Hansen. Daughter Margy went to Harvard, got an A.M. from Georgetown, spent two years in the Peace Corps in Zaire, and is now a Political Officer in Mexico City. Son Ted, is a happy-go-lucky banker in Boston. A good athlete, and a very cheerful, decent, friendly person. I'm privileged to be their Dad. Enough. But one can't speak about one's life in the Foreign Service, and not mention the people who were with you - and especially the wife who helped mightily to get you wherever you got.

Q: Well then, Libya, 1964, what was the situation?

HORAN: King Idris was old, ailing, and somewhat bored with day-to-day politics - but quickly jealous of anybody who presumed to encroach upon his authority. His Palace in Tobruk, was hard by a British military base at el-Adem. El-Adem was a few miles south of Tobruk, the scene of great WWII sieges where the Australians and the Germans traded places a couple of times.

Q: Who was our Ambassador while you were there?

HORAN: I mentioned him briefly. E. Allan Lightner. His wife was Dottie Lightner. He had been the head of our office in Berlin when the Wall went up in August 1961. Good God, he was a real stand up type. Admired him. He could be choleric in the right way when DOD pushed dumb ideas and people on him. It didn't help him with the higher-ups in Foggy Bottom, of course. The big issue for most Americans in Libya was oil, but the oil companies take care of their own things pretty well. The other big issue was Wheelus airbase. Wheelus airbase was one of the largest U.S. bases in the world. It was site of 80-90% of tactical NATO fighter training. Great bombing ranges, on land and over the Mediterranean. Clear skies. State and Pentagon thinking was, "If we lose Wheelus, the communists will take a big step forward."

The Embassy brainstormed about how to seemingly Libyanize Wheelus so it would not be rejected by the antibodies in the Arab political system. Ambassador Lightner was always focused on,"How can we save Wheelus airbase? How lower the profile? a Libyan flag at the gate? Let some Libyans shop at the PX?" And other flim flannery.

Q: Did you sense a problem within the Libyan body politic, because later obviously we ended up with Qadhafi. Was that apparent at all?

HORAN: Yes. You didn't have to have two brains to figure out that underneath their smiles, a lot of Libyans did not like Wheelus or American policy in the Middle East. Our problems with the Libyans were all the greater, because there was so little positive content to "Libyan nationalism." To other Arabs, Libya was the god-forsaken wasteland between Tunis and Egypt. It was a country which no one had deemed worthy of colonizing - until Italy moved in in the 1930s, a sort of nothing country which for years lived off of WWII scrap metal sales and the export of esparto grass! The Turkish charge (a woman, making it worse) once dismissed the notion of "Libyanness." Speaking to an MFA representative, she said "Why, we Turks governed all of your country with only a few dozen jannissaries." Libyans had an inferiority complex and a lack of identity about themselves. So Arab nationalism was an especially powerful force among the ever increasing number of young semi-literate Libyans. Egyptian teachers coming from Egypt would stoke those fires.

On one occasion, the P.M. gave a fiery speech, calling Wheelus into question. The people loved it. Later, in private the P.M. reassured the Ambassador: "The speech? Yes, well you know...those ignorant mobs. From time to time I have to throw them a bone to gnaw on. But you can tell your government to have no fear. Wheelus will be safe and sound in our

joint care." I remember afterwards, Ambassador Lightner saying to me: "Embassy people must never let their egos mislead them when - during a crisis - the Big Man privately doles out the soothing syrup. What the man on the balcony says to the cheering multitudes from the balcony is worth a hundred times what he might tell you "*unter vier Augen*" afterwards. Remember Hitler? Mussolini? Always remember the Balcony Speech!" Later events proved how completely correct Lightner was.

Q: How about Nasser? Was he stirring the pot?

HORAN: And how! The students jumping about in the streets, chanting, " Gamal, Gamal, Gamal!" The King did not like Nasser. He would smile broadly while passing on to us his latest info about Nasser's health. "You know, I must tell you that poor Gamal is in the last stages of syphilis of the brain. He's dying a slow, agonizing death! What a tragedy!" More smiles.

Q: Well did we have any contact with the Libyan military?

HORAN: Yes, contacts were pretty good. Quite a few Libyan officers had studied at our Service schools. We knew that a couple of pretty glitzy, fast moving officers, were up to no good. We were following them step by step, especially Colonels. `Awn Rahuma and Abdul Aziz Shalhi. Shalhi had a connection to the King through his Uncle, a one-time confidant of Idris's and Royal Chamberlain. My own opinion is that the King and the Uncle had a relationship when they were both younger. I couldn't figure out any other reason for the King's paroxysm of mourning and grief when his Chamberlain died. Shalhi and Rahuma did, in fact, have something up their sleeves, and the King - who loathed his Crown Prince, seemed not totally opposed to what they had in mind.

Qadhafi, however, pre-empted them. Afterwards, some Libyans said Shalhi and Rahuma were planning to "give a dinner," but Qadhafi decided on a "lunch" instead. We were focusing on the colonels and a few majors. No one knew much about a First Lieutenant in the Signal Corps, just back from a personally bad training experience somewhere in the Middle West. He made Captain only three weeks before he did his coup. Mohammar Qadhafi flew at the treetops, below our radar.

Q: In a way, about this time, '63, we were waiting for the generals in Greece to coup and the colonels couped instead. This happens.

HORAN: Yes, well said. Qadhafi did his coup.

Q: Did it happen on your watch?

HORAN: I was the Libyan desk officer at that point.
Q: Okay, well, we will come to that later. What was the feeling about a king that was somewhat disconnected from the main part of the population?

HORAN: What can you do with an aged, crotchety ruler who would fade in and out of our meetings. We were never sure of Idris's age. Probably in his upper '70s. Our poor Ambassador would go and see him with me. The Ambassador would have the usual interminable Washington laundry list. You know, "Three shirts, no starch, two suits for dry cleaning, please not the "ink spot on these trousers, etc." Once Ambassador Lightner had a really long list. Every DC Agency must have gotten their two cents in. Looking it over, the Ambassador told me, "Hume, we have just two points that matter. I will hit those before lunch, while the King is fresh. Then we will cover the others as best we can." During the morning audience, the two big points were taken care of. Then after lunch, the Ambassador asked if he might touch on a few more issues. When he began to read his litany, and I turned to him and said, I said, "Mr. Ambassador, I think we have lost the King." Idris was a good eater, and had fallen into arms of Orpheus. sleeping soundly. Lightner just speeded up his reading. Sounded like the Philip Morris tobacco auction ad. When he stopped talking, the King sort of gave a start, opened his eyes. The Ambassador said,"Your Majesty, it was wonderful to have had again the privilege of your wisdom." Later we reported on the minor points - simply that "the King had taken due note of the Ambassador's points but had not chosen to commit himself to an immediate response."

Afterwards, Lightner said to me, "In a senior level meeting, your points lose impact in algebraic proportion to their ordering. Point No. 1, may get 70 percent of your interlocutor's attention. Point No. 2, 28 percent. The others? You can forget them unless you just want to help Washington check off its "Things to be done" list.

Q: As an Arabist, did you think your language skills, helped the King to focus on you as a person?

HORAN: I'd have to say "Yes." I felt privileged that when it came time for us to be transferred back to Washington, the King and his wife, Queen Fatimah, invited my wife and me and our little Alex to lunch. Just the five of us. Alex was only about a year and a half. He was very good, but at one point, my wife had to leave the table. It was all too clear that Alex's diapers needed to be changed!.

Q: What was your impression of the British military base in your area. How was that going?

HORAN: They had quite a large base at el-Adem. Everybody figured it for a "coup stopper." The King liked the British; he felt more comfortable with them than perhaps with us. But he liked us alright, and could see where the power balance lay. The American oil companies were putting lots of money into the economy. I had good ties with British at el-Adem. They had a very fine base commander, Brigadier Jack Frost. I once asked him how he'd gotten into the military? Had it been his original profession? He replied, "No, I'd been a salesman of fine porcelain." "Then how did you get from there to here?" I asked. He replied, "Folly led me in, and the war led me out."

Q: You were a political officer there, what possible political reporting and activity?

HORAN: A lot of spot work. Ambassador Lightner, and then later, Ambassador David Newsom, would come up to Baida on business. They'd fly on an old DC-4 that had once been Eisenhower's plane. There were no avionics in Baida. Not even a windsock. We'd set the brush on fire, so that the pilot could see which way the wind was tending. But a lot of the routine work between the Embassy and the Foreign Ministry was hand delivered and followed up by me. I'd often be the person who knocked on the door and sought approval. For fun, I reported a little bit on Cyrenaican tribal politics. That topic was very low, non-existent, even, on the Washington list of priorities, but it was "coloristic." I'd enjoy getting out of the office and seeing the Sheikhs." I also spent a good deal of time at the Islamic University working on Arabic and Arabic literature. Some thought I perhaps spent too much time on Arabic. But I'd reply, "What else is there to do here in the winter, up in the mountains? If you don't do Arabic, boy, you'll start beating your head against the wall."

Q: How about as you were at the university; were you able to monitor the students? With this being a traditional university, were the students a volatile bunch or not?

HORAN: No, they were not volatile. They had mostly all finished memorizing the Koran by the time they were eleven or twelve. At the University, they'd study the main ways of reciting the Koran, study famous commentaries, and go deeper into grammar and syntax. For fun, they'd read al-Tabari, and al-Mas`udi and other great historians. Of course, whoever showed any perkiness in politics, that would be the end of their scholarship. The university wanted nothing but true-blue, non-agitating divinity students.

Q: Were all the perky students gravitating toward the University of Cairo and other places like that?

HORAN: We didn't see any of them in Islamic University, but you could see some of them in Cairo, absolutely, and how. You could see others at the secular universities in Benghazi and Tripoli.

Q: What was the relationship on the ground between Egyptians and Libyans?

HORAN: The Egyptians condescended and the Libyans looked up resentfully. The Egyptians presumed on their big brother relationship and the Libyans with their long history of flawed identity had to grin and bear it. But they did not like the airs the Egyptians gave themselves.

Q: Libya was a great battleground of WWII and prior to that, you had the Italian occupation. Were you getting any resonance from these two events?

HORAN: Yes. The Italian occupation was vividly and very badly remembered. People usually think of the Italians as, you know, good times, pasta, vino, and Il Trovatore. Let me tell you, when Marshall Graziani, "the Lion of Cyrenaica," came on the scene, no

more “Il Trovatore”! The Italians were almost fought to a standstill by the Libyan guerillas. Their leader was finally captured and killed, and the resistance petered out. The Emir Idris (later King) fled to Egypt. The Italians were scorched earth, bloody minded eradicators of Libyan resistance. The French against the FLN, or the Germans against the Herreros, had nothing on the Italians in Libya. Even to throwing religious leaders out of airplanes...shades of the Argentine Colonels! It was a brutal operation. But before they could settle down and begin to enjoy their conquests, along came WWII. It brought a different type of opponent, the British. Alan Moorehead did a wonderful book on the war in North Africa. He told how in '42 or '43, a small British regimental combat team surprised and totally defeated the huge Italian garrison in Derna. The British “Desert Rats” stumbled into Derna with their eyes round, like saucers. They could hardly believe the luxury in which the Italians had been living. Moorehead, who had been with the unit, wrote, "It was clear that with the Italians, everything that should be first rate - you know, weapons, communications, transport - was second rate, and everything that could be second-rate was first-rate. Barrels of wine, wheels of Parmesan cheese, fantastic, theatrical cloaks and swords for officers."

Q: During WWII, did the Libyans basically feel “Let the other guys fight this out?”

HORAN: The Libyans were pretty much beat down by the time the Italians had finished their pacification. It’s no wonder, really, the Libyans are so *complexe.* First, a no-man’s land in the Arab world. Then came the Italians, then came WWII - Allied and German armies washing back and forth. The poor Libyan persona was beaten and pummeled, as these forces came at them. Libyans just put their heads down and tried not to be blown away by the hurricane. It was obviously a profoundly disorienting experience starting with a group of people who were not very well oriented to begin with. Then you have this titanic wealth of oil poured on them.

Q: I might add that in American diplomatic history, the former U.S. counselor led a small group of marines who took over Derna. This was about 1813. I can't think of his name right now. It was the shores of Tripoli. We could go on but anyway it's a little side note. Eaton, William Eaton, The U.S.. consul there and went off and raised during the Barbary Wars and came back and took Derna in your consular district.

HORAN: There was a plaque on a building in Derna that commemorated the exploit of “General” William Eaton, and his 15 or so Marines. Of course, that’s where the U.S.M.C. gets its “To the shores of Tripoli...”After the Qadhafi coup, we recovered the plaque. I think it was sent to the Historian's office.

Q: It is an interesting sidelight for those who are interested in American diplomatic history. Well, you were there until '66.

HORAN: '66.

Q: Then what happened?

HORAN: Then I came back to African Personnel for a year as a placement officer.

Q: In that period was Libya in Africa?

HORAN: Libya was still in AF, yes, in the African Bureau. For a year my boss, a wonderful boss, Alan Lukens, was the chief of the placement office. He handled the big assignments, you know the DCM's and the counselors. I handled the junior officers and the administrative and consular officers.

Q: This was '66 to '67.

HORAN: Yes.

Q: Let's talk a bit about this. What was your impression of the personnel system at that time?

HORAN: I thought it worked pretty well. It was something of a top down system. We would get every quarter a catalogue of the officers who would be available, what their preferences were, what their former assignment had been, what their language skills were. You would riffle through this book, do your homework, and then see which officers best fit the jobs you want filled. You'd try to contact one of these officers and elicit an expression of interest - but often for most jobs you didn't have the time for that. What really mattered was getting the support of the Career counselors, and trying not to get aced out by a competing Bureau. On panel days, you would make your case as to why Ms. X should go to job Y. You'd try to keep an argument or two in reserve, in case you got broadsided by another Bureau: "Well, WE want Ms. X for a great job in Z." It was a market place, and market forces tended to work for the benefit of the individual. You couldn't really pull bag jobs. There were too many smart people around the table who had also stayed up late at night on THEIR homework.

I don't want the system to sound like a series of *diktats*. You would do your best to persuade the selectee that the assignment was good for him. And usually it was. You didn't want to force a square peg into a round hole - especially not in Africa. I always made a maximum effort to be persuasive, but didn't worry too much if the selectee went grudgingly. I'd figure that once at post he'd continue to curse Hume Horan, the SOB who sent him there - but there it would cease. Why take out your resentment on the men and women who are suffering with you? In the end, these assignments almost always came out alright.

The assignment system was not usually capricious or random. People in those days were more willing to acknowledge "the needs of the Service." They tended to accepted the legitimacy of the system and its conclusions, and the way those conclusions were reached. I'd have to say that it was a much more transparent system than the current one. Nowadays, the poor career counselors have no time to help or get to know their charges.

"Transparency" is lost in a blizzard of bids and re-bids. Can you really consider yourself a "career counselor," when your charges each send in ten bids, and then may re-submit more? You're more of a stock clerk, as you try to make sense of thousands of inventory cards. The new system, I think, is as susceptible to abuse as the old one was - it is just less clear.

Q: Well, it's chronic - the problem of favors for those who have principals on the seventh floor to sponsor them. They seemed to be able to by pass the system.

HORAN: They always did, and they always will. I remember one of these "teacher's pets." He was assigned to a good job in the Congo. He'd had only EUR assignments, and needed to strengthen his French. From the EUR Assistant Secretary's reaction, you'd have thought we were trying to kidnap his own wife! When Bill Morgan told the selectee of his next job, the coffee cup fell from the man's nerveless fingers - a big mess on his well-cut suit! The "teacher's pet" fought us every inch of the way. In the end he won. Disgusting. The country directors always wanted to poke their nose into assignments. Alan Lukens was very good in keeping them out. "If you let these guys in the door," he'd say, " they are going to be running you. We'll do our job, and let them get along with theirs."

Q: How did you feel after a year there? How was the African Bureau doing on people? Was it having some problems I mean where in getting people?

HORAN: AF was still basking in the after-glow of JFK, Sargent Shriver, and Soapy Williams. There was an excitement to service in AF. So many new possibilities lay before Africa. We were building up a corps of Africanists who, as regional specialists, could hold their own with the Arabists in NEA. The range and variety of assignments that AF could offer, helped professionalism along. Sub-Saharan Africa, with the exception of South Africa, had some pretty rough posts. North Africa had some that were very nice. Tripoli was comfortable. Tunis was gorgeous. Algiers? Life there was good for Americans. Casablanca and all of Morocco were sublime. AF offered a certain equilibrium: Brussels sprouts south of the Sahara, but apple pie a la mode in the north. French was useful in much of both regions. The placement officer could say: "You guys do a good job in Mali? We will book you next for Oran or Tunisia." Now, all the pie a la mode is gone, all that's left is Brussel sprouts. Even the earlier hopefulness and excitement has faded, as so many African countries start to circle the drain.

Q: The pie's gone over to the Near East bureau.

HORAN: That's right. Everybody benefited - except AF. The Near East bureau got North Africa, EUR got Greece and Turkey I guess it was. Poor AF - for all the hype, it remains truly the stepchild of the State Department. I've recently inspected some West Africa posts. Everywhere the story is similar: giant gaps, junior officer tested to destruction, eager-beaver ambassadors trying to make a name for themselves, primitive, dysfunctional

chanceries - against a background of political and economic systems that perhaps can't be fixed.

Q: Okay, well, we'll stop at this point, and we will pick this up again in 1967 or was it '68.
HORAN: In '68 I moved to the Libyan desk.

Q: Okay, we'll pick it up then.

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In 1968, you were on the Libyan desk from when to when?

HORAN: '67-'68. '67-'69, pardon me.

Q: What was the situation in Libya at that time when you arrived?

HORAN: Having served in Libya, I was familiar with the issues and the personalities, and I was very happy to move from African personnel, which I enjoyed, over to the Libyan desk. Sure enough, the issues I had been aware of while I was in Libya were all there waiting for me. The principal one was how to retain Wheelus airbase. Our marvelous, humongous bombing range!

Q: Idris was still president or king.

HORAN: Yes, Idris was King, Muntasser was still Prime Minister. There were a number of *enrages* in Parliament. They'd get up and deliver speeches, probably written for them in Cairo. Or maybe they put their minds on autopilot, and out came a variation of the anti-American "Ur-speech." There were actually a few Libyans who'd say to us, "Don't worry, we remember the great sacrifices of the allies during WWII and how you freed us from the Italians. We are with you through thick and thin." Well, most Libyans were born after WWII! Meanwhile, Radio Cairo was beaming THE MESSAGE. Radio Cairo rolled over Libya like a sonic boom - totally overwhelming puny VOA (inaudible in most parts of Africa and the Middle East). Muhammad Hasanayn Haikal was writing his excellent, but discomfiting editorials in al-Ahram. He was an kind of Arab Tom Paine.

Q: So, the war broke out in 1967. How did that affect you?

HORAN: Oh, I was still in African personnel when the war broke out.

Q: This was the June war.

HORAN: Right. It was on a Monday. I was driving up from Virginia listening to the news and then...! In quick succession many Arab countries broke relations with us. They believed Nasser's canard about U.S.-Israeli collusion. All the lemmings rushed into the

sea. Too predictable! Even Mauritania, which gave Bill Eagleton 24 hours to leave the country! They thought this would make them heroes in the Arab world. Maybe get some oil money? Wrong on both counts. Mauritania scores even lower than Libya in Arab rankings! Some years later they crawled back...scratched at our door. We kept them waiting. As a personnel officer, though, the war had its silver lining. Suddenly we had good people galore to fill every gap.

Q: Okay. So the June war had already taken place, but what was going on about Wheelus?

HORAN: There was frenzied brainstorming. We knew how thin the ice was becoming under us. What sleight-of-hand tricks could throw Libyans off the scent? Call on David Copperfield. And "PRESTO!" This titanic American base remains - just hidden from sight. We put up a Libyan flag in front, changed the name to al-Mallaha (the salt-lick), staffed the entrance gate with Libyan policemen. But none of these optics could diminish the steady roar of jets coming in and going out over what had become a large Libyan suburb.

Q: Who was the Chief of Mission?

HORAN: David Newsom had taken over from Alan Lightner in late 1964 - maybe? David had been Director of AFN. He brought with him one of the best DCMs ever - the formidable Jim Blake. Because Tripoli had been seen as safe, comfortable posting, it had attracted its share of "wounded eagles." Jim Blake put these to flight in record time.

Q: Well then, when you took over the Libyan desk, what was sort of the hierarchy in it was still AF wasn't it?

HORAN: AF, yes.

Q: And who was...

HORAN: So nice that you asked. We had a wonderful human being, and a brilliant officer as AFN Office Director, John F. Root. John later became Ambassador to Cote d'Ivoire. Humane and soft spoken, incisive, a superb drafter, always supportive. The best sort of cheerful Catholic layman. John led a really good group of desk officers, Frank Wisner was doing Tunis, Peter Sebastian did Algeria, Wingate Lloyd did Morocco, and Charlie Bray, was Deputy Country Director. So it was a privilege to be led by John Root and to serve with such colleagues.

Q: Where was Ambassador Lightner?

HORAN: When Ambassador Lightner came back to DC he was put in charge of a new office, "Water for Peace." The idea of the office sprang from one of LBJ's speeches. I don't think the job really amounted to much. Too much ahead of its time! David Newsom

remained in Libya until the spring or summer of 1969. He then came back to be Assistant Secretary for African Affairs. My dates are frankly a little shaky.
Q: What did you do as a desk officer, I mean one, as a desk officer and two, as Libyan desk officer so somebody gets the feel for this type of job.

HORAN: It is the best job you can have in Washington. You have a hunting license to poke your nose into everybody's business, from the National Park Service, to DOD, to Commerce, and intelligence community. Your "need to know" is by definition total and inclusive regarding the country you're charged with. You are the focal point through which everything coming into or going out of Washington has to pass. You had to watch your territory, guard your perimeter all the time. You didn't want people start sending things out to the Embassy without your clearance. In time, you can even expand the radius of your job. Get people in the habit of deferring. Return phone calls fast, do the first draft of agendas, don't be a pain to others who need your clearance. etc. Soon, people find you can give good advice, maybe even speed things up, actually.

I wonder, though, if the communications revolution has made it harder for Desk Officers to hold the center of the stage?

As Libyan Desk Officer I spent a good deal of time with the oil companies, and of course, DOD. I turned down a job offer from an oil company to join its negotiating department. Good money, but I wasn't really tempted. I had a good contact at the Israeli Embassy - Yosi ben Aharon, a Likudnik. Very smart, originally from Egypt. I was the only real Arabist in AFN - a Directorate that dealt entirely with Arab countries. Frank Wisner had some North African Arabic, but that hardly counts. John Root used me as liaison with the Near East Bureau. I think knowing the language and being pretty familiar with Arab issues, was an advantage.

I even on one occasion got to use my Arabic! The leader of the conservative Moroccan opposition came to the U.S. to give a series of speeches. Allal al-Fasi. He was scheduled for a lecture at SAIS, but in the event...
Q: SAIS being the School of Advanced International Studies

HORAN: That's right. In the event, no interpreter showed up. John Root was there and I was there, so was the rest of AFN. The auditorium was full. John said, "Hume, will you interpret?" My Arabic was pretty good, but wow! Anyway I got up there and afterwards John said, "You did a really good job." He wrote a wonderful letter for my file.

Q: What about the Libyan embassy? How did you relate with them?

HORAN: Frankly, they were like most Arab embassies. Uninformed, lazy, feckless, interested in importing cars, abusing their nannies. Mostly, though, passive and inoffensive. That's a good question, though. Because as a Desk Officer you find yourself looking in two directions. You work with and for the U.S. Embassy. But you'll also get calls from the local Embassy - especially once they come to see you as solid - to help

them out in all sorts of issues, small or large. I remember the Libyan Ambassador, Fathi Abadia, was gentle, soft spoken, and almost invisible in DC. Maybe this was the way the King wanted it?

Q: Did you find as some desk officers do that sometimes, "Oh, perhaps say you might want to read this article in the newspaper or you might want to talk to this Congressman," or something like that?

HORAN: I tried sometimes but I thought I might in the end just screw things up. I spoke to John Root about this once. He said, "Hume I'll tell you a story." He had met with the Moroccan ambassador after one of the big foreign embassies had hosted a three-ring reception. All over the "Style" section of the Post. The Ambassador asked John: "Look at the guest list! All kinds of very important people, you know, from the Senate and Defense Department, and captains of industry!" Then he asked, "How much do you think I'd have to pay these people to get them to come to MY next reception?" John tried to explain the importance of outreach, developing contacts, etc. But to us it showed that many Arab diplomats did not know how to work the DC scene. They were, in a sense, lousy "Desk Officers" for their country.

Q: This is always the thing. Some countries knew how to play the Washington game which is a complicated game. It is not an easy one. Congress, the media, the NSC, the Pentagon and the State Department probably ranks about fourth or fifth there.

HORAN: The Tunisians were about the best of the Arabs, and the Jordanians. But the Tunisians did their own little dance. They were able to avoid the anti-Israeli shuffle.

Q: Were there any sort of issues that came up during this time?

HORAN: Military sales, base negotiations. Base negotiations went on and on and on. I'd draft position papers, clear them with the Pentagon and all around. We'd authorize the Embassy to propose a bi-national committee to review the Wheelus question. Prolonging the agony, I sometimes felt.

Q: But also the King was still alive.

HORAN: The King was still there. He was our ace-in-the-hole.

Q: But some bad indicators were there.

HORAN: You bet! Libya, we saw, could not remain immune from Arab nationalist currents - but we hoped that with our good footwork, they might just wash over our heads. I once said to John, "As Country Director, you're like the man who with a broom handle, holds a glass water against the ceiling. You're a success if that glass is still there when your replacement shows up. You solved nothing, but the glass at least didn't fall." John was lucky. I was less so, because the glass came down September 1, 1969.

Q: Were you still on the desk in September, `69?

HORAN: Yes. I still had about a month to serve as Desk Officer. I'll not forget the day. It was Labor Day. I was visiting my parents in Gloucester, Virginia. They had a nice house of the Ware River. I was standing on the dock, about to dive into the water, when Mother called: "Hume, you have a phone call from Washington." It was one of the desk officers. He asked: "Hume, you've heard about the coup in Libya?" I had not. He said, "You had better come back to Washington." That was the beginning of three or four weeks of scrambling to explain why we REALLY had seen the coup coming all along, and why we didn't know squat about the coup leader. As I've mentioned, we knew of some coup plotting, but had no info at all on Qadhafi and his co-plotters. That month, I often spent the night on my office couch.

Q: During the time you were there, how about the reporting from the embassy?

HORAN: The best - except that the coup surprised us! Alan Lightner had produced good reporting, but put together David Newsom as Ambassador, Hermann Eilts as DCM - to be succeeded by Jim Blake, you had one hell of a combination of leaders! Hermann was to Foreign Service reporting, what the Caterpillar tractor is to earth movers. I remember going to Tripoli to fill in for the Political chief. Hermann came into my office and said, "Our monthly political summary is about due. I know you're busy, so I'll jot something down and you take a look at it." In less than two hours, he returned with a dozen beautifully dictated pages, perfectly summarizing everything political that had happened in the last month. I personally felt that kind of reporting was a waste of our time, and Washington's too. But it was an amazing tour de force. Was the reporting, though, perhaps, too copious? Might the Embassy have done better to flood the streets and cafe's with curious young Arabists?

Q: When the coup came, was there the thought of there goes the airbase? I mean was that pretty much how everybody's reaction?

HORAN: Yes. And yes again. There was a lot of interest all the way up to the top of the ladder as to "Who lost Libya?" "Here we have a huge U.S. base in the West of Libya, a huge British base in the East, agents galore, and then some Company-grade officer pulls this kind of a stunt!" Whenever it emerges from FOIA, the Information Memorandum from AFN will be seen as a minor classic. It almost made the overthrow of Idris sound like one of our successes! I worked hard all one night on the first draft. It got some very professional editing in the AF front office. It was a very fine apologia - an explanation why even the best policies cannot preclude the unforseen.

Q: You say it was not just your work.

HORAN: No. In the final product, maybe 40% was Hume Horan. The State Department was mopping up after itself.

Q: I would imagine that and obviously it would be a major reaction because Libya was two things, one was oil, which probably would keep coming anyway, but the base was the major thing. How did the Pentagon take this, and prior to this, I mean were the powers that be at the Pentagon seeing the handwriting on the wall?

HORAN: DOD was more shocked than State. What you might expect. Then there were some bad surprises. Qadhafi's coup kicked over a log, that had been reposing undisturbed for 25 years. Lots of things crawled out from under. A senior Air Force officer flew a treasure of jewels to Europe for the Royal family. Some members of the Palace crowd also got out of Libya the same way. A civilian employee of Wheelus got caught trying to smuggle some Libyan Jews out on U.S. aircraft as "Musical instruments." The Arab media were delirious at these revelations.
Note: but there is one point that must be emphasized. Qadhafi had the advantage of speed and surprise. But his greatest asset was King Idris's passivity. For several days after the coup, the final outcome was uncertain. People were watching to see what the king - vacationing in Turkey - would do. I'm convinced that if he had said straight out, "I'm on my way home and you can be sure I'll deal with that whippersnapper Qadhafi..." many of Qadhafi's supporters would have deserted him. The King had many potential assets - but he was passive. Qadhafi had few assets - but he was active. After two or three days of royal indecision, you could feel the wind shifting. Afterwards, as a general principle, I decided U.S. interests were safer with someone in a weak position - who was a fighter, than someone in a strong position - who was not. You can't fight something with nothing.

The King was tired and old and somewhat bored with power. Maybe he thought of the kalila wa dimna story about the frogs and the stork? "My ungrateful people don't find king flog very exciting? Okay, let them try King stork..."

Q: This is also the tail end of the Administration, wasn't it? I mean the beginning of a new administration.

HORAN: Yes, '68. That's correct, LBJ perhaps.

Q: Well did Libya enter at all into the Washington concentration on Israel and all that?

HORAN: You always tried to keep the Libyan issue separate from the mis-named "Middle East Peace Process." We just wanted Libya to keep out of the headlines, pump oil, and allowing our NATO training flights out of Wheelus. The *Zeitgeist*, though, was not helping! We were lucky to hold on as we did.

Q: Well when you left there in '69 with this, there was still, Wheelus was still...
HORAN: It was all over but the shouting. The airbase was closed. We were at the stage of "Women and children first...do we have enough life vests to go around?"

Q: What was our reading of the Qadhafi group?

HORAN: We knew practically nothing about them. They had never been our contacts. The Agency and the British, same thing. The British had their base and contacts up to the eyebrows. We couldn't even find the training record of Qadhafi when he was in Michigan or Wisconsin someplace. Qadhafi was a sort of mystery, but with his obsession with Nasser, a father-figure, we knew we were in for serious trouble. They threw Charlie Dunbar, our Political Counselor, out of the country. They arrested our wonderful senior FSN, Mohammed Salah, and kept him in jail for months. Later David Newsom brought him to the U.S., and found a job for him with USIA. About that time I turned the job over to Rocky Suddarth, who was coming in from Mali, perhaps.

Q: Did we feel at the beginning that this, I mean Qadhafi was not necessarily at that point seen as being necessarily the top dog was he?

HORAN: That's right, yes.

Q: I mean we were looking at this as sort of an Egyptian thing where you know Naguib or whoever it was, was sort of the general in charge and pretty soon Nasser rolls.

HORAN: Yes. Yes. Everyone wondered if this signals officer could really pull something like this off. It must be the Egyptians behind the scenes. I think the Egyptians were as surprised as we were. I think it was just a group of local *illumines* who just said "What the hell! Go for it!" They were a small group but they made up in organization and speed and decisiveness what they lacked in tanks, airborne all that stuff.

Q: Well, when you left the Libyan desk, where did you go?

HORAN: A great change! What a treat! Gabe Paolozzi, my career counselor - a former political officer in Tripoli - called me to say, "Hume, you have been selected as a Congressional fellow. Your training program starts the end of September." I had three weeks of lectures and studies and stuff at the Brookings Institution. Then I was free to wander the halls of Congress, looking for a Senator and a Congressman who would take me into their offices. With a boost from Harry MacPherson, I got myself placed with Senator Edmund Muskie (Democrat) in the Senate for three or four months. After that, I joined the office of Brad Morse (Republican) of Massachusetts. Great people both of them. I applied to their offices, because I admired the men and what they stood for. I'd figured early on, that to work in an atmosphere as "personal" as the Hill, you had to be on more or less the same wavelength as the principal. Otherwise the true believers on the staff would sniff you out. Freeze you out, even.

Muskie's and Morse's staff were all great. You know, you can tell a lot, right away, about the principal, by the personalities with whom he chooses to surround himself. The staff act to magnify their boss's salient traits. Teddy Kennedy's staff - lots of women - had big hair, bee-stung lips, and a distracted, off-hand manner. "Should I have gone around to the tradesman's entrance?" I wondered. Muskie had a great team. I think of Don Nichol and

Jack Whitelaw, Jane Fenderson, and Lee Enfield. People would go shoulder to shoulder to protect and help the Senator.

Q: What was your impression of Senator Muskie at that time?

HORAN: Oh, what a man! Tremendously human, curmudgeonly at times. It was never, though, an ad hominem anger. He'd be letting off steam. You never had the feeling he was impugning you. I'd think: Here's a man with alligators all around him. He's tired, his back hurts, and sometimes he's got a right to be grumpy."
Q: Don Nichol is coming to see me next week.

HORAN: Is that so.

Q: He is doing an oral history on Senator Muskie.

HORAN: My goodness. Don was a divinity student at one point, and he ran that office so well. I'm getting ahead of myself, but later, when I was in Amman during "Black September" the State Department never let my family know what was happening. They'd see scary TV footage, but heard not a formal word from State. Don Nichol would pick up the phone every couple of days and call home and report: "I just wanted to let you know the Embassy is still under siege but no Americans have been hurt." What a *mensch*! Please give him my admiring regards.

Q: What did you do for the Senator?

HORAN: When I interviewed, I said I wanted to get an idea of the meat-and-potatoes of a Senator's domestic work. So Don had me do some constituency work - the widow's Social Security check was missing, the EPA was too hard on a poor island family's waste disposal, things like that. He also had me accompany the Senator on his re-election campaign. I'll never again be served such lobster stews! I did some speech writing. One, on foreign aid, got the Senator an admiring comment from a "New York Times" editorial. I did a lot of odd jobs - drove the Senator around, picked up laundry, delivered messages home. Like being pol officer in Baida! In Muskie's office everyone pitched in as needed.

I provided some input on foreign affairs. The Senator was on the SFRC, and when he'd get ready for a trip, I'd call the State Department and ask the Desk Officer to send me some briefing materials. I wouldn't identify myself as an FSO. Alas! I found the State Department sluggish, timorous, unresponsive, and just a pain. Q: "Where are the materials we were promised last week? The Senator leaves in two days!" a: " Well, you know, somewhere around here, we're looking. A clearance from PM has been held up..." I'd often go over and get the info myself!" I thought if this is the way they treat senators, with a mixture of servile hauteur, no wonder we have problems with the Hill! And even when I'd get an answer, the manner suggested, "Who's this guy with his dirty shoes walking on our rug?" That puts it far too strongly, but I was not impressed by...

Q: Unfortunately, I just talked with someone who went through Congressional liaison course for a couple of days. a group went over to Congress, and Congress was bitching, we are talking in the year 2000 that State wasn't responding, we had the worst record of responding in the government.

HORAN: One perhaps shouldn't be too hard on the Desk Officers. Congressional Relations should get a lot of the blame. Congress wants answers. It wants answers FAST. And can always tell when the spin is being put on them. So they write a letter to the State Department. The Desk Officer quickly drafts a plain, workable response. It then bounces around, clearances galore, and when the final bit of mush comes out, it's a dollar short and a day late. Once, when I was on the Libyan desk, I got a call from a staffer who had a question. "Should I send it over as a 'Congressional'?" he asked. I said, "Hang on a second." I put down the phone, checked the files, and gave him the answer. He was surprised and satisfied. That was not how the Department wanted us to do business. They were always afraid we'd somehow give away something we shouldn't, or say the wrong thing. The assumption from "H" was that FSOs were just a bunch of Malprops waiting to happen. Also, they liked the power that came from manning the exits of the Department's correspondence. I think we could get rid of "H" altogether.

Q: "H" would be the Congressional liaison.

HORAN: Yes.
Q: I have heard this. It protects itself but it doesn't want to do anything.

HORAN: It doesn't. They have no authority at the State Department because they are not Foreign Service people. They have no authority with the Congress because they are not elected officials. Everyone knows they are just mouthpieces, trying to pull Congressmen around by the nose. But Congressman know exactly when they are being manipulated, and they don't like it. I think it would be much better to get rid of "H" and just let the chips fall where they may. Some of our people will screw up - but all in all we'd be better off devolving the authority for Congressional responses to the Bureaus themselves. Again, we might make mistakes, but the answers would be quicker, professional, and not sound as if they were drafted by one of King Xerxes' scribes.

Q: Well then whom did you work for in the House?

HORAN: Bradford Morse, a very liberal, very dynamic, Republican from Lowell. Never still, he was always vigorous, ebullient. I remember him late for a dinner: changing suits, hopping around his office on one foot. He had one leg in his trouser leg and the other he waved about, as he called to his AA, Tim Rothermill: "Tim is the car ready, is the car ready? I can't be late!" He'd lose his balance and fall over on the couch! He was such a good man, very strong on foreign affairs. He was on the Africa subcommittee, and really on the side of the Angels. He liked the State Department. He had his reservations about us, but he thought our mission was very important to America. Brad, of course, later became the head of the UNDP. I was with his office a shorter time than with Muskie. The

Middle East was heating up, and the next job was knocking on the door. Brad asked me if I'd want to stay on with him. I was really flattered, and tempted.

Before I left, he gave me a little silver bowl inscribed N.E.F.G. The initials stood for "Not Even for God." There was a story that he was campaigning in one of these six level old mill buildings and asked his chief AA - a very robust Irishman - to go back down to the car and get something for him. The AA: "Brad, not even for God would I go back down those six flights of stairs, and up again" But he went. A few days later, Brad gave him the first of the N.E.F.G. bowls!

Q: Why didn't you stay?

HORAN: I gave the offer some real thought. But for one, there was very little stability or security in a staffer's job. You're alright as long as your man keeps winning, or keeps liking you. Nor did I care much for the passionate devotion, the personalism that linked a lot of Congressional staffers with their bosses. The relationship transcended loyalty. In some cases - especially among the many able young women on the staffs - the relationship approached adoration. I just didn't feel comfortable - as an adult - hero worshiping anybody. If I was going to hero worship something, and that sounds corny, I wanted to hero worship the United States of America. Not just look upwards into the divine face of my Congressman or Senator - excellent though they were.

Q: Well then, whither, this would be 19 what early '70?

HORAN: That spring I began to think about my next assignment. Pete Spicer was head of assignments for NEA. He had been a desk officer for Morocco when I was in AFN. He called and said there were Political Chief jobs available in both Algiers and Amman. I said they both sounded good, and he gave me a day or two for reflection. At first, I was inclined to Algiers. I had read a lot on the Algerian war: George Buis, Thadee Chamski, Francois Denoyer - even Jean Larteguy! And Algeria had had a genuine revolution, not one of these bourgeois- Yasser Arafat- salon- debating society- revolutions. It offered the prospect of Arab radicalism and Arab nationalism at their most successful. Algeria was the only Arab nation that had not had independence handed to it. Algerians had suffered maybe a million killed. They had bought their independence with a high price. I thought, "They must be different from other Arabs." But I had a change of heart. Amman, it appeared, was becoming the next epicenter of Arab radicalism and the Arab-Israeli conflict. So I chose Amman.

Q: I think what this is pointing out is if you are an Arabist, your choices are often pretty hot. That is, in the Foreign Service euphemism, "challenging." Such posts get the adrenaline going, whereas if you are a Europeanist, unless you gravitate to the Soviet Union, what's the difference between the Hague, to Copenhagen, to Brussel, and then to Paris... The cuisine? I mean they are just not in the same certainly adventurous column.

HORAN: Oh, you are a million percent right. I was really torn. I heard that Algeria was beautiful.

Q: Hume, in the first place you were in Amman from when to when? I'd like to put this at the beginning.

HORAN: I must have gotten to Amman sometime in July, 1970. I was there until February 1972.

Q: What was the situation in Jordan when you arrived?

HORAN: It was almost as bad as it could be. Our military attaché had been assassinated a month before by one of the radical Palestinian groups - George Habash's PFLP, probably. They came to his house and shot him through the door. With that Amman became an unaccompanied post. We had already rented our house in DC. But the lessors, a Foreign Service family, were very decent. They let us tear up the lease. I went on to Amman, and the family stayed in Washington.

Life at the Embassy was like that in an embattled BOQ facility. The only effects you had were those in your suitcase. There was lots of violence. Bob Pelletreau, the junior Political Officer, was visiting the Intercontinental Hotel when the PFLP seized it. With great presence of mind and wit, Bob made his way down to the basement and escaped through an air duct. An assassination attempt on the mother of King Hussein, failed. The streets of Amman were full of "Guerrilleros," from one Palestinian faction or the other. All of them bristling with arms. "Miles Gloriosus"! They were terribly abusive. They would steal from trades people and give them a lot of lip. After they took over the Hotel, long-suffering businessman described them as "Abtal al Fanaadiq, wa laa al Khanaadiq." i.e., "Hotel heroes, not front-line fighters." The police didn't dare to intervene. They were of no consequence, and besides, many were also Palestinians. They found themselves pulled in two directions. The guerillas went out of their way to show disdain for the Army. The army, especially the East Bank combat units, were smoldering. At one point the King reviewed a tank unit and the lead tank commander rolled with a brassiere fluttering from his tanks's antenna. It was a very dicey time.

Q: This was when you arrived. What was sort of the thinking in Washington just before you got there, that Jordan was going down?

HORAN: Yes. All the indicators were downward. Nuri Said was long-gone, Naguib had been replaced by Nasser - who was blowing fire and brimstone across the Arab world, King Idris was history, and the PLO factions were the darling of Arab intellectuals and the Arab street. King Hussein was extraordinarily isolated. Washington wondered how could Hussein last, with half of Jordan's population being Palestinian, a hostile Syria to the North, an Iraqi tank division encamped at the Jordanian oasis of al-Azraq, and every Arab under 20 thinking him a stooge for Zionism and Western imperialism? Arabic is

wonderful for scurrilous invective. Some of the translations that we would get from FBIS Cyprus were just marvelous pieces of writing.

Q: Who was the Ambassador?

HORAN: Oh! One of the great officers of my, or any generation. L. Dean Brown. He arrived while all this was going on. We had had a chargé for a time. Dean just took over and electrified the entire staff. He was a great war leader. Irreverent, direct. His motto could well have been that of the Infantry School at Fort Benning: "Follow Me!" With Amman in turmoil, we needed a boss who made us feel we were safe with him. There would still be danger and risks, but you knew those risks were calculated. You felt your boss knew what he was doing. Dean was the always cheerful, irreverent, and often sardonic, "Happy Warrior."

A story typical of Dean: I get ahead of myself, but during the Embassy siege, the RSO and the gunny took advantage of a lull in the shooting, and one night - unknown to us - sneaked out into the garden. After days in the Chancery, the wanted to bathe with the garden hose. Some Palestinians must have noticed movement. Because hardly were our colleagues outside, than small arms fire poured into the garden. The Chancery's steel door was ajar! We slammed it shut...and only then noticed the Gunny and the RSO were not among us. The firing seemed to go on interminably. We feared the worst. But in a little while, after the shooting subsided, we heard a tapping on the door. We heard American voices. We opened the door a bit, and the Gunny and the RSO crept in. They were naked and covered with blood. But the wounds were not from ordnance. When the firing surprised them, they had both dived for shelter in the Embassy's luxuriant rose garden. They had burrowed down among the thorny stems! When Dean saw that the damage, though extensive, was superficial, he said to the Gunny: "I thought we were NOT supposed to promise you a rose garden!" I was saddened to read of Dean's death in the Washington Post's Metro section for Thursday, May 10. He'll always be one of my heroes. *Mais revenons à nos moutons [French: But back to the subject at hand...]...*

Q: So Brown was arriving...

HORAN: Yes, he came maybe three weeks or four weeks after I arrived. As I recall, we'd all gathered in the garden of the Residence for a ""Welcome to Amman" barbecue for Dean. It was also a welcome to Pat Powers, Dean's super-nice, efficient, and cool-headed Secretary. Right in the middle of the function, alarming messages began to come in. Four international passenger planes - from BOAC and TWA, and two other airlines - had synchronously been hijacked by the PLO. One after the other they landed at "Dawson's Landing," a flat expanse of desert not far from Amman. Soon you had like 500 people broiling under the wings of airplanes, surrounded by fedayeen fighters, who were in turn surrounded by the Jordanian Army. In the end, all the passengers were able to leave. Did the Jordan government agree to release some PLO prisoners? That had been one of the hijackers' demands. My recollection is frankly unclear. But no one was killed or hurt. The Amcits, a number of whom were Jewish, got back to the U.S. in time for Yom Kippur.

Among them was an American teenager who had decked himself out in the uniform of an Israeli Army major! His mother did some vigorous explaining! The hijackers weren't punished. The Jordan Army was at the end of its patience.

Q: Did you get involved in the hijacking?

HORAN: You know, I am trying to remember. Everybody was doing something then. I must have written a lot of cables on the question. We didn't have secure voice with the States. We had secure teletype with our Embassy in Tel Aviv, but not with the U.S.

Q: I heard he had to go to the palace in an armored troop carrier or something..

HORAN: With yours truly. Yes, after the fighting had broken out. You know, sometimes your nose gets there before your brain. Every day, I'd go wandering around downtown, just to have the feel of the place. Talk to booksellers, small tradesmen I knew. But one afternoon everything was closed. Dead. It all looked and felt creepy. Ambassador Brown would hold a "sitrep" meeting each afternoon, around 5:00 p.m. I went to the meeting and said "Mr. Ambassador, I've been all over downtown. I've never seen the town look quite so silent, keyed up, ready to go. I think I'd better spend the night here in the Embassy." I had previously spent a number of nights in the office when things looked especially tense. You know, so that we didn't get cut off from communications and stuff. He said, "You're on target. We have just gotten word from the Palace that the Army is going to move against the Fedayeen early tomorrow morning." There had been a standoff with a new Prime Minister, an accomodationist. But faced with what looked to be a new ultimatum from the PLO, the King decided enough was enough. We spent that night in the Chancery and the next seven or eight days, too.

Fighting broke out the next morning. The firing at and around the Chancery was sometimes intense. The windows, shutters, and upper floors of the Chancery were just riddled with bullets. As my wonderful secretary, Liz Raines, was typing on the floor, a 20mm slug came through the window and ricocheted off her safe. It dented the steel. In the evenings, everybody slept on the ground floor, in an interior room, on a carpet of mattresses. Fetid. I'd quietly go upstairs and sleep on the floor in my office. We only had a little bit of water every day. Water was rationed. I used a little bit of my water to wash my collar and my cuffs. Every day I had my tie on. The whole Embassy found it humorous, in an affectionate sort of way: "Hume has got his stupid clean shirt on. His collar and his cuffs look just fine." I'd say, "Well, if I have got to work, I just like to look clean, even if I'm not."

Q: Tell me some more about security - Marine Guards, the Regional Security Officer, and the like Marine guards.

HORAN: Yes, the Marine guards - they were super solid. And the RSO, Pete Roche. Pete later that year received the Secretary's Award for Heroism..

Q: Regional security.
HORAN: That's right. The Fedayeen had gotten close to the Chancery. We had Jordan bedouin troops, the super-loyal Badiya, around the Chancery, inside the high sandstone wall. But the insurgents had fired incendiary rounds into the motor pool. Some cars were burning, and we were afraid of the gas tanks blowing up. If the fires had gotten to the cars that were parked against the Chancery back wall, we foresaw big trouble. So Pete ran out, and I was out there with him. We were moving cars away from the Chancery wall. Rounds kept coming in. In the end, the cars were all a safe distance from the Chancery wall. That Roche! a *mensch*!

Q: Well, go back just a bit. You talked about when the Ambassador presented his credentials.

HORAN: Oh yes. When the troubles broke, Dean had not yet presented credentials. Comsec was bad: the fedayeen had one of our radios - taken from our assassinated military attache. Sometimes the fedayeen would call on our frequency and boast about what they would do when they had seized Jordan, etc. But there was an abandoned Police Station near the Chancery. One night I sneaked over there - the line was working. I called the Palace, and they said: "All right, we want to get your Ambassador up here. Some people will come to the Chancery tomorrow. Be ready to go fast when they show up."

Anyway, the next morning, I was sleeping on the floor of my office and I heard the most God-awful racket coming. I mean there was firing all the time, but this was firing like I had never heard before. I remember crawling under my office table. Then the firing got even heavier and closer. I figured it was the Jordanians. I heard Dean say, "Horan, get your ass out here. I think this is the Union cavalry coming down the road." Down they came. They were not tanks, they were armored personnel carriers. They were firing with everything they had, suppressing fire. Dean said, "Move it. Move it!" And we ran downstairs. There was a Jordanian officer at the gate. Like many East Bank regulars, he looked like a real soldier. When they opened up that rear hatch, he actually threw Dean and me in. Off we went. Boom! Boom! Boom! Keeping people's heads down. The Chancery was in a "bad" part of town. But pretty soon we got to the Queen Mother's Palace - out of Indian territory. Here, the commanding officer asked "You want to take a picture of this moment, Mr. Ambassador?" So Dean stood chest-high out of the turret, and the officer took a picture of us - my head was at Dean's elbow. The photo became one of the next covers of State magazine. The officer, by the way, was Circassian and had relatives in Newark, New Jersey!

As we rolled on up to the palace, I kept thinking: "I hope we have a good breakfast." It was excellent. I remember orange juice, and sausages, and scrambled eggs. The Ambassador then presented credentials to the king. It was totally informal. Then we relocated to an AID building near the Queen Mother's.

Q: Did the king say anything about what was happening?

HORAN: And how! Yes! The King said, “Tell your government to stay with me, and I’ll stay with you. This is my country. I am going to win. The PLO is going to lose. My army loves me. Don’t worry. I will not do a Farouq on you Americans or on my people.” He clearly meant what he said, because just days before, the Syrians had invaded from the north, while the Iraqis were behaving menacingly at el-Azraq. At the time, we’d wondered whether Jordanians could handle threats from three fronts - in Amman, from Syria, AND from Iraq.

Q: Well, also the Israelis were cranking up to do something, too.

HORAN: You got it, you got it. This was contingency *numero uno [Spanish: number one]*. It was pretty clear that if the King looked to be going under, the Israelis would not allow a radical Iraqi-cum-Syrian-cum-Palestinian state to pop up on the West Bank. There was a lot of very sensitive traffic back and forth between us and the Israelis and the Jordanians as to who might do what if certain things happened. Some of these exchanges have surfaced recently in FOIA declassifications. There were some serious cards on the table. But in the event, the Jordanian air force and armor beat the Syrians, and kept the Iraqis in place. The Jordanian military was just better trained and led than its opponents.

Q: Well, how did the “Battle for Amman” go from your perspective, I mean what, this happened in September because it became known as Black September. It happened rather quickly?

HORAN: The fighting took about a week. It was very messy. The Jordanians didn't want to send their good infantry against the guerillas in the slums of Amman. They felt the urban geography would negate the Army’s edge in discipline and weaponry. So they led their assaults with armor, the infantry following close behind. Through field glasses you could see the tanks roll up toward some buildings. Lurch to a stop. Then the main battle guns would go, “BOOM!” and part of the buildings would collapse. Out would swarm some Palestinians. The tanks would chase them, firing machine guns, with the infantry also in pursuit. Once, after the Army had encircled a rebel neighborhood, they captured some 1500 guerilla from various factions. The Jordanian commander, and East Banker, addressed the group: "You Palestinians, now stand before me united as you never have been before."

There were atrocities. One night Palestinians raided a military hospital and killed many wounded Jordanian soldiers. There were situations where groups of Palestinian rebels were not read their Geneva convention rights and just vanished from the scene. But these were bad days. The insurgents had meanwhile murdered the mother of the King's uncle, and tried to assassinate the Army Chief of Staff. It was a time when no quarter was asked by or given to some of these combatants. The good guys won.

Q: Was the embassy at all the focus?
HORAN: Yes the embassy was in a terrible neighborhood. Lucky for us, the PLO didn’t have anything heavy. I guess a 20mm cannon was about the biggest they had. That wasn't

effective against solid limestone or sandstone walls. Mortar rounds did no damage to the roof - just messed up our transmission facilities.

Q: Were there any lesson you drew from your experience?

HORAN: Absolutely. Jordan was the reverse of Libya. The King's victory showed that it was not the size of the dog in the fight, so much as the size of the fight in the dog. King Hussein was a fighter, and we all knew - his Army knew - that if he went, it would only be feet first. He was a fighter, and Dean Brown was right there with him. They worked together like a pairs skating team. The King's victorious leadership helped us to shelve some contingency planning of a sort that you can imagine.

The King's victory showed me how important leadership was in a crisis. At the time, perhaps a majority of the East Bank population was against him - that is, the Palestinian element. The area conjunction of forces was also very bad. And yet Hussein won! After the Fedayeen had been defeated, he gave another great example of leadership. When the macroeconomists from the IMF and the World Bank came to see about rebuilding Jordan, the King was often absent. To the experts' consternation, he had scheduled military reviews at each Jordanian base. Rank after rank, he would walk through the formations, shaking each soldier's hand, thanking him personally for having stood by his King. These were very emotional occasions, I'm told.

Dean and Hussein had Similar Leadership Styles

Q: At the time, what happened to the Palestinian forces?

HORAN: They were disarmed, put in camps, and then sent to Lebanon - and we all know what they did there. It having turned out that the road to Jerusalem did not lead through Amman, they decided to try Beirut, instead.

Q: Was there any concern on, you know, the part of the embassy at all about them going, I mean within the diplomatic dispatch world or something, about what is going to happen to these guys?

HORAN: We knew many mad and radicalized Palestinians would be added to the refugees already in Lebanon. But the Jordanians did not want to hold them, and after some indecision, the Palestinians concluded Lebanon was their best alternative. Poor Lebanon! The weakest state in the area became a "floodplain" for Arab radicalism!

Q: How did Washington react?

HORAN: Washington was more than ready for a victory in the Middle East! Secretary Rogers came out in May of 1971. His visit celebrated a Jordanian victory - and at the same time an American one. There was also the hope, that with the defeat and expulsion of the PLO, the radical tide might have crested. Might we be about to turn a corner?

Secretary Rogers' visit came off well. I was control officer. The Jordanians just went ga-ga over him. There were foxholes around the airfield, and Dean said, "Hume, pick one out. And if the fedayeen deploy some mortar rounds...take cover." In the event that no serious crisis marred the visit. WE HAD WON THE BOWL GAME! There was a lot of room for mutual congratulations. I guess that had something to do with Dean going on to Under secretary for Management.

Q: What was Dean's background?

HORAN: He'd had a good war. Received a battlefield commission, after landing at Normandy. After joining the Foreign Service dealt with the collapse of the Belgian Congo and the birth of Zaire! What a time! "Mad Mike" Hoar, Patrice Lumumba, the Simbas, etc. Dakar was Dean's first Ambassadorship. Amman was next. Later of course, he went to Beirut after Frank Meloy and his Economic Chief were assassinated, same with Cyprus after Roger Davies' killing. Last, I guess, he handled the evacuation of Americans from Vietnam! a full helping of life!

Q: Well, what were you focused on after the Civil War ended?

HORAN: I was doing a fair amount of political reporting with military and political leaders, and officials in the Royal Diwan, that is, the office of the King's household. I even did some economic reporting on the reconstruction effort. The local Saudi Ambassador was an important figure on aid to Jordan, and he did not speak English. Contact with him thus fell to me. I recall the King had very little interest in discussions of the London Club, the Paris Club, reconstruction repayment schedules. It bored him, that sort of stuff. His eyes glazed over. He'd won the war. The excitement was over. The Palestinians had been dealt with, no more challenges of that sort. Grey, incremental, nation rebuilding did not engage his enthusiasm.

Q: Were we getting any indication that the king was having covert or whatever you want to call it, meetings with the Israelis and the...

HORAN: You know, I think now the public record shows that there had been a number of encounters between King Hussein and Golda Meier, and I would not be surprised if they had had a regular, secure means of communication with each other. There was mutual respect and regard between Mrs. Meier and King Hussein.

Q: How did you find when you were doing political reporting, was there a political movement that you could report on that was really trying to sound out what was happening you know in the court?
HORAN: Yes. All the radical Palestinian parties were gone. Left, was a large mass of Palestinians who were aggrieved and grumpy but not organized in any way. Then you had the Jordan Army commander, plus some of his very hard men - all East Bankers. They had close relationships with some American agencies. They were very helpful and cooperative. I saw a good bit of the head of the super-loyal Bedouin strike force, Major

General Habis al Majali. a very colorful, grizzled, desert warrior. He was credited with one of the rare Arab non-defeats during the 1948 war. He had successfully defended the "Latrun Salient." He died this May. Habis spoke no English, so I used to see him. I had friends in the court circle. That is where the power lay. There was always something for me to do - in support of Dean, but you know, it was the King and the Ambassador. In such times, important decisions quickly rise up to the top of the decision tree.

Q: Was there an appreciable diminution of the influence of Nasser and Nasser-ism during this time?

HORAN: Yes. Of course. He died that same month, but even by then he had shown himself to be ineffective. His place in people's hearts was still there, but "Nasserism" as a movement had been checked. The results were pretty depressing for the left wingers, Arab radicals. Poor Jamal! He was so like the Robert E. Lee, the Bobby Lee of Arab nationalism.

Q: What about Syria and Iraq? Did either of these go rumbling off in the sand or were they sort of distant thunder or was it a real concern?

HORAN: The Syrians had been thrashed by the Jordanians. Syria had sent its tanks in without air cover and were mauled by the Jordan Air Force. Jordan had put a blocking force between Amman and al-Azraq, where the Iraqis lay. Whatever the Iraqis intentions might have been, it soon became apparent that the moment had passed. Once the fighting was over, it was over.

Q: Well, then in February '72 whither?

HORAN: a bit of a fairy-tale story? I had been control officer for Secretary Rogers' May, 1971 visit. It was a very successful visit, you know. a big love in. All I did was work on the briefing papers, motorcades, and try to smooth out a packed agenda. I did a little interpreting at the State dinner for the Secretary. The Jordanians liked me. "Here's this *khawaja* (gringo) who speaks Arabic." This all by way of background.

Then one day Dean Brown called me in and said, "I have heard that Secretary Rogers passed down word to get Horan a good job." I said, "Oh!" Dean: "Yes, you're being considered for DCM in Jidda." Unbelievable! I tell you I wanted to dance on the ceiling. I was only an FS0-3.

Q: Equivalent to a colonel, or in today's Foreign Service, an FS-1.

HORAN: That's right, to go off to a place like Jidda, a big post, where Arabic was everywhere in use...that is the real hard core stuff. Dean said, "Well it is not set. You have to go and talk to Ambassador Thatcher and be interviewed by him. He is willing to have you come."

Q: Nicholas...

HORAN: Nicholas G. Thacher. a splendid wonderful human being, a wonderful ambassador. He and his wife, Caroline, "Beenie," were great. Role models of integrity and style, both of them. Of course while I was serving in Jidda, it was "Mr. Ambassador and Mrs. Thacher." Years later, when I visited them in San Francisco, they asked that I call them by their first names. At first, I could hardly get my vocal cords to work! But in February, early February, I flew to Jidda to be interviewed. He gave me the green light. I went back to Amman, packed up, and then we went to Jidda. I guess it was the end of February, 1972. I am very fond of the Thachers.

I got an excellent bit of advice from Ambassador Thacher. In discussing the DCM's job - he had been DCM in Tehran - he said to me `Hume, remember you are to be Deputy Chief of Mission of the EMBASSY. NOT Deputy Chief of Mission of the State Department component! Don't hover over the Political or Administrative Counselors - just because their activities may seem more familiar or congenial to you. If you must focus on something, let it be a part of Embassy work that you're less familiar with, or that frankly does not much interest you. You don't have to follow closely the issues you like and know. You'll do that automatically. Focus on the unfamiliar. Focus on the whole.

Q: We'll stop at this point but I wanted just a little housekeeping. What happened to the Amman Embassy. You must have had to do an awful lot of hole patching and all that.

HORAN: They were looking very hard for a new location for the embassy which they subsequently found. But as long as I was there we still limped around in the old messed up chancery. The new chancery, I guess it went up outside of Indian country up towards where the palaces are. That was a couple of years later - the pace at which FBO moves!

Q: Did your family join you?

HORAN: My family rejoined me in the summer of '71; they flew to Beirut and we drove to Amman. We were there for six months or so. Then off we went to Jidda.

Q: What about just something, how did you feel when we mentioned some of the others, you had gone through a very dangerous very trying period during the Black September. How did you feel the State Department and the U.S. government treated you and all having gone through this?
HORAN: Boy, you know, I was ecstatic at the though of going off as a DCM. The No. 2 political officer in Amman, Pat Theros, said that when I broke the news to him, "Your face looked like you'd just seen God." Pat later became out ambassador to Qatar. One of our very best Arabists. So how was I handled? Very well. I think everybody got a good job out of their Amman tour. Dean became Under-Secretary for Management.

Q: All right, well we will pick this up next time in 1972 when you are in Saudi Arabia.

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Today is Pearl Harbor Day, December 7, 2000. Hume, you were in Saudi Arabia from 1972 to when?

HORAN: 1977, a little over five years.

Q: What was your job when you went out?

HORAN: I was Deputy Chief of Mission, replacing Bill Stoltzfus.

Q: Well let's talk about Saudi Arabia 1972. Let's talk internally. I mean, this is your first time there, wasn't it?

HORAN: Correct.

Q: How did their system work and all?

HORAN: Anybody who talks about Saudi Arabia must emphasize continuity, especially by contrast with other Middle Eastern countries. Over the years, Saudi Arabia's system has experienced "*Sturm und Drang."* In the '50s and early '60s the future seemed to belong to revolutionary Arab Socialism - led by Nasser, the new Saladin, a few Royal Princes had even become converts. They flew to Cairo whence they made scurrilous broadcasts about the royal family. But when King Saud was forced from power by his brothers, and replaced by King Faisal, the country stabilized. Some of the popular pressures against the corrupt regime of King Saud diminished, because Faisal was a person of universally regarded probity. He managed to pull the royal family together and get things working better. So you had a widely respected king at the top and this gigantic royal family, say 5,000 princes then. I don't know, maybe 10,000 now or more. It wasn't so much a family as a political party that ran the country. Or you could say the family *was* a political party, and an extraordinarily efficient one. This multitude of princes of varying degrees constituted a network of trusted, well placed people throughout the country right down to the lowest `precinct' level. The impedance was zero. Information could flow through those channels of the royal family with a dazzling speed. An Embassy officer once remarked to an ordinary Saudi contact, "When is that King of yours going to drop his weird obsession he has about the Protocols of the Elders of Zion?" The very next day we got a call from the Royal Diwan saying, "You had better rein in Mr. so-and so if he wants to stay in the country." In 24 hours that news had made it to the top and back down again! So, one could say the country was run by a political party that was at the same time a family. Some experienced, competent senior Princes made up the "Central Committee." At the top there was a very astute, very well respected and admirable leader, King Faisal, who of course had a few blind spots like "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion."

Q: You might want to mention what the protocols of the Elders of Zion are. It was a Checka production, wasn't it? How the Zionists had a secret conclave and were going to

undermine the world. Hitler loved it. He used it; thumbed through. Henry Ford. It still surfaces.

HORAN: Actually, a fabrication done in the late 19th century by the Czarist secret Police. It blamed the Jews and Zionists for everything that was going wrong in Europe and the world - from the fall of Rome, to the Black Death, and so on! These things are like crabgrass. You can never eradicate them because they respond to something unwholesome in human character which is permanent and eternal. Hitler DID love it. Alas! So did King Faisal. Outside his reception room, he'd keep a bookshelf entirely filled with copies of "The Protocols..." At the end of every meeting, he'd say to his Protocol Assistant, "Have you given him THE BOOK? Get him THE BOOK!" And the poor pained looks of the protocol people! What could they do? They complied, although they knew what impact this crazed book would have on an American Congressman. As the king grew older he really did have a worse than blind spot for Jews, not Israelis, but Jews. When Congressman Leo Ryan of San Francisco called on the King, Faisal reminisced about visiting San Francisco in his youth. He liked the city, and especially the signs on stores which - with a gleeful cackle, he claimed said, "No dogs or Jews allowed." The Congressman, to his credit, only replied, "Your Majesty, if you were to visit San Francisco today, you would find it altogether changed." A good response. He didn't agree, God forbid! nor did he confront the King, nor let the matter just pass him by. Instead he laid down his own marker. Ryan was killed in Jonestown, a righteous Gentile.

Q: How about relations with the United States at that point?

HORAN: You know, again not too different from what they had always been - and were to be. Ambivalent. Saudis knew we were their last and best security guarantee, in a region where opponents were stirring up trouble in South Yemen. Of course they liked our military [sales]. They liked the commissions that royal princes got from these purchases. At the same time, while they wanted us there, they didn't want us to get too visible, too close. In various ways they tried to keep the American presence and the western presence in fact, from becoming too visible, from impinging too closely on the lives of Saudis themselves. a foreigner might live in Arabia for many years, enjoy a high standard of living, but still be only tangential to the surface of Saudi Society. It didn't matter whether you were an American or a Turk or a Muslim or Malaysian or Palestinian. Either you were Saudi or you weren't. Everybody who wasn't a Saudi was kept on the other side of a glass wall. That was a deliberate policy, to maintain cultural homogeneity, cultural stability within the Saudi system.

Q: How about the impact of foreign education on Saudis? In Cairo and the West? I am thinking the boys, but I guess some women went abroad, too.

HORAN: Some women got some education. The visible impact was slight. The reason is partly that Arab nationalism was making such a mess of itself that some of its cachet had vaporized. And the challenge of radical, Sunni fundamentalism had not fully arisen. More to the point, though, was the vast reintegrating pressure of family, tradition, and money

that returning U.S. graduates were exposed to. They might have been political science majors at the University of Michigan and dated lots of coeds, but when they came home, Saudi Arabia would overwhelm them, like an avalanche. If you had any funny notions you were pretty quickly disabused of them; your enormous family was there, leaning on you to conform. The carrots and the sticks were so evident that it usually didn't take very long at all for westernized grads to become rehabilitated to Saudi society. They could eat their cake and have it, so to speak. Whenever their home town got too oppressive, they could get into their private airplane and fly off to Nice or to Monaco or to San Francisco. Hisham Nazer, the able Minister of Planning, later Minister of Petroleum, was a wonderful smart guy. One of the earlier Saudi Ph.D.s, a real John Kennedy type. Very superior wife, also a Saudi. He said "In Saudi Arabia we live VERY comfortably. But when we need a change of atmosphere, we get in my Gulfstream, fly off to San Francisco. We do it a couple of times a year. First thing, we go to our house and put on some jeans. We drive around, or just walk along the street and go to a McDonalds, look in a bookstore and just enjoy being where we are like everyone else."

Rich Saudis always had a safety valve. I think the safety valve became a little bit less "safety" as more and more Saudis got a foreign education, and the amount of money to spread around became relatively less. But still, but the centripetal pressures of tribal society, links of blood and confession, remained strong. The rewards for going along with the system were considerable and the penalties for not going along, were swift, and considerable. Then when Saudis looked to their neighbors, they saw all these hungry wolves on the periphery. a "shoulder- to- shoulder" complex helped to unite Saudis.

Q: But what about the shopkeepers and all the, I am talking about other Saudis who were not in the first tier.

HORAN: Being a merchant was okay and quite a few of the merchants were Saudis - gold dealers, runs, Kuwait chests. But manual labor was not prized. You'd find it being done by Palestinians, by Turks, or by Koreans - who were being imported in large numbers. The largest single group was Yemeni. They were neighbors, and so could be chucked right across the border - as happened during Desert Storm. The presumption was that most Saudis belonged to a rentier class. Some were richer, some less rich. But there was usually a little something just for anybody who was a Saudi. At the Embassy, for instance, we had precisely one Saudi on the payroll. He was the Ambassador's driver, the only one. All of our other FSN's were third-country nationals.

Q: What about the role of women at that time. I mean when you were there before the Carter administration. First, how did you see the role of women there? Was it evolving, and two, did we get involved in it?

HORAN: I didn't see women. I would see black hooded figures floating along like nuns - you know, that flat. roller- bearing, walk down the street. Once I visited the women's university. The classrooms looked pretty modern, but the women received all their instruction via closed circuit television! They could not be in the presence of a man not of

their own family! Classes were a little like a quiz show. Like a call-in program. The coeds, could press a little button and ask the professor a question. His face would appear on the screen as he responded. There was no spatial connection between the women and their professors.

I visited one of the men's universities. It could have been a Pharaonic funeral mausoleum. The building was marvelous. Well built, over built in fact, lots of computer consoles and electronic things. This was in the early days, but they had what was the top of the line. There was also a library, a tiny one, not vastly bigger than my personal library at home. Nobody seemed to be doing much work. All the professors, pretty much all of them, were Egyptians and the like. Some of these Arab countries produced such a large excess of so-called teachers that they exported them for back hard currency. But what they also exported was sometimes not just technical knowledge, but extreme ideas which have been a problem for some Arab countries ever since.

At the secondary level, one woman ran an inspiring girl's school in Jidda for the children of privileged Saudis. She had good local contacts, and managed to win administration approval to a good academic curriculum plus physical training. King Faisal and his powerful wife had given their support to women's education, but in the main it was neglected.

Q: How about the women of the embassy, the American women?

HORAN: Women officers tended to be treated as honorary men. We had a couple of them. There was a woman in the political section, an attractive, physically very athletic woman, very nice. She would walk to the chancery. Her apartment was just off the campus. Well, one day she came running into my office and said, "Maybe they are going to PNG me." I asked: "What happened?" She said, "I was walking along the embassy wall, and this car with a couple of young guys was keeping pace with me. They were saying, `Oh, you are so beautiful, you want to get into our car...?"
Q: You were saying she was listening to this.

HORAN: They were giving her all of this patter. As she got right by the front gate of the Embassy, she picked up a brick and threw it right smack through the windshield. She then ducked under RR bar, and ran to my office. I got up and shook her hand and said, "You are the best. You don't have to worry, if those punks make any kind of reports, they'll be the ones getting into trouble in this society." Saudi misogynism does have its other side. You know, women are oppressed, but anybody who messes around with women...the system comes down on them, too. It is an underhanded even handedness.

Q: How about social life there? I mean in the first place, contact with Saudis, how did you do your business and sort of get to know people in informal get togethers and then just plain social life?

HORAN: I was lucky. Getting there in 1972, February of '72, Saudi Arabia had not yet achieved liftoff. It was rich but seen as somewhat sleepy. Before I left, Jidda was raised to Class 1. At the time, though, it was still a class 3 post. The few Saudis you got to meet had not yet been economically and socially transformed, as was to happen not too many years later. Some younger Saudis spoke English, but most were more comfortable in Arabic. Through my Arabic, I got to know a few socially. One later became the king's interpreter. a well-integrated personality. Balanced, lots of self-respect. His wife spoke no English. One evening he invited my wife and me out to a little fried chicken place on the road north of Jidda. The tables were screened off from each other by thick hedges. We had a really pleasant evening - just us two couples. Anyway, I did get to know a number of medium high level younger Saudis who became a little bit better than acquaintances. But I would say that most people's contacts followed the official lines of the tables of organization. You met your contact; you saw him; you came home; you did your report. That was pretty much it.

Q: What about, was living there I mean DCM was sort of responsible, has housekeeping chores which is the morale of the embassy and all that. You know all the married people, you are not allowed to have liquor. Your ties with the community are cut off. It is difficult for the woman as with your female officer to go out and go around. How did it work?

HORAN: Embassy women mostly lived on, or very near the compound. Once on the compound, it was like being in a small bit of southern California. The compound was 46 acres in size. Some 35 acres were devoted to recreation: a nine hole golf course, six tennis courts, three squash courts, a very nice pool, and a pretty good snack bar. There was a small commissary. The chancery had a theater that showed movies a couple of nights a week. Movie movies, not videos. Security was perfect. No one locked their doors. Children could play out of doors all year round. Schooling for American kids was indifferent, but very American. Sounds a little like Booth Tarkington, Penrod and Sam?

One woman said, "I really like it here. I have been here two years and have never been off the compound." She went on: “For some, compound life can be oppressive, but there are certain types of Americans, good colleagues and good workers, who shouldn't be pushed into becoming cross cultural communications experts. If they are doing a good job and they are happy and have got their collection of mugs from Embassies around the world, leave them alone. Let them know that you appreciate them. Make sure you include them in your social functions. Keep an eye on people to make sure nobody falls off of the platform. Come high Holy Days, Thanksgiving, Christmas...always make sure that everybody is included in something. That way people won’t sit around grousing, ‘No one cares, I’m just a second class citizen.’” She had a point.

I spent a lot of time drawing people out, but without trying to bully them. Me: “Are you going on the tour to the University?” a: “No, I don't want to go to the university. It’s hot and smelly.” Me: “You may be right. See you at the Marines’ barbecue!”
I was, by the way, the ex-officio president of the Recreation Association, also known as "The Dunes Club." It actually had a big budget. That was a key role in the social life of

the community. As president of the only place in town where you could play squash, tennis, or golf, in mixed company, a lot of people wanted to join. Americans were admitted, and most foreign diplomats.

Morale was high. Inspectors came through. They said, "The post is pretty happy. People are making good money, 25%. They are safe. Housing is good. Creature comforts are available, and as long as you don't look much beyond the walls of the Embassy, you can pretend sometimes that you are not in Saudi Arabia." So it was a satisfying kind of place. Excellent for small children: I should know, as our youngest, Ted, was born at the Raytheon-operated Air Defense hospital nearby. Quite a few people extended for a third year. Partly again because life was okay, and the money was good.

Q: What about the foreign community, other embassies and all? How important were they from your perspective as far as wiping out the...

HORAN: My chères colleagues. You have got to be careful not to assume that because so and so is a foreigner, he doesn't know anything at all. I would see a lot of these foreign diplomats socially. Some of them were very affable. The British were good. The sad thing was that their brains exceeded their brawn. Their time in the region had passed - but they brought to their jobs a background of experience and personal education that made them valued colleagues. Other diplomats had “niche” positions. The Korean, Italian and German ambassadors knew a lot about construction. In their contacts, they’d follow the main lines of their business. Not synoptic. I always made a point, though, of trying to give everyone full value. You must avoid giving the impression that: “Oh, because I am an American, you know, I know everything, and then you, you poor..., of course, know nothing.” It is the lion and the mouse. You never know who might be helpful, when. So, you always try to be gentlemanly with your colleagues. But I rarely dropped my glass on the ground and said, "Wow! I have never heard that story before!" Socially, most of my diplomatic colleagues were nice. But idle. Diplomacy is a lazy man's profession unless you are in just two or three foreign services. There were a lot of pleasant, cheerful people who had lost out on Geneva or to Buenos Aires or Tokyo, and found themselves in Jidda. I think of a Baron from one of the Northern European Embassies. He couldn't wait to get out. He counted the minutes. He was pleasant. He was fun at parties. He would dance with the women. Some people got a little too close to the European diplomatic circuit! I'll tell you, the things they would come up with! “Idle hands...”and that sort of thing.

Q: Well then, looking at Saudi Arabia in its neighborhood in '72, did you see any problems of the neighborhood?

HORAN: It is a terrible neighborhood. You shouldn’t have the fanciest house on your block. And there were the Saudis, in this giant glitzy glass house, having for neighbors resentful Egyptians, radical Iraqis, ultra-radical South Yemenis, a suspect Yemen - with twice Saudi Arabia’s population. Thank heavens for Jordan, a little buffer state! Otherwise the Saudis would be face to face, eyeball to eyeball, with the Israelis. But they

certainly loathed Jordanians, always suspecting the Jordanians were harboring irredentist aspirations.

Q: This is going back to the Arab revolt.

HORAN: That's right, after which King Ali of Hejaz was driven out of Arabia out by King Abdul Aziz. In 1926, I think. The British, who owed him, then seeded the area with his children. One became King of Iraq, the other, Amir of Jordan - Hussein's father. The feeling among the Saudis was that the Hashemites, resplendent in their 1400-year family tree, were just waiting for their chance to make a comeback. And as for the Jordanians, their bad luck preyed on their minds. There they were, poor but proud - and looking south, knowing they had missed the greatest historical boat since Noah's. As soon as they left Arabia, oil was discovered!

Politics and economics dictated that the Jordanians go to the Saudis, again and again, begging bowl in hand. And again - at the dictates of politics - the Saudis would usually come through with the bare minimum, and in a manner as galling as possible to the noble Jordanians. We were often midwives in these fund raising drives. I recall how once we were trying to persuade the Saudis to buy Hawk Missiles for Jordan. King Hussein himself agreed to come down and make the pitch. What an arrival scene! I was off to one side, but watched as the King and his chief of staff, Major General Zayd bin Shakir, deplaned. They were both beautifully tailored, idealizations of the British Army. Waiting for them was the Crown Prince, and a number of senior princes - who seemed to be bent, toothlessly, over their shepherds' crooks. Only kidding. But as I watched these bronze, arrogant Jordanian warriors coming down, I thought, "Couldn't they have worn some kind of Arab dress? I thought I could see Jordanians sneer. The Saudis glare. The visit was a complete washout, no money at all. But you have to give the Saudi credit. Their neighborhood was awful. Yet they managed to preserve their balance on a rolling deck. Where're the Shah and the Royal family of Iraq, now?

Q: What about, well, let's get to relations in '72. For the United States, did we just, how did we deal with the Israeli issue?

HORAN: The Saudis did not see themselves as a front line, confrontational state. We would raise issues and they'd say, "Look, take that up with the Egyptians. Take it up with the Jordanians, all the people who signed that Rhodes armistice in 1949. We are just bystanders. Don't get it on us." To the extent that we asked them to do anything positive on our behalf, the most we could ever expect is inactivity. The Saudis are masters of inactivity. Anything they didn't want to do, you felt you were walking into a mountain of warm cotton candy. You would never get a flat 'No,' just nothing would ever happen. In some areas they'd help. But if it ever meant Saudi Arabia getting out in front or even getting alongside other regional powers, you could forget it. We were always nudging and pushing, nudging and pushing. But they did their best to maintain a kind of firewall between themselves and issues which they knew could be very de-stabilizing.

One of the areas in which we were disappointed, was their lack of support for UNRWA - the Palestinian's relief agency. Once, on instructions, I went to see Foreign Minister Prince Saud, to ask for more help toward Palestinian relief. The Prince said, "Look, you created the problem; you solve it." Did that reply bother me! I said, "Your Royal Highness, that is really not an acceptable answer." I asked him to imagine what would happen if a disaster drove half a million Canadians to the USA. Did anyone think that 40 years later, we'd still have them confined to refugee camps? Without citizenship or work permits or access to the broader society? I said one heard Arab leaders extolling the cause of their Palestinian brothers. But more tangible help to the Palestinians was usually lacking. The Prince listened non-committally. No more money, though.

Q: How were relations with Kuwait?

HORAN: Wary - the same as with all of the sheikdoms of the Gulf area. The ruling families of the Gulf were structured in a mode similar to, or at least familiar to the Saudi Arabia. They were on the whole, conservative. The Kuwaitis could also claim credit for having given Abdul Aziz refuge when his family was driven out of Riyadh by the Rashid Alis. That being said, however, there was this ingrained tendency of Arab dynasties to find fault with one another. The Gulf rulers, moreover, were on the Persian Gulf littoral. They were part of the regions's maritime economies. Saudi Arabia, on the other hand, was a large insular, pastoral, high desert, continental society. The Saudis were made uneasy by the cosmopolitanism of their small neighbors. These were seen as congenial, but potentially unreliable, who because of their location and their involvement in the greater world around them, were exposed to developments that might someday worry the Saudis. Of especial concern to Riyadh, were the oppressed Shiites in Bahrain - whose discontent might spread to the Shiites of the Eastern Province, and the large percentage of guest workers throughout these statelets.

And so with the exception of Qatar, which really *was* quite close to Saudi Arabia, the ruling family there being cousins of the Abdul Azizes, the Saudis kept a watchful eye on their Gulf neighbors.

Q: What about internally, in the first place you came out of Jordan where the Palestinians had played a major role. You saw Palestinians in Saudi Arabia. I would have thought that the Saudis would have been cutting down on Palestinian participation and all.

HORAN: The Palestinians were very quiet, very circumspect, never looked up, never made eye contact. They knew that just the slightest peep and they would be out of that country. They had a substantial position in the economic life of the country, but they were all on notice that if you get out of line, you get your one way ticket. And it is a one way ticket to Gaza or someplace like that which is not a real vacation spot. Palestinians were very quiet. One had a number of friends among the Palestinians, but they were all pretty chastened because they could see what had happened just up to the north.

Q: Egypt?

HORAN: Egypt? One didn't see too much of the Egyptians. I didn't - the Saudis would not have been much in favor of it. Our ambassador saw the Egyptian ambassador a number of times, but Saudi-Egyptian relations on matters of substance were dealt with at a higher- than- Ambassador level. The Saudis were always watchful, always on guard with regard to the Egyptians. They remembered that in 1819, Ibrahim Pasha overthrew the Wahhabi state and destroyed its capital, near present-day Riyadh. You can see the ruins today. The Egyptians were kept at an arms length. But not provocatively so, the Saudis always would cross the street to avoid antagonizing or irritating. They just wanted to maintain a highly aerodynamic position, flat against the ground, in a region where the winds could reach hurricane force.

Q: You were there during the October wars, '73. How did that affect relations there? I mean what was the effect of the October war?

HORAN: The October War was really the turning point of my assignment in Arabia - a turning point also for Saudi Arabia. Ambassador Nicholas Thatcher had left Jidda a month or so earlier. I was chargé when the war broke out. Jim Akins was actually in transit, heading for Arabia. Tensions in the area were high and rising as it appeared. once again, the Arabs would be beaten. The "street" was getting restless. Radio Cairo plied its whip, "A weapons air bridge from the USA is striving to save the Zionist entity...!" It's like watching a pot of water heat up; eventually it comes to a boil.

The only good news was that the Royal Diwan passed word to me that the war and our government's actions, wouldn't alter their willingness to receive our new Ambassador. I sent a Flash precedence message to Ambassador Akins - I think he was still in Vienna - saying in effect, "You are still welcome. Get here ASAP." Jim afterwards said he was very glad to have gotten that message. He'd recalled that in 1967, our Ambassador had arrived in Cairo just as *that* war broke out. He never presented credentials, and eventually returned home.

In the event Jim arrived. It was a very eventful Ambassadorship for him and an exciting time for me. Jim was confronted with the Saudi oil boycott. The world price of oil maybe quintupled, our gas lines were long, and rage at the pump common. The Saudis were motivated partly by area politics. They had to show they were willing to deploy the only weapon they had in favor of the Arab cause. But also, they wanted more oil money for themselves. Previously, they'd sell the oil to Aramco at maybe four or five dollars a barrel. Then ARAMCO would refine the oil abroad and sell the processed product at a much higher net price than what the Saudis were receiving. All the "value added" so to speak, accrued to ARAMCO's parent companies.

What with the new oil prices, Saudi Arabia found itself deluged with money. It now held a leading position in world energy and finance markets. Saudis came under vast pressures. There seemed almost to be a shuttle service for senior Americans between

Washington and Riyadh. Richard Nixon came to Riyadh on his last State visit. The Secretary of the Treasury, Tom Connally, came. Every couple of weeks, Jim would host a CODEL of senators or congressmen. They all wanted to see the King, Oil Minister Yamani, discuss the boycott, energy policy, and "how could they help the Saudis responsibly place their windfall millions." Ideas were not in short supply. Almost daily, the Saudis were treated to performances by some of the fastest talking, often most respected men on the world economic scene. '73 was a real watershed.

Q: What was your impression of how the Saudis dealt with this?

HORAN: The Royal family's muffled organizational style, its habit of holding things close to their chest, moving very slowly, listening - but speaking little, was you might say, "adaptive." In the past, there had never been a problem in the Saudis' ability correctly to apprehend their world. It was a world where one walked carefully. This turtle-like approach to the world continued even after the money started pouring in. I'd say they withstood the shock of countless billions of dollars being lavished onto their country with fantastic success. Look around you: Nigeria, Venezuela, Gabon, the USSR! Money did not scour away the foundations or identity of the kingdom. It did not disrupt the cohesion of the Royal family - rather the opposite. Lots of money was wasted - always happens in a boom. Consider our Mauve Decade. But what matters is that the Saudis remained Saudis. There is something tenacious and gritty about being a Saudi. It was perhaps just as well for the kingdom that its national character had been formed over decades of challenge and adversity.

"Throughput" was a problem. Here was a country with vast needs, vast resources, having to manage its development through a bureaucratic "needle's eye." Getting things done, though, was more of a concern for foreign visitors than it was for the Saudis. If the foreign contractor didn't want to come back three times, didn't want to wait two more weeks in a hideous hotel...Tough! Shows he was not really "Sincere" in the first place. There are other contractors out there. The Saudis would not be rushed; they would not be hurried. They wanted to continue to deal with issues in the Saudi way and at the deliberate Saudi pace. They'd say: "Yes, yes, yes, we know, and thank you for your advice. We probably do come to you Americans the most for advice, but in the end, thank you, we will make our own decisions." I'd say the Saudis were very well served by their natural caution, their conservatism, their skepticism about the good intentions of almost all the people who came to them offering to sell them snow mobiles and God knows what. Anything, anything! Every four-flushing, mountebank in the world was at their door, along with our first-string, first-rate military-industrial giants, such as Bechtel, and the Corps of Engineers.

Q; Well, when you get into a situation like this, did your economic people do a certain amount of sorting out as to who is a solid person and who isn't.

HORAN: Very good question, because we are supposed to represent all Americans. We're not to relay information that Ms. So-and-so is a "double-dyed, belly crawling

crook." How to separate these fly-by-nighters, from the Browns and Roots, the Gibbs and Hills? The Saudis knew they couldn't plumb all the project proposals before them. They'd come to Jim and say, "Look we have always been friends. We are entitled to your best opinion on these offers. And please don't give us this eyewash about `They are all American firms so they are all good.'"
Jim came up with an inspired idea. The USG had no way of addressing the needs of countries that from a development standpoint needed our aid, but who from a financial standpoint could not qualify. Through his contacts at the Palace, at State, and at Treasury, he set up our "Joint Economic Commission," or JECOR. JECOR was run by a Treasury representative. It operated like a streamlined AID mission - but its expenses were fully funded by the Saudis. It provided expert analyses and recommendations to the Saudis. JECOR was helpful to American business - it could assure them they would be dealing with a transparent, U.S.-style bid and offer system. Not all their recommendations went the U.S. way, either - this helped give JECOR a reputation for honesty and probity. The biggest companies and investment firms, of course, had their own ways of establishing their bona fides with the Saudis. They had ties with the royal family, they'd already have Princes on their side.

Q: Well now, in the first place, did you see a rise in the temperature or in the political temperature when the Egyptians and Syrians nearly seriously threatened the Israelis? And then what happened when it began to look like they were going to lose big, again, after the Egyptian Sixth army was encircled. Were the Saudis following this?

HORAN: Yes. There were sleepless nights in Riyadh because they knew that if the water got too hot, they'd be cooked. Should the war drag on, the Saudis knew attacks on the U.S. would mount. Saudi Arabia could be cast by its critics almost as a collateral participant. A long, inconclusive war could erode the foundations of Saudi stability. So what mattered to the Saudis was ending the war fast, almost without regard to the winner. An Arab win would be nice, to be sure. But in their heart of hearts, did they really want to see Egypt triumph? What kind of a world would that be? Whereas an Egypt that had been taken down a peg or two, that was licking its wounds from yet another military defeat? Then it would be "Oh, so sad! But here's a check for you!" And the Saudis would wipe away crocodile tears.

Q: Well, when the Saudis and the Arab world, particularly the Saudis were curtailing or cutting off oil supplies to the United States, what did we do?

HORAN: First, and providentially, the USA for once had just the right man on the scene. People often ask: "What do Ambassadors really do?" And too often - especially these days - the Ambassador can seem a clerkish, high-level employee of UPS. He just carries mail and packages, get receipts signed, and continues his daily runs. But Jim Akins in Riyadh was that rare thing: "An event-making" Ambassador.

Jim Akins' role was so historic because he was seen by the Saudis as a genuine friend - to a degree that some in Washington criticized, finding him excessively susceptible to and

sympathetic to speaking up for the Saudis. But he also used his “entree” clearly, relentlessly to pursue America’s interests. And at that time, our No. 1 policy objective was to persuade King Faisal to raise the oil embargo, and so moderate the price of oil to the U.S. economy. Whether talking to a Royal Prince, or to the Minister of Petroleum, Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, Jim would not let go. He once said that to deliver a message to the Saudis you have to deliver it again and again. The first few times, it just evaporates!

I will never forget one audience Jim had with King Faisal. Jim had taken me with him as note-taker. Jim's Arabic was very good, but this time he spoke in English, and the very able royal interpreter - one of my friends - turned his remarks into Arabic. The King understood English quite well, of course, so he got the Akins’ message twice. Jim liked to have me there taking notes, because we, too, would get two versions of the discussion. I’d hear the King’s remarks in Arabic, and then hear the English translation. The issue was important, and this practice produced a more nuanced MemCon.

Jim it was extraordinary. He wouldn’t stop pushing the need to raise the embargo. I thought of Abraham, again and again going back to the Lord for an easement on behalf of the Cities of the Plain. “Behold, I have taken it upon myself to speak to the Lord. Suppose (only) twenty are found there?” Each time the King would in a typical, muffled way, say,”No.” And each time Jim would return to the point. He wouldn't stop. I could see the King was getting tired, and also tiring of the discussion. The interpreter, a senior person in the royal household, had never seen the King in effect, manhandled by a foreign Ambassador. Sweat was popping out on the interpreter’s brow. I myself thought: “How much farther can Jim push before something breaks?” But Jim just kept worrying the King. He would not let go. It was a totally daring performance. Jim had laid his career on the line. The meeting, however, produced a breakthrough. The embargo was lifted.

Jim knew he was risking a quick and permanent return to CONUS. But he was able to speak as he did - and be listened to as he was - because the Saudis knew they were dealing with someone of integrity, who had their best interests and those of his own country at heart. Arabs have got a saying, “Your real friend is he who tells you the truth, not he who confirms your opinion.” The Saudis knew Jim could be stiff-necked, hyper moralistic, undiplomatically blunt - but knew and valued also his personal warmth and high moral character. For these reasons, they were prepared to listen to him in a way that they would not have listened to almost anyone else. They had the wit to perceive that in Jim Akins they had that rarest commodity: a man who was personally disinterested, who didn't give a damn about money, and who - if he had - could have prospered on an almost Saudi scale. What he was telling them was the oddest thing they’d ever heard: principled, disinterested, moral sort of advice. I think they found him kind of a weird phenomenon. (End of tape)

Q: You were saying Akins might have been on a plane back to Washington.

HORAN: I told him afterwards, “Jim, the ice you were walking on was so thin...it might as well have been water. I wasn’t sure if you were going to walk out of that meeting and get on your plane to Jidda - or to Washington."
He replied: "That's what they pay me for. They don't pay me to walk in and just show a piece of paper to the King, bow, leave, and get home in time for cocktails. I’m Uncle Sam’s attorney, and I’m paid to make the strongest case I can on his behalf.” a lot of good officers would have made a good presentation. But would they have pushed it all the way in, right up to the hilt, the way Jim did with a guy as imposing as King Faisal? The ashen countenance of the protocol officer! It was green-gray.

Not long afterwards Faisal was assassinated.

Q: What a moment for an FSO. How did the news hit you and what were we thinking at the time?

HORAN: I was sitting in my office in Jidda when one of our political officers, Ray Close walked in and said, "The King has been assassinated." From one moment to the next everything changed. One moment, the world was as I knew it, and then suddenly, the wall collapsed, and something transformative had happened. Word got out fast. The town - the entire nation - was still and mute. The National Guard was out - but there wasn't a murmur, not a peep from anywhere. What to do? Under Islamic law, the King needed to be buried the next day. So Jim went up to Riyadh and the U.S. government really burned some rubber. Nelson Rockefeller came out.

Q: He was Vice President.

HORAN: Vice President. He came out with Assistant Secretary Roy Atherton, and a pretty large delegation. I think the Saudis held off an extra 24 hours or so because so many Arab and other leaders wanted to come.

The Vice President and his party were housed in the Royal Guest house across from the U.S. embassy compound. The VP and Roy and some others came to the Embassy for a briefing. Roy was very collegial. He said "As you know Mr. Vice President, Ambassador Akins is not here, but I’m confident that his Deputy, Hume Horan, can give you a good briefing." It really was a good briefing. Afterwards, the VP said to me: “Thank you for a brilliant briefing. Are you free for dinner tonight?" I said, "Mr., Vice President, it is an honor." He took me and my wife over to the guest palace where we had dinner. He said, "No more talk about politics. This is a social event now."

He was charming, relaxed, patrician. Just as in the Congress, a VIP’s entourage picks up and amplifies their boss’s management style. The people around the vice president were smart and competent and level headed. They had it all together. The vice president asked one of his assistants for a document. The aide said, "You know what, I had it here Mr. Vice President. But I must have mislaid it.” Rockefeller said, "Forget about it. We'll just wing it.” I thought how wonderful! a vice-president who doesn't throw a tantrum if some

piece of paper was lost. It was a big moment in the life of a pretty small fry, having a chance to brief the Vice President, and have him respond so well.

Rockefeller and his people were very good with the junior staff of the Embassy. They would say, "Does anybody need a lift up to Riyadh?" About five or six support personnel took up the offer. It was a thrill for them to ride in the VP's plane. The crew gave out lots of small mementoes. Chic.

Q: Who was the assassin??

HORAN: It was a nephew, maybe a great nephew of the king. He was something of a fundamentalist, whose equally fundamentalist minded brother had been killed by the police in an attack against a TV station. The assassin held Faisal responsible.

He joined the throng that each Thursday would flood into the King's majlis, or reception chamber. Virtually any Saudi could gain entrance, and at least leave a petition for the King. The nephew approached the monarch, drew out a pistol, and shot him. The assassin was later beheaded.

I make no claims to prescience, but one day I was in Riyadh during one such "majlis." I looked down from the staircase. The doors to the chamber had been opened, and in flowed this turgid Mississippi of robes. The King was making his way through the crowd. They were pushing and shouting at him. I thought to myself, "Even in a country that prizes the personal touch, this is just crazy."

Q: Well now, you mentioned Richard Nixon making a visit to there. Was that of any interest particularly, or was that just Nixon's last hurrah, tour of the Middle East to get the hell away form Watergate wasn't it?

HORAN: That's right. It was just in his closing days, and he arrived. The Saudis loved him because they thought he was more objective than the Democrats on the Israeli question. They thought he was a victim of a Jewish conspiracy.

I had to leave post just before the visit. But Nixon arrived with the usual overwhelming number of people. There were maybe 500 in his delegation and 20 aircraft from the U.S. government there on the hard top. a sort of U.S. pilgrimage to Arabia! We thought the Peninsula might slip below the Red Sea under the weight of this American armada! Then before the state dinner - you may hear this from Jim Akins - Jim had asked the President if he wanted any texts or talking points for his speech. Nixon replied, "No, I write my own." So he got up there and began talking about King Faisal, and how wonderful it was that his father had cooperated with Lawrence of Arabia, the great role he had played in the Arab revolt, and how in his early days Faisal had been to France for the Paris Peace Conference...with Woodrow Wilson, etc. Excellent. But Nixon was speaking of the wrong Faisal! He was praising the late King of Iraq - not the Saudi Faisal, whose father had driven the Hashemites from Arabia!

Jim's blood ran cold.

But help was at hand. In Jidda, we had an extraordinary Public Affairs Officer, Isa Sabbagh. His was one of the “conjure names” in the contemporary Middle East. During WWII, he had become widely known as the BBC’s “Golden Voice of the Arabs.” A Himalayan ego, he basically considered himself the Arab world's interlocutor to the universe. Very macro-media. I don’t know of anyone with a similar grasp of the nuances of English and Arabic, and their respective cultures. He was also a wise and perceptive counselor. I learned always to seek his advice - and usually follow it. And especially, he was a patriotic American, who did not back down when attacked by Arabs for seeming inconsistencies in U.S. policy toward the Middle East. Like Jim, Isa was a superb attorney for Uncle Sam. I cherished his friendship, and had the honor to be a speaker at his funeral in Washington last year.

His sense of integrity, moreover, was a match for Jim’s. Neither position nor title mattered to Isa if he knew himself to be in the right. And he was never wrong! Once, the garbage outside his house remained uncollected - despite frequent appeals to the Mayorality. Isa’s answer? He had all his garbage piled onto a truck, driven to the Mayor’s fabulous residence, and tossed over the wall! Anyone else, would have been drawn and quartered. Expelled or arrested at least. But Isa? Henceforth, his garbage never lingered.

Anyway, Isa was at the State dinner, and had just had this hot potato dropped in his lap. He freely translated Nixon’s remarks, skillfully conflating similarities in the two Faisal stories. Afterwards someone remarked to Jim, "I never quite understood when President Nixon was speaking what he was referring to...but your Minister for Information, Mr. Sabbagh, made it all very clear for me."

Q: Well, speaking of egos one of the smaller less ones was that of Henry Kissinger. Will you talk about that relationship and Kissinger’s links to Akins?

HORAN: Ha, ha, ha! (laughter) I'll tell you, just as there may be love at first sight, there can be its opposite. Did something like this happen between Jim and Henry? Here were two brilliant, opinionated men who just did not cotton to one another. The “propagations” were bad. I speak out of turn, but Jim maybe found Kissinger duplicitous, too clever by half. Whereas Jim would give it to you right between the eyes, bang. I think there was a basic disjunction of style. Jim’s attitude toward HAK may have had in it an element of moral disapprobation. Kissinger, on his part, may have found Jim too “standup”, stiff-necked, and cocksure.

Kissinger, I heard, after visiting Riyadh, would go to Damascus and tell the Syrians unflattering little jokes about these ignorant Saudi shepherd kings. The Syrians would chuckle, "Ha, ha, ha. That is, indeed, a very funny story, your Excellency!” Afterwards, of course, the Syrians would pick up the phone and tell the Saudis, "You know what Kissinger is saying about you? He said you were a bunch of toe-picking crackers from

Nowheresville." The Saudis were not unaware of HAK's different personae: fawning when with them, but bad-mouthing them when with others.

Q: Well, I have interviewed George Vest, and George Vest acted as Kissinger's spokesman for a very short time and thought that he really couldn't take some of the duplicity. I mean it was a moral matter.

HORAN: Interesting. I observed some of Kissinger's sneaky side when Jim was withdrawn from Arabia. Jim was at home in the States on leave. The desk officer called him and asked, "Have you seen the Washington Post today." Jim: "No, I am still in my bathrobe." Desk Officer: "Well go get it off the porch." The WP headlined an article "Kissinger withdraws the American Ambassador to Saudi Arabia, James Akins." It was the first Jim had heard anything like it!
Q: Were you there with the thing that supposedly precipitated this? I mean from what I understand there was a time that Kissinger as was his wont, did not want the Ambassador to a meeting.

HORAN: Yes. It was an audience with the King, I believe. Jim said, "Either I go to that meeting or I am gone, period." That is a very good principle. That would have been completely consistent not only with Jim's way of operating, but with that of any self-respecting Ambassador. It was a mistake of Kissinger's to try look like a BIG MAN, by making the Ambassador look like a LITTLE MAN. The result was to weaken the subsequent position of the Ambassador. Kissinger would, in effect, sacrifice our ability to conduct American diplomacy in order to puff up his ego. Very bad.

You always learn from your good bosses. In this instance, I learned from Jim: years later, the head of the CIA came to Arabia on a visit. It was suggested to me that I needn't accompany him to see the King. His topics, I was told, were not really germane to Arabia, and, anyway, afterwards I'd be told what went on. I said, "Look I am really sorry. I am not making a big grandstand play for one agency or the other, but I am the President's representative here. I'm not going to write you guys' lines, or censor what you are going to say, but if there is a meeting, I HAVE TO BE THERE." The Agency was perfectly civil. They said, "All right. If you feel that way, you know, you can come but just don't say very much." HORAN: "No I am not going to say very much, but I gotta be there. I just can't face my Embassy colleagues if I was just hanging around the Snack Bar while this was going on."

Before Jim left Arabia, Kissinger came back for one more visit. Jim was at the foot of the stairs. I was standing right behind Jim. Down came Kissinger. He shook Jim's hand perfunctorily, and turned to shake the hand of the Foreign Minister. But Jim wouldn't let go. Kissinger was pulling, tried to pull his hand away, and Jim was about twice the size of Henry, and he wouldn't let go of his hand. Then Jim said, "Mr. Secretary, I am sure you are glad to know that this is the last time when you come to Riyadh, you have to greet me at the foot of the stairs." He said this in a loud, clear voice. Kissinger looked very

unhappy. He was tugging and pulling, and Jim was holding onto his hand. I thought he didn't mind rubbing it in. It was a sight, I can tell you, this *pas des deux*!

Q: You talked about Akins, and I know you are a good friend of his. Jim Akins is a towering figure. He called the oil business right in previous times and so had a great deal of respect as you were talking about his time with King Faisal. I was wondering if you could mention some of the problems you as a DCM see the ambassador, you are a little bit like the ambassador's valet.

HORAN: Valet, that is a good word. Not just to the Ambassador, but to the Embassy itself. That is one of a DCM's many functions. You want to stay in touch with your people, keep them informed, on the team. Not in a manipulative way. People know right away when they're being stroked. They'll say "Oh what the hell, I don't need to be stroked." But, if as a manager and colleague, you demonstrate a genuine interest in their well-being, listen to them carefully, and respond effectively, you can draw people to your side. This management approach can be important in as non-Western a country as Arabia. Psychologically, Embassy people were under multiples of atmospheres. You have to explain Saudi Arabia to people who don't know anything about it, help them adapt. I did a lot of talking and listening and walking around.

But with great affection and all due respect, I wouldn't affirm that Jim's management style was seen as all that warm and fuzzy by his American embassy colleagues. I think they saw him kind of an Old Testament guy, thunderbolts right there by his desk. I don't think he was seen as approachable as probably in reality he was. I think people found him a little intimidating. I don't believe they found me intimidating.

Q: Well, another aspect too is that as DCM you are often sitting in on meetings when visitors come, and at times the DCM will advise the Ambassador on an issue, or - afterwards, say you came a little strong there.

HORAN: That was an issue with Jim. His certitude approached 100%, intellectually a kind of "Take no prisoners, give no quarter" attitude. What compounded the problem was that he was right almost all the time. He could make more enemies being right, than most people could by screwing up royally. He would be "stand-up" guy, even when that was unnecessary or inadvisable.

I recall, the Under secretary of the Air Force came out with a delegation of top air defense manufacturers. In the course of a meeting, some members of the delegation lit up cigarettes. Rather brusquely, Jim said to put out them out. That was before the day of smoke free rooms. I thought, these were big men, all earning six figures or more. They're not in the habit of being spoken to like students caught chewing gum in class. I think it was after that meeting, that the Under secretary - who'd come on a USAF 707 - said to Jim, "Since we're both going to Riyadh tomorrow to see the King, how about coming along in my plane?" Jim declined. He said he'd take his own C-12. Afterwards I spoke to Jim. I said the poor Under-secretary looked so rebuffed and uncomprehending. I was sure

he had not meant his offer in any bad way. And regarding the delegation, I said, "You have just made yourself about a half-dozen enemies in Washington's military-industrial complex."

But one must consider the whole performance, the whole *Gestalt*, of an officer. Akins was perfect for the time. An average FSO would never have spoken to the King as Akins did - and gotten away with it. a schmoozer type, always running for office, would never produced the dynamic that allowed the oil embargo to be lifted. Jim was the right man at the right time. I am not saying that he was the right man for every time. Sometimes a foil can be as useful as a sabre. It could be said of Jim - as it had been of a great historical figure - that he could be a "turbulent priest."
Q: Well what happened to you when Akins left? What happened to you?

HORAN: I had been there three-and-a-half years and William Porter arrived. Ambassador Porter had done everything, and been Ambassador to just about everywhere. Sort of the David Newsom of that epoch. Porter had been Under secretary for Political Affairs, Ambassador to Algeria, Canada, and Korea. He graduated from Katy Gibbs and in the mid-'30s joined the Foreign Service as clerk to our Minister from Romania. Then he was transferred to Damascus around 1936-1937. He not only knew the history of foreign affairs - he had lived a lot of it. He said, "During the war my wife and I spent 10 straight years in Iraq and Syria. We never got home leave." What a man! Total wisdom.

Ambassador Porter got along with Kissinger about as well as Jim Akins had. Porter always spoke his mind. Once he told me of a disagreement with Kissinger - I forget the issue - but Porter said that as he left Kissinger's office, "Henry was so mad at me he was actually jumping up and down." Kissinger wanted him out of Washington, and Porter wanted to see Saudi Arabia. He said, "I'll go, but you have to make it a class 1 post for me." Which is what happened. Jidda had been made a Class 2 Post when Jim came.

That year, I was supposed to go to the Senior Seminar. But when Ambassador Porter asked: "Why don't you stay another year or year-and-a-half with me?" I said "Yes, I would be delighted to." I'd already been in Arabia three-and-a-half years, more than a full tour. But I wanted to see "How the play was going to come out." I'd had a front row seat on some significant events, and once in awhile made a cameo appearance on stage. We'd had the war, the embargo, the assassination of Faisal, visitors galore - what more could an FSO want?

Porter was an excellent Ambassador and a good boss. The Saudis liked him also very much. They thought him a very senior American, who is in his own way was as knowledgeable a friend as Jim Akins. He was probably in his late 60s, and his age may have given him a useful gravitas in Saudi society. The outline of American relations on a higher plane with the Saudis had been established by Jim Akins. With Porter, we entered a phase of deepening and strengthening the content of these initiatives. He brought American-Saudi relations to a level consonant with the needs and opportunities of the time. Porter was a very credible executor of American policy.

Q: Did Kissinger make any trips to Saudi Arabia when Porter was there?

HORAN: I can't remember any.

Q: He probably wanted to stay away.

HORAN: Porter was crusty, even ornery. He had his own view on things, you wouldn't easily change his mind. He'd speak his mind. When in 1976, Fall River had its bicentennial parade, Porter was invited to be Grand Marshal. Teddy Kennedy was only the Deputy Grand Marshal. Porter said to me, "Teddy asked, `Hey, Porter! How come you are the Grand Marshal of this parade?'" Porter replied: "Senator, it's because the people of Fall River like me better than you." Porter had a wonderful wicked cackle.

I remember some advice he gave me about his departure from Canada. There were many things the Canadians under Trudeau were doing we disliked. So Porter saved them up, and just before he left he unloaded them all, in what was to Canadians a shockingly frank speech. Porter's advice to me was: "Hume, when you have to say something that is very true and very disagreeable to your hosts...do it, then head for the border."

Here's one more "Porter-ism:" One day I'd done something kind of stupid. Porter was unconcerned. "Perhaps a good thing," he said. I asked, "Why?" He answered: "You know, Hume, a good Foreign Service officer is paid for his good judgment. How do you get good judgment? You get it from experience. How do you get experience? You get it from bad judgment."

Q: Well then you left there in '77.

HORAN: Correct.

Q: That would be a good place to stop. Just put at the end where did you go in '77?

HORAN: Hallelujah, I went to the senior seminar.

Q: All right, we'll pick it up when you went to the senior seminar. What was that about the eighteenth?

HORAN: Actually it was the "Incomparable Twentieth!" Sounds like a Civil War Maine unit!

Q: Anyway, talk about the Senior Seminar. You were there '77 -'78, the composition and what you got out of it.

HORAN: a totally wonderful year. In many respects the most enjoyable and interesting and stimulating year of my adult life. There were about 25 members of the class from

many different agencies. Maybe half of us were from State - including Civil servants. a great group from State, including Bob Paganelli, Andy Steigman, Peter Sebastian, and Wingate Lloyd. All the military services were represented, and of course, the Agency. The student body was able, alert. The students came to the Seminar from years of high performance in high pressure jobs. You could see their happy disbelief to be told they had a year to pick flowers, a year to reflect, to excogitate, to mingle with other amiable men and women of different backgrounds and persuasions. Christopher Van Hollen, the course Director, set the tone wonderfully. On one of our first days, he announced: "The Seminar is not a preparatory school; this is not a freshman year in college. You are all experienced, carefully selected professionals. You are all self starters. I have only one requirement of you, that you read at least 150 pages of some book every week. Our library is well stocked, if there is any book or publication we don't have and you need? Let us know. We can get it fast."

Chris went on: "As for the rest of the year? It's pretty much up to you. Form committees; decide what areas you want to focus on. Determine the schedule of your speakers, what trips you want to make, what particular projects you each want to do. I am here to help you. I am not here to go around, give gold stars for conduct, look after this, look after that. We are all colleagues. You are not students; I am not a professor. We are all working together. Use this year to expand your horizons, to fill in blanks. You have had enough experience to know what these blanks are. Now you have the chance to do something about them.." What a super year.

Q: What areas did you all or you personally concentrate on during your year?

HORAN: We all had to do a field trip and write a major paper about it. Some class members wanted to do a project that might relate to their assignment after the Seminar. I didn't want anything to do with foreign affairs. I just wanted to do something very domestic. Get back in touch with the USA. But what to do?

I had almost an epiphany one day as I stood before the Theodore Roosevelt exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History. The idea came to me: The outdoors! Our National Parks! National Parks are peculiarly American - and their creation, management, and mission reflected many different currents in our society. Conservation vs. Exploitation, wilderness parks for the elite vs. Urban, "Gateway" parks for the masses, the "Crown Jewels," vs. "The Cannonball Circuit." I chose to visit Olympic, Yosemite, and Grand Canyon National Parks. The trip was the most Thoreauvian thing I've done. Almost made me a pantheist!

I was able to have my older son, Alex, join me for Yosemite and Grand Canyon. I was really mad at Alex at Yosemite: I'd driven our rented VW to near the site of the "Great Grizzly Sequoia." The largest in the world. From the trail head, we had to mush through 2-3 feet of snow for a mile or more to the tree. Alex said he felt tired. "I'll just nap in the car." I thought he was joking, and left - figuring he'd soon catch up to me! Not at all. When I got back to the car, there was Alex asleep in the back seat. Jet lag? Orneriness?

But Grand Canyon was great: we hiked down to Phantom Ranch, spent the night, and climbed back out the next day. I wrote a long essay about my trip and the consultations that preceded it, entitled, “The National Park System, and the Management of our Wilderness Areas.” a few years later Alex and Margy went down to the Phantom Ranch and back, the same day. Almost an Everest-type experience!

Q: Were there class-wide projects?

HORAN: Yes. The Seminar decided it wanted to look more deeply into U.S. energy needs and supplies. Memories of the embargo were still fresh. We traveled around the country. We visited a West Virginia anthracite coal mine and some huge bituminous strip mines in Wyoming. We studied slurry and oil imports, alternative energy sources, such as nuclear, hydro, wind, and solar power. We invited experts from universities to come and speak. What an inestimable privilege and pleasure it was to study the energy question through formal and informal intellectual exchanges with some very smart people. a totally constructive “vacation” from the USG! There were no hall monitors, no required this, no required that. To be treated by the U.S. government as a fully grown up person was a surprise and a relief and a delight.

Q: What were you pointed towards after that, I mean having been DCM of what had become a major embassy by this time. I mean first, let's go back a bit. How about the military, you can relate my impression of the military when I did it three years before was that these were very fine people, but they weren't headed for flag rank. It was just sort of an assignment, sort of a reward but they were taking captains and colonels. I think they retired as captains and colonels. Maybe not for you.

HORAN: You know, the rank structure between the civilians and the military at the seminar was different. The civilians were mostly at the old FSO-2 level - something like BG’s. It was explained to us, however, that the military has no training programs for officers beyond the Colonel, our FSO-3 level. Their “Charm course” for Generals-designate is an exception. But because we could not get BG’s into the Seminar, we accepted instead some very able colonels. How useful was the Seminar to them? Frankly, maybe less so than the National War College might have been. I doubt that going to the Seminar was a ticket to flag rank for our military colleagues. They included some very good officers, though. One became the deputy commandant of the of the Air Academy. Another, base commander of San Diego. I like to think we learned from each other. They maybe concluded that we were not congenital wimps, and we learned how smart, serious, and focused our military colleagues could be. Our military group also combined mental and physical vigor, in a way I wish were more common in the Foreign Service.

One class member was a Marine colonel who had been a Brigade Commander in Vietnam. He had been a champion boxer in the Catholic boxing league. He looked the part, tall, very well built, super-fit. He had a craggy face, his nose was all over his face - but was he smart! He said, "I get a little bit sore sometimes, when people look at my build, my nose, and my haircut. They think I must be a dumb Palooka.” He added, "As a

matter of fact, after awhile they learn that I'm not. They learn I'm well read, thoughtful and decisive, and can contribute to many sorts of discussions...I really hope that after this seminar, some of you civilians will learn to put aside stereotypes, start to look beyond the haircuts." I thought that was a good point.

Q: Absolutely. Well in 1978 you are coming up for assignment. The senior seminar usually made great promises. Oh boy, you are the elite, you are the cream of the cream and all and then the Senior Assignments panel - when you called - said who are you?

HORAN: Yeah. "Who is that? It's funny; he is not in my Rolodex." You know, come January, February, March, people would begin to miss class sessions. They have got a meeting. They would come back with a smiley face. Sometimes a gloomy one. Sometime in the winter, I was asked if I wanted to go as our Ambassador to Yemen. I was ready to go. I sure wanted to become an ambassador, and while Yemen wasn't the center of the world, I thought, "You have got to start somewhere." Besides, from an Arabic cultural standpoint, Yemen had much to recommend it. I talked the offer over with my wife. For once, she was unenthusiastic. She was more than right. So I said, "Thanks, but no." Personnel was very understanding. They set me up to interview with Barbara Watson, a very great, wonderful, magisterial African American, who headed the Bureau of Consular Affairs. She was looking for a principal deputy. In the event I got the job.

Barbara was strong and decisive, She cared for her people, and extended great loyalty downward - a rarity, alas, in our Service. She was like the platoon leader who before turning in, makes sure all his men have changed their socks and have their gear squared away - and is always last through the chow line. Barbara was determined to see that consular work was respected and placed on an equal professional footing with all the other functions in the Foreign Service. She had had that job for a number of years, and held it until the end of the Carter administration. Barbara was a great human being and a terrific boss.

Q: Could you give me something here for the record for background?

HORAN: Her family came from Jamaica. Her father came from New York, and I believe, was the first elected black judge in the history of New York State. She had a brother who became a judge also. Her sister, Grace, held a high position in another government Agency. Barbra went to Barnard and then got her law degree...from NYU? When Nehru made his first trip to the USA, he stayed with her family. You know, she had such a breadth in how she presented herself. Once she said to me, "Hume, I can talk `Barnard' like a New York socialite. I can also speak `Jamaican.' I can play it ladylike, but I can take off my shoes and let them have it with the heel. I don't have to be ladylike all the time. If you are a black woman who has come up with some advantages and has some drive, you realize there are different ways of having your way. Sometimes it is by being nice, other times, it may require confrontation."

Barbara was intensely conscious of the need for the Service to be more welcoming to women and minorities. But that meant "good women and minorities." She made no special allowances because of the color of a person's skin. Various senior African American officers came to see her - maybe looking for a nice Consulate General? Some she thought were weak, too accommodating, lacking in leadership. She was tough with them. It was like an interrogation. Barbara speaking regally, her visitors hunched over like rabbits before her. I thought there might be a matriarchal quality about strong African American women. But also, regarding some of these guys, I had to agree with her. I didn't think they were the best of their class.

Barbara LED. Good people would be groomed, and pushed. Her colleagues knew that she would always be there for you, when you needed her. Anytime you needed advice, or backup, or support, she was there for you. At times of crisis - like Jonestown - Barbara was our leader, the protector, and connecting point with Congress and the media, and the public. She wasn't a detail person, but she would establish the broad lines of what needed to be done and backed up to the hilt the people whom she had assigned to the job.

Q: Curiously until she arrived, being a consular officer by profession more or less, we had been used to a series of people who had been in charge of consular affairs that had been basically ethnic political hacks who came and they were either, they were Jewish so they were worried about Jewish migration or they were Polish so they were worried about Poland and so on and so on. Really gave no great feel to the consular service at all because they were pursuing their own particular hobby horse. She was the first woman who came in and not only that I think previous to that I think all of us admired her.

HORAN: She worked well with able people. B.J. Harper, a brilliant, crusty expert in visa law and visa administration thought the world of Barbara. a wonderful younger officer, Peter Murphy, was her special assistant and later ConGen in Bonn. He would have walked on hot coals, in bare feet, for Barbara. I'd have been right behind him. Her Executive Director, Ron Somerville, was an astonishing presdigitator. Lorey Lawrence headed the passport office - later he was Ambassador to Jamaica. Bob Lamb succeeded him - he became Ambassador to Cyprus. It tells you a lot about a leader, when you see her (or him) surrounded by strong-willed, able, loyal assistants. I'd look around at staff meetings and think, "There is as much firepower in this room as there is in any other bureau in the Department of State. And they all work cheerfully and loyally, and in some cases almost lovingly for Barbara Watson."

Q: Well during the time you were there, you were there from '78 to when?

HORAN: To '80.

Q: What were your principal tasks?

HORAN: I was her Principal Deputy. I worked upwards with her and laterally with the DAS's for Passport, Visa, and American Citizen services. I coordinated with them, and

brought finished recommendations to Barbara when I could. I did a fair amount of, you might say, “representational” work with other bureaus in the department. I had entree to other Department offices and Bureaus that was useful to CA. I mean she knew consular work far, far better than I ever would, but there were areas in the Department and on Capitol Hill, and sometimes with the public, business groups, and the like, where I could supplement what she and other consular people were doing.

Q: What about relations, you say you coordinated with the other deputy assistant secretaries which would include Frances Knight. As I recall she was a power unto herself and could you talk about at that time Frances Knight and how she operated?

HORAN: Yes, Frances Knight was head of the Passport Office. She had parlayed that position, and her contacts with the Hill - especially with the awful Appropriations Chair, Congressman Rooney, into becoming a mini-J. Edgar Hoover. She wanted to keep Barbara out of passport activities totally. I got in at the very tail end of her losing conflict with Barbara. The Bureau was still picking up the broken furniture all over the living room, so to speak! Barbara, fortunately, had her own base in Congress!

Barbara told me how one day she’d gone to see Frances Knight. As she walked into the office of Frances’s assistant, she closed the door. There, on the back of the door was a large photograph of Barbara’s face. The photo was being used as a dart board! Barbara laughed: “The poor guy was trying to crawl under the desk." She found the incident enormously funny. She passed the story around - it didn’t help Frances. It’s to Barbara’s credit, that she did not hold grudges - downwards. The dart player later received a good job in CA!

Q: How do you see Consular work as distinct from that of other Bureaus and functions?

HORAN: The difference can be as distinct as “substance” and “non-substance.” But here I would designate much of political work as “non-substance.” Some officers spend years in an oxygen-deprived set of intellectual games. “Will the Prime Minister reshuffle his Cabinet? Will he run again for office?” Or even: “Will there be a coup?” You know what? Whether you guess right or wrong, it rarely matters. You can go through life, having a good career, but repeatedly guessing wrong. You are never really held to account for the quality of your decision. What may count for more the style with which you comport yourself, how you put your ideas forward.

But, in consular work, every single day there is a red hot human issue coming at you at warp speed. Barbara once complained, gently, about political officers: “Hume, these people can spin out any topic on and on. Always elegantly. But you’ll sometimes bring them up short when you ask,`Yes, and what are we going to do about it?’” She was right. a Consular Officer doesn’t have the leisure to spend his days doing needlepoint. You must do something because the clock is ticking, and it better be good, because the lawyers, the constituents, and the Congressmen are watching. The best consular officers, I thought, uniquely combined the practical and intellectual skills FSOs should master. They

had been tempered and honed to a fine edge because they had to act and get it right. Responsibility makes you grow. A businessman once wrote, “You won’t get fired if you do something; you will get fired if you don’t do anything. Do something, and if it’s wrong, you can correct that. But there is no way to correct nothing.” William Porter, I think would have agreed. I think of the brilliant and cool CA managers of the Jonestown catastrophe. They were like air traffic controllers in the tower - a great mixture of decisiveness and perspective. Not all aspects of Foreign Service work bring out and develop that professional mixture.

Q: Well, speaking of the Jonestown thing, this was in Guyana, where Jim Jones had a cult and about 900 people committed suicide, Americans, and a Congressman was killed coming to find out what they were up to and all. One of the things, the fact that some people had been involved in it was saying that particularly geographic bureaus seem to back away from this whole, you know, the ARA, I mean they didn't get much. I mean this was a consular matter. In Washington there wasn't a lot of State Department coming around to defend the people out in the field having to deal with this.

HORAN: Very true. We had a good consular officer in Georgetown who would make periodic visits to Jonestown. He would push the Jonestown management a bit on the protection and welfare of American citizens; or would insist on speaking privately with a member of the Jonestown community. He might have heard from a family in the U.S. that their relative was not well or was maybe being held against her will. The Jonestown officials, of course, were hostile and uncooperative. They saw our Consul’s approaches as a threat. They wasted no time in making their unhappiness effectively felt. Their ties back to the United States of America, to the political structures in California and elsewhere, were good. Jim Jones used to flaunt a picture of himself with Rosalyn Carter! He’d play the race card, claim he was being persecuted! The Congressmen, for the most part, listened sympathetically. Word got out, “Be careful how you mess with Jim Jones. Maybe back off a bit?” The Ambassador was not helpful. He was focusing on “policy issues” with the government of Guyana. One Congressman, though, who would not be deceived or warned off, was Leo Ryan - the “righteous Gentile” of the King Faisal audience.

Anyway, Congressman Ryan wanted to find out for himself what was REALLY going on in Jonestown. He insisted on going, despite the most stubborn objections of Jones. Ryan and the DCM - Kelleher, I think his name was, flew into the Jonestown airstrip. Jones' paranoia had meanwhile been growing. It doesn't take much to set off a paranoid, and the Congressman’s visit did it. The Congressman was met by a group of Jones’s gunmen at the airport. He was shot and killed. The DCM was shot in the hip and seriously wounded. At this point Jones decided to unleash the Apocalypse. Rather than let the outside world come and destroy his little phalanstery, he’d do it himself.

I heard the tape in which he rang down the curtain on Jonestown, and dispensed the cyanide-laced Koolaid. a demented E&E exercise! Jones ranting: “You all know what to do! Get the drink `way back into their throats! You all know what to do.” And they all lined up for their “flu” shot! What a thought! Everyone committed suicide, except for the

"basketball team" that was on a mission to Guyana to Georgetown. They were the "enforcers" for Jim Jones. A very few Jonestown members scuttled away into the jungle and hid. But about 800 men, women, and children, including Jones, committed suicide.

Q: It was on tape?

HORAN: Yes. The proceedings were all taped. Unbearably macabre! When we got the tapes, Barbara called me from her office and said, "Hume, we have got this tape recording of the last hour or two of Jonestown. I think you ought to listen to it." I said, "Barbara, if it is all the same to you, I'd just as soon not." She said, "Hume, sit down. You have got to listen to this. This is not a matter of going or not going to one of your diplomatic receptions. There are times when our work requires that we lift the commode lid, and see what's inside the human condition. Your Ivy League background may not have prepared you for it, but, this is the world Hume, so you had better pay attention." She was so great!

Barbara took me with her to Andrews AFB, a cold, nasty night, when Congressman Ryan's body and the wounded DCM arrived. She was there, right in the front, giving the overall direction, giving us all a sense of reassurance. There was always Barbara's hand in everything. Afterwards, through all the Congressional calls and hearings, Barbara was our lead person. She was very good with the Hill - charming and blustering and tough. With Barbara there, we all had the headspace, the headroom, so to speak, that we needed to do our work.

Let me interject here that our Ambassador in Georgetown never visited the site of the catastrophe! Another example another example of the abdication of leadership.
Q: Going back to your remarks about the nature of Consular work, you must have faced many challenges in Africa - you know, the environment is unstable, and the consular officer may be on his first tour, having just finished the course.

HORAN: We run our African Consular operations in such a bass-ackwards way! Take the State Department elements at a small West African embassy. There's the front office, the political, economic, and administrative sections, plus a public diplomacy officer. But in that environment, only ONE Emboff [embassy officer] really counts as far as the local government is concerned: "The Ambassador? Always pestering us about a UN vote. The Public Diplomacy Officer? More lecturers on democratization, women's rights, child labor. Ugh! The Econ Officer? He wants to help American businessmen. Ha! Ha!, the ones we haven't yet nationalized or run out of the country. All moonshine! But what do WE want? We want VISAS TO THE USA."

The point is what seems important to us - issues such as democratization, women's rights, child education, health, election observers, human rights (again), may bore and irritate the local government. On the scale of priorities of the host government, these issues rank with the rupture trusses and second hand refrigerator ads. But what to some FSOs may seem dull - I speak of the arcana of the Visa Manual and the Consular Handbook - are no

less than sacred texts to our hosts. The Consul is a sort of God-Pope to the struggling masses yearning to make it to the USA.

What happens when a new Consular Chief arrives? The rush begins. Calls come in from Ministers, Under secretaries, Directors general: "Oh, hello, Miss so and so. Welcome to our fair country. Sorry about the heat, rain, bugs, disease, and crime. With help of AID, we are working on those problems. Ha! Ha! We had the greatest relations with your predecessor. Now, it just so happens that next weekend I'm going out to my estate in the mountains. Great views. Beautiful weather. Just a few high-level friends will be there. They're all U.S. graduates. I'm sure they'd enjoy your company. Might you be free? Oh that makes us so happy! My chauffeur will pick you up...yes, a Mercedes 500."
Before you know it, that poor officer is a goner - just like Jonah, disappearing into the whale.

Meanwhile, internally, you must be ever watchful within your own section. Your Foreign Service Nationals know more about the work than you do. "Just sit down there, Sir. Just sign this here. Good! Everything is taken care of. All the reports are done. The machine-readable system? Yes I know all about it. I'll explain it to you sometime, but I know you are very busy. You have got a lot of things on your mind. Just sit back. Here is the International Herald Tribune." Next thing, visa refusal rates start to plummet. One officer I knew rather well, had a refusal rate of 10%! Let's say the person's name was "Smith." There was a joke in town about applicants getting "Smith visas." Eventually, inspectors from the IG's office were called in. Six foreign service nationals were fired. The American supervisory officer was directly transferred.

My point is that for all of our talk about waste, fraud, and mismanagement - we often lead with our chins. We place some of our least experienced people in jobs where the threat of fraud and corruption is at its greatest and most insidious. In some high-risk societies, no credence can be given to almost any document that a visa applicant presents. Can the DCM adequately supervise the Consul? Most DCM's are really not that interested in consular work. And their consular knowledge may not be up-to-date. Some DCM's or Ambassadors are foolish enough to try to reverse a Consular Officer's decision. The rush will then shift its target. With pride, I can say that I never in my life urged a consular officer to reverse a decision, not once. Not only out of support of a colleague, but for my own self-preservation. I wanted the buck to stop... There.

Q: How did you find under Barbara Watson, relations with Congress because it is a fairly established fact that 90% of the mail from Congress, communications from Congress deal with consular cases, visas mostly, but also passports, protection of Americans and all that?

HORAN: She was wonderful with Congress. Just terrific. She organized special programs for the Hill, held briefing seminars for Congressman and their staffs, invited the AA's from different offices to consular events...

Q: AAs being the administrative assistants.

HORAN: I recall she once gave a big conference on Capitol Hill which a great number of AA's attended, plus their staffs who did constituency work. Before the conference, she called me and the other DASs in. She said, "Next week we are going to the such-and-such hearing room. It is very fancy. There may be one or two hundred staffers present. Now here is some advice. Take it to heart. First, you're right up there before the people. They are all watching you. So don't think you can get away with rolling your eyes - no matter how dumb the question. You'll lose the audience. Second, do something about your clothes. You all look like clones. Your suits are all some shade of gray, and your ties are indistinguishable. So next week, I want to see some sport jackets. I want to see crazy ties. I want to see some color in the shirts. I don't want you to look like bunch of...maggots. Maggots from the State Department."

In the event, it was a motley group from CA that accompanied her to the Hill. She was like the maestra with her baton. She was always good with the Hill. She did her own "H" work. She had a low regard for the spin doctors in H, who'd spray cotton candy in the eyes of Congress people. She said, "Look, Hume, right or wrong, give the Hill a fast, straight answer. At least they will respect you, and they won't walk frustratedly around, wondering what in the world we're keeping up our sleeve."

Q: How were her relations with Cyrus Vance and Muskie, and also Warren Christopher who was deputy secretary. From your vantage point, how did you see this?

HORAN: Barbara was a feminist, but not in an insecure sense. She had it all together. Once she and Pat Derian - whom I thought was great - were at the Secretary's weekly staff meeting. She said to Pat: "Apart from you and me, look who's sitting around the table. Only Caucasian men." She liked Vance. She thought Senator Muskie was excellent. She did not much like Warren Christopher. She said, "You know, Hume, I can tell right away when somebody feels uncomfortable around me. And Warren Christopher is one of those people. So when I go to see him, he is sitting on his couch. I plop myself right down on the couch next to him. And I shove my big black face up close to him." God bless her! I was present once when she and Christopher had a meeting. Christopher seemed almost catatonic, while Barbara animatedly filled the room. Christopher had been a member of a club in San Francisco, where blacks were not admitted.

Q: Well, did your, I mean, somewhat personally, did you find yourself going through sort of a different outlook when you would go off on your own about the consular profession?

HORAN: Oh, yes. I always respected the consular officers, because when I was DCM, the consular officer handled the hot potatoes, the deaths, the arrests, these nasty family cases. So, I always was close to the consuls. But after having seen more of consular work, from a higher level, I am further convinced that what makes a person mature is responsibility. In the Foreign Service few jobs present you with as much responsibility and accountability as consular ones do - although some Administrative jobs can be similar.

Q: How did you find the attitude as you went around as a representative of the consular bureau to the various geographic desks?

HORAN: Oh, you know, it sounds stupid, but a little bit of "Come on in, you are one of us." Can you imagine, there is enough of an egalitarian streak in me that I found that objectionable? But, I knew my entree could sometimes work to the advantage of the Bureau. Once I needed to see the Executive Secretary of the Department. I was able to call him on the phone and say, "Look can you give me a couple of minutes of your time?" He said, "Can you be here in five minutes?" I said, "I'll be there now." So I ran right up and we resolved the issue. Afterwards, I thought that if I hadn't known him, if we didn't have friends in common, maybe I would have had to call up his secretary and ask for an appointment.

Some geographical offices in the Department didn't want to get close to nasty consular cases.

Q: Well one of the concerns has been in the State Department, its powers that be were quite willing to discard the visa function into the hands of the Immigration Service. Most of us knowing about this it would be a disaster.

HORAN: And how! The record of our professional corps of staff officers who only did visas was not good. They became embittered at the Embassy and also local society.

Q: Yes, they are basically law enforcement types who don't issue or don't understand the culture, and they would louse up relations because...

HORAN: Totally. Barbara was very emphatic on this point. She said, "What does the State Department do that matters to the average American? Is it a vote at the United Nations? Or some treaty on deforestation in the Amazon? Nine times out ten, the issue that matters to our citizens will be consular. And by doing our work well, we do more for the good reputation of the State Department and the Foreign Service with the public than practically everything that all the other bureaus do. AID? It throws away our money. USIA? It sends off lecturers and orchestras. How does that help us? Political officers? No one knows what they do. But the average American learns the consul will get the body home, will replace the passport, get his child out of jail. We are the Department's `hearts and minds' institution."

One more vignette about Barbara. As I was getting ready to leave CA, she said to me: "Jimmy Carter, I'm pretty sure, will lose next year's election. But I've been offered the Ambassadorship to Malaysia. It might be a short-term job. Should I take it?" I said, "Barbara, if Jimmy Carter loses, as seems likely, you are going to out of here like a rocket anyway. So why not pack it in now, go to Malaysia, be the queen of Kuala Lumpur for eight or nine months, and enjoy a beautiful residence, great staff, a wonderful climate, and your charming Malaysian hosts. Barbara Watson will be ensconced in Kuala Lumpur

in the way that she merits." Which is what she did. I saw her in DC after the Republican victory. She had had a wonderful time. From my own sources, I heard the Malaysians had loved her. She said, "Those must have been among the nicest eight or nine months of any human life. For once you Foreign Service people gave me some good advice."

Barbara's death, soon after she returned from Malaysia, was a tragedy. She had been hospitalized with a minor problem - and succumbed to an allergic reaction to antibiotics.

Q: Then 1980, whither?

HORAN: I got to go to Cameroon! The person responsible was David Newsom, I am pretty certain, who was then Under secretary for Political Affairs. He never so indicated, but I had a hunch, having worked for him in Libya and Washington, that he had liked my work. So when it came time for me to move from CA, I think it was he who put in a good word for me. The actual first call came from Director General Harry Barnes.

Q: He was the Director General at the time?

HORAN: Yes. Harry asked, "Would you be interested in either going as Chief of Mission to Haiti or Cameroon?" I said, "They are both great. I would be delighted to go to either place. Thank you for the consideration." Then in January or February, I guess it was, he called on a Saturday morning. My daughter took the call. Washington had just had a heavy snowfall, and I was in our front yard building an igloo with the children - a skill I'd been taught in the U.S. Army. It came out excellently, by the way, to the children's astonishment. I quickly called Harry back, and he said, "Hume the committee that meets on Ambassadorial appointments has chosen you for Cameroon." I was really, of course, tremendously happy, because everybody wants to be a Chief of Mission. I was especially happy that I was chosen for Cameroon. The country was both Francophone and Anglophone. I had always wanted to work in a French-speaking country. When I joined the service, soon after, I got a 4-4+ in French. I never ever used French on the job. Here was a chance for me to go someplace and seriously use and work on French. French for work. That made me happy.

Also the country was extraordinarily beautiful. It had strong artistic and literary traditions. There would good opportunities for travel. They had an interesting President, Ahmadou Ahidjo. Ahidjo had in colonial days been a telegrapher! He had little formal education, but worlds of seat of the pants savvy. He gradually worked his way upwards in the administration, becoming the strong authoritarian - not dictatorial - leader of his country. Steady, unflashy, calculating. He had, in his economics and politics, a small shopkeeper's mentality. Under his direction Cameroon put down a left wing ethnic rebellion with the help of the French and lots of human rights violations. But back in those days no one knew Cameroon existed. By African standards, Cameroon was quiet, peaceful, prosperous. They had discovered some oil. Ethnic relations were adroitly kept by Ahidjo on an even keel. The country was not deeply indebted. Ahidjo emphasized agriculture - partly because of his own poor, rural background.

Simultaneously, I was also accredited to Equatorial Guinea, a statelet just off the coast, a nightmare country, where the just-executed dictator, Macias Nguema, had killed about one out of five of all his subjects. His goal was to restore perfect African authenticity to Equatorial Guinea...by killing everyone who had white shirts, shoes, or some sort of printed material. Equatorial Guinea is partly on an island and partly on the mainland. The official capital, Malabo, is on the island. Nguema's hometown, however, was at MONGOMO on the mainland. The very name, Mongomo, has a foreboding sound. Out of a fantasy horror tale. I was reliably informed that in his Mongomo office, Macias would hold court, his desk surrounded by a semi-circle of the skulls of the former leading witch doctors of his Fang ethnic group. Macias actually did believe in his own invulnerability. So did his political opponents! The end came when he murdered his nephew, and then invited the nephew's brother to Malabo for a little "tete a tete." The brother was Director of the National Guard and did a palace coup. At a subsequent trial - with international observers - Macias was sentenced to death and executed. All along, he maintained that no bullet could ever kill him - but that if by some mischance he were to die, he'd come back from the grave and get revenge on all the members of the jury. When I went to visit his grave, the taxi driver wouldn't bring me closer than a quarter of a mile to the site. Even though it was noonday.

Once when I went to Malabo, I stayed at the best hotel in town. There was no water, no electricity, no food, nor even sheets on the bed! Fortunately I had some supplies with me. "EG" is now on the way to becoming a mini-Kuwait of Africa! In a year or so they'll be pumping half-a-million barrels of high-quality oil a year! Imagine the abuse and corruption. Hold onto your hat!

Q: You were there from '80-'82.

HORAN: '80 to '83

Q: Oh, '83. What were American interests in Cameroon?

HORAN: Developing oil. Shell had found oil offshore, high quality oil, and was beginning to pump it. I attended the inauguration of Shell's offshore oil pumping station. American businessmen in general found Cameroon a congenial place to work. The French were important, but Ahidjo would maintain, "I know there is more to the world than France, and I will spread my bets accordingly." Our businessmen had a good reception. During the Chadian civil war, we were worried about developments there, and especially the Libyan role.

Several of our government agencies were following the Chad conflict closely. The security of the Embassy's classified holdings was a particular worry. When the civil war had suddenly broken out, the Embassy staff was cut off from the Chancery. The staff was all evacuated, but the classified documents were left in the Chancery, protected by nothing but the bricks and mortar of the building. I made quite a few trips up to Kousseri,

the Cameroonian town just across the Chari river from N'djamena. Evenings, you could sit on the veranda of "Les Relais du Logone," and watch the tracer and other shells across the river. But what to do about our classified holdings? We knew the Embassy must have looked like a becalmed Spanish treasure galleon, to Libyan and Russian "Francis Drakes." In the event, the U.S. government sent a very impressive team of experts to Kousseri. I asked for and received authorization to unleash them whenever there was a lull in the fighting. The authority, I felt strongly, needed to be with me. If we had to go back and forth with Washington, the opportunity to get in and out quickly, might be lost. I was working with a very able officer up in Kousseri. One day he said, "Mr. Ambassador, now is now! Everybody is out of ammo. And we've learned a Libyan penetration team has just arrived in N'djamena." I sent the team in - the Libyans had just hours before made an unsuccessful penetration attempt! When they heard or saw that our people were coming, I think they were wise to skedaddle! We'd had some very serious-looking Americans up there to straighten things out! Our men quickly got into the Chancery, and its most sensitive holdings went heavenwards via thermite barrels on the roof. Whoosh! It was quite a visual display.

Q: Did we have Peace Corps in Cameroon?

HORAN: Yes, very fine Peace Corps, great people. Along with the GI Bill, Rural Electrification, and Social Security, the Peace Corps is one of the smartest things the U.S. government has ever done. The President of the University of Yaounde once said to me, "You know, Mr. Horan, why there has never been an anti-American demonstration at the University?" I said, "No." He said, "It's not that we favor your policies toward South Africa or Angola or whatever, but demonstrations don't get started here because almost every student has known and liked a Peace Corps volunteer. Some agitator will shout, `Americans are terrible...' And someone else will retort, `Oh no! I know American Peace Corps Volunteers. They're wonderful. They live just as we do, they are not arrogant like the Europeans. They actually help us with seed multiplication and health and education. They let us read their interesting American magazines!'" He concluded, "Your American Peace Corps has done a lot to make my job as University President easier." It tells you something about how the Ahidjo regime viewed the University, that its President had been the Chief of Police!

Q: How about your relations with the French ambassador?

HORAN: I am something of a Francophile. I like French literature. I have read widely in it. After I got to Cameroon, my French got better. I think the French appreciate an American who shows a genuine - not fawning - interest in their language and culture. They have this complex, the French, that they are slipping, and so they're the more ready to respond with surprised gratification to a friendly America approach. They saw me as an American with no particular hang-ups, who seemed to like them, and was prepared to pay two visits on them for every one they paid back on him. Who even sent his son to the Lycee Fustel de Coulanges! My thought was, "What the hell, I am not going to play `Mr. Stiffneck.' I want to get the job done, and in Cameroon that means getting along with the

French. So I had no qualms about reasonably deferring to my French colleague. He had been in Africa a lot longer than I. He had lots of assets, including a French battalion behind the Presidency. Also, I thought, “You catch more flies with honey than with vinegar.”

French business practices were absolutely abominable - that means very unhelpful to us. But I figured if I were in their position, I would do the same. We had zero rapport on economic matters. Many is the tender response by an American firm, that vanished behind the air conditioners. But let it be said for the duplicitous French, that I was always convinced that our main strategic interests ran parallel. We were both opposed to Qadhafi’s adventures in Central Africa. I was also convinced that if something terrible should ever threaten our Americans, the French would be there to help. As they later proved during the evacuation of Brazzaville. There, they put their own troops at risk for us.

Q: What about AID? Were we doing anything there? It sometimes seemed to me that some of their projects had few lasting effects.

HORAN: Yes. AID had lots of projects under way. But don’t ask what they had accomplished. Once, before the arrival of a large Congressional delegation, I asked my AID colleague: “This is our golden opportunity to show them one of our flagship projects. What do you recommend?" He had nothing to show them. He said, "There are some elegantly designed projects - unfortunately still in the development stage. But as for past projects, I don’t know...” I thought to myself: “AID maintains a large Mission in Yaounde. It is as large as the Embassy. AID has been here for decades. But there is no flagship project or projects to show for all this work? Just a very big travel budget back and forth from the USA, and many voluminous, unreadable reports!

I am something of an AID cynic. What are the countries that have triumphantly graduated into financial independence as a result of foreign aid? Not many. You’ve got Germany, Japan, and then South Korea. Imagine! In 1956, South Korea and Ghana had the same per capita GNP!

I’ve observed these large and very costly AID establishments, awash in paper regulations and interminable horizons, where nothing ever seems to come to a conclusion. I once visited a seed multiplication site. The project had been concluded. It was abandoned, no more seeds, no more multiplication, no more farm activity. When AID withdrew its direct support, the local farmers handed the fire-hardened sticks to the women, and went back to drinking palm wine. When the fuel tank is empty, the car stops moving. I think also of the “Pump case.” We provided pumps to some villages so women would not have to trudge miles to fetch water. Instead, they had a *borne fontaine,* a cistern in the village. Well, the pumps stopped working. We looked into the problem. Some little twenty-five cent gizmo had to be replaced from time to time. We asked the men: “Why did you not repair the pumps?” a: "Why should we care? It’s a woman’s job to haul water. So the pumps stopped working? Tough noogie."

AID's own procedures, opaque language, and bureaucracy also make it hard for State to get its oar in. When I would get together with the AID director and ask, "What are we doing?" the double-talk could leave your head swimming. Unless you are right there at the moment of conception, your ability to affect the selection of a project is limited. I mean, we're talking about a ten year project or a fifteen year project - which started five years before. At what point do you make your decisive intervention, when is your Ambassadorial wisdom called upon?

My lukewarm assessment of AID is that it does little harm. It provides WPA jobs to smart young Americans who want to keep their foreign affairs and economic skills honed. Better AID, than starving as a TA at the University of Oregon. AID also hires a lot of local employees, pays local landlords, and sends people off to the States for training. It provides an intellectual stimulus, a window to the modern world for its host country. These things are all good.

Q: Well, was there a Soviet presence there?

HORAN: Yes, there was a pretty good sized Russian embassy, and a pretty good sized North Korean presence. There was the usual, "Who is doing what to whom." We kept an eye on their activities, and they kept an eye on us. Trolling for defectors. At times, there would be a Russian who seemed unhappy in his work, but they all managed to get transferred back to Russian before we could do much about it.

Q: I somehow had the feeling that there was a wonderful relationship between the KGB of the Soviets and the CIA that they both staffed Africa full of people looking at each other with very little. That is what they did. There could have been a state agreement, all right we won't do anything you don't do anything, and we could have quartered the number of people in our embassy and their embassy.

HORAN: Yes. Yes, it is so true, Stu. With the exception of Chad and the Libyans, our bilateral interests in Cameroon on the intelligence side were very moderate. The Russian's interests were very moderate, too.

Q: How about with the president; did you have much dealing with him or not?

HORAN: Yes, I had a lot of dealings with him. He made time for Americans because, you know, France is his strong right hand, but the United States, you know, must not be neglected. He was pragmatic, tough, uneducated, but with a lot of real life experience kind of man. He dealt with the realities of power. He was not particularly corrupt. He did not build himself, you know, big palaces and the like. Actually towards the end of his administration he did start building quite a lovely palace in outskirts of Cameroon. It was a petty bourgeois kind of regime. It had its bad aspects, some repression, not much imagination. But Africa had seen and has seen lots worse.

Q: Well now, what would he talk to you about? I mean, what sort of relationship did you have?

HORAN: He was concerned about the Libyans, quite concerned about the Libyans and the instability in Chad. He said, "Cameroon had gone through its civil war already." It had been a very painful experience, and he didn't want to see that kind of instability in the region spilling back over into Cameroon. He wanted American companies to come into the country. He didn't want to have to depend only on the French for his economic sustenance. American oil companies he though were very good, and he generally wanted to have more American business. He said, "My relations with France are excellent, but I am not French." He said, "French is not my main language. Hausa is my main language plus one or two of the other languages in Cameroon, so you Americans must not think that when the French say this is our protected preserve, that it really is. I don't regard it that way. The world has changed since the 1930s and the 1940s and 1950s."

Q: Were there any events or something we should talk about before we move on?

HORAN: a few reflections: it is nice to be in a country when something major that people have been anticipating or not anticipating happens. To be in Saudi Arabia when King Faisal gets assassinated, for instance. Such events are a kind of milestone. “Ah! Were you there when that happened?” In my last year in Yaounde, Ahidjo suddenly abdicated! What a surprise! It seems the doctors had told him, "Unless you get out of the job, you may be dead in six months. Your blood pressure is beyond the gauges. You just will not survive."

Paul Biya, who is still president of Cameroon, replaced him. He was well-educated, smart, fluent in English as well as in French. He had much to recommend him, but he lacked Ahidjo’s hard-headedness and practical touch. He allowed himself to be turned into an African “Big Man,” and the country has gone downhill ever since. North-South relations, Muslim vs non-Muslim relations have become hostile. There was even a failed northern-inspired coup attempt. It just shows that notwithstanding a person’s glossy exterior, when it comes to just getting the job done, “Slow and steady wins the race.”

I was in Yaounde for maybe the last state visit that Sekou Toure made out of Guinea. We The Ambassadors were all lined up in advance - so many potted plants. Out of the plane emerged Sekou! What a presence! Although in the latter stages of heart disease, he still looked like a big 10 halfback. In his silk bou-bou, and leopard-skin cap, he was Africa’s Mr. G.Q. Elegant! Toure favored us with an hour and a quarter of the most amazing oratory. Ahidjo then mumbled a few remarks. What a physical contrast! Next to Sekou, Ahidjo looked like a houseboy who had just come out of the kitchen.

Later, I was presented to Sekou at the Presidential Palace. He seemed charming. He spoke by name of former American Ambassadors in Guinea...and their wives. At the time, I did not sufficiently know what a monster in human clothing Sekou really was. Diallo Telli! Camp Boiro! The *diete noire*! The paranoia and crazy economics!

Finally, I'd have to say I drank more champagne in Cameroon than I ever have before or since in my life. Cameroon was, I think, the world's number one importer per capita of French champagne. Dom Perignon in water tumblers. Water tumblers! I really did enjoy it, but I reflected that Cameroon's champagne import budget was the same as our economic assistance budget to Cameroon. Just about the same.

Q: Well it is probably a good place to close today. So you left in '83.

HORAN: In '83 I went to Khartoum.

Q: All right so we will pick it up then.

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It is the 18th of December, 2000. Hume, 1983, how did you get assigned to the Sudan?

HORAN: I got a call at home one afternoon from Andy Steigman. I was upstairs in my bedroom. He said, "Hume, they are thinking of sending you to Sudan. What do you say?" I was delighted. Sudan was the largest country in Africa. The size of the USA east of the Mississippi. Sudan was primarily Arabic-speaking, but its south was very African. The north-south civil war was breaking out again. It was in Khartoum, in 1973, that Ambassador Cleo Noel and DCM Curt Moore were assassinated by the PLO. There is a superb book by David Korn on the assassinations. I thought it would be an exciting adventure to serve there.

Q: Well, how did it proceed? Sometimes these ambassadorial appointments often have a rocky path.

HORAN: As a career person, I had no particular enemies or critics, inside or outside of the Department. I was an Arabist, but one who for the most part had been on the fringes of the Arab-Israeli dispute. My time in Jordan, where the Palestinian radicals were driven out, may even have counted as a small plus. I had good contacts in Israel, I'd done a year of Classical Hebrew via correspondence with the FSI's Dr. Marianne Adams. I was never typecast as a pro-Arab, anti-Israeli Arabist. This not to say that the Israelis were not stiff-necked, even unscrupulous in pursuit of what they saw as their national interest - take the USS Liberty for example! Or those foolish, fish-bone settlements on the West Bank! But you could always count on the Arabs to go the Israelis one better! So I had my hearings. I had had African experience, I was an Arabist, but an"even-handed" one. Not many envied me the assignment. So off I went.

Q: When in '83 did you go?

HORAN: It would have been around August, 1983 that I landed at the decrepit collapsing, unpainted airport with its faded, tattered, Sudanese washcloth flags. They might have been out in the wind and the sun since independence in 1956!

Q: What was the situation within the Sudan in '83? What issues did you face?

HORAN: Good question. One was strategic. Libya was trying to overthrow Nimeiri, and the prospect of Libya controlling the waters of the White and Blue Nile, and Sudan's thousand-mile Red Sea coast, was a nightmare to Egypt, Saudi Arabia...and us.
One Saturday, a Libyan bomber flew over Khartoum and dropped its bombs on the Khartoum suburb of Omdurman. Another time, we flew in a squadron of F-15s from Langley in Virginia, all the way to Sudan... Another threat had been received, and we were warning Libya not to monkey around too much. It was ironic, I thought, that in Yaounde, as in Khartoum, Qadhafi's trouble-making should have become one of our main concerns. He's seemed to have it in for me, ever since 1969!

We had lots of reasons to worry. President Nimeiri was becoming more and more unpopular. The economy was a wreck. Gasoline was almost unobtainable, and power was something only for the rich...who had generators and political influence. His political base was shrinking. To shore himself up with the Muslim Brothers, he pulled what proved to be his last rabbit out of the hat. He released from prison the head of the Muslim Brotherhood, Sheikh Hassan al-Turabi, and declared the Sharia Muslim canon law, to be the law of the land - even for Southerners.

I remember a Sudanese TV news clip, showing Nimeiri clownishly dancing around an enormous stock of alcohol that had been seized from Customs. He was smashing whiskey bottles with a club, and the whiskey was splattering out all over his uniform! Then the bulldozers came and rolled over these forbidden fruits. Most Sudanese viewed Nimeiri's anti-alcohol crusade as a sad joke. They tended to have a relaxed semi-Arab,. semi-African attitude towards alcohol. And did this new policy win the hearts and minds of the Muslims? Not really. Muslims remembered that a short while ago he had massacred some 800 followers of the Mahdiyya sect on Abba Island! Sudanese considered Nimeiri a hypocrite, a *munaafiq*.

When Nimeiri imposed *sharia*, he also dissolved the autonomous region of the South. The south was broken into three regions, headed by military Muslim administrators sympathetic to Nimeiri. Not surprisingly, Southern resistance broke out again. Chevron oil explorers were attacked and chased out of the south. Some of their FSNs, Kenyans, were killed. A French-sponsored agricultural project to dig a huge drainage canal through the White Nile marshes, the "Sud" was shot up and abandoned. The canal would have carried extra water to the reservoir of Lake Nasser - and maybe added to the south's arable land. But southerners saw it as a way of opening up more of the south to northern military operations.

The stakes, this time were even higher than in the first Civil War (1956-72). Oil had been discovered, just below the demarcation line between the north and the south. The designated oil port was in northern hands, but the oil itself was in the south. Here was more fuel, literally, for ethnic strife!

Q: Could you tell me a bit before we get into it, you keep talking about demarcation lines, north-south. Could you explain what the situation was in the Sudan that caused this incipient civil war and all that?

HORAN: When Sudan became independent in 1956, the south right away said, "The slavers are coming back to get us!" They revolted under the leadership of Joseph Lagu - a southern Christian, who years later became Nimeiri's Vice President. The war dragged on from 1956 to 1972, a stalemate all along. But with titanic casualties on the part of the southerners - especially the aged, the women and children. In 1972, President Nimeiri came to power and signed with the southerners the "Addis Ababa" accords. Basically, they granted regional autonomy to the south. Life went on in Sudan for the next 11-12 years in the usual miserable way. Then came Nimeiri's decisions on *sharia* and the abrogation of Southern autonomy. This must have been in May or June, 1983.

Q: That was quite a list of issues. Any more?

HORAN: Just a couple. One of the world's great famines was at the door, and, somewhat linked, was the issue of Ethiopian Jewish refugees in Sudan. I don't use the common term "Falashas" for them; it is slightly derogatory. Jewish lobbying groups were pushing hard to get the USG to support and facilitate their emigration to Israel.

Q: These were refugees from the Mengistu regime in Ethiopia.

HORAN: Yes. They weren't politicals in any sense; they just totally destitute peasants, fleeing Ethiopia. Was the Mengistu government harder on them because they were Jewish? Mengistu was surpassingly brutal to all his people - but it was the Ethiopian Jews who had the ear of the American Jewish community. These were some of the issues facing us when I arrived in Sudan.

Q: How were relations with in the last 10 years or so before you went out, between the United States. I mean we had the assassination and all that.

HORAN: a complete deep freeze in our relations. Should have been deeper, even. Some humanitarian assistance continued to go to the Sudanese even after the Sudanese released Cleo's and Curt's assassins. They flew off to Egypt. Nothing really much happened to them. Our performance was vile. How could you let an Ambassador and a DCM be assassinated, and then maintain relations at the charge level? I found that just inexcusable.

Q: You know, sitting here on the outside of this whole thing, I couldn't imagine what we were doing. This was Nixon's time.

HORAN: It was just insane. I later came to Washington, where I saw Lou Hoffacker, our anti-terror coordinator. I said, "You know, I can't imagine why we didn't close shop up and then start getting even with the Sudanese and the PLO. The Sudanese had become almost become accomplices, by releasing the assassins." He said, "Oh, Hume. You know at the time we were discussing this, there were a few hotheads like yourself that wanted to take more extreme action - but cooler heads prevailed." Gak! I'd earlier written to Lou, and I think David Korn mentions my letter in his - again - wonderful book. a respectful monument to some very good colleagues.

Q: I just choked up; I just couldn't understand it, and I felt as a Foreign Service officer, here was a country that in some way was complicit in killing some of our colleagues and yet we didn't do much.

HORAN: Why were we so spineless? I suppose with the Libyan threat, we feared the communists could move in and take advantage of what we might do. Of course, the Sudanese were pouring soothing syrup all over us saying, "Oh, you know, just don't worry. We still value our relationship blah, blah, blah. We are really against terrorism." We allowed our focus to be distracted. The next thing you know, the situation drifts a little bit and you have got a new status quo: with a more or less functioning Embassy, at a low level but still an Embassy, with a chargé d' affaires. And so it went. We should have pushed our chair away from the table, gotten up and walked out of the door, while giving them the *bras d'honneur* en route...but that moment was lost.

Q: Well then, did you have instructions or were you given yourself sort of mental instructions of what you wanted to do in the Sudan when you went out there? You were there from '83 to when?

HORAN: To '86. Yes, I had one of these letters from the President, you know. I also had a USAA Household Property Floater policy. It was sometime hard to tell them apart. When JFK sent out his first letter to Ambassadors, it was a fine, brief statement that carried authority. "You are my main man in X country, and unless there is an independent military command there, everyone had better bend the knee." Subsequent Presidents and administrations felt the need to improve on it. "Let's say something about helping private business, improving the environment, emphasizing human rights, transparency in elections, etc." Maybe eight pages long! You almost look over the letter for the disclaimer, "This is not a bill." When something becomes totally inclusive, it becomes not inclusive at all.

Q: Well now, I have heard that the Sudan at one point there, the CIA had been quite active and all that. You had the President's letter. How did you view, I mean, what were you getting, this is obviously an unclassified interview, but time has passed. Was there a problem with the CIA, I mean either...

HORAN: Yes, of course, of its perhaps “Being out of control?” Actually, I had great Agency colleagues and they did a great job for our country. Sudan was one Africa country where internal matters were important to all U.S. agencies. Liaison with the police and the intelligence services, for instance. Our Sudanese counterparts were often remarkably good. They were there to do the job and keep us safe. I had good relations with my colleagues in the expanded political section. They knew I valued their work and esteemed their profession. I’d urge State officers to show discretion...and compassion for their colleagues. “These men and women,” I’d say, “Are our Jesuits. They have taken a supplementary vow of obedience to Uncle Sam. When your day is ending...their second job is just beginning.” I would go down to their offices for a face-to-face meeting; I’d get to know their communicators upstairs and watch videos in the quietness of the best, and most secure movie facility in Sudan.

Conditions at post helped. In Foggy Bottom people are cut off from each other. But in Khartoum, all of us - principals and dependants, from all Agencies - were in the same boat. We were all part of a single community. Wives get invited to the residence, kids played together, families went on picnics in the desert together. You can and should build up a good relationship, based on your positive leadership. But if you ever find yourself pulling out the President's letter, boy! you are one big loser. It is like being in the army. If you, the sergeant, order the private or corporal, to “Pick up that cigarette butt.” He’ll do it, but goodbye leadership. I worked for a kind of openness that would help to get the mission done and preclude surprises.

Q: Well, I mean this brings up another set of balls we keep bouncing back and forth. What were living conditions in the Sudan, not only for the Sudanese but for us?

HORAN: I think I got a call recently from my marvelous former Secretary, Maryann Heimgarten. She had been secretary for about half a dozen ambassadors in her life, and has now retired to Fredericksburg. We’re getting together. She asked. "Do you remember that house you were living in. That was such a disgrace." And it was all in all one of the worst embassy houses that I had seen. Not just because it was an Ambassador's house but an Embassy house, period. It had a nice garden, but it was really not a satisfactory place at all. I was happy enough in it, though; it really didn't take a lot to keep me happy. I liked the work. The DCM's house, too, was pretty inferior. We eventually moved to a new residence that was as nice as its predecessor had been bad.

When Ron Spiers, our Under secretary for Management came out, I said to him at an Embassy town meeting in the DCM’s residence, “The most important, and hardest working, and sometimes least appreciated person at this post is the Administrative Counselor. He is the head of our `Space Station.’ He struggles to maintain an American work atmosphere, in an environment where everything yearns to collapse. Wayne Swedenburg was that Administrative counselor. A magnificent FSO. He was like the Texas ranger. But housing was terrible, and the people had scattered all over town, a security problem. Khartoum was a 25% post when I arrived, and as things got nastier, it

became a 50% post. That was after all the families and non-essential personnel were evacuated.

Q: What about security? After Cleo and Curt, I imagine we must have been pretty security conscious. What prompted the draw-down?

HORAN: We were very security conscious. Our superb RSO, Pete Galant, would tell us, "If you go to a function, and you hear or see something strange, don't rubber neck. Get the hell out of there. And when you go to a party; look to see where the kitchen is, what the exits are. Think, 'How fast can I get over the wall?'" In Khartoum, you learned always to be in condition "yellow" or "red" whenever you went out. Silly as it sounds, I usually would carry a weapon - as instructed by the RSO - when I'd go to diplomatic functions. The RSO said, "They're dangerous. The bad guy knows that at such and such a time on a certain date, all the game must come to the waterhole. So he sets up his blind, and..."

I'd originally been a heavy weapons infantryman and the Embassy had just an armory of weapons. We'd go out in the desert and shoot and shoot and shoot. I liked it. My children liked it, too. They sent a lot of rounds down range! It was fun. The number of activities you could do was limited in Khartoum. But the Sudanese had lots of deserts. The whole country was one big range. The Department sent us a very fancy, fully armored car, giant engine, plus a little secret button that in an emergency you could press to tell the Marine Security Guard what was going on. "Hello, you are holding this gun too close to my head. Goodness! Isn't that the new Amoco station. Don't we need gas?"

Q: You heard the story about our Ambassador I believe it was Turkey, who took his car out, dismissed the chauffeur, took his girlfriend out. They were necking in the back seat, all of a sudden the people in our security were listening to panting and all that.

HORAN: Great, Great. You have got to be really careful with that. Nicholas Thatcher and Beenie Thatcher were once coming back from a dinner in Jidda, and accidentally triggered the button. It wasn't really a big shocker or something weird, but they mentioned, I think, that Ambassador so- and- so was in his cups again... he's told that story now four times..." You have got to be alert.

Q: Well did you find, did you get around still?

HORAN: Yes, yes. We had a C-12 there, although we couldn't always fly where we wanted. Of the three southern capitals, Yei, Malakal, and Juba, we could only visit Juba. The guerrillas were close to the other capitals, and if they saw a small plane coming over, they'd try to shoot you down.

Juba had been the old capital of the southern autonomous region of Sudan. I used to fly to Juba pretty often, every two months. Partly to do an *acte de presence* with the Southerners, partly because I enjoyed it. You could leave Khartoum, where all was hot

and dusty and the Muslim Brothers guys with their little gimlet eyes looking around. You'd fly across this interesting countryside, and then you would come down into Juba. It was really almost like an H. Rider Haggard novel...the twin mountains at King Solomon's mines! The surface of the airstrip was always dotted with pools of water throughout the year. Gosh, water! The plane would skip, skip, skip, and come to a stop and they would pop the doors open. All of Africa would rush in through the open doors. It was vegetation and humidity and cattle and people and unwashed bodies! There was something very antiseptic about the air in Khartoum. It didn't support odors. But there was something so organic about the air in Juba! You get out and of course, everyone was black - I mean *really* black. They were relaxed, and were non-Muslims for the vast majority. I'd call on the governor and some of his top aides. All Muslims Arabs. Stiff, some with that little raisin mark on the forehead, the "zabib" that comes from excessive prayer. But the people who actually ran the administration were mostly southerners. Some had studied in the States. They knew that we thought Sharia law and the abrogation of regional autonomy were terrible. They'd invite you to these outdoor night clubs, that featured half-clothed, spangled Southern girls hip-hopping about. The local Kuwait assistance representatives and a few of the Muslims from Khartoum would sit there, their eyes bugging out of their heads.. The Southerners would all be quaffing "Tusker" beer. Some would get up and shout, "Down with Sharia!" to much applause. It was very African, very cheery, very "relax."

I'd stay at the AID mini-compound. It had a tennis court, swimming pool, and nice small houses maintained by AID contractors. Like R&R!

Q: What sort of AID was in both north and south when you were there? What were we doing? How effective was it?

HORAN: We had a number of agricultural projects. It was always being said that Sudan would be the breadbasket of Africa. Any country referred to as a "breadbasket" is in trouble. It usually means catastrophe and famine! We were trying to energize southern Sudanese agriculture. We sent a number of southern Sudanese to the States to study agriculture management. Can you develop a region? Can you develop a region with a civil war going on? The answer was no. Most of the AID activities were suspended. Southerners, though, were grateful for our mere presence. It gave them a measure, if not of cover, at least of international recognition.

We could bear witness. "You see this village? It was burned down by the Army last month." We observed a cycle of violence and destruction. The rebels would try something against a government unit. Then withdraw into the bush. The Southern commanders would ask: "Where was it? At village X? Okay, that is one of these hotbeds of resistance." The Army would go in, destroy the village, kill lots of people, kill the cattle, and move on. Who was hurt? Only the tormented civilians.

Q: There must have been a lot of refugees...

HORAN: Yes. We dealt mostly with the refugees in Eastern Sudan. Some were Southerners, displaced by the war. Many more, though, were Ethiopians who were pouring into Sudan because of the drought and the Civil War in Ethiopia. Sudan was home to almost 800,000 refugees!

Fatality rates were out of sight. Maybe a hundred children a day would die at Wad Koly refugee camp. You would see all these little bodies being taken out, there would be the muck and dirt and smell. It was not cheery. To Embassy people who'd go there with me, I'd say, "We are not here to empathize with these poor people. How we can help them is by improving sanitation, health, food delivery systems. That is what we are here for, not to wring our hands. We are not doing our job if we let ourselves become emotionally overwhelmed by the misery." I vastly admired the "Fransiscan" cheerfulness of the nurses and doctors.

We needed above all to improve the food distribution system in Sudan. Even at the height of the famine, the problem in Sudan was not so much a shortage of food, as a distribution system that was zero and an inability of the afflicted people to pay. AID rebuilt the railroad system connecting the most affected centers. It imported boxcars. It imported locomotives. Poor Sudan! At independence, the Sudanese railroad system had been one of the best in Africa. Now, it transported one tenth of the earlier freight, but was staffed with ten times more people than before! AID even built its own port so that our grain would be delivered in bulk. The Sudanese labor unions, which controlled the regular port, said, "Oh, no. You can ship the grain in these big bulk carriers - but before we off-load it, it must be bagged here, one bag at a time." The refugees? Tough.

Q: How did Sudan get into such a mess?

HORAN: Bad economics and politics both played a role. Here was a country that had everything one could possibly dream of as prerequisites for successful development: water, land, oil even. Why then weren't they developing? Partly because you had a President with a deep-seated prejudice against market economics. What little he knew about economics was all wrong and had been imbibed at Cairo's junior officer's mess, back in the 1950s. In the heyday of Arab socialism, in other words. Nimeiri was a man of very limited intellectual capacity. Some efforts were made, by very able people, to talk him up to "Samuelson's EC 1." I recall a meeting between Nimeiri and Secretary of State George Shultz during Nimeiri's 1985 visit to Washington. Nimeiri, who spoke rough but very serviceable English, asked Shultz, "Your people always talk to me about market economics. Can you explain to me what they mean?" Shultz, God bless him, gave Nimeiri in ten minutes, a superb compression of "The wealth of Nations."

Q: He'd been a professor of economics.

HORAN: Yes, and he was brilliant. I could watch Nimeiri's eyes as this was going on. It didn't take more than a minute or two before his expression began to suggest he was already thinking of lunch.

Q: Quite often the leader may have this, but underneath him are the people who often run things, you know, that type of thing. Was there such a thing?

HORAN: Not really. a few well-educated Sudanese were “in the window” for show purposes. They’d say, “I am really on your side, but what can I do about Nimeiri and his cronies in the Military-Industrial Corporation? This monstrosity is their rice bowl. They’ll never fire half the labor force, all related ethnically to them, for the sake of some notional improvement in economics! Their idea is that their side won, and Mr. Shultz can talk 'till he is blue, but it has nothing to do with the reality of running the country.”

How do you educate “The Prince,” if “The Prince” is not interested in education, and the people around him aren’t either? We kept trying. Henry Bienen, a senior economist from Princeton, came out with a bevy of graduate students. a great hydrologist, John Waterbury, also came to Khartoum. They’d have good meetings with civilians. Q: “You seem to have known him before?” A: “Yes, we were at Hopkins together...” Then the meeting would go up one floor. Our experts found themselves talking - through a translator - to a Brigadier who had tatoos or scarifications all over his cheeks! Who all the while was clearly thinking: “Ah! Another of these American lectures. But all is not lost. Pretty soon I’ll head off to Omdurman for a nice reunion with all my ethnic buddies.”

Then, if we really tried to squeeze them, they retort: “Don’t you know? The Communists and the Libyans are at the gates! We are last bastion of the free world for you here." It was a ploy that had its successful moments with the administration of President Reagan.

Q: Well did you go to see Nimeiri from time to time?

HORAN: Yes. I saw him a number of times. I saw him quite a lot, in fact. Of course, we always spoke in Arabic - that may have helped him feel comfortable with me. I had a certain respect for the man. He had no intellect, no intellectual curiosity. He was a dictator. He had blood on his hands. But looking at the African and Arab scene, his very limitations were a sort of virtue. They kept him from thinking big. They checked his path to perhaps even greater violence. He used violence, but proportionate to his aims. If you crossed him, you'd be run over. But if you stayed out of his way, he wouldn't go looking for you. He wanted power. He wanted money. Or his wife did. She was supposed to be one of the richest women in the world. Nimeiri wasn't a psychopath. He had no extraordinary vices. He didn't watch kinky films. He didn't have a long line of girl friends. He didn't have a long line of boyfriends. He had, in fact, a rather conventional personal life.

One night I had to pay an impromptu visit on him. He was staying, as was his wont, in the middle of Khartoum’s main Army camp. After the gate, I was passed through a series of checkpoints - like getting into the State Department. Finally, I got to Nimeiri’s residence. From the outside it looked modest. No better than our DCM’s residence. Inside it was totally vanilla. The decor was pure “Motel Six.” Very sparsely furnished, nothing on the

walls, very sterile. But the living room was dominated by a really big-assed color TV. Nimeiri was wearing a *thawb.* He was watching reruns of his earlier speeches! I thought, "This entire scene tells me a lot about the man."

Q: How could such a limited man, hold onto to power so long, in such a neighborhood?

HORAN: There is a wonderful western called The Shootist. I don't recall the author. An old gunslinger was dying of prostate cancer. He had a ferocious reputation, yet the odd thing was, he was never all that fast or accurate. What counted, though, was that everyone knew he would never flinch, and once he went for his piece, he would keep shooting until you or he were dead.

Same with Nimeiri. Everybody knew he was not going to back down, would go to any extremes possible and necessary to stay on the job. Once, a group of coup plotters planned to assassinate him when he arrived at the airport. Believe it or not - this is Sudan - the conspirators arrived late! Nimeiri had already landed. So they tried their coup anyway. And here is where Nimeiri showed he had not lost the instinct for power. He rallied his bodyguard, and with himself at their head, rooftop-to-rooftop, house-by-house, wiped out the conspirators.

I see Nimeiri as a brave, resourceful, determined...NCO. He and Sergeant Poe would have gotten along well! But he was prepared - and everyone knew it - to go all out if challenged. "Whatever it takes," could have been his motto. He stayed in power because he was the toughest and most resolute guy in a country where people by and large were not all that tough.

Q: He was there the whole time you were there.

HORAN: Well, no. He made a visit to the States. And that is how he fell.

In 1985 he came on a visit to the USA. He saw President Reagan, DOD, State, the Agency... As he left Sudan, however, and as a sort of hostess gift to us, he implemented some IMF reforms. The price of gas and bread and electricity all shot up. Washington was very happy. The students and the taxi drivers, however, were not. They began to demonstrate. As the days passed, the demonstrations got bigger. We began telling Nimeiri, "Do you think your presence might be needed at home?" His response was, "Let them agitate. They are all rabbits. I will fly back and you will see, everything will be calm, calm like a lake." But the problem got serious when the agitators closed the airports by driving all manner of big vehicles onto the runways. Nimeiri's way home was closed! Once it became clear the teacher couldn't get back in the room, the "students" found new courage. The Army chief of staff, General Suwar al-Dhahab, was called by popular demand, to the Presidency. His name means *"Gold Bracelet."* He deserves to be remembered not just in Sudan's, but in Arab contemporary history, a decent man. He was and looked the part of a soldier. He had been known and respected for his honesty, good sense, and sincere, moderate religious beliefs.

He accepted very reluctantly. "You know, I don't want the job. It is being forced on me. But it is better to have me than the alternative: chaos." He said, "I will do the job for one year, and then I am turning it over to you politicians. Now you politicians remember, you have not been very active these last twelve years. You have got just one year to pull yourselves together - then I am gone. I'll leave for my farm in northern Sudan. I'll be out of politics. I'll be out of the military. I'll just be a farmer."

Of course, no one believed him. And as the count-down to the one-year mark proceeded, he would remind the politicians: "Five months...four...three..." At year's end he held honest elections, with international observers. After the balloting, the political parties were still in such disarray, they asked him to stay on a few more weeks, while they got their affairs in order. I saw this as a bad omen?

The ultimate winner was Sadiq al-Mahdi, the grandson of the Mahdi of Gordon's time. Suwar al-Dhahab went back to his farm. He is still there, widely honored. Sadiq al-Mahdi went on to make a tremendous mess of the country. He proved wonderful at giving speeches in Wellesley, Mass, but clueless when it came to actually running a country. Might as well have asked him to build a space shuttle! His own L.S.E. economics were about as relevant to the task before him as Nimeiri's "NCO-socialism." After I left Khartoum, Sadiq was overthrown by General Omar al-Bashir. Another hard, limited man.

Q: Well, going back to AID. As I recall, wasn't this an area where an awful lot of non-governmental organizations, NGOs were involved?

HORAN: Those camps were just awash with international organizations. The Lutherans, Catholic Relief Services, World Vision, *Medecins sans Frontieres,* Harry Belafonte's "We Are the World." AID, FEMA, DOD, all were pulling together, under the general coordination of the UNHCR. Bob Brown was our able AID representative in this effort. There were a few rivalries - things like "This our camp..." a lot of that was refereed by the international community. The donors would meet periodically, and we, of course, were always near the head of the table. In the end, the famine abated. Many thousands of people lived, who otherwise would have died. *AID was able to deal with a reconstruction problem better than it could with something as imponderable as economic development.* All in all, it seemed as well-run an operation as you could expect. Given the many agencies, corruption by the Sudanese, and the collapsed infrastructures of Sudan. The Ethiopian Jews got out. So, it was, you know, on the whole successful.

Q: I have the impression, and please correct me if I am wrong, that where our AID organization comes in and as you have mentioned before, builds up a tremendous infrastructure to support itself, the NGOs tend to come in and kind of, I mean you get a lot more bang for the buck with an NGO than you do out of. Was this...

HORAN: Yes, you find, for instance there might be a particular NGO that has set itself up to do health or nutrition, and they have a very skillful staff. Then in some cases, young

men and women who would fly in from the Netherlands or Denmark or Germany or France or the U.S. and just show up at the UNHCR. "Can you use me?" "Oh yes, we can use you. We will pay you some piddling amount." The NGO's really got out into the countryside. They were flexible, and their overhead was vastly lower than AID's. There exists a "disaster freemasonry." You'd hear young volunteers play the "Do you know game?" Or the "Were you there game?" Some seemed not to have missed a catastrophe in years. Addicted, I suppose, to their own adrenalin.

Q: Well, while you were in the Sudan, how was the war going. Talk a little about who were these people, some of these guerrillas who disappeared in the bush from time to time. What were they after?

HORAN: They'd say "Southern autonomy, or independence, or rights for Christians." At a more practical level, they were after food, cows, abusing the civilian population, looting, trying to get military equipment from the Sudanese. They also wanted to make sure that no other resistance group improved its position at their expense. The internal politics of the Southern Resistance were shifting and sloppy. Personal and organizational rivalries between John Garang, Riyak Mechar, and others, made it easier for the Army to keep the rebellion off-balance.

Q: W ell, what about getting the Ethiopian Jews out? I would have thought this would I mean, here is a country, Sudan, which was being run on Muslim grounds, at least the top, and putting reinforcements in Israel, albeit maybe unadjustable reinforcements whatever, would still run sort of contrary. How did that work during your time?

HORAN: Getting the Ethiopian Jews out of Sudan was a very major part of my work. Maybe THE major part of my work in Sudan. Jewish organizations in the States were lobbying with the American Jewish public, they were vying with each other over who was the most intransigently active on behalf of the "Falashas." That's what the Ethiopian Jews were called in the U.S. press. I'll use that term here, just for convenience's sake. In this inter-organizational rivalry, it sometimes seemed to me, that the interests of the Falashas came in second!

Meanwhile, the U.S. government was VERY quietly working this issue with the Israeli and Sudanese governments. Washington was regularly, and unfairly, accused of indifference or worse. But we all knew that if we breathed a word of what was going on to the American Jewish community, the news would be all over the map. We'd never get any cooperation from the Sudanese. Why stick their heads in a noose for Uncle Blabbermouth? But they saw that the Falasha question could have its uses to them. To themselves, they said, "The Americans are always beating on us because of our non-functioning economic system, because of our harshness with the southerners, because they don't like Sharia. But there is one juicy plum we can give them. It may shut them up at least for awhile. Why not give them the Falashas?"

George Bush, then Vice-President, came to Khartoum and discussed this very delicate issue with President Nimeiri. Afterwards, the green light was given for a secret airlift to fly the Ethiopian Jews out of Khartoum. We knew that speed and discretion were essential to the success of the extractions. a convoy of buses would gather the Ethiopians from their camps, drive them in the earliest morning hours to Khartoum airport, board them...and the planes would be gone. The coordination of the various moving parts of this operation was masterfully executed by a wonderful American, Jerry Weaver. Jerry was our refugee officer. Totally resourceful. His exploits were fairly recounted in Robert Kaplan's book, The Arabists. The planes then flew out over the Mediterranean, and turned right. I believe this was so that the flight plans could read "Cyprus" instead of Israel.

"Operation Solomon" was also facilitated by foreign extraction experts carrying a variety of passports. These men struck me as reliable, reassuring, and serious. They spoke English but they just had a kind of gray internationalism to them. I had no doubt that their real nationality was Israeli.

Q: There was more than one airlift, I believe?

HORAN: Yes. The extractions were in two parts. The first, "Operation Solomon," was the larger. Many major U.S. papers knew of the operation, but had agreed - unusually - not to publish. They rightly decided that it would be wrong, just for the sake of a story, to close the exit door on these thousands of totally miserable people. Anyway, the story did break in the end in the Israeli press. The L.A. Times picked it up next and carried a very good, objective piece on what was going on. That ended "Operation Solomon."

After lying low for some weeks, we were able to go back to the Sudanese. We said, "Look, we're sorry about the leak. But the damage has been done. `In for a penny...' So why not follow through to the end. There are only a 5000 or so Ethiopian Jews left. Let us blot them up in one quick extraction." They said, "Okay, provided that this time the operation is run by your sister Agency." "Operation Sheba" was briefer, even more expeditious. It was done by the Agency and with U.S. military C-130s. Maybe 141s? Same convoys, same rush to board the refugees. The facilities this time were even starker. No seats. As soon as the plane bays were filled, the planes took off. One after another. DOD! Imagine! They had security people on the ground to make sure that no refugee tried to hijack one of the planes!

Years later, a group of young Falashas visited Howard University. Their ages were probably between 19 and 22. They all had done their military service. I said, "I may have seen you as children on one of those airplanes. I may have seen your mothers or fathers." They said, "Really?" I said, "Yes, you came out of Sudan on the airlift didn't you?" They said, "Yes we came out in the airlift." I asked, "How are you guys doing in Israel?" They said, "Pretty well. a lot of us become career military. We have found that in the Israeli army, that is a good place for us to be."

From what I heard at Howard, the young people were doing pretty well, but the older ones weren't. They were just lost. If you take adult peasants from the Early Iron Age peasant economy of the highlands of Ethiopia, and throw them into Israel, they will not learn Hebrew. They won't learn the technology. They can't learn how to fend for themselves very effectively. If you were five or six or seven, at the *`Alia, y*ou had a pretty good chance. If you were an adult, you were probably going to fall off the back of the bus.

Q: What did the Arab media say to all this?

Double hernias on Arab editorial pages from the Atlantic to the Gulf. "Proof! How the imperialists and the Zionists are conspiring against the Arab nation!" Even the semi-tame Sudanese media was very hostile. The issue often came up when I'd see official or private Sudanese. I'd take the high ground. I'd actually congratulate the Sudanese. "Speaking as a friend of Sudan, don't flinch. Aren't you already overwhelmed with refugees? Do you want more? Isn't someone who takes these off of your hands, actually helping? Besides, you're being cast as heroes and humanitarians by the international media! Here's an Arab state doing something humanitarian and generous to the poorest of the poor. You look like heroes to the rest of the world. You Arabs don't get this kind of good publicity ever!"

I don't think the Operations affected my relations with Sudanese - either official Sudanese or others. Except maybe that when I was about to leave Sudan, the quite nice Chief of Palace Protocol, told me - as if sharing a joke, "Of course there will be no farewell decoration for you."

Q: Was this the reason for the withdrawal of the Embassy's dependants and non-essential staff?

HORAN: Part of it. The security situation had been getting steadily worse. I think of two incidents in particular. The first involved an American citizen who had been seized by the PLO and taken to their headquarters.

Q: That is the Palestine Liberation Army.

HORAN: Correct. The Amcit was the local representative of the Sun Oil Company. His normal route to work took him past PLO headquarters - and over the months, they had observed this American going by each morning and evening. They decided he must be observing them. He must be an operative of the CIA! So that evening when he was on his way back home, they stopped his car, shot it up, and dragged him into PLO headquarters. He had just enough time to radio the Embassy before he was dragged away.

The Embassy radioed me. I thought: " Do we really want some stupid hostage standoff to drag on, positions to harden, as more and more people are forced to take a stand?" I recalled somebody saying that when stopped by the police, you have to make your case before the officer starts to make his entry in his little book. Once the entry is made, your tail has been caught in the big wringer. So, I asked my station chief to join me

immediately. Meanwhile other Embassy colleagues rang every bell they could at the Presidency and in Security and Army headquarters. The Station Chief and I drove right to the front of the PLO headquarters, my flag flying, and stopped there. We passed word to the Sudanese that I would stay there until a Sudanese army officer came and gave us back our citizen. To the Station Chief, I said, "You know, you have got to apply maximum force...before the jaws close. Just as he bounced in...so can he bounce out. But if we just sit around, and send Foreign Office notes, everything will harden and we'll never get our man out."

In the event a very high ranking Sudanese military officer showed up. I told him this "This car is not moving until we get our citizen out of there. You can interview him at the Embassy tomorrow if you want, but this banditry by the PLO is unacceptable to us...and I'd think to you, also." He went in and he brought the American out. The Department sent me note saying "Well done."
Q: What was the situation then in the PLO headquarters?

HORAN: Yasser Arafat's brother was the PLO representative there. a bourgeois, quiet man. Not revolutionary at all. The PLO was chastened after the awful Black September stuff. They seemed to be on their good behavior. What happened to our Amcit was unsettling, but there were worse types out there.
Q: Abu Nidal?.

HORAN: Yes the Abu Nidal organization, and other groups - including the Libyans. This brings us to the second incident, the one that actually sent most Embassy Americans home, brought me two 24-hour a day bodyguards, and raised our differential to 50%.

One night, an Embassy communicator, Bill Calkins, was driving home from the Chancery. a car pulled past him, and one of the occupants opened fire. The round went through Calkins's head. He was immediately taken to our nurse's office. Terrible. Blood everywhere. Calkins was medevaced by a special plane. He underwent frequent, massive surgery in the U.S. He survived, and his doctors and therapists expressed their wonderment to me at his iron determination to push his therapy as far as he could. Calkins remains highly handicapped, but has been able to take and hold down a job at the Virginia office in Philadelphia in person. I visited him at the trauma center in Philadelphia a couple of times.

Q: While you were there, there was a book that came out some years later called <u>The Arabists</u> by a man named Robert Kaplan. You figure in that, I mean he talked. Can you tell me about I mean he felt you were the cat's pajamas. Do you recall that?

HORAN: Yes I do. He is a friend. I am certainly not going to bite the hand that fed! But I admire his work. I very much agree with his realistic, dispassionate point of view on Africa and the developing world. Robert's analyses are solidly undergirded by lots of personal experience on the ground. As an FSO I can relate to that. We both see merit in the Huntington thesis about a clash of civilizations.

I was then working for Sam Lewis at the U.S. Institute of Peace. Sam Lewis got a call saying, “There is this correspondent, Robert Kaplan, who would like to interview Arabists.” Sam responded, "We have one right here." To me he said: "Are you prepared to talk to some writer about what motivated you and the course of your career and the like?" I said, "Give me a moment; let me think a bit."

I checked on Robert Kaplan. I asked friends in the Department, “Is he one of these Joseph Kraft types, out to do another hatchet job on us Arabists?” I was told, "No, no, he is a serious person." So, I said, "I will be glad to talk to him."

Then *they* asked me, “Why? Several other Arabists, you know, have declined to be interviewed by Kaplan.” I replied, “First, because you say he’s a serious person. And second, because the public repute of Arabists is already so low, that there is nothing he could write about me that could make us look worse.” So I had a couple of sessions with Robert. I thought his book gave Arabists as fair treatment as I’ve seen anywhere in the American press.

Q: Well, when you left there in 1986, whither?

HORAN: In 1986 I went to Georgetown as a diplomat in residence, at their Center for the Study of Diplomacy.

Q: Good. Next time we will pick it up at Georgetown.

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Today is the 29th of December, 2000. Hume, you are at Georgetown’s Center for the Study of Diplomacy for a year. This is '86-87. Tell me about being a diplomat in residence there.

HORAN: a very agreeable experience, Stu. There were a number of people on the faculty that I knew or knew of. Seth Tillman, a brilliant lecturer on international affairs, had visited us in Amman. John Voll, was a scholar on the Middle East, and a fellow graduate of Harvard’s Middle East Center. John Reedy and Barbara Stowasser were prominent Middle Eastern scholars. My former boss, David Newsom, was head of the Center. Ambassador Hal Horan, a friend and almost namesake, was his Deputy. There was a brilliant priest, Brian Hehir, an ethicist, who became an advisor to the Pope. Hehir is now Dean of the Harvard Divinity school! My daughter, Margy, had gotten an MSFS from Georgetown. She took a course from him, and thought it terrific.

I was told I could pretty much do what I wanted. After talking with David, I decided I’d like to teach a course or two. One of the most fun things that I have done in my intellectual life. I prepared from scratch, a course on “The Civilization of Sahelian Africa.” Georgetown had a lot of courses on North Africa, and a lot also on the sub-

Sahara. Neglected, however, was the swath of Sahelian countries, from Senegal to the Horn, that were black and Muslim - but not Arab.

The history and customs and traditions of this region, were distinct from those of North Africa, and often had little to do with those of the Congo Basin or Southern Africa. My course had various themes: Sahelian Islam, the influence of geography or river systems, the modes of political organization - African empires were in a sense under-administered. They were more like the Carolingian empire, than European states of the 18th and 19th centuries. The students did a lot of reading, a lot of travel reading, a fair amount of historical anthropology. They read Burckhardt's great 19th century travel accounts. He came from Basel, was sent out by Sir Joseph Banks. Called "Sheikh Ibrahim" by the locals. He died in Cairo. All students had to be able to read French well. Those that could, I also gave readings from Arabic historians and travelers - especially ibn Battuta. The course proved popular. The students give you a year-end rating. I got a good one.

In the spring, I taught a half course with David Newsom on "Issues in Contemporary Diplomacy." We met once a week for three hours. We invited some expert come in and address the theme. David and I would orchestrate the activity. That was fun, very easy, not much of an effort. You met some interesting people. Most were glad to come. For nothing, too.

Q: Did you find that within the academic world, Sahelian Africa was sort of a black hole.

HORAN: Oh you are so perceptive! I definitely got the feeling that in the academic world, if you are going to study a region, study the heartland. It can be risky to focus on a topic that cuts across various departments. You'll be attacked by petty robber barons. I remember the trouble HAR Gibb had after writing his broadly focused, "Islamic Society and the West." A topic that cuts across categories and disciplines is a treacherous marshland upon which scholars enter at their peril. A "No man's land" even. Trespassers Beware!

Q: How did you find the faculty, the ones you dealt with?

HORAN: They were friendly. But there is always this sense, that glass wall between the diplomat and the scholar. We focus on different aspects of the topic. Our methods differ and our sources differ. We lack perhaps the disinterest that scholars like to think that they can bring to a topic. We also, as diplomats, have the habit of making judgments. What do we do about it? What should be done about it? What should have been done about it? We look at common areas, but from different backgrounds and applying different disciplines. We look at scholars and see anchorites in their Ivory Tower. They look at us, and see journalists' *manques*. I felt, though, that it was up to me to accommodate, to listen, to learn. I was on their territory, after all.

One big difference: diplomats are pretty good listeners, and scholars are terrible listeners. They are great talkers, however. They sometimes will adopt a certain mode of voice in talking to you. It is the same voice you would use if you were addressing a lecture hall full of 200 undergraduates. They were always hospitable, and a few were quite exceptional, but it was another culture.

Q: Did you find, I am just interested in observing the campus at that time. Was there much in the way of what you would call student activism or concern about what was happening in the world or that?

HORAN: Georgetown is Catholic. There are two things that I recall. One was the gay and lesbian students organization wanted recognition and financial assistance from the university. The university said, well this activity is mortal sin. It is not a venial sin; it is a mortal sin. We are explicitly a Catholic university, and so we are sorry. We cannot fund or formally recognize your activities. That got into a legal case, and I don't know how it came out.

Q: Well I think the way it came out was that the city council of Washington DC or the equivalent thereof where there is a strong gay and lesbian community said you have to do it or we won't allow you to issue any more bonds or something. So, it came down to money. Somehow when Caesar and Christ came together, Caesar on the money side won. There is a gay and lesbian group at Georgetown. And the other activist theme?

HORAN: The other was Cuba. A Cuban poet, Valladares, I believe, came for a public lecture. He had spent years on the “Island of Pines” prison center. Castro’s “Robban Island!” He was virulently anti-Castro. He had been in jail on the Isle of Pines for quite awhile. He spoke about the plight of the Catholic intellectual in a communist country. It was a wonderful speech, brutally, confrontationally, anti-communist. More than 2000 students attended! I couldn’t imagine such a speech - or such a student response on some of our Ivy League campuses.
Q: What were your students like?

HORAN: They were pretty good. Most were graduate students. Plus one or two seniors. I wish I could say they stunned me with their focus and their application. Maybe 10-20% did burn with that “hard blue flame.” The others? They had their Saabs, or VW Jettas, Toyotas, or Subarus. You’d go through that parking lot and hardly ever see an American car. Mostly the students were - understandably - looking to their careers. Good, solid young folk, sometimes lacking in a sense of excitement. I suspect it would have been no different at most other top-level universities.

There was one student who just didn't get the picture. He would not turn his papers in; he would drag his feet. Anyway, he flunked. I had several meetings with him and I said, "I am afraid you are going to flunk. You are getting an `E’ in this course." He: "I never flunked anything in my life." Horan: "We've met three or four times. I have given you extensions on your papers. But you never turned them in! My job is not to flunk people.

I'm here to help students explore a subject. But you will flunk." There was a little stir, "Oh you flunked somebody!" "Yes, he just didn't do the work, and I am not going to give him a `D-'." The other students all did respectable work.

Q: What about the student faculty relationship? Was there much from your observation, you personally but also of others sort of sitting around talking about things after classes things like that or were people pretty much going home?

HORAN: Medium good. There was as much as the students wanted. There were even times when there was more than the students wanted. I remember the women grad students complaining about this Assistant Professor who thought we were still in the 1960s. Whenever they gave a party, he'd invite himself and bring his guitar. They said, "You know, he's got this greasy nasty hair, and his complexion needs a good scrubbing. He wants to just drink and sing `Credence Clearwater' songs. He is SO old! He must be 30-35."

Q: Any communal activities or responsibilities?

HORAN: Oh, yes. One was always on a committee! I was on the admissions committee for the Masters Program. I was on a committee that would review honors theses for prizes. I would interview prospective students and tell them what I thought of Georgetown. Admission work was interesting. They would give you maybe 40 or 50 dossiers to look over. I became familiar with the profile of students applying to a grad school like Georgetown. Their backgrounds. Their GREs... It is a trivial reflection, but it struck me that among these many worthy applicants, hardly anyone had seriously played sports. It seemed to me that such physical passivity, might connect, some way, with a lack of intellectual outreach and curiosity. "As your body goes, there goes your mind also?" Not an observation I shared with my colleagues.

Q: Also people coming particularly out of the political science mode, they had to look at structure, and most, you know, most of us in the foreign service, you kind of want to know a little about the wiring diagram, but who is top dog and how do I work in this outfit? I mean it is how do you get things done? But, I think political science, I mean they train them to look at structure. This is at least my observation.

HORAN: Some of my best students had been history majors, or had been in the Peace Corps. But then there were the political science majors! They tended to write badly. They wrote in these big words. I said, "Look, can't you use little words? I mean what is wrong with a nice simple little word instead of this great big long one that you have here? Give your word processor a break. Give your reader a break." That was really just lashing the Hellespont with chains. It had about as much effect. I figured they wrote that way because that's how their profs wanted them to write.

They were prisoners of their so-called discipline. Especially the few who sought intellectual nourishment in detailed analyses of "process." I'd read a paper on, let's say,

“The Administrative Development of the NSC,” and a dark, numbing cloud would come down over my head. But maybe they were on the right track.

Q: Well, let's move on to the career of Hume Horan. In '87 you were coming out. I assume you were popping by the corridors of power at the State Department from time to time to take the temperature and let yourself be seen and all that.

HORAN: Yes, I had friends in the Department, people I had worked with over the years. Anyway, one day Dick Murphy asked me to come see him. He said they would like to send me as Ambassador to Saudi Arabia. Dick was himself a former Ambassador to Riyadh. His proposal was a professional’s dream come true. If you’re a Russian specialist, you aspire someday to going to Moscow. If an Arab specialist, its Riyadh or Cairo. The work would obviously be interesting and demanding. As an Arabist, I looked forward to the pleasure of just using and living in the language. Your skill brings you closer to the issues and the people of the country; you feel more professional.

In my early ‘50s, I felt that I was finally becoming a master, a full professional in my own little narrow specialty. The way an Admiralty or patent lawyer might feel on being selected to a senior office in his Association. I was really very pleased and honored that my government was giving me an opportunity again to serve in Arabia.

Q: You went out there when?

HORAN: It was, I believe in mid-July, 1987.

Q: Did you have any problems with confirmation or anything like that?

HORAN: No. I didn’t go up by myself. There were maybe six of us who went up at the same time. The Senators summoned us in groups of three. We stepped forward, fell into the mass grave, and the next rank moved up! Actually, the Senators appeared well-disposed. Their questions were all professional and to the point. As expected, that wonderful Senator, Paul Simon, asked about my language competency. He strongly believed that Ambassadors should be able to work in the language of their country of assignment. In response to his question, "Do you speak Arabic?" I was able to reply, “Yes, Senator. I’ve been tested as an S4+/R4+. He replied: “Oh, I wish we had more people like you coming before me." None of us career guys had problems.

After the hearings, I went around to the relevant officials in Washington. I called on the Saudi Ambassador, Prince Bandar bin Sultan, whom I guess still lurks at his mega-McLean estate, when he is not reposing at his one-acre large house in Aspen. That is not the area on which the house is built. It is the floor space of the house itself. I think the Aspen town council passed an ordinance henceforth banning construction of such monster “chalets.”

Anyway, all went smoothly. The exit experience was pleasant: I had the opportunity to re-establish and strengthen contacts of years past. After all, I had been out of the Near East proper for maybe a decade. All along, though, I had kept up my Arabic.

Q: Before we leave it, obviously you don't have the greatest impression of Prince Bandar. How did you see him in his role here in the United States?

HORAN: Bandar represented a country that was important to us. He was only a junior member of the Royal Family - not a core member by any means - and his "Royal" connection counted for more in Washington, than in Riyadh. Bandar was the son of Minister of Defense Prince Sultan, by a black concubine. Race, in a pedigree sense, is important to Saudis. They have a certain color awareness. And because principals can have many children by many mothers, a key question always asked, is "Who is the maternal uncle?" So within the Royal family, Bandar's position was minor.

Bandar, however, was talented, brave, and ambitious. He won his father's recognition and approval by becoming a dashing, competent F-5 pilot. He was also an accomplished courtier. There's a kind of sycophant who can be especially ingratiating because of a superficial cheeky forwardness and bonhomie. This aspect of Bandar went over very well in Washington, and especially with the Pentagon. Before King Fahd, though, Bandar was a different Bandar. When he'd interpret for the King, he would position himself on a low stool by the King's side. *Accroupi au tailleur*. As he sat, his body axis would turn, and his robes swivel about him. As if he were curling into a basket. When he would regard the King, there was just one word for the expression on his face: "Rapt." a kind of saintly ecstasy.

I'd say Bandar had a challenging upbringing. He responded to the challenge by showing himself in every way worthy of his father's confidence. He came to Washington in the early '80s, and still is here, Dean of the Arab Diplomatic corps.

Q: How did you find him as a factor in the American-Saudi relations from your perspective?

HORAN: It is a little bit like astronomy. You are watching the movements of heavenly bodies and you think gosh, there is something non-Newtonian about this particular orbit. The answer may be that there is something causing that orbit to become eccentric, some factor that you don't immediately see, and you perhaps ought to look for. So it was with Bandar, and our relations in Riyadh with senior Saudis and the King.

Bandar had superb tools and assets for his mission to DC. Americans love Princes. We dote on them. 1776 did not expunge that from our character. Bandar also was dashing, spoke great English, and was backed by all the oil in Arabia. His residence off Route 123 was a cross between "The Breakers," and Ali Baba's cave. On the entrance gate, you'll see a festoon of swords and palm trees. Within is a security system that would do honor

to the CIA. I was told that Bandar had bought the estate that adjoined his on the north, and had it razed - so as to have an unobstructed view towards the Potomac.

Bandar used these personal and material assets well. The performance of his predecessors could best be described as “somnolent.” Bandar gave Saudi Arabia prominence on the social page but also with influential circles in Washington. What with the billions in hardware and training the Saudi were buying from us, any Saudi Ambassador would have had good entree to the Pentagon. But Bandar’s “fighter jock” persona, helped. Nancy Reagan, I’m told found him charming. The National Security Council loved having a sort of “Aladdin’s Lamp” ready to hand. a touch? And there would appear the helpful, ingratiating genii!

Through access in Washington and in Riyadh, he skillfully magnified his influence at both ends of the Saudi-U.S. relationship. As issues arose in the U.S.-Saudi relationship, Bandar would seize the moment. He’d raise his hand, “Maybe I can help. I spoke to my father last night and this is what he said and what he believes is the King’s opinion...” Meanwhile, a cable would have gotten drafted in the State Department, cleared around Washington, and (finally) sent out asking the Embassy to raise certain questions with the Minister of Defense. Or the King, even. You’d get the appointment, march up the hill, and make your presentation. Sometimes, I felt my interlocutor was looking at me quizzically: “Doesn’t the Ambassador know we’ve already been discussing just this in Washington with his government?” There were times you felt you were trying to catch up - not easy to do, when in Washington the Saudis had a representative eager and able to promote himself as the link between the U.S.G. and the royal family of Arabia.

I remember on my introductory call on Bandar, quipping that we might divide our work: I’d pass on to Riyadh the good news from Washington, and he could pass on any that was less good. He answered: "Ha-ha-ha." It was a very insincere laugh. It’s like the encounter in the Victorian RR carriage: “A year later, and five thousand miles away, young Arbuthnot was to recall that moment.” So, as I got ready to go out to Riyadh, I was aware that there were a number of channels, a number of tracks in the U.S. relations with Arabia. One was the Embassy's, but another, less formal track led from the royal family to the Saudi ambassador and from the Saudi ambassador to the U.S. bureaucracy.

Q: Who did you replace? Who had been ambassador?

HORAN: Walt Cutler, a career officer. I think he had been before ambassador to Tunisia. He was not an Arabist. Very warm, engaging, a comfortable person to be around. a good manager.

Q: Well, when you got out there in '87, what were sort of the issues you saw as being, what issues were sort of taking front place at that point?

HORAN: The Iran-Iraq war was going on, and we were helping the Iraqis as much as we could. We could see the bony hand of Khomeini-ism projecting over the Gulf and the

Emirates. That was a big issue. Another was how adequate to the challenges of the day was the political system the Saudis had inherited from the ‘50s, ‘60s, and ‘70s? Was the same group of leaders who had been running the country for thirty years, still up to the task? What was being demanded of them? What dynamics were at play? What would the effects be of maybe new wine - pardon the image - poured into old bottles? On the economic side, Aramco pretty much took care of itself. It had become the Saudi Arabian-American oil company. But arms sales were always a big question. The Saudis had a great, almost unlimited appetite for hardware, but only a small capacity to meet the manpower needs of a modern military system. Our mega-projects with the Saudi military, the National Guard, and our Corps of Engineers, often stubbed up against there not being enough trained or trainable Saudis to go around. So, the panoply of American interests was broad. It was evolving as Saudi Arabia's internal scene evolved, and as pressures within the region needed to be considered. It was a good time to have arrived there.

Q: How did you find dealing with the government? We have already talked about the presence of Bandar. Where were your points of contact, and had you noticed any change in how sort of the government operated from the way it had before?

HORAN: The government had become more bureaucratic, more institutionalized. People whom in the ‘70s you’d been able to call, or just drop in on, had been borne upwards, out of sight of man, by money and greater responsibility. This development, however, was less of a hindrance for me. I could sometimes parlay on a semi-personal relationship with the Saudis because they’d known me before. So, I had as good an entree, partly based on my earlier experience, as I could have expected. I spent a lot of time seeing the Deputy Foreign Minister and the Foreign Minister, and his Deputy, Sheikh Muhammad Masuud. Competent, both of them. The number two person in the Royal Diwan, the office of the king's household, was a friend from years back. The leading international law scholar at the Foreign Ministry was an engaging and well-disposed person. I even got along well with the prickly Chief of MFA Protocol!

Q: When you were there before, you had mentioned that money, the great tidal wave of money had not yet quite hit Saudi Arabia. By this point it had. What was this doing from your observation to the society?

HORAN: I’d have to say that “then was then,” and “now is now.” For decades, political scientists have been crawling over the wings and fuselage of the Saudi government, looking for the hairline cracks that betoken a possible catastrophic failure. A sort of political-academic National Transportation Safety Board. They are still disappointed. The traditional factors of stability are even now - mostly - operative. I’ve discussed these with regard to my tour as DCM. The Saudis still had an ideology, Islam, that had apparently stood the test of time - by comparison with Arab socialism, anyway. I’d have to add that Saudi Islam was practiced in a very intolerant, non-Islamic way. You could not bring a Bible into the country, Christians held religious activities in huddled, informal groups - as if they were meeting in the catacombs, two thousand years ago. a group of American businessmen was expelled: the religious police had discovered they were holding Bible

studies classes in one of their houses. Did we ever say anything to the Saudi about this? Heavens No! Money talks! If you want to be intolerant...be rich.

Leadership was pretty good - the senior princes knew their jobs and their country. Their governing style emphasized continuity, steadiness, a personal tie between the average Saudi and his rulers. By area standards, they were discriminating in using force. Their statecraft was more nuanced than that of Assyrian Iraq. They'd rather spend money than blood. The Royal family still functioned at all levels and in all areas as an effective political-cum-intelligence gathering organization. The external challenges kept the Saudis compacted, a closed elite.

These factors tended to moderate the shock of wealth and the social transformation that wealth often brings. Money enabled Saudis to enjoy goods and services without having to experience the social changes and transformations that would enable them to produce and maintain these goods and social services themselves. These hyper-modern aspects of Arabia were like prosthetic devices. The Saudis had contracted out to various outside sources for water systems, for infra-structures, for military equipment. Their orders would be delivered, installed, maintained and administered - very often by foreigners. The end product would be used by the Saudis - but not require an involvement beyond "filling the tank" or "turning the key" in the ignition.

This policy was all the more effective, because there was **at the time** money for everyone. Much was spread around in a vast spoils/entitlement system. Some money went abroad. Still other sums went into Pharaonic, Mt. Rushmorian palaces. These palaces were surrounded by high walls - for privacy, security, so as not to excite popular envy. But within! I once had to call on the Minister of Defense, Prince Sultan, at his palace in Riyadh. When I got into the car, my driver asked, "Which palace?" Horan: "Which? You mean he has more than one?" Driver: "Yes, about five in the Riyadh area." The Ministry's phones didn't answer. So we went to one palace. It was the wrong one. There they told me he was in palace such-and-such. "Shabby," they said, "but the Prince likes it." Believe you me, that "shabby palace" was a construction of great beauty and total luxury!

I thought it one of the most extraordinary, extravagant things I'd seen, until I visited the new palace that King Fahd had built for himself. 1-2 billion dollars! Visiting Congressman swooned! It was simply a confection of architectural fantasy, all done with the most expensive materials and withal, in good taste.

Q: How about I guess, you know there practically was no real laboring class there was there? That was foreign.

HORAN: That was the prosthetic quality. The Saudis were the noble warriors who no longer had any warrioring to do. They sat composedly and accepted from the world, its tribute of goods and services. At the bottom level, these goods and services were provided by Yemenis. They did the stoop work, the day labor. One notch up, and you had the Koreans, whose work ethic frightened and unnerved the Saudis. The Korean labor

crews were finally ordered to stop marching to the airport military-unit style. It was a sight to see, as these tough, disciplined labor battalions, marched out of their work camps, in their orange uniforms, all in perfect step. Their “Platoon leaders” would run up and down the columns calling cadences! Up one more notch, into the semi-skilled and skilled stratum, came the Palestinians. They were indispensable to trade and the professions, but were disliked and mistrusted. After them, came the European expatriates, French, Italian, Germans. At the very top, sort of, you had the Americans. We were in oil, finance, defense. But do keep in mind, that to the Saudis, none of these rankings mattered a whit. There was in the end not an iotas worth of difference between the American who advised the Saudi Arabian Monetary Agency and some Yemeni who would change your flat tire at a border station. In Saudi Arabia, either your were a Saudi...or you weren’t.

I perhaps should make a partial exception for certain Aramcons. They had been there long enough as to acquire almost the status of “metics.” There could be no doubt as to their sincerity or the validity of their credentials. Moreover, if you were an American, who had learned Arabic, and showed enthusiasm for the wonders of Arabia, you were allowed a certain access. The Saudi response would be genial, welcoming, and a bit abstract. You’d never get close to them, but you’d not exactly get rebuffed, either. You were cordially kept at a distance. You were unnecessary to their personal lives. And what about your skills? They paid you for those!. *Saudis found their social and personal needs amply oversubscribed by their enormous, extended family system.*

Working directly for a Saudi, though, could be difficult. When they paid you a salary, they had, so to speak, bought you. a very senior American came to work for the Salim bin Ladin company. Salim was a nasty little twerp and brother of the infamous Ousama. At a big dinner, Salim turned to his American assistant, a very senior engineer, and asked (shades of the NT): “Do you love me?" The answer: “Absolutely, your Highness.” (The bin Ladins are as much “Highnesses” as yours truly). “Sheikh” Salim: "Well, I would like you to prove that to me." With this he picked out a large, raw onion from the centerpiece, and handed it to his American assistant. "I want you to eat this. Right now." "Ha, ha, ha, you are only joking aren't you." "Joking? Eat that onion." An embarrassed hush fell over the room, as this older American, looked at this punk kid, and slowly began to eat the god-damned onion.

Q: You said earlier how “at the time” everything seemed stable and prosperous. I know this is after the fact, but today, do you perceive any possible “cracks in the wings?”

HORAN: Nothing stands still. I’d emphasize that it has been thirteen years since I left Saudi Arabia. And the Saudis are still standing. That speaks for itself, I’d say. But there are problems: the government is vastly in debt, half the population is under 18, entitlements are exceeding revenues, the area is still a-boil, and the Princes are all getting older. You think of the Politburo*:* older and older guys, leading their country for shorter and shorter times. a robust perennial: who will lead when the Kingship drops to another generation? Big question! Maybe put it to one of my successors?

Q: Well, when you were there, what was the sort of the attitude towards the Iran-Iraq war?

HORAN: Terrified. Terrified that the Iranians might win, and inflame their Shiite serfs. The Shiites were the helots of the eastern province and Bahrain. They were extremely oppressed. We were also concerned about the possibility of unrest in that area - remember it produces most of Arabia's oil. So we tried to help the Iraqis check the Persian momentum: intelligence and naval cooperation, and the like. The prospect of Khomeini-ism flooding across the area, made the Saudi knees shake. Our knees were shaking, too. We were very glad the Iraqis could at least maintain an adequate defense, at a huge cost to themselves.

Q: What, when you were there, was sort of the Saudi relationship with the Iraqis?

HORAN: The Saudis had no use for Baathism or any of the other manifestations of so-called political ideology in Iraq. They feared the Iraqis. They saw them as very credible rivals. Iraqi oil reserves are close to matching those of Saudi Arabia. Iraq also has a much larger population. It was once the most socially and technically developed country in the Arab world! The Saudis would say, "One good thing about the Iraqis is that they are real Assyrians. Just as nasty and mean as the Persians. So we'll support them, because if they lose, there goes not only Iraq, but the Eastern province of Arabia. a new Sassanid Empire!"

Q: What about the Israeli situation at that time? How did you all deal with this?

HORAN: That was basically an easy one. The Saudis maintained "We are not a confrontation state, not a front line state. We are not a direct party to the conflict. Whatever the parties to the conflict agree to, including the Zionist entity whose name begins with an 'I', is fine with us. We support UN Resolution 242 and resolution 338, blah, blah, blah."

Henry Kissinger made ever so many tries to get the Saudis more involved. They'd say: "Why?" Right now things are okay. We get the arms; you get the oil. Your weapon shops keep producing, and at lower unit costs. From time to time we'll denounce al- Kiyaan al-Sahyouni, the Zionist entity, but everyone knows we're not a factor in the Arab-Israeli conflict. You ought to leave well enough alone. Let us produce our oil and buy your products. Stop trying to get us to take a seat at the Middle East peace table. We are like a clay pot, you know, and when you put a clay pot in with iron ones, the clay pot often gets broken. We must be cautious. We are a conservative, pro-western monarchy with a strong religious base. Our region is not conservative, and is often driven by radical ideologies. Ours is a very bad neighborhood. If you are living in the biggest, fanciest house in that neighborhood, you have got to be very careful about your relations with your neighbors."

Jim Hoagland once wrote that the Saudi government was like a turtle. Very cautious about ever sticking its neck out.

We'd talk about "stiffening the Saudis' spine." But on Arab-Israel, it was not to their benefit or their interest to have a spine. Or to "Stand up and be counted." Stand up for what? Stand up for Uncle Sam?" Their position was, "Bilateral relations are good, and we know that the perfect is the enemy of the good. Please don't push us too hard because we are a little bit fragile."

Q: How about with Egypt and Mubarak and so forth at that time?

HORAN: Relations were fine at the "Smiley Face" level, but wary. The Saudis recall that the Egyptians destroyed their capital - it was near present-day Riyadh - in the early 19th century. They recalled, too, how Nasser had flown in arms to help subvert the Kingdom in the 1950s. But with the collapse of Arab Nationalism after the 1967 war, and Nasser's death in 1970, the external ideological threat was less. Saudi fundamentalism looked better and better by comparison with other brands. Besides, the dirt-poor Egyptians could be bought. Egypt was happy to export all the second and third rate teachers and technicians you could want, in exchange for hard currency. Other financial transactions could be used to ward off trouble with Egypt. Plus, our good relations with both parties caused Saudis to believe the U.S. could be helpful with Egypt, too, when needed.

Q: How about up to '88 or early in '89, Henry Kissinger was Secretary of State, and we talked about Jim Akins and his problems with Henry Kissinger, and you were sitting there as DCM taking notes. How did you feel? How did Kissinger come along while you were? Wait a minute, this wasn't Kissinger. I am sorry. I mean but this was you had a new Secretary of State. This was George Shultz.

HORAN: Solid. The Saudis liked him, the kind of American they felt comfortable with. He'd headed one of the Saudis' favorite organizations: the wonderful Bechtel company! Together, Bechtel and Aramco built Arabia. They built it honestly, on time and under budget. They did it with extraordinary, pioneering, non- cross culturally expert Americans. Just hard working, you know, straight from the shoulder Americans. The Saudis found in them no deceit, no hidden motives. They felt reassured having such organizations to rely on. They knew Aramco or Bechtel would not let them fall on their face. I don't think Shultz came out to Arabia while I was there. But they seemed to consider him very much persona grata. The novelist, Abdul Raman Munif, in Mudun al Milh (Cities of Salt) gives an almost sympathetic view of Americans in Arabia. We are lost, clumsy, and blundering, but in a childish way, seem to mean well.

Q: Those relations with the Gulf States while you were there?

HORAN: Watchful, imperially patronizing. The Saudis did not want these statelets around the periphery of their country to become entry points for non-Saudi, non-Islamic, non-Monarchical influences. Some of these countries were a little bit too socially progressive, too open to the rest of the world, too cosmopolitan, too mercantile in the persons of their own leaders. Saudi Arabia was a continental country, while Bahrain,

Kuwait, and the Emirates looked outwards - they were trading, maritime societies. The "Gulfies" might be members of the "Peninsular Club," but some of their manners and customs were alien, even contrary, to those of the high deserts of Arabia. Also, the Saudis were very much aware that in the end, it was they who would have to guarantee the security and stability of their smaller neighbors. There was once a dynastic squabble in the closely affiliated state of Qatar. The Saudis moved their National Guard right up to the border...the dispute was settled to Riyadh's satisfaction. They'd made it clear that if things did not go their way, Saudi Arabia would exercise its responsibilities.

Gosh! The time! I think I had better head off. I hate to...

Q: All right. I'll tell you we will pick it up, we have been talking about your second tour in Saudi Arabia. You were there from when to when?
HORAN: From August of '87 to April of '88, eight months.

Q: So, we talked about much of this, of how the Saudis view the world and how we dealt with Saudi Arabia at the time. What about one further question and then we will move on to other developments. How about looking at the military, you know, they want all this equipment, but as with almost every Arab army, they get equipment but they really don't maintain it. The training is lousy.

HORAN: Totally right. Yes. Every Director of our U.S. Military Training Mission (USMTM) faced a conflict. He needed to move military sales along. He also needed to make sure that it was sold to the Saudis under such circumstances that it would not come back to haunt us. Once Prince Sultan announced to General Andrew Goodpaster, who was visiting, "We want to buy F-4's. Just imagine the effect on visitors, as they fly into Riyadh, of seeing 15 F-4's, with Saudi markings, parked there, wing tip to wing tip!" The General replied, "Your Royal Highness, do you know that F-4's have twenty different kinds of grease in their landing gears alone? Can your men do the maintenance? And as for the tanks you've requested? They require three hours of maintenance for each hour of operation. Are you prepared for that?" The Saudi reply would usually be, "Our boys are very smart and resourceful. Sell us the end items and we'll work it out." Or they'd offer to transfer manpower from another project that, at the moment, had a lower priority.

Our wonderful USMTM Chief, General Ahmann, would tear his hair. He kept emphasizing the need of balanced, across the board, military development. The Air Force, he'd say was hollow, if there was an Saudi in the cockpit, but if the ground crew and support personnel were foreign contractors.

Desert Storm, however, showed what the strategic advantage to the U.S. might be of having, in effect, lots of first-rate military equipment pre-positioned in Arabia.

Q: Okay, we'll pick this up next time.

HORAN: I will give you a call in the next couple of days...

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Q: Today is the 23rd. of January, 2001. Hume, we are back in Saudi Arabia.

HORAN: Yes, it was very gratifying to be back in Saudi Arabia where I had served for five years as DCM. It was interesting to live and work Riyadh - before one had to fly in in for the day from Jidda.

Q: Before, our Embassy was in Jidda.

HORAN: Yes. Now, with the Embassy and most of the Saudi offices co-located, it made work with the Saudi government slightly easier and more productive. I got to present my credentials in just a few weeks.

A glimpse of the real Saudi Arabia: I protested, unsuccessfully, the Saudi decision to exclude Economic Counselor, Anne Patterson, from the small group of colleagues who accompanied me to the credentials ceremony. They did not want the King to be seen on TV with a woman. So they limited my group - arranged in order of precedence - to such a number that Anne missed the cut. After credentials, I spoke to a gathering of Aramcons in Dhahran, hosted functions and briefings for U.S. business leaders in Jidda and Riyadh, and began my calls on Ministers and other officials.

It was an interesting time. I've discussed the Gulf War. But it was also a time when U.S.-Saudi friction over military sales were rising. In 1986 before I was there, Congress had upheld a Presidential veto on arms to Saudi Arabia. Later, we told the Saudis, "After all, you can buy F-15s, but the ceiling is 60. You can't have any more than 60 at any one time. Then the Saudis wanted to buy a supply of Maverick air-to-air missiles. The F-15, without Mavericks, is like an knight in armor without a lance. We said, "No, because we know the Congress would never approve of a direct sale to Saudi Arabia." That refusal really angered the Saudis.

In 1988 Prince Bandar informed us that his government could no longer regard the U.S. as a reliable partner in arms sales. His government was very concerned. Afterwards, I wondered if Bandar had just been putting his alibi in place. Which was the chicken, and which the egg?

Because in the spring of 1988, we discovered that the Saudis had bought - -unknown to us - from the Communist Chinese, an intermediate range, strategic missile system. The agent for the deal, which was worth hundreds of millions of dollars, was none other than Prince Bandar himself! The sale, we think, had its origins during Bandar's visit to Beijing in the fall of 1987. This sort of missile had previously only been associated with the delivery of nuclear weapons. The discovery that the Saudis had acquired ground-to-ground missiles that could reach Tel Aviv produced a stir. Israel was very concerned. At that time, the missiles - stashed away in caves - were within weeks of becoming

operational. We were shocked that our closest friend, the most anti-communist country in the region, should turn to Communist China for a sophisticated weapons system.

Q: Was the thinking that the Saudis may have gotten this missile system really to gain our attention more than, because it didn't sound like it makes much sense.

HORAN: a good point. The missile system, per se, really doesn't make sense. I'd note again, though, the agent for the sale was Prince Bandar. There are stories of his pocketing a large commission - which is sort of standard. When a big prince lands a major arms contract, there is usually at least a finder's fee or something better. Bandar explained the purchase to us, saying, "You've been uncooperative. We are trying to get your attention. We are tired of constant admonitions about Congressional opposition to military sales. Frankly, what we've done, makes us feel good. Self-standing. Like other nations in the area, we have our own missile system. We've kept up with the Joneses, or the Arabic equivalent."

On March 12, I received instructions to see the King. I was to tell him that we welcomed his assurances (I guess, passed through Bandar) that the missiles were not-nuclear. But we said we were not certain that other states would be fully reassured by such an assurance. Accordingly, we asked that all work on the missile training and launching sites be suspended. We wanted to be confident that this had been done.

The language was strong, so on the morning of the 15th, I called Acting Assistant Secretary Peter Burleigh on the secure line. He said the message was, indeed, our policy. I should go ahead. So that day I asked for an audience, and provided the Royal Household with an outline of my intended talking points.

On March 17, however, the Department sent me an astonishing message. It said that at the time that I was presenting our position to the Royal Diwan on the 15th, the U.S. position being conveyed to Bandar the same day was different in both tone and substance. I was told to stop all discussions of the subject with the Saudis until I received further written instructions. I was also told the King was displeased with me. The Department said it was considering sending Secretary Shultz out. In the event, they sent Phil Habib.

I guess there are moments when the State Department finds itself out of its weight class. Much of the action was going on at the NSC. I never got the sense that the State Department was "at the helm." My understanding is that Bandar got in touch with the White House - he may have spoken with President Reagan. The edge was certainly taken off what the State Department was asking. After his own demarches in Washington, Bandar apparently told the King that I'd been instructed henceforth to keep my nose out of the missile business. a plausible reading from him, considering my instructions of March 17.

Q: Well, Bandar was really wanting to get money for getting the damn missiles and the was trying to protect himself and play the Washington game which he could obviously play pretty well.

HORAN: My thoughts, too. Then, seeing the United States so surprised and outraged at the Chinese missile deal, and he being the person behind it all, he had an interest in minimizing the fallout. Some of it, otherwise, some might come down on his own head. Phil Habib came out. I remember how, after he arrived, I showed him my March 12 cable of instructions from the State Department. He handed it back, saying only, "That's not our policy!"

The next day, I guess, it was, we went to see the King. With Habib, came Bob Oakley of the NSC, Bill Kirby of NEA, and Pol Counselor, Alan Keiswetter (notetaker). I don't remember the Saudi side, but Bandar was the King's translator. The meeting was going alright, until Habib said something like, "And now Your Majesty, we would like to take a look at those missiles. It is a matter of great concern to us." The King said, "They are non-nuclear, and there is no need for anybody to look at them." Habib insisted, saying, more or less, "Your Majesty, of course your word is gospel, but we would like for our own reasons to confirm that the missiles are non-nuclear and that the construction on them has stopped." At this point the King said, in so many words, "I guess the Ambassador has been meddling in this issue and he shouldn't have. Prince Bandar was told that Horan had been instructed to stay out of it."

Q: This was you as ambassador.

HORAN: Yes. This was followed by what Bill Kirby later called, "The Royal Explosion." The King said that he had known American ambassadors for many years, and they had all been close friends of the Kingdom. He was deeply offended by the talking points he had received on the missile question. He then said, "If the ambassador has Iranian blood, then let him keep it inside himself." I'll not forget that phrase! The meeting ended on that note.

Word of continued Royal anger continued to reach us at the Embassy from various sources. So I cabled to the Department, saying in so many words, "My position with the Saudi government is compromised. In a religious autocracy, if you make an enemy of the King, your effectiveness is over. I'm afraid my continued presence here will only impede the work of the U.S. government." I recommended I be withdrawn - adding I hoped they would leave a nice long gap between my departure and the arrival of a replacement. I left the end of March.

Q: Had you suspected such feelings before? Most unusual for a monarch to attack the ethnicity of an American Ambassador. What did Habib say?

HORAN: Not at all. The fact that my father had been a high official in the court of the Shah, was known to the Saudis. He even came once on a visit to Jidda when I was DCM,

and he was - I believe - Foreign Minister. But now the Iran-Iraq was going on. My ancestry must have been preying on the King's mind.

It's been surmised that I made the Saudis uncomfortable for other reasons, too. I called on all the Cabinet in protocol order. Last on my schedule of calls, was on the Minister of Religious affairs. He was blind, and maintained the earth was flat. He was widely respected, and had a powerful intellect in his own domain. I recall that he actually laughed at some religious anecdote I told him! These meetings were always public, with Saudi and American note takers present. So the Saudis saw I was active. I had contacts from my earlier tour. I spoke Arabic. Did they maybe feel that here was an Ambassador who could not be confined along the same straight lines, as other ones? The Saudis are an intensely private dynasty. Might it have bothered them that here was someone in a position to peek under their skirts?

What about Habib? He said almost nothing in response to the King's outburst. Mumbled something about "Ambassadors communicate their instructions..." He wasn't helpful. He seemed to be awfully full of himself, and quick to side with, to nod approvingly, or suggest some sort of assent, to whatever the King was saying. I strongly felt that the poor State Department had been outmaneuvered by Bandar, the NSC, and the White House. I was offended by the ethnic slur, and - then and later - by the State Department's weak reaction.

Q: Before you talk about leaving, did you sit down sort of with your staff, your DCM and all and you know, people who had been there and try to get a feel for this? I mean was this really that bad? How did Embassy people react?

HORAN: Yes, my able staff did not dispute my decision that it was best that I leave. It was a happy Embassy. I'll not forget that before I left, the Embassy had a farewell for me. Over the recreational space, they'd hung a large banner saying: "Farewell to our beloved Ambassador Horan." I thought that was a nice choice of words for colleagues in a high-powered, impersonal post to apply to their boss. I suspected that Maryann Heimgartner, at several posts my strong right arm, and superb personal assistant, had something to do with that.

One thing I knew my colleagues liked - they told me - was that after arriving I had had a flagpole *cum* spotlight mounted in the Residence courtyard. a bright, clean, fresh American flag was always flying. I have a thing about tattered, dish-cloth looking flags - so Third World! Then, would you believe it, an important visitor came from Washington. He saw the flag. His only comment was,"I guess now the terrorists will know where the American Ambassador lives." What a loser! I'd have hated to serve under pressure with that sort of an FSO! No *bella figura!*

Q: And Prince Bandar is still ambassador.

HORAN: Yes, that is correct.

Q: Did you get any reflection from circles within the Saudi government or from your contacts saying sorry or anything like that?

HORAN: It's a monarchy. The Saudis keep their ducks in line. The King comes out against the American ambassador, and in a nanosecond, people learn he is being withdrawn. Everyone huddles down in the grass. But one senior figure in the Foreign Ministry was an exception to the rule. He and I went out to the airport to say good-by to Phil Habib and his staff. After the Habib party boarded, my Saudi friend turned and gave me a hug. I thought that was one of the most unusually personal gestures. The Saudis are not touchy feely at all.

Q: How did you find your reception back at the Near eastern bureau?

HORAN: It's as if you're a Russian specialist, and you get PNGed from Moscow. Thereafter, you might have great Russian, but you assignment choices are - or were - limited. There was once was talk of maybe another Arab embassy, but no. Nobody in the Middle East wants to have as American ambassador someone who has drawn the wrath of King Fahd. It blots your copybook in the area generally.

Q: But I mean in a way the facts are that you were not made Persona non grata, and you were not formally kicked out.

HORAN: Correct. Neither the Saudis nor Washington wanted to have a formal PNGing to deal with. But the word that we were getting from the Palace left me - and the USG - no alternative. I think, though, the Department could have left a certain gap between my departure and the arrival of a successor. That would have helped to show while we wanted to continue to do business, the missile deal, after all, was a very nasty surprise. It was not something normally done between old friends and allies. A gap at the Ambassador position would have helped to underline our displeasure.

It didn't brighten my day when shortly before I left Riyadh, I was instructed to request agrement for...my predecessor in the job! The Department was sending Walt Cutler back for a second tour! I was offended. I told Washington that to the Saudis, this nomination will be proof that the United States admits it had a rogue ambassador in Riyadh.

General Vernon Walters, God bless him! when I saw him in Washington, said, "If it had been up to me, I'd have let the Saudis just hang in the wind for awhile before they got another American ambassador."

Q: You left Arabia when?

HORAN: I left around the end of March of 1988. I returned to Washington in early June, after a long vacation swing through East Asia.

After I came back, Senator Paul Sarbanes had closed hearings on my departure from Arabia. He was supportive. Under such circumstances, you always appreciate a responsible person saying you'd done a good job, and had conducted yourself in the manner expected of American representatives. Several other senators were there. Barbara Bodine, ARP Director, was the notetaker. Afterwards, I ran into Ed Djerejian, who was sympathetic. I said, "You know, Ed, sometimes you just have to say fuck it." That was my attitude. Pissing and moaning and "Who struck John?" is all wasted breath. Life's too short. I'd seen officers who took a reverse too much to heart, become crabbed and bitter. There are certain things you should not let into your heart - one is righteous indignation. You should let go, and you should keep going, and should enjoy what life offers, as long as you're able to enjoy it.

Q: After you got back to the U.S., what was your next assignment?

HORAN: I got placed - again - as a Diplomat-in-Residence in Georgetown. That year was much like its predecessor at the University. Next, Ed Perkins, the Director General, chose me as his Special Assistant. That was from 1989-91. He was a fine man. a satisfying few years. I could mention, I guess, that Ed's predecessor, George Vest, had had sufficient regard for me that he had suggested that *I* replace him as DG. One of the nicest compliments I've received.

Q: Now when you were in personnel, what sort of things were you doing in personnel?

HORAN: All right, I was Ed Perkins' Special Assistant. I did just about everything. You know, he gave me a list of 20 or 30 seniors - who were not slated for onward assignments. I was to encourage them to take that final exit step. You know, somebody has to carry the bad news, and so that's fine a job familiar from my time as a DCM! Then I was involved in a series of mammoth studies that changed the established time- in- class rules for Career Ministers, that set up the "window" system for FS-1s hoping to make to OC... I was more or less Ed's high-level handyman in Personnel. I did a little bit of writing for him, did articles in the State Newsletter, represented him at conferences, give talks on his behalf. I enjoyed working with him. He was a very decent upright person.

Q: What shortcomings did you perceive in the personnel system?

HORAN: I've already spoken about my problems with so-called "Open Assignments." Also, it seemed to me that the system of checks and balances that is meant to protect people, is so checked and so balanced that personnel can find itself in gridlock. I remember the case of the worst Minister-Counselor out of almost 300. He was to have been selected out. But he was still on the payroll five years later. He used the grievance process to stay on and on. He sat in some lost basement office, full of embitterment and anger, often on the phone to his lawyers...and drawing a good salary. I was struck by how often the Department tended to lose personnel arguments. Sometimes we'd just goof; other times, it seemed, the opposing side's lawyers were just more competent, and

aggressive, and better prepared than ours. We'd have done better, if we'd had better counsel.

Q: Looking at this as a whole, I have always been struck by the fact that there don't seem to be many people in our career who looked at the foreign service as a whole. You know, I mean how to develop the foreign service and all. It seems to be everybody is doing their job and trying to advance themselves. Did you find any sorts of people that were really trying to develop the foreign service while you were in personnel ?

HORAN: We are such an individualistic, single combat group of people. We don't cohere very well. We look out for our own individual interests, hoping that by some alchemy, some "invisible hand," these various forces will come together ultimately for the greater good of the Foreign Service economy. Those who thought less individualistically about the Service, tended to be older foreign service officers, often with military experience, who were almost self-consciously associated with, and patriotically inclined, toward the Foreign Service. They had a sense of mission as large as their view of America in the world. I think of George Vest, David Newsom, Jim Blake, or Hermann Eilts. I am not sure that I perceived this same overarching commitment among a lot of the officers that I worked with. There was more careerism, less loyalty downwards, less esprit de corps, less of a feeling they belonged to an elite organization. I think being the opposite of an elite is something pretty sad. A good Foreign Service should be elite enough so that its people are closely linked to each other and to an ultimate mission. They must be able to deal comfortably, freely, and openly with one another and not always have to play mind games. But, how do we increase a sense of healthy elitism in our system?

Q: I think a basic problem is that the foreign service over years has been stigmatized, and I use the term stigmatized as being an elite organization, and in the American context, unless you are talking about Marines or commandos or special military units, you are not supposed to be elite. So, we have always tried to avoid that term, and in a way we go out of our way to recruit good people and then we spend most of the rest of their career <u>not</u> trying to say you are pretty good...

HORAN: One shouldn't be an elitist out of arrogance, God knows. But anti-elitism can itself be arrogant - such as when we refuse to look hard for brilliant young Asian Americans, African-Americans, or women of all descriptions, at our major universities because the focus of our recruiting, might suggest we are an "elite" organization. Well, let me tell you, Sullivan and Cromwell has no such inhibition. They will go right straight to the people who came out first, second or third in their class at the top law schools, and they hire them.

The Department's minority recruiting efforts have always been lame. We send recruiters to small, historically black colleges in the South, for instance, and other long-shot places. Sometimes the efforts have yielded the desired numbers - but also stored up problems for the out years, as some of these "minority hires" did not get tenure or were promoted slowly. I thought it wrong to recruit for the Service, young men and women, some of

whose backgrounds put them at a competitive disadvantage in our dog-eat-dog profession.

I'd argued with Ed, that we should take advantage of the "drainage basins" of our greatest universities. The best minorities from all over the country might well be at flagship schools such as UCLA, Michigan, the University of Washington, Chapel Hill, and the large and small Ivies. And having found the best minorities, we needed to go after them vigorously - the way the Morgan Bank, for instance does. Really woo them. I'd also suggested that each Assistant Secretary and above, be asked to make a recruiting effort among minorities at his or her alma mater. Invite some of the young people to Washington as their personal guests. THAT approach would send a message to these much sought-after young people, that we really wanted them.

It seemed to me, we could eat our cake and have it. At that time we only looking for about 20 minorities a year - out of a target population of 20 or 30 million African Americans. I thought, "Is our career so out of the mainstream, so unrewarding, that we couldn't get one out of a million of our minorities to join our career?

We seem, though, to prefer looking for something where it is not likely to be found. The story of the man looking for his keys under the streetlight... The Department still deplores our weaknesses in recruiting. But it still does not make the extra effort that successful recruiting would require.

Q: Well, then, Hume, you moved to AFSA, which is...?

HORAN: The American Foreign Service Association, our professional, so to speak, labor union. It was the only AFSA board ever that included an equal number of women and minorities along with an equal number of "old style Caucasian males." I recruited my Board candidates vigorously. Partly because of my work in personnel, I knew where the good people were. The best minorities and even women, often already had heavy work schedules. I asked each of them, personally, to join my Board. I said they were needed to help me run and represent "a new Foreign Service Association for a new time."
Q: Did you get involved particularly in women's rights, black rights?

HORAN: Yes. It was important for the Service, I thought, to show that diversity and quality could go hand-in-hand. We had several first-rate officers on the Board who were African-Americans. In fact, I'm meeting with one tomorrow - Joseph Huggings, the Executive Director of the African bureau. Another African American board member is now is our ambassador in Lesotho.

Q: As president of AFSA it is always a little difficult. Here you are a senior professional in an organization and all of a sudden you switch over to the labor union. What were the issues that you particularly dealt with?

HORAN: I had a payroll to meet. a budget to increase. We wanted more members-and one way of getting them was to persuade USIA to choose AFSA as its sole bargaining representative. Previously, USIA people had been represented by AFGE, the American Federation of Government Employees. The campaign was vigorous, and sometimes acrimonious. Like the Teamsters, almost. I addressed USIA meetings, the Board joined me in lobbying. In the end, we did get USIS to join us by a considerable majority. For the first time, ever, the total number of AFSA members rose above 10,000. There were problems with AID. AID had a particularly obnoxious, wrong- headed Inspector General. He was a bully and abusive. Our lawyers were often up against AID lawyers on behalf of AID people who were being maltreated. My relations with State actually were pretty good. It there was an issue coming up, I never hesitated to call people up, and they had no reservations in listening to me. I think I was something of an "emollient" between AFSA and the Department. I enjoyed the work. I became conscious of the value of AFSA in providing, now and again, an independent or at least oblique look at personnel issues before the Department. I also enjoyed having a legitimizing power base, independent of anything to do with the Department.

Q: You were AFSA president from when to when? And after?

HORAN: From 1991 to 1992. Then I went out to Cote D'Ivoire. Before, it had been convenient for us to use the English term, "Ivory Coast." But the story goes that President Houphouet-Boigny objected to hearing his country's name rendered many different ways, varying with the nationality of the speaker. And one day, upon hearing Germans refer to his country as "Die Elfenbein Koeste," he decided enough was enough. It should henceforth be referred to by all only as "La Côte d'Ivoire."

I served in Abidjan from 1992-1995. Cote d'Ivoire was the most prosperous, most stable country in the sub-region. The credit goes mainly to one of the few positive "Big Men" in post-colonial Africa. Felix Houphouet-Boigny. Houphouet was a traditional chief, and also founder and leader of a more-or-less modern style political party. He used both sources of power firmly, wisely, and moderately. He was seen as legitimate. He would often make the point: "I've never shed blood. It is a great mistake to start down that road. The bonds that link individuals and ethnic groups together dissolve. As a consequence, still more violence is needed to restore stability...and all the while your power base shrinks, and the economy suffers." Houphouet would add: "Our African countries are not cobbled together as firmly as European countries are, so you have to take them over our African roads carefully and gently." He was a master of inclusion, Muslims, Animists, Christians, people from all regions all had places (differing ones, to be sure) at his table.

When you see what has happened to that country since, you can appreciate the merit of Houphouet's forbearance, self control, manipulativeness, his wile and his guile. People understood that if you were his opponent, you would not die. You might get sent off to the boonies, but your salary would be paid. It was sort of like setting up a boat with a crew. You always try to keep it more or less on an even keel.

It was a happy, comfortable three years.

Q: You were there from when to when?

HORAN: From '92-'95. I had a very good time. I liked the Ivorians, and the issues we dealt with were not as hopeless, or meretricious as some of those in nearby African countries. I had some positive work to do. It wasn't as if I looked out onto socio-economic battlefield.

I was in Abidjan when Houphouet died. For much of a year, he had been increasingly enfeebled by prostate cancer. He'd delegated the running of the government to Alassane Ouattara, an extremely able Prime Minister. Ouattara has a Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. He had been in the IMF, and years later returned to that organization, before an unsuccessful run for the Ivorian Presidency.

Houphouet's death was instructive: it taught me something of *raison d'etat* as seen from American eyes. Throughout decades of radical African socialism, Houphouet had stood firmly for the West, the private sector, a degree of democracy, and the rule of law. He had consistently opposed communists and other radicals. He allowed us to use Cote d'Ivoire as a staging area for our activities in other parts of Africa. When we were favoring Jonas Savimbi, and Savimbi needed help, Cote d'Ivoire was chosen as the transit point for air-lifts to him. Cote d'Ivoire voted reliably with us in the United Nations. For a generation, moreover, Houphouet had run his country in such a way, that despite few natural resources, Cote d'Ivoire had become the region's most prosperous and socially developed nation. He was unquestionably the doyen of West African presidents. He was a firm friend of the Free World over a time when this was uncommon.

Was there corruption? There was quite a bit, mostly spilling out of the government's monopoly of cocoa and coffee marketing. Conspicuous consumption? Lots. Consider the Ivoire Hotel, with its vast pools and a skating rink, *patinoire*, on the roof. Foreigners also complained about the colossal basilica Houphouet built in Yamoussoukro, his home town. The largest religious building in the world! On its behalf, though, one can observe that it was well built, future maintenance costs were provided for, and that Ivorians - even Muslims - were oddly proud to have in their country a religious monument bigger than the Vatican. One Muslim asked me was it fair to praise Europe's great cathedrals-built from the sweat of Europe's poor, and deny the same right to Africans. "Isn't it anyway better than building a huge palace in Belgium a la Mobutu?" I thought Yamoussoukro was magnificent.

But no development is possible without a lot of waste and corruption. The final result of Ivorian development - corruption included - compared well with what one observed in other parts of Africa.

Houphouet's death, was of course the occasion of a major funeral. Some 50 nations announced they would attend, either at the Chief of State or Prime Minister level, or both.

The Ivorians were eager to know who would the United States send? The countdown to the funeral moved along, and with each day, the silence from Washington became more mortifying. Early on we'd heard that there was no chance of Vice-President Gore coming. "He doesn't do funerals."Then the Secretary of State was out. Finally, Palace Protocol could delay no longer. They printed a schedule of events, and the list of delegations. After the "United States of America" there was only a large, blank page. We were the only nation so dishonored. In the event, a dollar short and a day late, we did send Hazel O'Leary, who was a very good representative.

Q: Who was she?

HORAN: She was the Secretary of Energy. She was an African American. Did not speak French, but was elegant and personable. But still, I cringed at the start of the funeral mass, as the representatives of various nations took their places, including Hazel. Then, last of all, in a single file, came the delegation of France. At its head was President Mitterand, behind him former President Giscard, and behind them five former Prime Ministers. Last of all came the current Foreign Minister! They were all seated in the front row.

We should learn from this. If you don't stick with your friends, they won't stick with you. The French passed a clear message that they will stand by you even after you're dead. Whereas Uncle Sam, in the past so prompt to ask one favor or another of Houphouet, was just a big blank in the schedule. I thought, "Was American policy driven only by `What can you do for me today?' If we don't have the politeness to take time and say `sorry' when a friend has died, it shows a certain, inward-looking, selfish view of the world - and despite Washington's continual protestations - something approaching contempt for Africa." I was disappointed in how my government handled the death of one of the most decent and constructive African leaders in modern times.

Q: How did you feel the French, during the time when he was alive and running the country, what was the role of France?

HORAN: Very great. Don't forget that in the De Gaulle regime, Houphouet had been Minister of Health for France! The French, their Ambassador had been there for 17 years. Through his own family he was one of the major landholders in Cote D'Ivoire. The French stood athwart much of the private sector. They were making a lot of money out of Cote D'Ivoire, but Houphouet emphasized to us he wanted to open up his country for its own benefit, and not just for that of France. He saw the U.S. as offering many advantages to Cote d'Ivoire as a market and a trading partner.

Q: We are talking about a region where rebellions and extra-judicial killings are common.

HORAN: Yes, if you live in Africa, you see the fragility of what is good and stable and progressive...how easily it can be disrupted by bad leadership, bad decisions. I'd say to Ivorians, "Africa can not afford the luxury of instability. Europeans, they are rich so they

can have wars. They can even have world wars, but they are rich and can afford them. But Africa is so poor that even some instability, some violence is going to send you into the abyss."

Q: How long were you there after he died?

HORAN: About a year, yes.

Q: What did you see in developments at that point?

HORAN: The number two man, Joseph Bedie, took over. Great men don't like to have as their immediate successors equally great men. They want a court jester. When I first called on President Bedie, after Houphouet's death, he commented ruefully, "It was not an easy thing to be the number two man to Houphouet. He found lots of small ways to keep you in your place and keep you humiliated." Bedie spoke with a rancor, that showed how his years as Houphouet's DCM, had gotten under his skin.

Poor Bedie did not have presence. He was unfortunately configured. He was short and fat. At meetings he'd sit in this enormous, overstuffed leather chair. His feet would barely reach the ground. The scene had a kind of "Ubuesque," tragi-comic quality. Also, Bedie could not manage politics and economics as Houphouet had. Bedie was much more "straight-out" Catholic, less comfortable with other religions and ethnicities. Witness the brouhaha that ensued about Ouattara's "Ivorianess." Bedie right away began pouring money into his home town, a *pauvre bled paume*, near Abidjan, Corruption got out of control. There was certainly corruption with Houphouet, but he always knew who was getting what, when. It was regulated corruption. By watching the little dials and meters, so to speak, Houphouet always knew what was going on under the hood. But Bedie lacked Houphouet's leadership, his guile, good judgment, and inclusiveness.

Houphouet was very good at keeping Muslims on board. Ouattara was a northerner. Under Bedie, the country lurched towards the south, toward Catholics and Christians. Northerners felt themselves more and more dispossessed and disenfranchised, and we now see the country teetering on the brink. What kind of a brink? I think if you look across a few African borders, you can see the brink they are teetering on.

Q: Well, you left there in...

HORAN: In 1995. I came back to DC, spent a year at Howard University, a very excellent year.

Q: One thing about Howard University, I have talked to other people who have served there. They said that within the students and faculty, there is almost a certain amount of dislike or enmity towards the State Department. Did you find that?

HORAN: I found it. But any Foreign Service Officer worth his salt, can disarm these critics. They might think they are really tough and great dialecticians, but if you have been dealing with cuckoo Arabs and disaffected various other nationalities, dealing with some undergraduates - and even their profs - was child's play. I went to one class. They said it was going to be tough, a discussion on West Africa and imperialism in West Africa. Now while in Cameroon, I'd been named a "King" of one of their ethnic groupings. So on lecture day, I put on my royal robes, bonnet, and sandals, and I walked into the lecture hall. I said, "You may know me as Hume Horan, but the Bamileke, know me by my African cognomen, `Bringer of Prosperity.' Let's talk about West Africa. I have lived in Equatorial Guinea and Cameroon and Cote D'Ivoire. I've taught African history for a couple of years at Georgetown. If what I have studied and what I have experienced as a Foreign Service Officer, might be of interest or of use to you, I'd like to pass it on." I had a really good time in that and other classes. These kids, you know, you could blind side them. They'd expect to hear this stuffy blah blah coming in, and then...they didn't quite know what to say. They didn't know whether to laugh or what. But then, if you carry it off, you have won them over to your side.

Q: How about the faculty?

HORAN: Pretty good, pretty good.

Q: I was wondering about their attitude. That is where I heard the attitude was. Rather hostile.

HORAN: Yes, I didn't sense enthusiasm for the State Department among the faculty at all. I worked with a wonderful group of honors students, the Patricia Roberts Harris Fellows. I thought that among these you could really find some good future Foreign Service Officers. But when I would speak to them about the Service, I got the impression that they weren't being pushed in that direction by any of their faculty colleagues. It was a very nice year. The best thing I did probably, was work on inaugurating the Ralph Bunche International Center. We had Butros Butros-Ghali come down from New York...

Q: Secretary General of the United Nations.

HORAN: ...to give the address. I had gotten him to come because his chef de cabinet, an ex-Haitian diplomat and I had been friends in Baghdad many years before. Butros Butros-Ghali gave two seminars and a big public lecture, wonderful. He really was very good, but everybody said you know, he is not very popular at all with Madeline Albright. In the event, nobody on active duty from the State Department came, although lots had been invited. Our former 7th Floor, was represented by Larry Eagleburger, Mike Armacost and David Newsom - all retired. That was it from State. I thought to myself, here is an African American university, inaugurating an international study center named after Ralph Bunche, and the State Department couldn't get up off its heine to send anybody to this African American occasion.

I again thought to myself: “We are always talking about outreach. And along comes an occasion with a lot of prominent, impressive African Americans in attendance, and we blow them all off.” The presence of even a few high level State Department people would have been noticed and appreciated. “Outreach?” We’re only asking State to reach across town and honor Ralph Bunche? They can't do it. Maybe noticed by Boutros’s enemy, Madeleine Albright, too? Scared that Madeleine, who dislikes Boutros, might be displeased? I think, going back to your point on the faculty, that it is not what we say, but what we do. The Butros Butros-Ghali business, made me think that the Department is perfectly happy just doing what is easy but not necessarily productive. It would rather just let the system crank on, send some more recruiters off to Arkansas. But as far as sending somebody of consequence to Howard University for the inauguration of the Ralph Bunche International Center? No, we just keep turning the crank.

I enjoyed my year at Howard. I had good relations with the students, and I thought being a diplomat in residence was worthwhile. I got around; I lectured to various classes and counseled students and even went on a weekend retreat with the Honors Fellows. Evidently to no great effect. I wish I could have done more for the State Department, but my experience suggests that on minority recruitment, the Department speaks with forked tongue.

Q: Well, then you retired when?

HORAN: January 3, 1998. I did a year at the African Area studies course. That was fun.

Q: This is at the Foreign Service Institute.

HORAN: Yes, right here in your August institution. Alas, in my classes, not more that 25% of the students were State people. Other agencies were quite good about sending their people to learn about Africa. The State Department is notoriously training averse, and especially training averse with respect to generalists who do economic and consular and political work. FSO generalists think that there is nothing you can't pick up as you walk into the room and wing it - because your human and intellectual qualities are of such surpassing persuasiveness. To be fair, I should add that our African posts are short staffed, and suffer from exorbitant gaps. Our personnel system just doesn’t have the needed “float.” We would get State Department communicators and some of our administrators and lots of people from other agencies, but our State Department generalists were too busy.

I enjoyed the year. I enjoyed thinking and reflecting and teaching about Africa. In January, 1998, I retired. I joined my wife, Lori Shoemaker, in Korea - where she was an economic officer, and I taught foreign affairs at a Korean grad school.

That was the end of a very fine and exciting and happy and totally worthwhile lifetime spent in the service of our great Republic.

Q: Well, I thank you very much.

End of interview