

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

**AMBASSADOR JULIUS W. WALKER, JR.**

*Interviewed by: Charles Stuart Kennedy*  
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## INTERVIEW

*Q: Today is April 2, 1992. This is an interview with Ambassador Julius W. Walker, Jr. I am doing this on behalf of the Association for Diplomatic Studies and I am Charles Stuart Kennedy. I wonder if we could start with a little bit about your background--when were you born, where did you grow up, where educated, etc.?*

WALKER: I was born February 21, 1927 in Plainview, Texas. I was educated in the school system in Plainview. I was in the first class in that city to graduate from 12 grades rather than 11. This was in WWII. My parents decided I needed some toughening before going into the military so they sent me to Virginia Military Institute. I was there for a year and then enlisted in the Marine Corps. The only reason I enlisted was because the Marines said they would let me finish the semester and neither the Army nor the Navy would. Then I went through Marine boot at Paris Island. I must say after a year in the VMI "rat line," Marine Corps boot camp was like a paid vacation.

At the end of boot camp the war was over. I was given the option of going to Officer Candidate School but that would have meant staying in the Marines four more years so I decided to get out.

I went to West Texas State College (now a university) for a year and a half and then transferred to Texas University. At Texas U. I majored in drama and graduated in 1950. I then went back home and worked for a while. Then I went to Law School at Baylor University. I finished two years there broken by a short period when I campaigned

unsuccessfully for a seat in the Texas Legislature. I came in second, but they didn't give prizes for "close."

After two years at Baylor Law I wasn't getting the kind of grades I thought I should be getting for the work I was putting in, so I decided law wasn't for me. I had been working as an insurance claims adjuster to support myself. About that time company ownership changed and I didn't like the new people so I started trying to get a job at the newspaper.

I went to the newspaper at 10:00 a.m. Monday and was told they had no openings. I said, "Well I'll come back and try again." So the next Monday at 10:00 I went in and there still was nothing. The next Monday at 10:00 I went back and there was nothing. Every Monday at 10 o'clock I was in to see the city editor. The eighth Monday I walked in. He looked up at me and said, "Damn you, I am going to hire you to get rid of you."

I worked for the newspaper and also worked for a television station in a nearby town of Temple--the paper was in Waco--in order to make enough money to live. One day I did a rewrite on a press release about Foreign Service officers coming to Waco to talk to students at Baylor about jobs in the Foreign Service. I thought they might make a good story. I checked with the City Editor and he said, "Yeah, go see them." I went to talk to them. I asked how hard it was to get in the Foreign Service and they told me if I wouldn't print their answer they would tell me. I promised I wouldn't. They told me the percentages of those who pass both exams. I thought, "Well, what the hell. If it's that hard I think I'll try." I did and I got in.

Now this is not to say that I didn't have an interest in foreign affairs. I had, all my life. I edited the high school year book and the theme was Pan Americanism. I had traveled a good bit in Mexico and some in Cuba, and I enjoyed it very much. I followed foreign affairs in the news, but I had no idea about how one went about getting into the Foreign Service. Actually, The idea of the FS never really occurred to me as I knew nothing about it. Obviously, I was lucky to pass the exam. The night before the oral a very large story broke in Waco and I was the only one in the office at the time. I took charge by calling people and giving them assignments. I ended up writing a great deal of the story myself. It ran on the Associated Press wire with my byline. We closed the paper about 2:00 in the morning. I drove the hundred miles to Dallas. Got there about 4 o'clock, checked into a motel, got a few hours of sleep and showed up for the oral at 10 AM.

I took the hour and half exam before a panel of three examiners. One examiner seemed to like me, one was rather neutral and one was definitely antagonistic. After a while the antagonistic one looked at me and said, "Well, Mr. Walker, it says here you work for a newspaper. Is that correct?" "Yes, sir, that is correct." "What do you do, sell ads?" "No, I don't. I write for it--and I think I am rather good." He said, "Well, then can you explain how it was that when you were at Texas University you got a D in English?" I roared with laughter and said, "Well, you set me up perfectly. I can explain it. I was an idiot and I deserved it. I was in a junior course in world drama and the professor consistently looked

on drama as literature. I said, 'It is not, it is theater, it has to be alive, performed. You can look at the texts but that is not really what the man wrote because there is a great deal more in it.' I argued with the professor consistently, argued on all the papers and on the exams and I deserved the D. I was stupid. I shouldn't have argued. I should have accepted what he said or gotten out." Then I added, "But if you are interested in how I write, you have a copy of the Dallas Morning News in front of you. That lead article in it, if you will notice, has my byline." It was the only time I had a byline in the Dallas Morning News. There was a lot of luck in that.

*Q: You came into the Foreign Service when?*

WALKER: I came in at the end of April 1956.

*Q: Did you have a basic officer's course?*

WALKER: I took half of the basic course. The half that included consular affairs. The course was in two six week segments, half to prepare for overseas and half to prepare for a Washington assignment. They gave us the overseas part first. Then they decided to assign me to News Division in the Department of State. Well, they didn't decide that alone, I nudged them a little bit.

You see, I came to Washington and the first or second day I was here I did what I thought any intelligent person would do. I called on my congressman. He had an absolutely stunning young woman in charge of his office. She was from the congressman's district and grew up near where I did. I got very, very interested in her immediately. After a few days it became clear to me that I didn't want to go off and leave her. I wanted to get to know her better. So I decided to try for a job in Washington. There were two fellows in my A-100 course, Dick Boehm and Robert P. Smith [the one who was Ambassador in Accra, Liberia and Malta as opposed to Robert S. Smith, who was Ambassador in the Ivory Coast]. They had just come from two years of working in News Division. They learned that I had worked for a newspaper for a couple of years and had done television and they suggested I get a job in News Division. They said it was the best job a person could get in the Foreign Service in Washington at our level. They thought I would be good in the job and that I would like it.

So, at their suggestion, I went over and spoke to the department spokesman, who was at that point P. Lincoln White. The name sounds very august and grand, but P. Lincoln White was a Tennessee plough boy who spoke with a southern drawl and was as down to earth and at ease as anyone I have ever known. Linc said, "Gosh, yes, I would love to have you." So I got assigned to Washington on my first tour, although I had only had the overseas part of the A-100. When I got ready to go overseas, I went back in the A-100 and said, "I have had the overseas part, why don't you give me the Washington part." "Sorry, all we are offering right now is the overseas part." I had half the course--twice.

*Q: What happened to the young lady?*

WALKER: Well, the affair waxed warmer and warmer and on July 29 that same year, we were married. We met and married in three months.

*Q: Before we move on to your assignments, we are trying to do this as sort of a history capsule for people later on. Could you give me a little feel about your A-100 class? What was the predominate attitude of young men and young women, if there were any, in that group?*

WALKER: There were two women in it. There was an attitude of excitement, of delight at having been chosen for the Foreign Service, of belonging to an organization that was so difficult to join and had such marvelous and illustrious people in it. There was also the same elbowing "I am going to get ahead" attitude that one finds nowadays among the young people. For instance, we had a class president and there was a good bit of infighting to see who would be elected. There were those who didn't care, but others who felt it would be important for their record.

Many lectures were excellent and stimulated great attention from the class. The exception was lectures dealing with visas, citizenship, etc. Many lecturers spoke on general subjects. We were a highly alert bunch of young people and we asked good questions at the end of the lectures. The questions were tough but fair and honest. There was no effort to upstage the speaker with a question designed to show the inquirer knew more about the subject than the speaker. It was a delightful six weeks for me.

A "comer" of the group was John Gunther Dean who went on to do a number of other things. John Gunther had been in AID and was offered lateral entry into the Foreign Service at the FSO-4 level. That was when there were only six classes. He said, "No, I don't want anybody to ever say I took the easy way." He took the examination and came in the same way as the rest of us. He started at the bottom. Of course he had a meteoric career. He was one of the outstanding members of the class, but only one of many. Dick Boehm was outstanding, Bob Smith also. Then there were others who I thought were terrific guys, but they only lasted a few years. The two women--one was integrated from Civil Service and I think only lasted a few years, and the other one had passed the examination. She was assigned as consular officer, I think, in Jerusalem for her first tour. She the married an Arab and had to resign.

*Q: What were you doing in the 1956-58 period in the press office?*

WALKER: That was so much fun. It was really a great time. I was assistant press officer. Linc White was in charge and Joe Reap was his deputy. I worked with Ed Savage from USIS, Ed Cohen, and Alan Lukens.

*Q: Cohen was later DCM in Athens.*

WALKER: He is back here working at BEX now, I think. Lukens retired Ambassador to the Republic of Congo.

We came in at 7 a.m. and read five newspapers--the Post, the New York Times, the New York Herald Tribune, the Washington Post, and the Baltimore Sun. We cut out all articles having to do with foreign affairs and sorted them into geographical areas. We wrote a one sentence précis of each story and noted where it could be found in each paper. Our report was about two and a half pages, usually. It was done in an original and seven copies. The original was on Secretary Dulles' desk by 8:30 in the morning. The other copies went to Department principal officers. Finally the secretaries made a clean copy of it...

*Q: This was in the pre-xerox days.*

WALKER: Pre-xerox, pre-computer, pre-word processor days. The work was done on manual typewriters. Copies were made with carbon paper and the bottom ones were difficult to read. We kept a big pile of onion skin first sheets stapled to seven manifolds...the manifold was a sheet of onion skin with carbon on it.

Remember, I was pursuing my future bride and doing those things young people do, so I found it difficult to get to the office by 7:00 AM, but I had to be there because the Secretary had to have the news digest by 8:30 each morning.

Another chore was to get background material for the spokesman for his press briefing at noon. This meant identifying the stories in the news that would most likely cause questions and learn as much as we could to have the information ready and cleared for Linc to use at the noon briefing. His last action before that briefing was to clear his statements with the Secretary or the Under Secretary sometimes the Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs, if the information was of less importance. His clearance might take until 2:00 or 2:30 so the noon briefing could be delayed by a couple of hours.

Then we were in the older part of the new building. The part that was built for the Army...

*Q: It was the War Department.*

WALKER: Yes. We were on the second floor in the wing on the corner of 21st and Virginia. A large room was dedicated to the press briefing. There were several big tables and one in the back. Reporters would usually sit at the back table and play poker--nickel, dime and quarter--waiting for the briefing. I didn't have a lot of money (annual salary of \$4,800), but I didn't have much to do either. I watched and saw they weren't playing very well, so I finally got into the game. I made pretty good money. I won not a lot, but consistently. In those days, \$5 was big money.

*Q: One started out pulling in around \$4,000.*

WALKER: After Savannah and I got married, we rented a house that was directly across Virginia from News Division. I could look out my office window and see the back door of the house. She continued working on the Hill. I got to work at 7:00 and would start calling her at 7:30 to get her moving so she could get to work. I could tell how things were going by whether the car was still there or not. I had two morning jobs. One to get the report to Dulles and the other to get my wife to work for George Mahon on the Hill.

*Q: Did you have any feel for the internal political sensitivity of the Dulles period there in the State Department? Were you strictly on foreign affairs, or could you see that Congress was getting cranked up on McCarthyism, etc.?*

WALKER: Oh yes. There was a lot of that and it was very worrisome. At that point the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs (SCA) was driving a great deal of what was going on. Scot McLeod was in charge of SCA. It was a tough time. People had to be careful of what they did. I remember after I had been in the News Division for several months, I was called in. The Vice President, Richard M. Nixon, you may recall the name, was going to Africa to represent the United States at the independence of the Gold Coast, which became Ghana. They wanted a press officer to go with him and they didn't have anybody at the White House to do the job so they levied this on the State Department. News Division was the choice. Linc was a Democrat, as was Joe Reap and everybody else in the shop. None of them wanted to go with Nixon. I was low man on the totem pole and they said, "You are handling Africa and the Middle East during the day for Linc, so you are the obvious choice." I was delighted. Although I was also a Democrat, this was my Vice President and I thought it a great opportunity.

But then I was hauled into Congressional Relations. Robert Hill was Assistant Secretary for H, as I recall. After my name was sent up he wanted to know all about me. Who I was, who had I voted for, etc.? Before I told him I said, "You know, I didn't think I would be asked this sort of question when I came in the Foreign Service, but since you asked, I'll tell you. I voted for Adlai Stevenson, twice. If he runs again I will vote for him again." I said, "I am a Democrat, I have run for office as a Democrat." I added, "But that doesn't make any difference. Mr. Nixon is my Vice President and if I am to work for him for a month or six weeks, I will do the best job I can."

I guess that satisfied him because I got the job. It meant working with Nixon a few weeks before we left, working with him very closely for the month we were gone and some time after our return. It was a great assignment.

*Q: Well these trips are important. Could you give your impression of Richard Nixon at this period and how he dealt with you on this trip. This is really one of the first trips of any President or Vice President to Africa, wasn't it?*

WALKER: Well, Theodore Roosevelt had gone there after he was President and shot some big game. But this was the first official trip. And it was quite an undertaking.

Now my impression of him...Mr. Nixon is one of the smartest men I ever worked with or around. He had a quick mind and went right to the heart of any question. At the same time, he is one of the coldest men I ever knew. It was difficult, I think, for him to relate to people warmly. He seemed distrustful of people. I was obviously the junior member of the group. The staff meetings were strange. Bottles of whiskey on the table, glasses, mix, we were to have what we wanted. The bottles were always Jack Daniels Black and Johnny Walker Black. They were tempting and I may have had a little at one of the later meetings. But I didn't want to drink as I had to be on my toes.

In these meetings Nixon sometimes asked my opinion about things. Every time he asked my opinion he followed the advice I gave. However, if I volunteered advice in areas where I thought he needed help with the press he didn't take those suggestions. I don't know why. He seemed distrustful and didn't take advice he hadn't asked for.

He did a great job on the trip. Every arrival statement noted something in the country which compared to southern California. Well, that is not too hard in Africa, after all. But he tried very hard. Mrs. Nixon was on the trip too. I think she was ill a good bit of the time. I felt sorry for her. She gave the impression of being in a situation which controlled her totally and she was uncomfortable. She was a sweet person, gentle, and nice. Charming in a one-on-one situation.

She gave the impression of being aloof and cold in a group. After the trip the Nixons had all the group to their home for an "African safari" party. Savannah was pregnant. It was May or June of 1957, and it was the first party they had in their new home just off Foxhall Road. It was a beautiful house. We came in and Mrs. Nixon immediately noticed Savannah's condition and she devoted the rest of the evening to seeing to it that she was comfortable and "at home." Savannah didn't want to monopolize Mrs. Nixon's time, she is politically astute and sensitive to social situations. She felt there were others that Mrs. Nixon ought to be spending time with. She kept trying to find a way to retire politely and let Mrs. Nixon concentrate on others. But no, the sympathetic feeling Mrs. Nixon had for a pregnant young woman ruled the evening. It was lovely, charming, and sweet. I always reacted when I read in the press that Pat Nixon is cold and aloof. I don't think she is at all. I think she is a timid woman whose life has been driven by what her husband has wanted, expected, and needed. Life has been difficult for her.

*Q: How was Nixon with the press at that time and how well did he deal with the new African leaders?*

WALKER: Nixon with the press was terribly distrustful and nervous. We had thirty-two press representatives with the party. They were in a separate airplane. We were still flying in propeller-driven planes then. The biggest planes we used were old DC-6s, I think. By the way, we lost three of those airplanes on this trip. The Air Force and Navy both got black eyes on that.

Nixon, though, was always wary and afraid of the press. I tried to get him to have a couple of press representatives travel on the plane with him and spend a few minutes talking with him on these long legs in Africa. We went to a number of places and it would have meant so much to those reporters to have been able to write a story showing they had been given an individual interview with the Vice President. I thought it would be a good thing for him. I suggested we could lay down the rules...fifteen minutes, thirty minutes, whatever he wanted. He wouldn't do it.

I have to say the press, I guess, brought some of that upon themselves because they were pretty tough with him. But I think the press had the feeling that...it was a sort of animalistic thing...that the guy was afraid of them. If they feel a person is afraid they go for the jugular.

Not everyone had that approach. Earl Mazo from the Herald Tribune was one of the reporters. Earl ended up writing a flattering biography of Nixon that was well-received. I think they all tried to be fair, but they distrusted him. This was something which I believe was part of his life-long relationship with the press.

Remember when he was running for Governor of California he said to the press, "Well, you won't have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore?"

*Q: Yes.*

WALKER: I don't think the press would have kicked him quite so badly had he been more open with them, more approachable.

No, the other question about his relationship with the African politicians. He got along with them beautifully. You have to remember this was when the "winds of change" were blowing in Africa.

*Q: The Gold Coast, Ghana becoming independent was the first real domino to fall.*

WALKER: Ghana, the Gold Coast, was the reason for the trip.

*Q: This was when?*

WALKER: March, 1957. Ghana's independence was March 6, as I recall.

We landed first in Morocco. Morocco at that time was independent. We were met by Moulay Hassan, who later became Hassan II, after Mohammed V, his father, died. The embassy had only three days notice that we were coming. The schedule there was a shambles. Nevertheless, the trip was a success. Even though the embassy hadn't had enough time to get it together. Logistically, the visit was a mess.

Finally we had some time off from about noon the last day to midnight and virtually every reporter in the group went up to an establishment of ill repute on the edge of Casablanca. We were to leave from Nouasser airport, near Casablanca. I got word that several of them were so drunk their friends were afraid they wouldn't make the plane so it fell to me to get those guys out of there. I called the Air Base and said I needed help. I told them I wanted a car to take me there and then I wanted a car there every 30 minutes until 11:30. This was about 9:00 PM.

Once there, as the guys came out of rooms I grabbed them and stuffed them in a car and shuffled them on out to the airport. In between the handling of drunk reporters, the madam gave me an interesting tour of the place.

*Q: The red light district.*

WALKER: Well, it was just a house. It was quite a place. I have never seen anything like it. Anyway I don't suppose this information is needed for diplomatic history.

*Q: Well, no. But cat houses that I have seen certainly rank well...*

WALKER: I've seen very few. This one was fantastic. The madam took me all through the house. She had women from everywhere. Black, blonde and all shades in between. They were elegant, they were lovely. In the basement she had a dispensary and she said doctors came twice a week to inspect and treat the girls, if necessary. There was also a movie room where I suppose they showed blue films. The chairs were wide enough for two people. Upstairs there were rooms with two-way mirrors so a person could watch what was going on inside the room. One could set up a party to watch a friend perform, it seems. There were other rooms with mirrors all over - all the walls and the ceiling. It was an unbelievable place. The dance floor was made with glass blocks and was lit from below. The women had diaphanous dresses and the lights clearly displayed their bodies.

Let me get back to the political side of it. In Morocco, Nixon met with French-speaking Arabs. They were formal and rather stiff. I felt the visit went well enough, but there wasn't the real give-and-take we found when we got to English-speaking Africa.

The Gold Coast was the next stop. Nixon seemed to hit it off beautifully with Kwame Nkrumah. He saw him both before the Independence ceremony and after. The morning after the ceremony Nkrumah received the American delegation at his home. The house was still full of bottles, glasses, etc. from the night before. Nkrumah obviously hadn't been to bed. But he and Nixon seemed to hit it off beautifully.

*Q: Two real political animals.*

WALKER: That's right. They talked, had their arms around each other's shoulders, laughed. You know, Nkrumah had gone to school at Lincoln University so he knew the US. He knew what to expect. Nixon was highly effective in this visit.

An interesting sidelight. Martin Luther King and his wife were in Gold Coast for the celebration. He tried to see the Vice President for some time and we had been trying to arrange something, although Nixon seemed cool about meeting him. Finally we fixed it for them to meet before Nixon spoke at the University. The meeting was arranged for the university courtyard. Mr. King came up, and was introduced and they began to speak. There was a group around them. Mrs. King had an 8mm movie camera and she stepped back to take a picture of her husband with the Vice President. This was before the days of the single lens reflex so she couldn't see that the lens cover was still on. There she was, filming away, but getting nothing. I shoved several people aside to tell her to take that lens cover off. She was appreciative. But I probably bumped both King and the Vice President in order to get to her.

William V. S. Tubman was president in Liberia then. He was more like an American politician than many American politicians. He was hale-fellow-well-met...open, outgoing, gregarious. He and Nixon seemed to get along quite well. But he was, at the same time, almost overpowering to Mr. Nixon. Tubman was called by some "the man with six fingers," because he always had a cigar in his right hand.

We then flew to Uganda. Uganda was still under colonial rule. Nixon met very briefly with some Africans there, but as far as I know he didn't meet with any of the main political figures as they were in exile.

Next, we went to Ethiopia where he met with Haile Selassie who was formal, rigid, staid, withdrawn. I remember the fellow doing the interpretation for the press conference perspired profusely. It was cool in Addis Ababa, the city is high, and there were fireplaces in the palace with roaring fires yet it was cool in that room. I couldn't understand why he could be so warm. I asked somebody why he was perspiring so much. The man chuckled and said, "The Emperor speaks English as well as the interpreter does and if the interpreter makes a mistake he is in deep trouble."

I don't recall too many of the meetings between Nixon and Selassie. I wasn't in for all of them because I was there to look after the press. There was a fellow who was along as public affairs advisor, a fellow named Bill Henry, who had been on radio for donkey's years. He was the one who spent most of the time with Nixon in these meetings, getting information for the press. He briefed me. But I felt Nixon got along well with Haile Selassie.

We then went to Khartoum. We were only there a short time (24 hours.) Nixon was with the political leaders there and did well. He seemed to adapt to them well. We went then to Libya. The ruler then was King Idris, not Qadhafi. There was a nice relationship there. Next we went to Rome for two days. He met the Pope and seemed to get along well. I was in for that meeting and they did...they hit it off quite well. There was also a private meeting with Mrs. Nixon and Mr. Nixon and the Pope, but I was there for a larger meeting in which members of the party were present.

Then we went to Tunis. At that point Bourguiba was President. Nixon got along well with Bourguiba--this was before his mental deterioration--and he was at the height of his power. He was impressive. I didn't feel language was any barrier between these two...once again a French-speaking Arab. They got along very well.

Then we flew back to the U.S. from there.

*Q: I just want to make the point that the very obvious fact that you did not stop in Cairo reflected the state of our relations at that time.*

WALKER: Boy, did it ever. I was in News Division and covered the Middle East and Africa. When Dulles called in the Egyptian Ambassador to tell him we would not support Aswan Dam that marked the big change in our relations. Before then Dulles had been to Egypt and had given Nasser a pair of pearl handled, nickel-plated revolvers.

*Q: Were they revolvers or 45s?*

WALKER: They were 45 caliber revolvers, I think. Anyway, he gave them to him. I thought the gift peculiar.

We decided to turn down the dam and Dulles called in the Egyptian Ambassador to tell him. I was to follow the Ambassador downstairs to hear what he had said to the press and bring that back and report to Dulles. I did. He didn't spend long with the press. No more than 5 or 10 minutes. He was not very coherent and was obviously terribly upset.

I went back to Dulles' office...remember, it was in the old building where the AID Administrator's office is now. I found Dulles so full of himself. He was dancing a jig when I walked in. I have never seen anything like it.

*Q: A couple of things that come across during this time of the Suez and all that. One was the antipathy between Dulles and Nasser. I mean it was really there.*

WALKER: It was.

*Q: Did you get this feeling?*

WALKER: Dulles was so happy to poke a thumb in Nasser's eye that he was dancing a jig. That's exactly what he was doing. He wanted to know everything the Ambassador had said and I really couldn't tell him everything because there was such a clutch around him I couldn't hear it all.

*Q: Did you get a feeling about Dulles and Eden? Apparently there was another one of those non-relationships.*

WALKER: I didn't get as much on that. The Suez thing was earlier...

*Q: About October 1956.*

WALKER: It was October. I had just come into News Division and they hadn't given me as many responsibilities as they later did. Then, too, that was of such great importance that virtually all of the contact between our office and the Secretary Office's was done by Linc White himself, or by Joe Reap. So I couldn't give you a feeling for that. Linc was circumspect. He would brief us copiously on what was said so we would know the background because we all talked to the press. We were supposed to. He couldn't fill in everybody. So he filled us in fully, but he didn't go into personal relationships. That was outside the purview of what we did. We had no reason to know about it so he didn't tell us. I had the feeling, of course, from reading the press, that Dulles did not like Mr. Eden and was jealous that the United States be recognized as the power leader. Just impressions. I didn't see anything.

*Q: But you did give us Dulles and his jig.*

WALKER: It was really funny. He was actually dancing a jig. I don't mean that he was sitting behind his desk beaming. I mean the man was dancing on the floor.

There were other important people that I dealt with. I was press officer during visits to the United States of the King Morocco, Queen Elizabeth, King of Saudi Arabia, and the Prime Minister of Pakistan. Do you want anything on any of these?

*Q: Some impressions...*

WALKER: On the Queen's visit...that was certainly the largest. The White House normally did the press for those but there were so many in the press corps that Hagerty said he was not going to do it.

*Q: That is James Hagerty who was the press spokesman for Eisenhower.*

WALKER: He said State should do it. We had almost 2500 press representatives for her 3-day visit. We had three officers...Joe Reap, in charge, Ed Savage and myself. I was the second officer. But Joe's father died the day the Queen arrived. This left me in charge. The Queen landed at Jamestown and spent the first night in Williamsburg.

I will never forget how touched I was. Joe was walking down the corridor in the Williamsburg Inn and Prince Philip stepped into the hall. Joe had gotten word of his father's death not more than an hour before. The Prince stopped him and said, "Mr. Reap, the Queen and I have just heard of your loss and we want you to know how sorry we are that this has happened." There was no one there to prompt Prince Phillip. He had not really been introduced to Joe. The man simply went out of his way to express his sympathy. It was, I thought, a touching and kind gesture, a most human thing to do. I still

don't quite understand it. How he knew who Joe was. Obviously someone told him. It was a great thing.

Another thing that was touching to me. Of course, the Queen and Prince Phillip were a good bit younger in those days. We left Washington on the train and ended up in Staten Island. From there we went by an Army ferry so they could approach Manhattan from the lower end. Fireboats were out with hoses spraying. A replica of the Mayflower was in the harbor that day. The Queen and Prince Philip were standing on the bridge of the ferry enjoying the spectacle. It was wonderful, gorgeous, thrilling. Suddenly she saw the Mayflower way off to one side and like anybody's wife, she stuck an elbow in her husband's ribs and pointed to the Mayflower. They both enjoyed the spectacle. But that little human touch of this lovely lady putting her elbow to her husband's ribs to show him something...

Another impression was how much prettier the Queen is when you see her in person than she is in photographs. Also how much smaller. About as big as a minute. And Prince Philip isn't terribly large. During the New York part of the visit the two split up and I went with Prince Philip while Joe took the Queen. (Joe was not with us in Washington--I was in charge there.) We had done the parade up Broadway to City Hall with ticker tape and hundreds of thousands of people lining the streets with police barriers keeping them back.

Later on, towards the end of the day, we got caught in afternoon rush hour traffic. We had to get to the Waldorf Astoria so the Prince could dress and make it to the ball that was being held. The car couldn't move. The Prince turned to Clem Conger, Protocol Officer, and said, "How far is it?" Clem said, "Several blocks." He said, "Well, is it feasible to walk?" Clem said, "Sure it is." So we jumped out on the street, about six of us from this big limousine, and we walked down the street behind some of the very barriers that had been put up to keep people away from this man earlier in the day. These blasé New Yorkers walked right past the guy. Nobody recognized him. It was funny. They must have been the same people who were out earlier in the day trying to see him.

The Prime Minister of Pakistan was a fellow named Suhrawardy. I never saw a man who enjoyed life more than he did. He was a Bengali from East Pakistan. That was before it became Bangladesh. He had an 8mm camera and took about 160 or 180 rolls of film while he was in the United States in those two weeks. We took him all over. The first event was with Eisenhower and the press was taking pictures of the two men together. Suhrawardy said, "Please keep the lights on a minute longer." He picked up his camera and stepped to one side to take pictures of the President. And, of course, the press took pictures of him taking pictures of Eisenhower.

We took him to California. I have never seen a man have so much fun. He would go until 3 or 4 in the morning and get up at 7:00 and be ready to go again. He went to Santa Anita for three races. He was a great horse fancier and they named two of the races for him.

(The prime minister and the Pakistan.) He presented the trophies. I parlayed two dollars into seventy during those three races.

He was very interested in motion picture people and they had a number of things for him. One night there was a party at Carbina Wright, Sr.'s home. Jane Mansfield, the blonde bombshell, was there.

*Q: Very bosomy.*

WALKER: Very bosomy and tall. She approached six feet. Mr. Suhrawardy approached 5'5" and nothing would do but that he dance with Jane Mansfield which he did several times. His head reached that bosomy area and stayed there during the dances.

He spoke about Mary Pickford at a dinner given by the Motion Picture Producers Association for him. He said...and it was eloquent the way he did it. I can't reproduce his prose, but he said. When he was a little boy growing up on the streets of Dhaka, barefoot...he didn't have much but every so often he would get enough coins that he could go to the movies. And there was a beautiful, blonde little girl with whom he fell in love. He had been in love with her all of his life. It was such an honor to have her next to him at this dinner. The entire house was practically at his words. Of course, Miss Pickford by then was up in years and heavily into the bottle. She had a dinner for Suhrawardy one night and was so drunk before we got there that she couldn't attend her own dinner. It is an illness. People don't understand and understood it even less then.

Another thing...in New York we went to see My Fair Lady, the musical. This was arranged by Wiley Buchanan, who was chief of protocol at that point and had wonderful contacts in Hollywood and New York. We got in and had perfect seats on row H...house seats that somehow he got. People were offering \$50 a ticket for those seats when we were going in and that was back in the days when the highest priced tickets sold for about \$10 or \$12. We enjoyed the show and afterwards Suhrawardy wanted to go back stage and meet the stars. They came out one by one. Finally Julie Andrews came out. She was quite young then and Suhrawardy, this short, rotund, dark little gentleman looked at her and went into a marvelous speech about how beautiful her performance had been, how excellent her voice was, how clear, how moving her songs were. It was about 3 or 4 minutes of praise lathered upon praise. Finally, when he stopped, Miss Andrews was so overcome that all she could say was, "Why Mr. Prime Minister, thank you very much. Your English is so good, where did you learn it?" Quick as a flash he said, "Why, here, this evening, of course." That was the kind of guy he was. Brilliant.

*Q: For those who might not know, the show was from Shaw's Pygmalion which was about how to teach English correctly.*

WALKER: The King of Saudi Arabia was Ibn Saud. For his visit to the U.S. he rented one of the decks on the Independence. Before he came there was tremendous outcry in the

United States about inviting this terrible Arab who was so anti-Jewish and anti-Israeli. The press was uniformly down on the visit so we had our work cut out for us.

When the ship docked in New York the King came down the gangplank in his robes holding the hand of one of his children, a little boy of about six. The child had a deformed left hand and left foot. He limped very badly and somebody had to help him when he was walking. He brought the child with him for treatment. Well, that picture of the King with his little lame prince, was the front page of the New York Daily News and suddenly all the interest in the visit changed because here was a beautiful little boy with a horrible problem. The sympathy of the United States poured out for the child. I got the job of handling the press for the little boy. The Washington visit was for about 4 or 5 days. Stu Lillico handled press for the King, but I had the little boy.

*Q: I might mention that we have an oral history of Stu Lillico.*

WALKER: Do you? Great, I would like to see it. He was a wonderful guy. He usually covered the Far East and this was about the cruelest thing they could do to the Japanese reporters because the reporters couldn't pronounce the ls and his name was Lillico. The phone would ring...News Division. Is Mr. Rirrico there? This happened dozens of times.

The little boy was sent to Walter Reed and was treated there every day and was kept overnight once or twice. But when he was free we took him to National Zoo. We got some wonderful pictures of him there with polar bears. People from all over the US began to send him gifts. Hundreds of gifts poured in to protocol at the State Department and the Saudi Arabian embassy. They were beautiful gifts and some were quite expensive.

Well, what to do? Protocol organized a party and invited children that were the age of the prince or older from various diplomatic missions and the gifts were to be opened. We set up three different sessions with the press. One for still photographers, one for movie photographers, and a third for television. The little prince was really a trooper. He did what the press asked. He opened packages, played with toys and responded to what he was asked to do. Several of the other kids fell into tears at one point or another. But this child was right there doing his thing.

When he was discharged from Walter Reed, we got pictures of him skipping down the hall. The medics made a marked improvement in the little boy's condition in the week he was here. He improved tremendously. He gave a gift to the Director of Walter Reed who then gave him a mechanical bird in a cage that would sing for him.

We got movies of all this. This changed totally the interest in the visit and what once had all the makings of an absolute disaster became a ringing success because of the presence of this child. It was also a success for the child because he also benefitted. I understood he came back to the United States from time to time for more treatment at Walter Reed. I don't know whatever happened to him.

I got into trouble with the press on that visit because they wanted to know how many children the King had. I kept asking his press officer who finally told me he had 25 children. The next day the same press officer gave a press conference and somebody asked him how many sons the King had and his answer was 26. So the press said to me, "Well, of the king's 25 children, it seems 26 are male."

*Q: Of course it is the habit anyway as you well know when asked how many children you have you give the number of sons.*

WALKER: Yes, but the press didn't understand that. Another visitor was Mohammed V of Morocco. He was a charming person. He was quiet, very retiring. He usually wore long, flowing robes (jalabas, I think they are called.) He had a modified fez...a cross between a fedora and a fez, with a crease in it. He was a pleasant, rather shy individual. We took him to California and visited Disneyland which had just opened. Walt Disney was there and met us at the gate. He was our guide for the day. I have never seen two men have so much fun. Disney had all these toys that he had created and he was in love with them. Mohammed V had a great appreciation for them. They rode things, saw exhibits and did all the things any kid would do and had a marvelous time. We went back to town and the hotel about 4 o'clock. I found out later that Mohammed V changed his clothes immediately, put on a suit and went right back to Disneyland and stayed with Walt Disney until the place closed. He was quite a fellow.

*Q: Well, then we move to Valletta, Malta. This was from 1958-61.*

WALKER: The job in Valletta was totally different. It was a two officer consulate prior to independence. The officer in charge was Russell L. Riley. He thought up and developed the Fulbright program, working closely with Senator Fulbright. He was a hell for leather, hard working, tough bureaucrat who had been integrated into the Foreign Service at the FSO-2 level. He knew nothing about overseas work, but he did know that if there was information available on how to do a job he could figure it out. He had tremendous confidence in himself and it was not misplaced. He was a wonderful guy, from Missouri. He is still alive and lives in California.

Here we were, two brand new Foreign Service officers trying to run a post. It had been inspected not too long before we got there and the inspectors found all sorts of things wrong. Russ was determined everything would be cleaned up and straightened out on our watch. Then we were governed by the Foreign Service Regulations (FSR) which were kept in loose leaf binders. We literally wore out the backs of one set of binders because we didn't go to the john without checking the FSR to see whether or not we could. We did everything we could to get that place running correctly. And we did. So much so that when the inspectors came there was little of substance they could find to tie us on.

It was a great way for a junior Foreign Service officer to learn the ropes. I went there to do consular work, administrative work, commercial work and to back up the consul general. In effect I worked across the board. I did political reports, economic reports, the

whole works. At that point there was a NATO headquarters there--Headquarters Allied Forces Mediterranean (HAFMED). The US contingent at HAFMED headed by an admiral with about a dozen officers from all branches of the Service. It was a wonderful community. Russ saw it his duty to relate to the British and to the Allied Forces. He said, "I want you and Savannah to concentrate on the Maltese." Well, this was wonderful because they were terrific people and we got along well with them. But our contacts inevitably overlapped because we were always invited to US and HAFMED parties and I did a lot of backup for Russ. He, of course, did most of the official things with the Maltese and local government.

This was after Suez, of course, and we were still suffering some of the pangs of that unpleasantness. You see, the U.S. consulate had been kept completely incommunicado by the British for two weeks during the Suez buildup. The British did not allow the consulate to send any messages during that time. They could only send through the local Cable and Wireless transmitter, a government institution, so their cable traffic was completely controlled. The consulate had no radio or other independent means of communication. They couldn't report the buildup of British forces in Malta prior to the invasion.

There was a soreness in our relationship as a result of that. One night the Lt. Governor invited Savannah and me to his home for dinner, with a large number of Brits. He showed a movie "The Mouse That Roared." It was about a small country that got the atomic bomb and forced the United States into submission. It was really clever, quite cute. We were the only Americans and although we knew nothing of the film, we saw immediately it was a spoof on the United States. There was an embarrassed silence for a while until something caused us to laugh. Then everybody relaxed and decided they could laugh too. We enjoyed the film greatly. But they were worried as to how we would react.

Back to the assignment. We didn't have august personages through there while I was there. However, before we arrived -- on the watch of Peter Walker (a friend who retired from the Service early because of illness) Secretary Dulles was in the area and had to stop in Malta. The story was still going around about the dinner party that was arranged at the last minute. Dulles only sent word a few hours before that he was coming and stressed this was just a stop over and not to do anything. Nevertheless, the British Governor insisted that he give a dinner for him. The dinner was arranged at the Governor's Palace, a beautiful mansion built by the Knights of St. John in the center of the island and used as the Governor's summer home. They invited all the island's important people but they needed an extra man at the last minute. An American Fulbright professor at the University of Malta was invited. After dinner, at the customary time the Governor arose and toasted the President and everybody drank. As the others were sitting down Dulles was standing, waiting to give the toast to the Queen. The professor at the end of the table, below the salt as the British would say, which meant he was seated as far down in protocol as he could go, jumped up and said, "Ladies and Gentleman, the Queen." There was a stunned silence. Then everyone got up and toasted the Queen. They sat down and in a few minutes the Governor's wife invited the ladies to join her. As the men were regrouping, the way they do at formal British dinners, the man came up and said, "Mr.

Secretary, I wasn't certain whether you knew the protocol for something like this. If I did anything out of order, I am very sorry." Whereupon Dulles looked at him and with voice shaking with rage said, "You should be young man. You should be." Yet another insight on Foster Dulles and the tribulations of secretaries of state.

*Q: Did you have any relations with Dominic Mintoff?*

WALKER: I saw Dom Mintoff a couple of times, but he was exceedingly difficult to meet. Mintoff had been in charge of the local government and allowed the island's security to get out of hand in order to bring pressure on the British. Riots were taking place when the British took over. By the time I got there the island was under the direct rule of the British. Mintoff was having nothing to do with anyone, particularly anyone from the West. We tried to make contact with him. We would invite him but he wouldn't respond. He wouldn't talk to us. As I say, I met him a couple of times at functions and we chatted. He was very nice, relaxed. He was educated as an architect. His wife was Scottish. He was personable, a real politician. But he didn't want contact with Americans or British. The other official foreigners there, the French and Italian, had the same problems. He refused contact.

I did get to know George Borg Olivier who formed the government in power at the time of Independence. He was the head of the Nationalist party. He was quite a character, something of a playboy. His wife even more of a playgirl. Their summer home was just down the street from where we lived. Our house was in St. Paul's Bay, a little village about ten miles from Valletta, the capital. We frequently saw the Borg Oliviers at parties. They were delightful, charming people. Approachable, easy to get along with, and open. But I can't say that I ever knew Dom Mintoff. I met him and spoke to him a couple of times, that was it.

*Q: What was our feeling while you were there? It was not too much later that the British pulled out and Malta as a strategic area just sort of dissolved. American concern later was only that the Soviets not get in that, but not that we wanted to do anything with them. But how did we feel at the time?*

WALKER: Well, the official feeling almost seemed to be that we would be happy if it would go away. When I came back in 1961, I spoke to the British Desk because we reported directly to them. Malta was not part of the Mediterranean area, it was a British possession. I began telling them what was needed to get ready for Independence. They said, "Oh, we plan to close the consulate." And I said, "You will never close there. It's foolish to think that way. You may have to close something, you can't close that one." But the official attitude was--Let's don't be bothered. And there wasn't much bother.

There was a period in the mid-sixties when the US was trying anything to keep Malta from moving to the Soviets. We bowed a good bit to Mintoff and gave the Maltese assistance and help. But it didn't do much good. Malta stayed pretty much on its own course. Mintoff snuggled up to the Libyans and stayed close to them. And this is strange,

because the Maltese do not consider themselves as having anything to do with Africa. They consider themselves European. Their interest in Africa is marginal. There are colonies of Maltese who live in North Africa, Tunis, Alexandria, etc., but they look upon themselves as Europeans who live in Africa, and have no real ties to Africa other than that. All this in spite of the fact that Malta was occupied for two centuries by Arabs and many Maltese names come from Arabic. One of my best friends there is Maurice Caruana Curran. Caruana is a derivative of Qairouan, the city in Tunisia from whence the Arabic invasion of Malta took place.

As to the relationship between the United States and Malta ...the Maltese really loved the United States. It was a tremendous feeling, there was tremendous regard and respect for the US. So many Maltese immigrated to the United States. When I was in Malta there were more Maltese living in Detroit than there were in Malta. There were only 330,000 Maltese in Malta. The Maltese colony in Detroit was said to be larger than that.

*Q: You weren't at least within our own circles going around saying that this was a strategic spot and we have to keep this and all that?*

WALKER: Well, I think our feeling was that it wasn't a strategic spot but it was one we wouldn't want to fall into other hands. The strategic emphasis of Malta today has gone from a positive one that it was 50 to 100 years ago to a negative one. You wouldn't want someone who was inimical to our interests to have control of it. At the same time, it isn't really needed because ships now can go around the world without refueling.

There is a wonderful shipyard there and it was used by a few American ships while I was there. I payrolled an American submarine that was in for repairs. It was there for five or six weeks. What the Maltese hoped was that after Independence the shipyard would become a major drawing port for ships plying the Mediterranean, and it has. They modernized the yard and improved it. But it doesn't have the strategic importance it once had. Air power is too important now. You have submarines that can go underwater for weeks on end or ships that can go around the globe without ever going into port, so it is not as important militarily as it once was.

*Q: You left Malta in 1961.*

WALKER: Yes, I came back and was assigned to the mid-career course. I couldn't believe that after one assignment abroad I was already in mid-career. But I was in that course and then went to Bujumbura. While I was in Malta I went up for three months to Paris to learn French and get off language probation. At that point they still had a French language school in France. I went up, took Savannah, our baby and a maid to look after the baby.

*Q: Was this in Paris or Nice?*

WALKER: Paris - it had been in Nice. When Mr. Rooney (Chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee for State) found out about that he made them close there. So they moved to Paris for about a year then he made them close there as well. But we had three wonderful months in Paris and learned a lot of French.

After the mid-career course we went to Burundi. The post had been open about eight or ten months when we arrived. Herbert Olds was the first Consul General. The staff included Walter S. Clark, and David Doyle was there for the Agency. Charles Cuenod was doing administration. The offices were in the end of a bank building. We began to build up so much that we had three or four people in an office. We were desperate for more space.

I was sent there as political officer, but we only had one person to do all the administration, he was supposed to do the secretarial and communication work as well. Our communications section was equipped with a Mox II, a very difficult and slow means of encrypting telegrams. It ended up that all of us had to write our own telegrams, had to put them in final on green telegraph forms and take them back to the code room and encrypt them on this thing which required physical labor. You see, the keyboard was manual and each key had a strong spring. Our hands felt as though we had been milking cows after typing a couple of pages with the thing. The Mox produced a strip of five letter random groups on a strip which then had to be pasted onto a paper and set up for transmission. Then we had to type these five-letter nonsense groups into a telex machine and get that perfect. The telex would make a tape which we would use to actually send the message. It would be received in Brussels because Bujumbura...it was then called Usumbura, Ruanda-Urundi...was still under Belgian tutelage as a UN Trust Territory. So our communication was through Brussels. This was all laborious, slow, hard work.

*Q: It must have been a good solid inhibitor on writing?*

WALKER: It really was. And if you think that is an inhibitor, try it with a one-time pad. We used them when the Mox broke down. That was when I learned the truth of the expression that you can't make love on a one-time pad.

Anyway we had all that to do. Dozens of people came out, Soapy Williams and company among them.

*Q: He was Assistant Secretary for African Affairs.*

WALKER: The Honorable G. Mennen Williams. He came with a group of 17 people, as I recall. We didn't have enough mattresses for everyone. Literally, there were not enough beds for those assigned to Usumbura to sleep on. Children slept two and three on a bed. When Williams came there was no room in the hotels, such as they were. They were almost jokes anyway. So we had to put up most of the party in our homes and many of our people slept on the floor. They were there for three days and administratively, it was a mess.

Williams was a wonderful man. He was one of the most well-motivated individuals I had ever seen, but he was not as quick to pick up things as some of the other people I worked with. Nevertheless part of the trip was successful. He met the proper people. The Belgians were still in charge then. I don't think he met the king, Mwami Mwambutsa, was his name. He did meet some of the black politicians. But overall, that visit was a mess.

Another visit we had which was really a mess was from Allen Ellender, a Senator from Louisiana. Ellender made his trip to visit Africa because he felt the United States was making a great mistake by recognizing all those independent African nations. The trip wouldn't cost the American taxpayer anything because he would use American facilities everywhere. And he did. He was flown all around the continent on Air Force aircraft that were assigned to the Defense Attachés. They were old DC-3s. He made it a point to stay in the homes of Foreign Service personnel, never with the chief of mission or the consul general. He wanted to see how the common people were living.

Savannah and I were the only two in Burundi with southern accents so we were automatically chosen to be his host. Before he got to Burundi he visited Rhodesia. There he spoke to the Rotary Club and said, inter alia, that the black African was incapable of governing himself. Well, the Rhodesians loved that. The Rotary Club was 100% white. Later, Ellender was astounded when he flew into Dar es Salaam in Tanzania to find that Julius Nyerere would let him land to refuel but he couldn't get off the plane. They flew to the next stop, Usumbura. He got to us a day early.

Meanwhile, I had spoken with the government to see if they were also going to object to his visit. Burundi was independent by this time. They weren't upset. I asked if they had heard about his statement. They said, "Oh, yes, we know what he said. We think he is wrong and would like him to come here to see how wrong he is." So he came. We met his airplane. In Washington his press officer had lived next door to Savannah and me in a little house across the street from the Department. We knew the press officer quite well. His name was Mario Fellom.

The Chargé was named Ernest Stanger. Ernie introduced Ellender to all of us. And the last one, of course, was me. He said, "Now here is your host, Julius Walker." Ellender broke into a smile, embraced me and said, "Walker, God damn I am glad to see you. I been looking all over Africa for you. Mario Fellom gave me a pound of pinto beans to bring to you."

While in Bujumbura he sat in the office I shared with Phil Bergstrom and read the telegrams sent to him from Washington concerning his statement. It had caused quite a stir at home. We had just gotten the text of his speech from Rhodesia. When he got through reading the speech he looked up and said, "Walker, I just want you to tell me one thing. Was what I said wrong?" Two thoughts raced through my mind. The first was "Oh, Lord, here goes my career." The second was, "Why in hell couldn't he have said 'Bergstrom.'" I said, "Senator, that is a direct question and I am not sure I can answer it

directly. But let me say this, I am a protestant from Plainview, Texas. I can stay in Plainview and say just about anything I want about the Catholic church, true or not, and it won't make any difference. But if I go to New Orleans and say those same things, I may get in trouble." He looked at me for a minute and said, "By golly Walker, you are right. I just said the right thing in the wrong place." I said, "Senator that is not what I said." But from then on he said, "It's just like Walker says, I just said the right thing in the wrong place." I tried to correct him, but it did no good.

Later we were in a car going somewhere. He was sitting next to Savannah and he said, "You know, I just don't understand why it is people make such a fuss about all this. It is just my idea. Just one person's opinion." Savannah said, "Sir, you have to remember, you are a senator of the United States and what you have to say is important." He looked at her and said, "Little lady, I guess you are right. I may not have helped my country very much." That was the first time it seemed to dawn on him he had caused trouble.

We were under great pressure to get him to say something to take the edge from his statement. I sat down and worked on a suggestion. Finally I had it in good enough shape and I gave it to Ernie. He said, "You will never get him to say that." I said, "Well, I'll try. Maybe he will." I gave it to him and he read it. I said, "Senator, if you would say this it will really help us here and also your country. And it is not going to hurt you at home. I have written something you can say and not look like you're backing off. He grunted and stuck it in his pocket.

The plane finally left and went to Nairobi. The Kenyans wouldn't let him off the plane either. He called the embassy staff to meet him on the plane in the noon-time heat. The plane was like an oven. He chewed them up blood raw. As they were leaving he pulled the statement from his pocket, gave it to the Chargé and said, "I understand the press wants a statement from me. You can give them this." I had asked Ernie to send the statement to the Department because Ellender could have changed it then said that was what he was told to say. I thought we should report what we had done. Ernie's reply was, "No, no, we may be in trouble for having done this." Thus no report was sent from Bujumbura.

Nairobi released the statement and it really did help. It was a good statement. It backed up enough that the Africans could see that he was making a gesture. However, Nairobi got the credit. They were showered with accolades for this. And damn it, we were the ones who had done all the work. Sometimes, that's the way it goes in Foreign Service.

*Q: Was there any reflection of the Congo crisis when you were there?*

WALKER: Oh, there was a lot. Not too long after we got there our public affairs officer, Darrell Drucker, returned from a meeting in Europe. We met him at the airport. He had been seated next to a well dressed, nice looking, black American. He learned this was Colonel Harlin Julian, the Black Eagle of Brooklyn.

*Q: Served in Ethiopia at one time.*

WALKER: Served in Ethiopia.

Julian told him openly that he was selling planes to Tshombe. This is when Moise Tshombe was leading the rebel group in Katanga Province in an effort to split Katanga off and make it a separate nation. It was a mineral-rich area. The UN, the Belgians and the US were all trying to stop him. When Darrell got off the plane he pointed the guy out, "That is Colonel Harlin Julian, the Black Eagle from Brooklyn." And he told me the story Julian had told him.

Public affairs folks don't always see the political importance of things. This was just a story to him. Boy, I was taking notes as fast as I could. We sent a telegram to the Department and to Elisabethville about Julian and what he said he was doing. Later, he was picked up by the United Nations forces and incarcerated for dealing in arms. But we were the ones who blew the whistle on him.

His activities were of great importance in Burundi. This was before Independence and the Belgians were worried about what might happen there. They remembered what had happened a year and a half earlier in the Congo and they didn't want to be in Burundi for something similar. As Independence got closer, more and more Belgians left.

Savannah was pregnant with our second child when we went to Burundi. She was going to a Belgian Ob-Gyn. The baby was due early in January. At a Christmas party somebody asked, "Mrs. Walker, who is your doctor?" She gave the name. The person replied, "Oh, he couldn't be your doctor." She said, "Why not." "Well, he left the country."

Indeed, that doctor had departed without saying a word to us. This was a genuine problem. Everyone was leaving. Where could we get a doctor? It was too late to put her on a plane, even to Nairobi or some other nearby place. Before Independence there were good hospital facilities in Burundi but there were worthless without a doctor. Finally I discovered there was a Belgian doctor at the African hospital. (As was the case in most African nations before independence, there was a European hospital and an African hospital.) This guy ran the obstetrics unit. He had been there for four years doing public service in lieu of military service. The Belgians had that option and I think they still do. It is a good program.

I asked the doctor if he would deliver the baby and he said he would be glad to. So it worked out fine. When it was all over and I was paying him for the delivery he said, "You know, I really ought to pay you." I said, "Why?" And he said, "This is the first normal delivery I have seen in four years of practice in Burundi." So he was the perfect guy for it, having dealt with every possible emergency. It worked out beautifully. But a strange thing happened, at the moment the baby was born a bat flew into the octagonal delivery room and circled it. I couldn't remember the French word for bat. I finally said, "There is a false mouse in here." He said, "A what?" I said, "A 'faux souris.'" He looked up then said, "Oh,

no, a 'chauve-souris' [a bald mouse]." I said, "Oh, yes." He said, "In a minute you can turn the light out and it will fly out." And it did. Our second child was born in Burundi and it was a wonderful experience.

*Q: Did you get observe the various tribal conflicts?*

WALKER: Between the Tutsi and the Hutu. Yes. We were very much involved in that, both in Burundi and Rwanda.

*Q: At that time did we have one post that covered both Burundi and Rwanda?*

WALKER: Yes, you see before Independence we were only allowed to open a consulate in Usumbura. Usumbura was in the Urundi side of Ruanda-Urundi. But we could send an officer to Kigali which was to become the capital of Rwanda about a year before Independence. He could live there and begin renting property before Independence. We were not allowed to officially open there until after Independence, we did open an office as soon as we could. That meant those in Usumbura covered both places.

They had an election in Rwanda not long after I arrived. Dave Doyle and I covered it. We drove up. We had a big government van and went from polling place to polling place to see what was happening. Things seemed to be going well enough then we stopped at a Seventh Day Adventist mission and found the Americans in a panic. They were frightened within an inch of their lives. It is hilly country and across the valley from the mission, facing them, was a Hutu village. Those people were yelling across the valley that come night they were going to cross the valley and kill the missionaries because they supported the Tutsis.

Although Dave and I were diplomats, not soldiers, we decided to spend the night to help those people in case anything happened. All night long we walked the top of the ridge so we could be seen. We were wearing khakis. We couldn't do anything if people came. I think one of us had a pistol. We patrolled until about 4:00 in the morning when some Belgian troops finally came and took over. I remember at one point about 2 AM we sat down. Dave had a small bottle of whisky which we passed back and forth. It got cold there, up in the mountains, it was uncomfortable and we were dog tired. We had gotten up about 4:00 AM the day before to begin our trip. We had a hard ride over the unpaved mountain roads so we were really worn out. We were sitting down there swigging from this jug--not much, but a little bit--and I said to Dave, "You know I think it's funny, ironic really, that a couple of WWII vets are out here patrolling to protect a bunch of conscientious objectors." He said, "Do you mean to tell me that these people are conscientious objectors?" He said, "I never would have stopped had I known that."

Earlier I was somewhat surprised at the meal. I had forgotten they didn't eat meat. The lady of the house put on the table what looked like a beautiful meat loaf and I was starved. We had eaten nothing all day but sandwiches. The "roast" turned out to be ground up lentils. Anyway, I filled up. The missionaries appreciated our presence. I felt

their relationship with the Tutsis was innocent enough. The Tutsis had been the ones who responded to their presence. The support for them was not made on a tribal basis. The Tutsis simply had been open to the Adventists and more available to them.

*Q: Which were which?*

WALKER: The Tutsis were the minority group. They were inclined to be tall, thin with aquiline features, long thin noses and thin lips. Very elegant people and great athletes. The Hutu were the majority race and were stockier, stronger, inclined to be heavy set. Also a fine looking group of people, but quite different. Their differences were racial rather than tribal because they spoke the same language and lived in the same villages.

We saw a Tutsi killed during this visit. We were driving and saw a Hutu walking behind a Tutsi ahead of us. The Hutu threw a spear into the Tutsi. As we came alongside he pulled his spear out. The other man seemed dead. The numbers that were killed were quite high. They estimated between 25 and 35 thousand were killed. The bodies floated down the Rusizi River and into Lake Tanganyika, not far from Usumbura. But that really wasn't anything compared to the killings in 1969-70 of the Hutu in Burundi where they estimated between 2 and 3 hundred thousands were killed. The Tutsis ran out of bullets. I wasn't there at that time so I shouldn't talk about that.

But we saw a great deal of the inter-racial problem. We had a man at the embassy who was a Tutsi from Rwanda. He had asked us to see about his parents while we were there. We drove to the place where they lived and found the village burned. Our driver asked about the parents and learned they were all right but were hiding at some distance in the bush. We sent him to get them. He was gone most of the day and went most of the distance on foot. He brought the two old people out. They had a few possessions with them including a sack of beans weighing about 20 pounds.

We put them in the back of the van for the drive to Usumbura. When we got to the frontier between Rwanda and Burundi - even before Independence there was a barrier there - the Rwandans stopped us and wanted to know who the people in the back seat were. Dave, whose French was really impeccable, he had been raised in Belgium, handled it. He said, "They are just some people we are taking to Usumbura." "Who are they? Do you have permission to take them?" He said, "Yes. I have permission from the Governor," which we didn't have. They said, "Well, where is your permission?" He said, "We don't have any papers. The Governor just said we could take them." "How do we know?" Dave said, "All you have to do is to telephone him." That stopped them. I am not certain they knew what a telephone was, but if they did they knew darn well they didn't have one there.

With that, Dave told the driver to go. Off we went. The Rwandans had two 30 caliber machine guns pointed right down the road we had to travel. We drove about a half mile toward the Burundi side and then doubled back toward the guard post. We were still on the Rwanda side until the road went around a hill. For a good 3 minutes we drove with

those machine guns aimed right at us and we didn't know but what they might be fired at any minute. Fortunately, they weren't and we got out of there and saved the man's parents.

*Q: What were our interests there?*

WALKER: Our basic interest was to encourage stability. We wanted to see independence come quietly. We wanted the countries to develop. And they have basically, although with some setbacks. Largely, what we wanted was achieved. The Burundi never forgot that the Americans were the only ones who didn't leave the country or send their women away at Independence. We were all there for the event. It was calm and a wonderful, thrilling time.

I got to see Independence come to two African countries--Ghana and Burundi. It is one of the most exciting things you can imagine. People so happy, so full of themselves. We were invited to the Mwami's Palace for a party at midnight when Independence actually came. Only two white couples were there that night. One was an old Belgian colonialist who had grown up in Katanga and Burundi and was married to an Egyptian. The other, Savannah and myself.

*Q: What was the feeling of the Belgians? They had done nothing to prepare the Congo and when it blew up it was and remains an absolute mess. How had they been dealing with Rwanda and Burundi? And what was their attitude towards the Americans?*

WALKER: They had done less in Rwanda and Burundi than they had in the Congo to prepare them for Independence. There were three or four Tutsis from Burundi who had gone to university in Belgium. One was still in university and came back as a medical doctor while we were still there. The others were executed because of their implication in the assassination of the first elected prime minister. The Belgians did very little. They did not intend for the Africans to be independent. Ruanda-Urundi (RU) was part of Belgium and was to be run as a colony. The Belgians were scared to death when they found that Independence was coming because they knew what a mess the country was in and that the people were not ready to take over. They also were worried because they knew they had been tough taskmasters.

Even so, they had not been as tough as the Germans. R-U had been a German territory before WWI and there were still some Burundi who remembered the Germans. They said the Germans were the best colonists because if anyone did anything wrong, the penalty was death. For most Burundi, the choice was easy enough to make.

*Q: What was there about the Belgians that made them sort of odd man out as regards...you know you have the French and the English working at it? Why did the Belgians go this course?*

WALKER: I think neither the Belgians nor the Portuguese had any idea Independence would ever come. The colonies would remain their territory and would be run as the

masters saw fit. R-U was developed really beautifully. Usumbura was a beautiful city and there were wonderful towns. They had great facilities. Although few of the roads were paved, they were beautiful. Most paved roads were in the Congo. The best roads in Burundi were those which had been established by the Germans. What the Belgians had done was to keep them up. They had put in a few new ones, but most of the roads had been made by the Germans.

The Belgians had beautiful homes, wonderful lifestyles, wonderful hospitals, etc. The hospital that our little girl was born in was excellent. It was for the Europeans. When Independence came it became an African hospital. It is still a good hospital, but not as good as it was.

The Belgians knew they hadn't prepared these people the way they should have and that they were not ready for Independence so they were afraid that Independence would be a disaster.

Later I got a good comment on the various preparations of the French and the English from a Nigerian. This was in Chad a few years later. His comment was telling. He said, "When I was growing up I hated the British because they came to my country but they did no work. They wore their white gloves and white uniforms and the doors were opened for them and the floors were swept for them, the beds were made for them. They didn't do anything, we did every bit of work." He said, "But now that I am in a former French area, I thank God for the British, because although Chad is independent, look who is the mechanic, it is a Frenchman. Look who bakes the bread, it is a Frenchman. Look who operates the telephones, it is a Frenchmen. Look who sits and tells the ministers what to sign and when to sign - Frenchmen." He said, "When the British left us all we had to do was to replace the man at the very top. We knew how to do the rest of it."

The Belgians were in the same position. They had not taught the people to do anything other than to serve as houseboys. That was all.

*Q: One last question about Usumbura, can you give me a feel of the spirit of the African Bureau?*

WALKER: The African Bureau had great spirit, great elan. However, the Department did not have the same feeling. It was not ready for the challenges we were to face. For instance, Savannah was pregnant when we went to Burundi. Before she could go we had to sign a waiver that the Department of State would have no responsibility for anything, that the birth of a baby was our own responsibility. When we got there we found the water not fit to drink. The Department of State would not furnish filters for the water. About all the Department would so was give us anti-malarial medicine and advise us to wash vegetables.

Now, it is turned around totally. The Department looks after people. You take you pregnant wife to a post like Bujumbura and if she has to be evacuated for a birth, the

Department does that. Now they furnish everything. It was the strength and determination of the people in the African Bureau that turned the Department around. They got the Department to understand that we were working in some pretty darn tough conditions and needed all the help we could get.

We in the Bureau, both in the field and Washington, felt we were on the edge of something new and something important. An area in which we were going to establish a positive pattern or we weren't and it was up to us to do the job. It was most exciting. G. Mennen Williams had been the first appointment of the Kennedy administration--the Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, was Kennedy's very first appointment and Williams had been a presidential contender. He had been Governor of Michigan. He was an important political figure. This put a lot of focus on the African area. Jackie Kennedy was quoted in the press as saying that she wished that she and Jack could be in Africa the way Ed Gullion was, (then Ambassador to the Congo.) We felt Africa was on the front line, the cutting edge and we were doing important things for our country and our host countries.

We got to know the top people in host governments and knew them well. They were personal friends. We had meals with them. It was relaxed, it was open shirt diplomacy in many cases. The Mwami would come by our home to see us. To take us fishing. To go dancing. He loved to dance. It was a thrilling time and was great to be in that group.

We complained, we chipped our teeth about a lot of things, but at the same time we were awfully proud of what we were doing and of the people we were doing it with. It was a great time.

*Q: I take it you have a feeling of rapport with the African Bureau?*

WALKER: A very close feeling. We felt the African Bureau was doing everything it could for us, that they understood our problems. That we would be working in Washington, supporting them when they were in Africa in the future. It was a supportive bunch. It was a wonderful feeling. We felt the bureau was the best in the business.

*Q: Well, why don't we stop here.*

[end of side one, tape two  
side two, tape two starts in mid subject.]

*(We are still speaking of Ruanda-Urundi and of the problems in selecting personnel for African assignments. The following is an example of an error I felt the Department made in its assignments to Africa. Julius Walker)*

WALKER: There was great pressure to get people assigned to these new African posts. Not all the assignments were as well thought out as they should have been. One such was in the assignment to Kigali of David J. S. Manbey as Chargé, DCM. Shortly prior to coming out David had taken a bride. It was the first marriage for both although neither

would have been considered really young. The wife was a charming woman who had been in the British Foreign Service, but was delighted to become an American and a part of a Foreign Service couple. However, I think they were both startled to find that they were sent to deepest, darkest, Equatorial Africa for a first assignment.

David's character is loaded with positive assets. But he is not the most adventurous type person and I think the assignment was really a shock to him.

He arrived in Bujumbura on his way to Kigali shortly before Independence. There was one pouch waiting for him. He had no basic instructions or anything except to go and open the post. I think he was hoping there would be a letter of instruction, some sort of guidance he could use for the task ahead. He opened the pouch, it was classified, and found a sawed off shotgun and a few boxes of buckshot. Nothing else. This did not help his morale.

He and his wife were terribly worried about food and water. They ate nothing except what came from a can. Before they would drink water it virtually had to be distilled. They were edgy about being in Africa. And this didn't improve. It was that way until they left.

Well, David got to his post. Then Kigali was a minuscule town on the side of a hill. It had two streets running up the hill and three streets that crossed them, one was paved for about three blocks. The quarters they found when they first arrived were above a bar. The bar had a pet monkey on a very long leash. The monkey would climb up into their room and take things or throw them around. The office had been opened in a former meat market and retained the odor of its former service for several years.

They had been there only a short time when the monkey got in and destroyed a number of their personal items. They were frightened about malaria and worried about other strange diseases. David sat down and wrote a compelling telegram...number 13 from Kigali...saying the U.S. was making a terrible error to establish relations in Africa. That nothing good could come of it. That it was a waste of time, effort and money and that he, for one, should be gotten out of there immediately. He concluded there would never be any reason to have relations with Rwanda. The capital city was so minuscule, the office stank of rotted meat, monkeys climbed into the rooms at night and destroyed things, they were frightened for their health and that there was a racial tension in the country. Everything was bad. It was a longish telegram, particularly when you consider it had to be done by hand. So rather than classify it and further complicate things with encryption, as I recall it went out unclassified.

When it hit the Department of State it caused a furor. Mennen Williams' office, the Assistant Secretary for African Affairs, was up in arms. He was irate. But higher up in the building, in the Under Secretary's office, George Ball was delighted with the missive because it said what he had been saying all along, that we shouldn't squander our few resources by going out to such places as Africa. To him the only place of any importance

on the globe was Europe. There were a few places in Asia and possibly something in Latin America, but Europe was the place.

This telegram caused great confusion and consternation and a lot of problems for quite a while. Of course, I have to add that it didn't do the career of David Manbey any good. He subsequently became the Deputy Principal Officer in Frankfurt, and not too long after that he retired from the Service. He and his wife now live in England.

But it is the sort of thing that was happening at the time Africa was "opening up." While almost all of us were delighted to be on that cutting edge, not everyone was. Those of us who were there could certainly understand David's feeling about this. Although we giggled about the telegram in Bujumbura, when we thought about the impression it was making in Washington, we decided we'd better not giggle about it too much.

*Q: It is one of those things that everyone should be able to write, but then you put it under your pillow and tear it up the next morning.*

WALKER: That is right. This one obviously had been under the pillow, but probably came back out after the monkey attacked Mrs. Manbey's goods.

*Q: Well there was a problem...I have heard this in some other interviews...of ambassadors sent out who were really European hands or who either didn't have the personal resources to deal with something like this and have a good time. It is a good place for young people who are starting out their career to go and not to reward older Foreign Service officers.*

WALKER: However, some came and did a good job. I had an ambassador in Chad who was a German expert. After he left Chad he became the Deputy Chief of Mission in Berlin, which in effect ran the Berlin Mission since the Ambassador was in Bonn. This was Brewster Morris. Although I wasn't there for the start of his service in Chad, I think he had a hard time getting started. But once he did he turned in a very good job. He made some mistakes with the staff, but then, my God, we all do.

*Q: What was your impression at the time that you were in Bujumbura of the "Soviet menace?"*

WALKER: Well, I always looked upon the Soviet menace as something of a joke. It was obvious to any of us who were out there that the Africans would do everything they could to play the Americans and Soviets off one against the other. The thing was that many of the Soviets were racists and the Africans realized it. The Soviets were afraid of Africa and, as most of the Africans said freely in private conversation, all they were interested in doing was to provide arms the Africans could use to kill one another. They didn't have much else.

The Soviets weren't in Burundi until well after independence and when they came in they turned out to be reasonably good colleagues. I had some friends at the Soviet mission. But they were very edgy and antsy about being in Africa. They were almost as worried about it as David Manbey, some of them probably more so in the privacy of their own homes or offices.

I never understood what the Soviet threat to Africa was because the Africans, themselves, most of them, by far the vast majority, took the Soviet presence of something of a joke and something of an experience that had little relevance to whatever they were doing. I remember, once again this was in Chad, the first things the Soviets there did was to build a tremendous iron fence all the way around their compound, which, of course, became known as the iron curtain in Chad. The Africans got what they could from the Soviets. They were only human and they needed so much. It made very good sense for them to get anything they could.

But any time an African got a scholarship to Lumumba University, or to anywhere in the Soviet Union, the first thing he did was come to the American embassy to see if he couldn't get a scholarship to the US, because he really didn't want to go to the Soviet Union. The reports from there as to how the blacks were treated were bad. Soviet society was racist. Blacks had such a hard time that they would even put up with segregation in the United States much more willingly than take that on. They also felt a Soviet education was second rate and vastly inferior to what that was available in the United States and elsewhere.

*Q: Thank you, we will pick this up at another time.*

*Q: Today is April 10, 1992 and this is a continuing interview with Ambassador Julius Walker. We now have reached the point when you went to Personnel where you were between 1963-65. What were you doing then?*

WALKER: I had left Usumbura for Personnel. I was assigned there as the number two officer in the section of the Assignments Division that dealt with Latin America. Since I had never served in Latin America, I suppose they figured I could be ecumenical about assignments there. Then it was called Personnel Operation Division (POD) and run by a fellow who went as consul general in Palermo when he left. I can't remember his name at the moment.

He was replaced by Earl Sohm. Earl was there for what amounted to four reorganizations in two years. The office became the Career Management and Assignments Division (CMAD). We went from an office in which the area problems were paramount to those in which the problems of the officer became much more important. Career Management officers first came into being while I was in Personnel.

*Q: Known as CMOs. I was a CMO.*

WALKER: They looked after the interests of the individual. The rest of us looked after the interests of the area. It was an interesting time to be there. The man in charge of my office was named Pierre Graham. I was there about three months when Pierre was assigned as chargé d'affaires to Guinea and left me to run the office. So we went from four officers to three. Then they separated some of the secretarial functions and put Jean Farr, one of our three, into that office and suddenly there were only two--myself and a young officer named Rojalio Garcia. Then Lyndon Johnson announced he was going to double the size of the US presence in Latin America on the diplomatic side. So I found myself running an office half the size it was supposed to be but doing twice the work.

It was a major undertaking since I really didn't know the area. I had visited in Mexico and Cuba, but when I took over the office we didn't have relations with Cuba and although Mexico was a good sized part of our function, it was a minor part of the area I dealt with.

We met twice a week in assignment panels to assign people. Each part of the Foreign Service was represented. There was a fellow in charge of the Washington office, European affairs, the Far East, Latin America, Africa. I worked with some wonderful people. Cleo Noel, who was subsequently assassinated in Sudan, was in charge of the Far East. He was a sensitive, thoughtful, studious, warm, very human man who always saw to the interests of the individual. Africa was done by Charlie Whitehouse. Charlie gave a cavalier impression of doing business, but he was really very sensitive and thoughtful. Jules Bassin was running Washington and a fellow who subsequently became Inspector General did European affairs...Bob Brown.

I was very definitely the junior officer in the group, and I had a terrific load. I soon learned to save my hard assignments, those which were going to be difficult to sell, for the day I was the last to present proposals. Each area took turns being first, and the next day they would be second, third and fourth. When I had hard cases, I would wait until I was the last one up.

*Q: What do you mean by a hard assignment?*

WALKER: These would be people that others would not be interested in. They were posts that were difficult and required just the right person. They were assignments that required thought and soul searching. But I found if I did these at day's end, I was inclined to get them through more readily because people were tired. I did that frequently. In looking back at the assignments I did during that period I made some good ones.

I remember a fellow who came wanting to be consul general in a particular Latin American post. I may as well say who it was, it was Frank Herron and he wanted to go to a place on the coast of Venezuela, San Pedro Sula, I believe is the name of it, I'm not sure. Anyway, it is one of the Venezuelan posts. It was an O-3 job and Frank was an O-2 who had never done anything but public affairs. But he was convinced that he could do a good job there. We had a long talk and I, too, became convinced. But the assignment was

a grade down for him. This didn't bother him. He said, "I want to take it to show what I can do."

It took a while to convince the Latin American Bureau of the wisdom of this. I had to deal with Powhatan Baber, better known as Tan Baber. Finally, I convinced Tan and he convinced the Bureau. But it still had to be sold to panel. Finally, after much grumbling, the assignment went through.

Well, Frank went there and within 18 months the DCM had moved from Caracas, and the Ambassador sent a message to our office that he wanted Frank to be his DCM. Frank went to Caracas and was there for almost five years. He was promoted to FSO-1, which is what a minister-counselor is now. And then, because of age, retired from the Foreign Service. I saw him not too long after he retired. I was in London. He virtually fell on my neck saying, "Julius, thank the Lord somebody had faith in me."

It was the sort of thing that proved that the system worked. But it was only one of many assignments of that nature. Sometimes we made mistakes, we were only human, but it's surprising how infrequently we did. I remember a mistake I made. I singled out a guy who had an excellent file, etc., for an assignment to a big, important econ job. Then I got a message from him saying, "Please change my assignment, the job is too big for me." I couldn't believe that anyone in the Foreign Service would ever say anything like that, but this guy did. We changed his assignment.

There was another chap who came in...this was during the time that Vietnam was on and we were under orders to select young officers who were unmarried, who had good records, who had French and send them to Vietnam as CORDS officers. We picked a fellow from one of my posts who had all of the characteristics...excellent background, he was a Ph.D., brilliant, and he had French. He started objecting. Finally he came to Washington and I talked to him for an hour and a half. He said, "Look, I am an Eastern European expert. I have studied Eastern Europe and so far as I am concerned, this job in Latin America is my out-of-career assignment, and I expect to be used only in Eastern Europe from now on." I said, "Fellow, when you came in you signed a paper that said you were available for service worldwide." We talked on and on and finally we came to the conclusion that he would not really be happy to remain in the Foreign Service because he couldn't control where he would be. I said, "It may be after this that you will be assigned into Eastern Europe, but right now the luck of the draw is that you go. I will be glad to go back and talk to the panel about it, but I can tell you what they are going to say because we have already discussed your case." He finally decided he would write a letter of resignation and left the Service. I don't know what he is doing, but I am sure he is happier than if he had stayed in the Foreign Service. I think I helped him.

*Q: Yes, I think you did. It is a disciplined Service...at least it was. It is best to say to one who really feels that way that the best move is to get out.*

WALKER: Well, that is what it came down to. I hated to make that recommendation to him, but that seemed to be the only thing for him.

*Q: Tell me, what was your impression...you had not served in Latin America, ARA, so you were sort of an outsider dealing with this. It has the reputation in the Foreign Service, certainly at the time you and I were in it, of being 1) a sort of incestuous Bureau and 2) not quite as competitive as say, the Middle Eastern or European Bureaus and a completely different spirit than the newly emerging African Bureau.*

WALKER: You are right on all points. There were people in the Bureau who were highly competitive and excellent and outstanding. But there were an awful lot who were middle rung or lower. Now when I say middle rung or lower I am talking in Foreign Service terms. These were excellent people by any bureaucratic standards. However, the Latin American Bureau in Washington certainly did not have the same elan, the same esprit, the same feeling of being on the cutting edge that those in the AF Bureau had. I had the strong feeling I was dealing with an autocratic group. That if you weren't on the inside and with the "in" group in ARA you didn't get anything at all. It was hard. There were officers there who were on the outside who should have been in and others who were on the inside who shouldn't have been at all. Your comments are quite correct.

*Q: I carefully constrained myself from learning any Spanish because of this. For somebody who is interested in the personnel policies of the period it was sort of like a black hole. If you learned Spanish and got in there, you didn't get out...*

WALKER: And if you did get out it was to go to Madrid and come right back.

*Q: And Latin America as regards crises didn't rank very high through the entire period of our career.*

WALKER: Correct. Early on in our careers there were so many coup d'etats in Latin America it was really funny. It was unbelievable. Now that has slowed down. But even the coup d'etats were sort of like an opera. They didn't mean anything.

*Q: Outside of Cuba and at the very end of our career, the Nicaragua situation, the rest of it was sort of considered a sideline, at least to those who were not directly involved.*

WALKER: That's right. That was the first year I was in Personnel. The second year Bill Lehfeltd came in to run the office. He got Peter Constable as deputy and some others. I became a special assistant to Earl Sohm and to Bob Donhauser, Earl's deputy. By this time the office was CMA and to become CMAD. As special assistant my job was to chair the staff placement panel. This was the panel that did the placement for all secretaries and communicators. I worked with a bunch of personnel experts from long standing. They were women who had been personnel officers a great deal of their career. It was amusing -- I could read the personnel folders of secretaries and see a secretary who seemed fairly good, but I discovered that none of the people would take her. I began to find out the

genuine truth of the fact that everybody has three personnel folders. One has the efficiency reports, the other has the technical papers, and the third one is the one everybody else carries in the back of his head about the individual.

As example of this, we had a secretary that we were unable to place. Nobody would take her. We were at the end of the assignment cycle and we had a number of posts that were vacant. So we sat down one day on a hard placement session. When we came to this woman, no one would take her. Absolutely no one. Finally, I said, "All right, it is a certain Bureau's time to take a hard placement so that Bureau will take this person and she will go to this particular post." The placement officer said, "Julius that will never go. The bureau executive director won't accept her. I know this." I said, "Well, he'll have to."

I hadn't been in the office 20 minutes before the phone rang and it was the executive director in question. He came down my throat like a tiger. He was not going to have it. Finally I said, "All right. If we reassign her then you are going to take the next two difficult placements that come up." He said, "I will take any number, but I will never take this woman." So we reassigned her to yet another post. No papers had gone out so no one was the wiser. Within two months this same executive director was assigned as consul general to the same post that we had assigned the woman to. Talk about poetic justice. This time he came to my office, pleading with me. I said, "No, I am sorry. There is no way in the world I can justify moving this woman who has just arrived at post. If she is as bad as you say she is it's your job to get her out of the Service. Document the case and get rid of her." And that eventually is what happened. She left the Service after that assignment. But it really was poetic justice. It did me a world of good.

I hadn't been in the office more than two hours when the fellow who handled disciplinary problems, Peter Szluk, came in and said, "Julius, you have a problem. Three Foreign Service secretaries are pregnant and we have to move them to the U.S." I worried about those three women and I still worry about them. I don't know what ever happened to them or their children, but all three were brought back to the States and they all had their babies. As I understood it, one kept the child with her, but I think the other two put them up for adoption.

*Q: You might explain to give a little feel for the time of these days, what happened if a female member of the Foreign Service had a baby out of wedlock.*

WALKER: Oh, that was incredible...something that didn't happen. On the other side, wedlock, itself, was considered almost sacrosanct. When I entered the Service people were only then being allowed to divorce and remain in the Service. Up to that point if a person divorced, he or she, but mainly he because we didn't have many shes at that point, resigned. They got out. It was a stigma. So you can imagine if there was that much stigma on divorce, what it would be like to have a child out of wedlock. We thought we were being progressive in helping these secretaries to come home, finding places for them to have their babies, and, if they wanted to, to let them keep the baby with them or to get it adopted. This was a real step forward. A lot of things were happening like that.

During this time, as special assistant, I also represented Personnel at the weekly staff meeting of Medical Division. Medical (MED) was waking up to the fact that it had a public relations problem with the Foreign Service. People hated the Medical Division. They felt they got nothing from it. That it was secretive. That MED did everything it could to get people out of the Foreign Service, to get rid of them, to block their assignments, to play unfairly with them. MED had a bad name. The MED deputy was George Mistoft. A lot of people liked George and a lot didn't. I liked George very much. I thought he was fair and honorable, but others didn't agree.

I worked with George to get a number of regulations rewritten. We helped make MED more open, more responsive to the needs of Personnel. I would repeat statements to MED that had come to the ears of POD or CMAD from officers and their families as to how MED had treated them. We worked hard to change the MED image. We not only rewrote a number of regulations, we got legislation proposed, and a good bit passed, to broaden the scope of MED's responsibility and provide better health coverage to the Foreign Service.

I probably worked on that too well because when I was up for reassignment I was approached by George and asked if I wouldn't like to be the executive director of MED. I said, "George, I just don't believe I could do that." When I told my wife about it she threw up her hands in horror. She said, "Honey, the only time you have brought home the cares of the office has been while you have been in Personnel." And it was true. Working in Personnel I dealt with personnel problems and those individual cares stayed with me. It seemed when they were large - national - I could leave the cares at the office. There was nothing personal about the problems. She said, "If you go into MED you will have the same thing in spades because you will be dealing only with people who have problems." For that reason and others, I didn't take the offer. But it said MED was happy with our relationship and felt that I had done a very good job in working with them. I look back on that time in Personnel with a great deal of satisfaction.

*Q: One does has the feeling that you just don't get in other things that you have done something because you can see the tangible efforts of fitting people in the right place or seeing their careers prosper, nudging the system to be fair, etc. I went through very much the same process.*

WALKER: I guess Pete Szluk was still there when you were.

*Q: I don't recall.*

WALKER: Pete worked in the shadows. You didn't see much of him around, but when you did, it could be rough. There were those who developed sort of a verb out of his name: One had been "Szluk-ed."

*Q: Then in 1965 you got a new assignment.*

WALKER: Yes, I went into EUR/RPM...Regional Political Military. We dealt with NATO. I did that for about a year and a half. I was working in an office run by Ron Spiers that had George Vest...well it started off with Dave Popper in charge. Ron was his deputy and took over when Dave left and then George, who was my direct boss, moved up to be Ron's deputy. Eventually Ron left and George took over.

It was a great office. Roz Ridgway was one of my colleagues, among others. We had a lot of fun. We did the political backup to the North Atlantic Council (NAC), writing directions and sending briefing papers for our representative to use in the NAC meetings.

On top of that I followed the NATO science committee. This was a marvelous job because our science committee representative was a Nobel Laureate named I. I. Rabi-- Isidor Isaac Rabi. He was one of the most delightful gentlemen I ever met. A short, balding, graying physicist, veteran of the Manhattan Project, professor at Columbia University. But so unassuming and so down played he was disarming.

Once, on an airplane coming back from a NATO meeting we had seats across from each other on the aisle. The stewardess spoke to him and asked where he was from. He said, "New York." "What do you do?" He said, "I am a teacher." And she said, "Oh, my sister is a teacher in New York." Well, when she got through with her chores, she came and sat on the arm of the chair and talked to him for about an hour about the problems of teaching school in New York City. The lady never had a clue that she was talking to a Nobel Prize winner because he never let on.

He told me that his mother, when he was a little boy, never asked what grades he made or what he liked. The question she always asked when he came home from school was, "What good questions did you ask today?"

He loved to eat. One of my jobs was to make sure we had a good restaurant to go to. Then NATO was still in Paris so there was no dearth of restaurants. One night we went to a restaurant and he ordered something for a first course and I ordered champignons a la Grec. They brought a large tray of mushrooms. I was to help myself and I did. He looked at them and said, "Gee that looks good." "Well, try some." So he did. We really got a look from the waiter when he came to pick up the tray. It was empty.

This was an interesting period for NATO. We were undergoing the French challenge. The French pulled back from full participation but stayed in. We had a strong reaction from a large sector of the Department of State about this. There were many who wanted to take action against the French but our office thought the best way to handle them was to ignore them. This is what happened and still seems the best way to have handled the problem. We held several papers until the actions they suggested taking were overtaken by events. I guess it won't hurt to give names at this point.

*Q: No.*

WALKER: One was written by Philander Claxton. The paper came to RPM for clearance. It was given to me and I was told to see to it the paper didn't see the light of day. We successfully lost it. It was just as good because the effect would have been to give de Gaulle the pleasure of knowing that he had really gotten our goat. We felt the better thing to do was to ignore him and go on as though everything was perfectly all right and his action was really what we had expected. This softened the effect of French withdrawal and made it easier, I think, for them to continue to work in those areas of NATO in which they remained active.

*Q: In dealing with that, what was the impression in your office of the motivation behind the withdrawal and what was the practical effect on the military strength of NATO?*

WALKER: Well, the motivation was the major motivation that drove de Gaulle in virtually everything he did: the greater glory of France and to lessen the importance of the United States in world affairs. He was driven by jealousy, the sting that remained from the way he was treated during World War II. The fact that he had to go hat in hand to the British that the French really were not major factors in the final defeat of the Germans. He wanted to reestablish France in its "proper" position in European affairs. In that respect, I think what he was doing was perfectly understandable. He went farther than he should have. He would have destroyed NATO if he could. Our measured response kept him from any success in that endeavor. We salvaged agreement from the French that in time of peril that they would re-look at their position. Meanwhile, they would work with us in most every other field of NATO, other than combined military ventures. Which they did.

Had there been a war during that time or shortly after, the French would probably come in to NATO, worked with it and we would have gone right with where we were. It would have been slower and more difficult than it might have been because we would have not had the benefit of prior consultations. But I think those things could have been pulled together quickly.

NATO was, in my view, one of the most relevant factors in the demise of the Cold War...the breaking down of the Berlin Wall and all the rest of it. There were many other things that went into it, of course. NATO was then and remains an exceedingly important organization.

*Q: At the time, you were sitting there and concerned with the political cohesiveness and responses of NATO, but it was essentially a military organization, how did you and your colleagues view the Soviet and Eastern Bloc threat to Western Europe?*

WALKER: At that time it was an exceedingly real threat. The Soviets were poised on the European plains with great fire power, high mobility. They had the bomb.

*Q: We talking about nuclear weapons.*

WALKER: Nuclear weapons. It was a serious situation. Then the Warsaw Pact was cohesive, working together well and, so far as we could tell, effective. We were in a situation in which we were almost eye-to-eye and it didn't pay to blink. At no point did we blink. Eventually, in that standoff situation, we wore the Eastern side down. A friend of mine said, "We are fortunate the Soviet Union went bankrupt before we did." Looking at my income tax return, there is more truth than poetry in that statement.

*Q: How did you see a conflict evolving in this? What in your mind would have sparked a war?*

WALKER: We didn't sit down to war game the outbreak of hostilities in my office. I know they were doing it elsewhere. But any one of a number of things could have done it. A Soviet move on Berlin, because we were totally committed there. Soviet miscalculation and movement in other areas could have triggered a reaction such as naval operations in the North Sea area or even around Denmark or any of those areas in the Baltic. There could have been events in the Middle East where the Soviets were giving support to some Arab nations which, if a conflagration had started there, it had the possibility for greatly spreading. That was the situation in the 1967 war did and in 1973, Yom Kippur War, when the last Israeli-Arab conflict occurred. Either could have started a war. This was the importance of the North Atlantic Council's briefings. They met once a week at the ambassadorial level and once a week at the political advisor level to talk about all of the areas...what was happening and what might happen there...so they would have as full and complete an understanding of world political events as possible so that if anything did happen they would be in better position to assess the full meaning of it.

*Q: Did the French take part in these meetings?*

WALKER: The French withdrew a good deal from these meetings, but they did take part. They would attend the meetings at lower levels, but they did take part.

*Q: So in effect it was a figurative withdrawal.*

WALKER: Yes, that is largely the way it appeared.

*Q: You mentioned events in the Middle East. The United States by this point was fully committed to Israel. How did this play in NATO? I mean, here is NATO which does not have the same internal political pressures, mainly a very strong Jewish vote, which committed us to Israel which could lead to a major world war. Whereas in Europe they did not have the same political pressures.*

WALKER: It played in NATO pretty much the way it played in the United States but for different reasons. There were and are in NATO still a very large number of highly humanitarian states...the Belgians, the Dutch, Denmark. On the Israeli question the Germans felt tremendous responsibility there so they tried do what they could to be as fair

and unbiased in dealing with Israel as possible. Many of the NATO states have a liberal approach and felt that Israel needed all the support it could get. I think some of them in recent years have come to temper that view feeling possibly Israel has gotten more than it should. But at then, the so-called Jewish lobby in the United States had a good mirror in the North Atlantic Council because NATO, itself was, at that point, pretty strongly pro-Israel.

*Q: What about Sweden?*

WALKER: Sweden is not in NATO.

*Q: I know, but I am just wondering...what was the attitude towards Sweden? In case of a conflict wither Sweden?*

WALKER: Well, we didn't get much from Sweden in World War II and I don't think we were counting on very much from Sweden if the balloon went up for World War III.

*Q: How about the katzenjammer kids of NATO, Greece and Turkey?*

WALKER: That dilemma, and it still remains, is a tough, tough problem. Those people have so much enmity and they control such very important real estate. It is something that has to be dealt with and both nation's interests must be considered at all times. It is hard.

*Q: I imagine it was a problem for you.*

WALKER: It was a problem always. You always had to consider how Greece would look at anything and then how Turkey would look at it, or vice versa. Not that either one of them came first. Both came first.

*Q: You left that job and went back to Africa.*

WALKER: I was in the office one day and the phone rang. As I recall it was Alan Lukens who was doing African assignments. Alan said, "Julius, we are really in trouble. Our deputy chief of mission in Chad has come down with hepatitis, has had two relapses and we have to get him out. We don't have anyone to go, would you let us put your name on a list?" I said, "Sure. I hope you get somebody else because I am enjoying this job, but certainly I understand the problem." One of the real problems with the Foreign Service is we have so few officers we can't react well to emergency situations. A crisis causes several offices to suffer before the problem is solved. When I left a hole was created in RPM which took months to fill. Eventually everything got back in step, but we have to share misery until a new assignment cycle. My name went on the list.

The Ambassador in Chad was a Europeanist named Brewster Morris, whom I mentioned earlier. I met with Brewster for lunch. He decided I would do for the job. I think that was

really his feeling. I never felt he was overjoyed to have me. While we worked together I felt I was in a scale being weighed against something. I never knew what.

We went out in November 1966. Got there just before Thanksgiving and found a large number of problems in the mission. One was in the relationship between the embassy and the Peace Corps. The Peace Corps had just started up. There had been a Peace Corps unit in Chad for almost a year and a half. The PC director was an MD as was his wife. They had four children. They had volunteered as Peace Corps doctors then he was asked if he would be country director in Chad. He took the job. He was a nice looking guy, nice looking wife and good looking children. His name was Rentch. The wife and the wife of the Ambassador did not hit it off. There were a number of other problems. Sam Rentch was not really a good administrator. He was a good man, but the fact that you are a good doctor and man really doesn't mean that you are a good administrator. He wasn't.

He made a number of errors dealing with PCVs. There was tremendous dissension among the Volunteers. He got no real help, I am sorry to say, from the Ambassador. The Ambassador sided with the volunteers totally. Had I arrived earlier, I might have kept at least a few of the problems from coming up. But I didn't get there earlier. When I got there and it was too late to do anything.

The embassy was also in something of a shambles. Not only had the DCM been evacuated with hepatitis, when we arrived there were four other active cases of hepatitis in the mission and the wife of the Ambassador came down with it soon after. Morale was not good. It was difficult to do very much of anything.

*Q: What was the Ambassador's background?*

WALKER: He was a Europeanist and had mainly dealt in German affairs. I heard he had been offered two other missions in Africa before Chad. With the Chad offer he was told it would be the last offer. He could forget about a chief of mission assignment anywhere. So I think he took it somewhat against his will. But I will say this for him, in his relations with the government and with the people he did a very good job. He was known and respected. He traveled a great deal. His wife always went with him. They learned a little bit of Sara, one of the country languages.

In the public relations field and out of the embassy they were very good. He didn't have good relations with the French Ambassador. I can't hold that against him because nobody else had good relations with him either. But the wife of the French Ambassador and the American Ambassador's wife were known to be at one another's throats.

He was autocratic in the office and people found it a difficult situation. He also had an eye for some of the young women on the staff and they complained to me. complaints. I couldn't do much about that either. In those days nobody had heard of sexual harassment.

He was offered the job of deputy chief of mission in Berlin which meant that he would be chief of the Berlin operation. Subsequent to a command of a general who visited from time to time, he was in charge in Berlin. He left in January. We were still in temporary quarters at that point. Before he left he asked me to move into the embassy residence as a replacement for him had not been named. He felt it would be better to have somebody living in that house and keeping the staff busy and occupied than to leave it empty. He was right. Furthermore, we didn't have a place to live and it looked as if it would be a while before we could get something. We moved, got rid of the place we were living in temporarily and saved money on a lease.

I mention that because a couple of years ago I was asked to go back to Chad on temporary duty to run the mission. Since the sixties there had been a lot of problems in Chad. The chancery was destroyed in a civil war and the residence has become the chancery. I found that my office, the Ambassador's office, was what had been the Ambassador's bedroom. I thought about writing a piece for the Foreign Service State Magazine with the heading: The Ambassador Doesn't Sleep Here--Any More. They took a beautiful residence and made it into one of the ugliest chanceries I have ever seen. They were trying to improve it and did make it look a bit better while I was there the last time.

Anyway, we moved in and were there long enough that our third child arrived while we were still in the residence. Eventually Savannah went to Germany for that delivery and was angry about going. She had the second child in Burundi, as I told you, and here we were in Chad where there were five American doctors. The Peace Corps Director and his wife, a Peace Corps volunteer was a doctor, the Peace Corps had its own doctor assigned to it, and AID had a doctor. To a person the doctors said Savannah had to go to Germany because although they had all the professional skill that was necessary, the hospitals in Chad were in such a deplorable state that if anything serious happened they couldn't guarantee that she could be taken care of properly. They recommended she go to Germany for the birth. She is a Christian Scientist and didn't care about the doctors' comments on it anyway, but she went. I think she is still a little upset with me when she thinks about it.

We were convinced the child was going to be a girl and I was looking forward to that very much. We had selected a girl's name and two boy's names that we were thinking about. Savannah said, "Well, which one?" And I said, "If it is a boy you choose one of the two, either one will be all right." We heard of the birth on a Saturday, and we worked on Saturdays there. I had gone on a call and while I was away the word came in and everybody in the office redecorated the place. They put a banner over the door that said, "It's A Boy." In those days we were using carbon paper and for some of the carbons we made copies on blue paper. They wrinkled these up and made little flowers out of them and had little blue "flowers" all over the office. It was about noon when I got back to the office. We were to close at 1:00. We closed at noon that day. However, somebody came for consular services which were performed.

My mother had come from Texas to stay with me and the girls while Savannah went to Germany for the accouchement. Savannah's mother met her in Germany and came back with her and the baby. The baby was about ten days old when they returned. Then my mother left and Savannah's mother stayed on to be with us for about six weeks. She was about three weeks into her stay when we had a dinner party. She sat next to the French Ambassador, who at dinner parties could be utterly charming. She talked with him most of the evening and had a grand time. When the guests had left she said she felt very tired. Next morning we found her dead in the bed. It was a terrible shock. Savannah accompanied her mother's body back to Texas. She and her sister attended to all details of the estate and the funeral.

The government of Chad could not have been more helpful in getting the body out and getting the papers signed, etc. The President had to sign the papers as he also had the portfolio of Minister of Interior. He sent me a personal note at the same time he returned the signed document giving permission for the body to leave the country.

The hours of work at the embassy were interesting. In Foreign Service we are to work 40 hours a week and we are also to be open for business when the host government is. In Chad the government went to work at 8:00 and worked until 1:00 six days a week. They didn't come back in the afternoon, it was too hot. The temperature at N'Djamena, or Fort Lamy as it was then, can run above 120 degrees. And even in the cool season it can get over 100. Those were good hours for them, but they weren't quite enough for us. I think we went to work about 7:00 and worked until about 2:00 and then on Saturdays we went in at 8:00 and worked until 1:00 to make the 40 hour week. We were supposed to rest in the afternoons, but as it is with all Foreign Service posts, we would have lunch, a little siesta and then go back into the office and be there until sundown.

Sundown, of course, in the tropics is different from here. The sun comes up and goes down. You have light and fifteen minutes later you have darkness. There is very little sunset.

Anyway, I found time during this period to read to the girls all of the Oz books written by L. Frank Baum. I would read a bit of each one with a girl under each arm in the afternoons before going back to work. It meant I didn't get much of a nap but we had a lot of fun with old L. Frank.

*Q: How did you deal with the Peace Corps situation?*

WALKER: That problem was rough. The volunteers came to town and set up a rump meeting at which they presented demands. Rentch dealt with that as best he could. He was neither articulate nor pliable. I talked to the Peace Corps leaders to assure them things would get better, would change and the Embassy would take what role it could. Remember, this was the beginning of the Peace Corps and at that time Peace Corps wanted to be completely separate and apart from official Americans, to have nothing to

do with them. "We are the Peace Corps, we are something different," was their idea. So it was difficult to work with them.

About that time, Peace Corps Washington sent out a fellow to see what the situation was. He arrived and I talked to him for a long time and told him I felt I could work with Sam and help him to get the problem taken care of. I thought he had agreed to let me do this. After he left he sent a cable from Cairo, or some place, he wasn't back in Washington, saying Rentch was to leave and to leave in just a few days and the deputy would be in charge until a new director could arrive. I felt bad about this. I understand the combined medical practice the Rentchs gave up to come into the Peace Corps brought in more than \$150,000 a year.

*Q: In those days that was a lot of money.*

WALKER: Yes. That was when as a Foreign Service officer of class 3 I was making about \$18,000-20,000. So you can imagine how much this was. They were dedicated to the Peace Corps, they wanted to help. This was a blow to their dignity, their pride, their self esteem that I felt was unwarranted. They didn't have much longer to go, only about six months before he was to be transferred anyway. They could have been allowed to stay that long. We could have worked around the problems. We were close to finding solutions to most of them anyway. Sam was simply reading the regulations too strictly and was trying to deal with the volunteers as though they were a bunch of children. They were young people, granted, but they were adults and they had to be dealt with in that manner. To me it was a tragedy the Rentchs had to go. But it was one of those things.

I dealt a great deal with the government there. I was Chargé for about nine months before Sheldon B. Vance came out as Ambassador. Sheldon had been a Europeanist mainly, but during his time in Belgium he worked in large measure with the Belgian Congo. He visited there and other places in Africa. He became one of the first members of the new African Bureau and was deputy chief of mission in Addis Ababa before arriving in Chad, so he had a real Africanist approach. He was superb. An outstanding ambassador in every way. He dealt beautifully with the government and with the problems we had in the mission.

We had fun working with Sheldon. Savannah and I were on home leave in Texas when the phone rang. It was John Blane, the desk officer for Chad. He said, "Julius, we can get a state visit for President Francois Tombalbaye, but we have to send a projected visit schedule to the White House within the hour." He said, "Can you help me put the program together?" I said, "I sure can." I said, "He will have three days in Washington and then bring him to Texas. Send him to Hemisphere," (a big celebration underway in San Antonio). "After that to Texas Tech University. They are starting a school there called the International Center for Arid and Semi-arid Land Studies. It ought to be working with Chad. After that we will send him to Arizona where he can see even more country that looks like Chad." We put the visit together in fifteen minutes. John got it typed up and over to the White House and that was the visit.

Tombalbaye went to all those places. When he came to Tech it was autumn, they had a brand-new football stadium and he was there on Saturday. A game was scheduled and he was the guest of honor. The party was in VIP boxes at the top of the stadium. They wore the ten gallon hats they had just been given. As they walked to their seats the band struck up the Chad national anthem. It was an outstanding 280 piece university band. I understand that tears ran down President Tombalbaye's face. He had never heard his national anthem played with such verve and precision. It was painful the way it was played in Chad. The band there was small and could barely play it.

Then the student section, which was across from his box, held up the colored pieces of cardboard and made a flag of Chad, made it wave, and then made the greeting *Bienvenue à Texas* President Tombalbaye...all in French. He had a wonderful time out there.

He was taken to the Slaughter Ranch to see what ranching was like in Texas. When the party returned to Chad, Ambassador Vance stayed in Washington a bit longer, so I was at the airport with other members of the diplomatic corps to welcome the President home. As they came off the airplane each man was wearing his ten gallon hat. Some giggled because it was funny to see them. I happened to look down the line and saw my Soviet colleague...he was aghast. His mouth agape, eyes as big as saucers. I think he felt we had scored an insurmountable coup on the trip. I don't know what he thought, but he was obviously upset.

The Soviets in Chad were interesting. I have two things I want to tell about them. The first took place when Savannah and I were living in the residence, she had gone to Germany for the birth of our son and the Fourth of July came up. My mother was there and helped with the reception. The Soviet Ambassador was away. His Chargé, I can't recall his name...was a short, pudgy little guy whose little finger on his right hand had been cut off at the first knuckle, so when you shook hands with him you got a wet moist hand and a nub of a finger poking into the palm of your hand.

He arrived for the Fourth of July several sheets to the wind and took up position in the central part of the house leaning against a pillar. Mother couldn't go past him without being drawn into a conversation - disjointed though it may have been. Every time one a drink tray came near he parked his empty glass and got a full one. By the time he was ready to leave, he was feeling no pain. I was on the front steps telling people goodbye and I turned and saw him weaving towards me. He was literally weaving. It was obvious he was having a lot of trouble walking. There were seven steps cement steps with metal edges leading down to the parking area. I had a vision of the Soviet Chargé slipping, opening his skull and world war III starting.

So I walked to him and he took my hand and gave me that wet, stubby handshake and grabbed me and pulled my head down to his and gave me two big wet kisses on each cheek. They were really wet. While he was doing that I put an arm around his back and under his opposite arm to ease him down the steps. I could hear his driver roaring up. The

car was burning rubber and spraying gravel. We had a graveled parking area then. He slammed on the brakes, sprayed us with gravel, and slid into position. The driver was a Soviet and our intelligence on him was that he was probably the head of the KGB unit in the embassy. He certainly was an articulate person. Our drivers always laughed about how he would get them to one side and pump them for information. Anyway, he grabbed the Chargé and shoved him into the car.

Meanwhile, as he was leaving, the Chargé asked me to ring him and make a date for lunch. I waited an appropriate length of time, I think about 3 days, and rang the Soviet embassy for the Chargé. The reply was that he had become ill and had to return to the Soviet Union. We never saw him again. I don't know what caused the disappearance. I hope nothing I did brought a fall into disgrace.

The other story has to do with the time we were leaving Chad. This was after Sheldon Vance had gone to Zaire and before the new Ambassador, Terry Todman, came. Once again I was Chargé. A number of parties were given for us. The Soviet Ambassador was leaving about the same time that we were so some of the farewell parties were for both of us. One was given by the Minister of Justice. A dynamic fellow who had a beautiful French wife. Pierre Djime was his name, a handsome, tall fellow. He and his wife had been quite friendly to us. They gave the party both for us and the Soviet Ambassador. It was rather an informal party and towards the end of the evening they asked the Soviet Ambassador to speak. He got up and made a rather inept, cloddish stab and sat down. I had the advantage of going second because of protocol. He was an ambassador and I merely a chargé. While he was speaking...of course all of this was in French...I put together some thoughts and was able to give a little talk that was more eloquent than his. Certainly it was well received.

I didn't realize quite how good it was until two days later when the Foreign Minister gave a farewell party for us which was quite formal. This time we knew we would have to have to speak. Of course the Soviet Ambassador spoke first and he gave the speech I had given two nights before. Then I knew it had been a good speech.

*Q: What were the Soviets doing in Chad during this period of time in the sixties?*

WALKER: The main thing they were doing was student exchanges mainly for Lumumba University. They also spent an inordinate amount of time getting themselves organized. I didn't feel the US was quite as klutzy as we sometimes seemed when saw what the Soviets were doing. But student scholarships was the main thing they did.

*Q: What was your impression of how the scholarships took when the students came back? Were they building up a pro-Soviet cadre or not?*

WALKER: There were some who came back who were pro-Soviet, but the vast majority weren't. Most wanted to establish themselves as independent of the Soviets. They wanted to come to things at the American embassy, or any Western embassy. They didn't want to

be looked on as stooges of the Soviets. I think most of them felt a little inferior about the education they had received. Some spoke to me and said being in the USSR had been difficult for them. In the Soviet Union they were treated like second class citizens at best. They knew it was because of the color of their skin. They said the officials in the Soviet Union had not supported them. They felt their education, although probably as good as the Soviet Union could give, was not what they would have gotten had they gone to a German, French, American or British university. But they had this experience and they used it.

There is one thing about it, there were very few who wanted to remain in the Soviet Union, whereas it was often difficult getting them out of France, the US, or Great Britain.

*Q: What were American interests in Chad during this period?*

WALKER: As was the case elsewhere in Africa, American interests were in a stable economy, a society that was developing into an informed electorate. We wanted to see a democratic, if possible, type of government there. We had very few other interests. It has come about now in later years that there are economic interests in Chad that are quite great. There is at least one very large oil field there, another one that is important but smaller, and the probability is others will be discovered.

*Q: What about Libya? Was Libya playing much of a role, because later on Libya played a major role?*

WALKER: It was pre-Qadhafi when I was there. Idris was still king. The Libyan embassy was next to the American embassy. The latter is now the American AID mission and the Libyan embassy is still next door. The Libyan Ambassador was an interesting person. He spoke North African Arabic, but couldn't speak Chadian Arabic. He spoke no French, the official language but did speak some Italian. Thus he needed an interpreter everywhere he went. The rest of us got by on our fractured French. In those days we got along quite well with the Libyans.

The main interests that Libya and Chad shared were their frontier and the people there who very freely passed across it. Their relationship was quite good at that point. Qadhafi took over in September of 1969, the month after I left Chad. Things changed.

*Q: Before we leave this, what was your evaluation of President Tombalbaye?*

WALKER: Tombalbaye was a southerner. He was from the Sara. He had heavy facial scarification.

*Q: He had three lines?*

WALKER: Oh, he had many lines on his cheeks and on his forehead. They had been quite prominent at one point and he had them reduced somewhat, but they were still there.

He had been a school teacher. While I was there he was a good administrator and was pretty well in control of things. People said he began to slip mentally not long after I left and he went down hill rapidly. There were those who said this was due to syphilis and it could have been, I don't know. But there does seem to be justification for saying that he was mentally ill. When I was there he didn't exhibit any of this. He didn't have paranoia. He had not gone into the program of having all of his administrators go through the tribal rituals of entry into manhood, trying to take them back to their roots. Several died during this process. It was a hard time for them all.

He was quite sane and effective during the time I was there. He was a little amusing. He called me on the telephone several times but never had anyone call for him. The phone would ring, I would pick it up and the voice would say, "It is me. (C'est moi-meme.)" The first time that happened I came within an inch of saying, "And who in the hell is me?" I'm glad I didn't. Each time Tombalbaye did that he wanted me to come talk with him and did not want anyone else there. That made things a little difficult. It meant I had to make my own notes and report the conversation myself. I didn't have the benefit of a reporter with me to remember those things I failed to remember. I liked Tombalbaye. I thought he was a good man. He had started life as a school teacher, had gotten into politics as a young man, and grown as he added responsibilities.

I remember, for instance, a conference shortly after the new party congress house was opened. The Presidents of Cameroon and the Central African Republic were invited. The President of Cameroon, Hamani Diori, arrived on time but Jean-Bedel Bokassa, President of Central African Republic, was late. He showed up about an hour and a half after proceedings had begun. All the other important dignitaries were already on the stage and the house was full of diplomats and official Chadians, to hear the speeches.

Bokassa came in and the show stopped. A short man, he arrived in a very tight fitting English style suit. He had a bowler hat, was wearing gloves and carrying an umbrella. He had a tall, heavy set colonel in attendance. He walked in to the center of the stage with the colonel behind. He turned around, the colonel held out his hand and Bokassa took off his hat and gave it to him. He then peeled off the gloves and hung them on the hat and finally took the umbrella and hung it on the arm of the colonel. The Chadians roared with laughter. They absolutely screamed with delight. And Bokassa turned around, smiled at the house, did a little bow, almost a curtsy, and took his place at the table with his colleagues. When he declared himself an emperor I thought he was more imp than emperor. Anyway, that was one of the vignettes of life there.

*Q: Well, you left Chad in August 1969.*

WALKER: And went directly to London. Before Sheldon left I knew I was up for reassignment the following summer. I learned I was to go to Congressional Relations. I thought this was a great idea. I sent a cable saying I liked the assignment and I would love to do it. Then I heard nothing more. Vance was transferred to Congo/Leopoldville, as it was called then. I could see that I was going to be Chargé for a while so I sent a message

to Personnel saying, "I am going to be Chargé for a while, but I want this assignment to hold. Please keep it for me."

I didn't hear and finally in May the phone rang. It was David Newsom, then Assistant Secretary for Africa. After chatting a bit, he said, "Well, Julius I called to see whether you would like to be AF's man in London?" I couldn't believe it. What a marvelous assignment. When I got my breath back I said, "I would love it."

Savannah was in the building. She had come in to do something and was leaving. I ran down stairs and grabbed her and said, "It looks as though we are going to London." She couldn't believe it either.

Anyway we went. We stopped in Paris en route to visit the embassy and do some debriefing there and take a little leave. Then on to London. I went on from London to Washington for briefing so I was in London for a week and then to the States for a week and came back. We got home leave the following summer.

*Q: What does it mean to be the African man in our embassy in London?*

WALKER: It means a number of things. The position is in the political section. What the person does is liaison with the British at all levels on any questions that have to do with Africa. Then the Nigerian civil war (the Biafra War) was underway. Also Rhodesia had made its unilateral declaration of independence from Great Britain. The presence of our consulate general there was under debate. We wanted to close it to say that we didn't recognize the government, we didn't want to close it because it developed a lot of information. But we finally had to close it.

There were a number of other problems in Africa I dealt with. This meant that I was at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office sometimes two or three times a day and when I went I might have one, two or three appointments because I was also covered Latin American affairs. There were many days when I wrote six or eight reporting telegrams.

I also looked after people who came through London en route to various African assignments. I saw to it that they got appointments, reservations...of course the administrative section helped with the later. If they were high level, I met them at the airport and got them through the formalities quickly. Savannah and I might have a dinner party or reception for them. The job entailed a lot of meeting and greeting and gave me access to many top-level Brits.

It was a busy job and interesting. I knew many people at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office and knew them well. I probably spent as much (if not more) time there than anyone else in the embassy. A few times I was in discussions with the Foreign Minister, and twice in 10 Downing Street for discussions with the Prime Minister.

*Q: What were these on?*

WALKER: As I recall, the subjects were Rhodesia and Nigeria each time. You see the United States approached that Nigerian civil war in a peculiar manner. It confused the hell out of us. We didn't know which way to go because the political extremes in the United States were supporting the Biafrans and there seemed to be little solid support anywhere in the US for the Federal Military Government.

*Q: You had what might be called the liberal left of Senator Kennedy, but also you had some of the extreme fundamentalists because of the Christian Ibos.*

WALKER: That is right. So those who were on the extreme right who felt this was an indication of Africa going to pieces - proof of Senator Ellender's contention - and wanted to encourage it in any way they could.

*Q: The Jews were involved also.*

WALKER: Yes, they were because largely they favored the Biafrans.

*Q: I think there was a little vignette in somebody's interview saying, it was either Dave Newsom or somebody, saying Dean Rusk was saying, "You know, I have to hand it to you, you have the Protestants, the Catholics and the Jews all after me on this one."*

WALKER: And that was right. Well, to deal with this a special ambassador was appointed, a fellow named C. Clyde Ferguson, a black American, who was to administer U.S. relief. This was during the Nixon administration. Ferguson frequently went to Biafra with Jim Pope, his advisor and another black American. Jim was a USIA officer, Ferguson was from academia and is now dead. He frequently came through England en route to Nigeria and needed to see the Foreign Minister or the Shadow Foreign Minister. Most of this happened under a Labor Government. Alec Douglas Hume was the Shadow Foreign Minister. I handled all the appointments and attended virtually every meeting. It was really a great job.

In covering Latin America I handled many questions. I was one who was not at all surprised when the British decided to go to war to defend the Falklands. I had to talk with the British a few times about the Falklands, on requests from Washington. Each time they made it crystal clear they would fight to the last person rather than surrender those islands. The islands were peopled with descendants of Scots who had been sent there by the British. There were no people in the Falklands with Argentinean backgrounds. One man in the Falklands spoke some Spanish that he had learned in university. The people there were British. The Argentineans had a certain claim to the land, but it was no better than the British claim. Argentina had no political claim because they had nobody in the Falklands. The only use the Falklanders had for Argentina was to transit Buenos Aires en route to Great Britain.

*Q: We almost picked it up. Some whaler I think hoisted the American flag there.*

WALKER: I heard that, too.

*Q: What was your impression during these times of the British Foreign Service, the Foreign Office and the people in it?*

WALKER: They had some of the finest people I have ever worked with. I was delighted to work with them. They were wonderful, helpful, friendly. At the same time, they were like foreign service personnel anywhere, their government's interests came first. That's what one expects. But we always found ways to work together. They were open, approachable. All I had to do was to call and say that I needed help and I got it.

I remember once I was asked to find out about the only possible quadri-point on the international map (where four national boundaries meet). It is in southern Africa where possibly Botswana, Southwest Africa, Rhodesia--as it was then--and South Africa come together. That is the only international quadri point. I was asked to get the information concerning the boundary from the Foreign and Commonwealth Office. None of the involved capitals had it. About two weeks later I was called over for a briefing.

It was one of the funniest briefings I ever attended. The briefer kept a perfectly straight face as he told me how those boundaries had been established. It seemed that on the Zambezi River the boundary was established as the mid-point of the river. On the Chobe, the river that flows in from the south, the boundary was established as the thalweg of the river (the lowest point in the river bed). Theoretically, those could converge at any point or they might never converge. The thalweg could stay to one side or the other of the river all the way to the ocean. These were the boundaries between Zambia, Southwest Africa and Botswana. The line between Botswana and Rhodesia was described in terms of a dirt road that ran down to the water's edge. No other landmark was given. It was simply the road to the point at which it hit the river's edge. At one time there had been a ferry there. Well, of course the meandering of the river and the effect of weather on the dirt road had cause this to change over time, so Lord only knows where that border was. In order to determine those boundaries and whether they established a quadri-point, an international conference would have been necessary. And, of course, at that time such a conference would have been impossible because the Rhodesians were running Zimbabwe, which was unrecognized by the British who would have had to convene it. South Africa would have had to be there, both for itself and for Southwest Africa, which is now Namibia. And Botswana would have had to be in on it. So, the point remains undefined and probably will remain so for the foreseeable future.

This was an isolated, minute case, but indicative of the sort of assignment I could get. Some requests were completely off the wall and other times completely predictable. I might be asked to talk to the British about their plans for a conference to end the Biafra War. Other times I might talk to the press or other people about this.

At one point we had a hard time with the British press because the US government was supportive of the Nigerian federal military government and the British press as well as most of the American press favored the rebels. W. Beverly Carter, who for several years was the public information officer in Nigeria come through London. Bev asked to talk with a fellow named Alex Waugh had been particularly outspoken. We set up a lunch on Fleet Street. Waugh started in with great wit and flare and was going to take Bev Carter apart. Bev sat there, cool, charming, and so informed. Every point Waugh brought up, Bev answered and nailed it down. In an incredibly gentlemanly, deft manner he took Waugh apart piece by piece. Waugh left there completely deflated.

I attended two of the Anglo-American Parliamentarians' Conferences on Africa. One year the conference would be in the US and the next in Great Britain. I was in England for three years and the first and the last year the conferences were there. The first was in Jersey and the next in Guernsey. The conferences were a lot of fun and gave me the chance to meet a number of our legislators. The David Newsoms also attended. Savannah and I got to visit Jersey and Guernsey. My way was paid to those conferences. I had to pay for hers, but that was all right, it was worth it.

It was really a way to educate the American politicians about Africa. Many looked on the trips as a lark. I remember the one in Guernsey there was an American legislator, who shall remain nameless, who was blind drunk the evening before the conference began. He began yelling at me in the restaurant about the Nixon administration and "what are you damned striped pants guys doing about it." Many of the conference participants were there and those who didn't know the man before quickly learned who he was. There wasn't any way to discuss things with him because he was so drunk.

The next day he was absent. The second day he showed up about an hour after the meeting began still looking quite shaky, and sat there. An hour or so later he made an intervention in one of the discussions. The point was well made. The next person to speak was English, an English parliamentarian. He said, "Mr. Speaker, and Mr. Chairman, before I begin my remarks I should like to express on behalf of all us our delight in seeing that Congressman \_\_\_\_\_ has returned to full health and vigor." The conference stopped for laughter for at least a minute. It was beautiful and so justified.

In many ways London was a very exciting assignment. As usual, I was given a couple of extra jobs. Again we had a visit of Alan Ellender and once again, because of my accent, I was named his escort. So again we had Alan Ellender for a house guest. He remembered us.

By the way, I need to say this about that Burundi thing, he wrote a voluminous report of his trip when he got back. He did it in chronological order of the visits, thank the Lord, because Burundi was way to the back. At the first part of each section describing a country he assessed the U.S. personnel stationed there. In speaking about Burundi he peeled the hide off the Chargé d'affaires, castigated the Military Attaché, bad-mouthed several other people and then said, "But the embassy is indeed fortunate to have the

services of Julius W. Walker, Jr. of Plainview, Texas as its political officer. This fine young officer grew up among blacks and knows how to handle them." I thought my career had ended when I saw that, but fortunately nobody at State seems to have read that far. Boy, was I embarrassed.

Anyway, in London he again stayed with us. As a house guest he was charming. He didn't drink. He never needed entertainment and spent every free moment writing his report in his room.

*Q: I was Ellender-ed one time.*

WALKER: So you know he was serious about what he did. However, what he was doing didn't amount to a hill of beans.

He wanted a cup of hot water in the morning for a Postum-like drink and two pieces of dry toast. He ate sparingly. He only had one son. The son had gone to VMI as had I so this was a point in common. His one son had 14 children. The last birth was twins.

In London Ellender wanted to see the Ambassador. Our Ambassador for my tour was Walter Annenberg. I wondered how a meeting would go because Ellender was an outspoken Democrat. Not a liberal Democrat but Annenberg was very much on the conservative Republican side. Annenberg asked to receive Ellender in the residence in Regent's Park.

It was a beautiful place. Annenberg had put a million dollars into redoing the place before he moved in. He had his astounding collection of impressionist art. I didn't know what these two men would talk about, but I shouldn't have worried. Ellender had some renown as a cook and somehow they got on to cooking immediately. Annenberg said he loved to cook. His big thing was spaghetti. The two great men sat there and exchanged recipes for crawfish bisque and spaghetti. And they had a good time.

Our second daughter, then seven or eight, had really fallen for the Senator. He had tremendous experience in the grandfather business. She wanted to give him a farewell present. She had seen her mother cook so she went into the kitchen and mixed a little flour and water and some sugar and stirred it up and put it in the oven and baked it. When it came out it looked very pretty. He was getting ready to leave and she brought this out and presented it to him. Savannah said, "Oh, Senator, don't eat that." He said, "No, no, the little lady cooked that for me." Savannah added, "But she doesn't know how to cook." Before she could stop him he stuck that thing in his mouth. It was hard as a brick. He was still mouthing it and yelling goodbye to us from the car as he was leaving. A funny sight.

*Q: Let's close now and we will pick it up in London later on.*

*Q: Today is the April 16, 1992 and this is a continuing interview with Ambassador Julius Walker. Julius you were telling me that you escorted Nixon when he came through London at some point.*

WALKER: Yes, that was an interesting . Nixon came to England for a short visit. He was to be on the ground about four hours, all to be spent at Chequers.

*Q: Chequers being the country estate of the Prime Minister.*

WALKER: He brought a group with him for discussions. Later there was lunch with the Prime Minister and the Queen. It was the first time the Queen had taken lunch at Chequers. The Chequers estate was given to the Prime Minister's Office by an American.

I was control officer for the visit and I had the usual hassle with the advance team. But I was quite interested in seeing Richard Nixon again. As I said earlier, I went to Africa with him in 1957. He had his ups and downs in the meantime, as had, I guess, we all. However, his were certainly more public and dramatic. But I thought it would be interesting to see him again. After the Africa trip I had at one point been offered support if I would resign from the Foreign Service return to Texas and run for the House of Representatives as an Eisenhower Democrat. I turned that down. Later I was offered a job on Nixon's staff, but it also would have meant resigning from the Foreign Service and I didn't really want to do that. These offers indicated Mr. Nixon looked on me with some favor. So I was looking forward to seeing him when he came to Chequers.

Well, the trip went beautifully. There were no hitches. The British really know how to lay on a performance. The times we had estimated for events were all right on the button. There was no variance in any thing. Substantively, as well, it was very, very good trip. I did get to see Mr. Nixon. We walked along together for a distance and chatted. I reminded him who I was. He looked at me a little strangely and never gave any indication that he recognized me or remembered anything whatsoever. He said it was good to see me again and that was it.

I guess I shouldn't have tried to renew acquaintance, or maybe I shouldn't have turned him down in the first place. It may say something about my judgment. Mr. Nixon saw hundreds of thousand of people and there is no reason his memory should go back that far, except he had seemed so intent on me doing something with him in 1957 I thought it strange it appeared to have slipped away so totally.

*Q: You went to the War College from 1972-73. What war college was that?*

WALKER: The National. I had a grand time. There were a couple of things that happened that might be worth noting. I felt at the time and continue to feel that Foreign Service officers are at war colleges to serve as undercover instructors. The amount our military colleagues know about foreign affairs is limited and their place in foreign affairs seems to elude many of them totally.

As an illustration, there was an exceedingly bright young commander, a pilot, in my class. After about three months we were together at a party. He said, "I don't know why in the hell they call this the *war* college. They ought to call it the peace college." He said, "They aren't teaching us about war and they aren't teaching us to be better military people. As a matter of fact they are even suggesting that we ought to question our orders!"

I backed him into a corner and said, "Look fellow, the reason you are here is because your Service believes you have the potential to reach flag officer rank, that you may be one of the leaders in the Navy some day. If you haven't learned by the time you get to that grade that you have to look at every order and decide yourself whether or not it makes sense, then our nation is in deep trouble." He said, "That is not my job, you God damn pantywaist. I am supposed to take orders and give orders." I said, "You are supposed to take orders, but only when they make sense. And you are supposed to give only those orders that make sense. Otherwise you'll be a pipeline to disaster."

Well, we ended up almost at one another's throats. And for quite a while after that he didn't speak to me. Along towards the end of the course I found myself alone in a room with the Commander. I didn't pay any attention, I was busy with something and went ahead with it. Before long I was aware he was standing near me. He said, "Julius, I want to thank you for what you said to me that night. You were right and I was wrong." He said, "If I do advance in the Navy, and I hope I will, I intend to look at it in a much more questioning manner." And thank the Lord for who knows what trigger his finger could be on some time in the future. The year at the War College was excellent. I had a wonderful time. It was a time to relax and get some ideas thought through. I also did a Masters at GW that year. They had a program that went hand in glove with the War College and I was able to take extra classes and do some extra work but used the thesis at the War College for my thesis in the Masters program.

There was one other thing that I might relate. I probably shouldn't put this in but I feel that it ought to go on the record. I remember one of our top State Department people speaking to us at the time, U. Alexis Johnson. He had to do so much with Vietnam and this, of course, was in the Vietnam wind down. Our class was during the Nixon impeachment process--Watergate. In one of the sessions somebody asked what sort of planning had gone into the buildup for Vietnam. He said, "I am going to make a confession to you. We started into Vietnam to do a very limited operation. The President asked the military what would be necessary and they told him we would need a certain number of troops and that would be it. But once they got there they came back and said, 'Mr. President, we have to have more personnel to protect these troops,' so we sent more. Then they said, 'Well, in order to really stop the Viet Cong we must bomb, so we need bombers over there.' The President agreed." He said, "But once the bombers were there, we had to have troops to protect the parameters of the airfields and we brought those in. Then we needed fighters to escort the bombers so we brought those in. We made more airfields and more parameters needed to be protected. And then we had to have more ships. Then we had to have more of everything." Finally he said, "Vietnam just grew. No

one thought it was going to be what it was. And in that respect I feel we served the President poorly."

It was an admission that took an awful lot of courage. And I think it explains more about Vietnam and our involvement there than any other single thing I have ever seen or heard. It was like topsy, it just grew. Those at the top were not in control as they should have been.

That and the fact that I grew a goatee and mustache during my time at the War College, that is about it.

*Q: You then went to the African Bureau where you served from 1973-75. What were you doing there?*

WALKER: I went in to be in charge of the office of regional affairs. We did things that went across the boundaries of African nations. We followed the OAU (Organization of African Unity), we dealt with the regional political/military problems and also individual political/military problems. We did a great deal of staff work, briefing papers, for the Assistant Secretary.

*Q: Who was Assistant Secretary most of the time you were there?*

WALKER: Well, I started out with David Newsom. Then he went to the Philippines and was replaced by Don Easum, who had come in from Upper Volta. Don Easum very quickly ran afoul of Henry Kissinger, who was not about to have anybody working for him who might challenge his level of intelligence, and Don Easum not only came close but far exceeded it in African matters. After nine months Easum was out. He was succeeded by Nathaniel Davis who had been Director General of the Foreign Service. Don was in for nine months and Nat Davis lasted five months. There were those of us who said that it was a nine to five operation.

When Davis came in, for some reason he took a dislike to me before he got there. I don't know why. I sent him papers and they came back with a line drawn through them. I couldn't understand what was the matter. After about the third or fourth of those I had the paper retyped identically to the way it had been done and asked another officer to put his name on it. He read it and said it was a fine paper and he would be glad to put his name on it. We sent it up and that paper was acted on. So from that time on I didn't send any more papers with my name on them. I got out of the African Bureau as soon as I could. I was able to find a job in the Bureau of International Organizations Affairs.

*Q: Before we leave the African Bureau, how did Kissinger relate to African Affairs?*

WALKER: The Assistant Secretary for African Affairs was responsible for the day-to-day operations of our relations with Africa. But anything that became an item of national policy or went further than Africa, itself, had to be moved to the 7th floor. It could be

handled in a number of different places on the 7th floor depending on its nature. They would normally go up either to the Political Under Secretary or the Economic Under Secretary, depending on the nature of the paper. Then it would go on either to the Deputy Under Secretary or to the Secretary himself, once again depending on the importance of the item.

Kissinger was particularly interested in what was going on in Portuguese Africa at this point. This was at the time that Angola and Mozambique moved into independence and Kissinger was particularly interested in developments in those countries. Kissinger would, of course, be the US representative at an OAU luncheon they always had at the United Nations near Africa Day. But Kissinger would be only slightly involved in African affairs and was very interested in watching what his Assistant Secretaries did. Don Easum was a guy with a wonderful sense of humor and an awful lot of energy and ingenuity...still is as far as that goes. But Henry was not interested in having people of that sort around. He didn't want his assistant secretaries doing anything other than kowtowing and Don Easum was not a "kowitz." He told it the way it was and was brilliant in doing it. It was too bad he was an assistant secretary under Kissinger. Had he been an assistant secretary under virtually any other Secretary of State I have known, he would have done beautifully. He did a wonderful job but was bounced out before he was able to get his teeth into it.

*Q: Was this felt within the AF ranks too, that Kissinger was not giving support to his assistant secretaries, and this have any affect on morale?*

WALKER: Kissinger's operation as Secretary of State was to control everything tightly at the top. To let out only that information necessary for people to do their jobs but to keep anything important for himself and for the small group that he trusted and worked with him. It was a shame. He passed up some very good opportunities to have work done and to allow people to develop. But that was the way he operated. AF felt this keenly. AF felt that it was near the bottom of the totem pole. Of course, it always is. US interests in Africa are not as great as they are elsewhere. But at that time in particular we felt the European interests were wagging African interests very strongly. Whatever we felt was good in the African Bureau would not fly elsewhere. The Secretary wasn't interested.

*Q: In this 1973-75 period that you were in AF, what issues were you particularly concerned with?*

WALKER: Well, the Portuguese African problem was one of our largest then. We had already closed out in Salisbury so the Rhodesia settlement problem had not occurred and we were interested in that. We didn't have primary action as a nation there; primary action was with the Brits. There was a great deal of interest in our relationship with Zaire then. Mobutu was in a strong position and it was strengthened when he became a conduit for materiel to Savimbi in Angola. Also, the Southern African situation was boiling along heavily as were the problems of Southwest Africa. It was perfectly clear something had to

be done there, that Southwest Africa at some point would become an independent nation. The question was when and under what conditions.

The other thing, I guess, was the relationship with the OAU. We took a good bit of flack during those days from the OAU. This didn't make people particularly happy, especially those on the 7th floor.

*Q: I have heard reference to the effect that our people would go to the OAU meetings as observers and there was always a debate as to whether we should sit there and take the crap that was thrown at us or not. Why did we sort of go there and accept this?*

WALKER: I attended OAU meetings as an observer, I wasn't there officially but just to listen. It is important for us to know what is being said and record it. Had I been there in an official capacity, it would have been something else. In such situation we would certainly would have considered getting up and walking out. I think that might have been the thing to do. But being there as a fly on the wall, listening, is different. When we know who is saying what and who is saying it we can go to their countries, kick shins and say, "Look, we are tired listening to that nickel and dime stuff." But even as observers we couldn't attend all the OAU meetings. We were in only some of the sessions, the majority, probably, but not all. Walking out as observers, would have served nothing. All that would have done would be to cut off our information.

*Q: You then went to International Organizations for a couple of years, from 1975-78. What were you doing there? Did you have any feeling why Nat Davis didn't care for you? Did you belong to a wing of Africanists that he didn't go with? Was it personal?*

WALKER: I don't know. He never made it clear. He just simply didn't like me. We had a staff meeting one day and he had asked me to do a paper for it. I presented the paper and when I got through he ripped me apart. There was a great deal of bureaucratic blood on the carpet, so to speak. When the meeting was over my colleagues said things like, "Julius we don't know what that was about or why, but it was grossly unfair."

Later that day I was waiting for an elevator and the door opened and Nat Davis came out. He stopped and said, "You know, I think I came down on you a little strongly in that meeting." And I said, "You God damn sure did." I walked into the elevator and left him standing there.

So I was glad to get out. I don't know why...there are times when you see somebody and you just don't like them. I know my father had a grocery business. Sometimes he would see a salesman coming in and he would say, "Son, there are some guys that make me angry when they walk through the door and here comes one of them." I guess I caused that reaction in Nat Davis. I don't know why he didn't like me.

*Q: What were you doing in IO?*

WALKER: Well, the first job that I went to was the directorate that dealt with international communications and transportation agencies. We had about half a dozen agencies we dealt with. There was the international maritime group, IMO; the international aviation group, IACO; the telecommunications, the ITU; the International Postal Union. We also had some odds and ends like the Olympic Committee and the International Tourism Organization. And there were one or two others - I can't recall right now.

It was a lot of fun. I had a grand time doing it. A woman was in charge of our mission to IACO in Montreal. She was a political appointee, a capable woman, one who aroused rather strong feelings in people. Either they liked her or they didn't because she was tough and hard working. She wanted to run for the Director of ICAO, the top job. We did a good bit of work on that which called for several trips to Montreal. Unfortunately she didn't get the post, she was beaten out by a Frenchman, but it gave me an opportunity to talk to the heads of the various delegations to try to enlist their support.

I also did a good deal of work with the maritime group. My successor in the office, who was able to stay longer than I was, did a tremendous amount of work there and sometime if you talk with Walker Diamanti, get him to talk about the IMCO. Walker did some important work there during the Carter administration.

The interest of the International Organizations Bureau is in the administration of these groups. U.S. money for them comes through the IO budget thus IO wants to know how the money is spent, where it goes, how it is used, and whether any can be saved. So people from the IO Bureau should head delegations when conferences deal with budget or administration matters. I wanted to make sure was done.

Another IO office is called the Office of International Conferences (OIC). At that time it was the office that put together the delegations, approved them and provided their travel and per diem money. It decided who was on the delegation and in what position. I fought this point on every delegation with the guy in charge of the office. He couldn't understand that my office should lead delegations to administrative conferences and that offices in the Economic Bureau should only lead if the conference dealt with substantive matters. If it was an ICAO meeting dealing with flight problems, I probably didn't want to go. But if we were going to talk about ICAO's budget, I had to be in charge of that delegation because that was my issue.

The OIC director didn't recognize my argument. We were under an injunction from Congress to control expenditures, to see to it that money was spent correctly. We couldn't if we weren't in charge of those delegations. So I fought several delegation lists up to the Assistant Secretary, who then was Sam Lewis. I won a few and lost a few.

Anyway, after I had been in the job for six months I was in Texas on leave and the phone rang. It was Sanford Mentor, then Executive Director of IO. He said, "Julius, I want you as Director of OIC." I said, "Sandy, I wouldn't touch that job with a ten-foot pole. I am

perfectly happy where I am." He said, "You have fought so often about the makeup of delegations that if you don't take this job, I'll see to it you never win another delegation fight." I said, "Let me think about it." It was a tough job and purely administrative. It had nothing to do with the substance of anything. But the more I thought about it the more I thought I should take it because that office needed to be turned around. I took the assignment. The next two years I was in charge of the Office of International Conferences.

I did, I think, get the office turned pretty well. It was in two parts. One put the delegations together. Those people worked with the substantive bureaus and knew what the organizations were about and worked to get our delegations correctly sized, etc. The other was administration. Each side had about 15 or 16 people. Then we had a budget office. The entire office was just short of 40 people.

The administrative people, by the way, wrote more than half the travel orders written by the Department of State. Our budget ran between 10 and 12 million dollars annually just for conferences. It was a sizeable operation. It approved the makeup of delegations and we tried to make certain the people most interested in the subjects were on the delegations. In the groups those with the widest interest would be delegation heads. We were directed by the Carter administration, which came in during this time, to cut the size of our delegations. We wrote a paper to the Secretary just as the Carter came in. We asked him to direct us to place more women and minorities on delegations. It took about eight months to get the paper signed and back to us. But once we did we had what we wanted.

Meanwhile we kept an informal tab on how we were doing. During the rest of the time I was there, we not only cut the average size of our delegations substantially, we also increased the presence on those delegations of women and minorities. It didn't make us terribly popular, but it was a good thing. You see, cutting the size of the delegation meant that everyone on it had to be better oriented, better informed, more familiar with the subject. That meant the offices from which delegation personnel came would be forced to employ more women and more minorities and put them into position of responsibility. So I think we did really a very good thing for the advancement of equal employment opportunity principles during the two years I was there. Those principles were followed after I left.

*Q: How had you found it before? Did we tend to use these delegations as a way to rewarding people and just a nice way to go to Paris, etc.?*

*WALKER:* No, the people on delegations were people who went to work. We had some delegations that were out of hand like the delegations to the International Law of the Sea conferences. When I came in those delegations had over 200 people on them. You can't have a delegation that size, you can't handle it. We went to work and finally got the delegation down to the 70s and 60s. They should have been a third of that because there was a lot of featherbedding. People who went and had very little to do. We tried to cut

that out. But the perception by many people is that being on a delegation is like going to a convention - a lot of fun and entertainment. A paid vacation. That is not the case.

I remember I got into a difficult situation not too long after the Carter administration came in over a delegation that was to go to a conference here in Washington at the Pan American Health Organization. It was an administrative conference. The size of that delegation is two people and it's that for a reason. Each country sends two people and the conference room has two seats for each country. There is no place for more. You can't get more people in there if you wanted to. We got pressure through the week before this delegation was put together to add a large number of doctors from Georgia.

This was from the office of Peter Borman, who was the President's science advisor and who later got into trouble for writing narcotics prescriptions for people at the White House and resigned. His office wanted to put on a number of doctors to go to this meeting to have a good time. We tried to explain about the meeting, that two is all we can send. And there was a guy who had been on the Carter campaign and was assigned to State to oversee these conferences because they were certain that this was a big boondoggle and that he was going to get people in on it so they could enjoy themselves.

Anyway, I finally approved the delegation of the proper two. It went forward on Friday. Saturday I was at home and Borman's office called. It was an assistant dog robber who set in trying to get more people on the delegation. I repeated that we couldn't put any more on. I said I couldn't have the United States look foolish. "Oh, but we could put more on..." "No," I said. This went on for about 15-20 minutes and finally his boss got on. The conversation went on for another 15-20 minutes and then Borman got on the phone and we went on for about 30 minutes. I said no in every diplomatic way I could. He kept pressing and finally I got less than diplomatic. I said, "No, I am not going to do it." He said, "I will have your job." I said, "You have it and that is fine. Go right ahead. I am not going to have the United States made to look foolish at an international conference." When I got through my wife, Savannah, looked at me and said, "Julius was that the White House you were talking to?" I said, "Yes it was." She said, "Then there is no reason for you to go to work on Monday, they will have you fired." I said, "Well, if they do I will have gone down on a good cause." I never heard anymore about it. That was it.

But this was the kind of thing that you had to deal with. The pressures in the office were very, very high. I had to depend on the staff to do good leg work and then I backed them up. I found at times my staff was wrong and I tried to get their decisions changed before they were set in concrete and usually I was able to. Sometimes I had to overturn them, but not often. I found the more I backed them up the fewer problems I had. There was an awful lot of pressure on me.

Sam Lewis was Assistant Secretary for IO, and then Bill Maynes. I got full backing from both.

I tried to save money on the conferences. There had been a tradition that we furnished lavish funds for International Labor Conferences. These delegations have three heads: one from government; one from industry; and one from labor. Each has to have his own limousine. Well, I can understand that. But then we rented about a dozen more limousines for people on down the ranks. I looked at this carefully and worked out with the admin people and others that we could rent buses to take them to and from the hotels. The buses would be available every 15 minutes. they would work fine and we would save money.

There was a guy at Labor who fought very hard on this and when I came up with it he said he was going to get it overturned. And he did. At a Cabinet meeting the Secretary of Labor spoke to the Secretary of State complaining about this. The Secretary of State's Office came back and said, "Can't we be more lenient?" I said, "Certainly we can be." So we fixed it up a little bit differently. We still saved some money, but not as much.

However, I had the last laugh because when the conference was over, the same fellow sent a representation voucher for me to approve. I looked at it and found the guests were all members of the delegation! He wanted me to put out taxpayers money, and it was a sizeable amount, a little less than \$1,000, for a lavish dinner for Americans! I said, "Not a bit of it. There is no representation in this." He paid that out of his own pocket and it made me feel very good.

*Q: You left the heady world of dealing with the White House to move on to Liberia where you served from 1978-81. How did that assignment come about?*

WALKER: Personnel had called me and said, "Julius, you are going to be coming up for reassignment before too long and we are going to put together some lists of deputy chiefs of mission for various places. The first one is Liberia. Would it be all right for your name to be on that list?" I said, "Sure. I would be delighted." About three days later I had a telephone call from Monrovia. It was from Beverly Carter, then Ambassador to Liberia. He said, "Julius I just got a list of five names from the Department and yours is on it. I said I didn't need the other four names, that one was all I wanted. Will you come?" And I said, "I sure will."

I wound down in IO...I guess the last six months I was there I was increasingly involved with a NATO summit which we hosted here in Washington. That was really a major undertaking. We had heads or chiefs of state from all of the NATO nations with the exception of France which sent its Foreign Minister. Dealing with that many at the very top level can be pretty painful. I took a trip to Brussels to talk to the people there and stopped in Great Britain and talked there. They had hosted the last NATO summit. And I came back with an idea of the problem. First there wasn't enough money in the budget. We had to go to the Secretary's private fund for emergencies and contingencies. I did this with the help of the head of my administrative division, Tom Mossellem. Tom, who was absolutely brilliant, a wonderful fellow, really did a superb job. He came into that job with me and stayed after I left. He was civil service.

A year before the conference a lot of people came around to give me advice. As time drew closer for the conference, they began to drop off. Finally, six weeks before the conference, people would only come near me if I asked for them. I think everybody was scared to death when they realized the enormity of our undertaking. But we put together a really good show.

On the administrative side it was handled flawlessly. There was a problem with an Italian car. We furnished three cars to each delegation and they added whatever else they needed. The Italians kept saying, "We didn't get but two cars." It finally turned out that a member of their delegation took one of the cars and went to New York for the entire conference. I billed them for that and they paid it. That car was not supposed to go to New York.

When the meeting was over I stood near where Jimmy Carter was waiting to go in for a press conference. The Secretary General of NATO traditionally is the first one and then the host country is second. He was talking with Jody Powell at the door of the Acheson auditorium at State. He said, "You know, this was the best run and most fruitful international conference that I have ever worked on." Like a dolt I didn't say, "Mr. President, would you please put that on paper." Nevertheless I got many plaudits for the work and it was a great satisfaction to have done it well.

Now, on to Monrovia. I worked at IO in my office until about 8:00 on Friday night before leaving at noon on Saturday for Monrovia. I went home, packed. Savannah stayed here. Our son was to come with us. Our middle daughter stayed in the US to continue ballet training in New York. Our older daughter was at college. So only the boy came. But Savannah couldn't leave because she was working for George Mahon, a member of congress. Every time we would come back to town, she would go back to work for him. Mr. Mahon was retiring and wanted her to stay with him through the end of the session. So I went out in June and she came along in October. She didn't stay until the end of the session but long enough to get him organized.

I worked until late at night, came home and packed. Got up the next morning, mowed the lawn, took a quick shower, changed and went to the airport. I took the family dog with me so I would have some company. Got on the plane and Sunday morning I got off at Roberts Field in Liberia. I had been there before and I was astounded at the changes. Not only was the airport much larger and looked better, but there was a fully paved road all the way from Roberts Field into Monrovia. That had been a distance of 70 miles but the paved road cut it down to about 55 miles. The city had grown out of all proportion. It wasn't until I was in the middle of the town, the business district, that I began to recognize one or two things from my visit there in 1957. It was a bustling metropolis - a wonderful place.

I arrived at 6:00 AM, got some breakfast and got a driver to drive me around town to see how the city looked. I got back and went to bed, got up the next morning and went to work. For the next two weeks I called the secretary in Liberia by the name of the secretary in Washington. That was really no way to change jobs. It was way too quick. But Bev

wanted me out there because he had a lot of traveling he had to do. He was on a commission in Geneva and was up country in Liberia a good bit.

I ran the office virtually from the second week I was there until Beverly left. As I recall he departed about November to come back to the States to run the Office of State and Local Governments. Then I was Chargé d'affaires for a long period until Bob Smith arrived sometime in August or September of the following year. I was Chargé d'affaires through a OAU conference there in Monrovia and at the time in April of the rice riots of 1978.

The Liberian government proposed increases in the price of rice so farmers would have enough incentive to grow it. But people in the city looked on this as a benefit for the President who was the larger rice grower in Liberia and they rioted. The riot was led by a fellow named Gabriel Baccus Matthews, who had been a student. He was a young fellow and had been in the Foreign Service and was kicked out, I think, because he was a dissenter. After the rice riots he was locked up along with other leaders of the group.

There was a period of about three days when Monrovia was an utter shambles. There was no government. Nobody was doing anything. A number of people had been killed during the riots. The government was shaken severely by it. The President, William R. Tolbert, was holed up doing nothing. There were looters on the streets and everybody including the military was out of control. It was a very frightening time. And was a forerunner of what would come the year following during the coup d'etat.

During that time, my first interests were in what was happening to the Americans and their safety. I was also concerned for the safety of other expatriate elements. In particular, the Lebanese community. The Lebanese performed the great service in Liberia of middlemen who got the goods out all over the country for sale. They suffered heavily in all of this. Their ambassador had no staff. He was a good friend and I helped him make representations and actually got some of his citizens out of harm's way.

I worked closely with our military contingent there. We had a Defense Attaché, and a military mission to Liberia which helped in the procurement of materiel, brought training missions and gave any other any assistance they could. They helped the Liberians in bringing order during this time. Not to the degree that was done later, but some. After the rice riots, things calmed down and the government went to work very hard to prepare for the OAU conference. This was a tremendous financial burden on the country because the government built a big beautiful new conference center which couldn't be used for much else later. It also built a big hotel which I don't suppose was ever filled again. They brought in a cruise ship to use as a floating hotel because they couldn't get all of the people in to the conference center cabanas...each head of state had his own cabana, there were about 50 of those built. Housing went this way: those just below top level were in the hotel and those below that were put in the ship. The ship had been the USS America. It had another name by the time it pulled in, but you could see on the bow "America" had been the name. I had crossed the Atlantic on that ship once going to Burundi. It made me nostalgic when I saw it.

During the conference I had the responsibility of dealing not only with the host government but also with the other heads of state that were there. For instance, the US government decided to invite the President of Guinea to the United States as an official visitor. I called on him at the conference with the formal invitation. While it was fun, it was not what I was in Liberia to do.

I also had several discussions with the Foreign Minister of Egypt who was, I believe, leading his delegation. And there were others I got to talk to. It was quite a busy time.

The city looked beautiful, many streets were paved for the conference, including the one in front of our house. It was a beautiful house on top of a ridge at the highest point in the area. On one side we could see a marvelous mangrove swamp and on the other the open Atlantic. The house was named Sea View Villa. It was large, perfectly made for representation. We had a big kitchen, big dining room, big living room area, lots of porches that went around three sides of the house, beautiful gardens and we did one heck of a lot of representation there.

*Q: How did you deal with the Liberian government when Beverly Carter was there?*

WALKER: The government was similar in setup to the government of the United States. They had only recently changed the names of the various governmental departments from departments to ministries. And they had changed the names of the people in charge from secretaries to ministers. So, from time to time, Cecil Dennis, who was the Liberian Foreign Minister, would forget and refer to himself as the Secretary of State or refer to somebody else as the Secretary of the Treasury, whatever.

Beverly dealt directly with Tolbert. He told me to cover the Foreign Ministry and have good relations with the Minister. I set out to establish those relations straight off. Cecil Dennis was a tall, handsome, intelligent, outgoing person with a good sense of humor. He had a bit of a chip on his shoulder about the United States. He felt the US didn't give the assistance it should have, but he was always charming with me and helpful.

When I first called on him he said something I'll never forget. We had been talking for a while and he looked again at my card and said, "Now, let's see, your name is Julius Waring Walker, Jr." And I said, "That is right." He said, "You know, that sounds like a good Liberian name." I said, "It sure does." His name was Clarence Cecil Dennis, Jr. And there were so many names like that in Liberia. He went on to say, "You know there are a number of Walkers here. Where are you from?" I said, "Well, I am from Texas but my people came from Alabama and South Carolina." He says, "I bet you some of those Walkers are kin to you." I said, "I bet they are." I said, "And I bet there are some here with other names that are probably kin to me too." He laughed uproariously. He liked to play on things like that and on the ties between the United States and Liberia. I appreciated that. I thought it was good. I liked to play on those too. We needed to keep in mind the historical relationship between the two countries.

I saw a great deal of Cecil. I got into deep trouble with him at one point. A consular officer did it. Our consul was a good officer. He was hard working, but had a short temper and was in a high pressure job. The Liberians thought they had a God-given right to come to the United States and that the consul was simply a stumbling block. This gentleman didn't have much sense of humor and really had a lot of problems in the job. It seems that one day he received a visa application from a Liberian family to go to the United States for a visit. The backup paper for this was signed by the Vice President, Benney Warner. The consul placed the paper on the table and proceeded with the interview. When he was refused the visa, the applicant maintained the consul had shown disrespect to the Vice President by throwing the paper on the table. He may have thrown it. I wasn't there. I don't know. He said he didn't mean disrespect. I am sure that he didn't.

Dennis called us on the carpet. He was upset both by "disrespect" non-issuance of the visa. He said failure to issue the visa was disrespect to the Vice President.

My approach to an office is to back my officers totally and I stayed with the consul on this. I said there was nothing disrespectful, these people simply did not meet the qualifications. We argued it back and forth and were asked by Dennis to go see the Vice President. When we got there, the two of us again, it was obvious this was a major issue.

At that point the consul on his own said he would be glad to look at the problem one more time. I did not lean on him. I did everything I could to keep the pressure off him, but sometimes these things happen. Finally he decided to issue the visa. The applicant was a pilot and he got visas for his wife and two sons. The consul's initial finding was correct. They never returned to Liberia.

Nevertheless it became a point of honor with the Foreign Minister who threatened persona non grata proceedings if the visas were not issued. I talked to him later, when it was just the two of us, and told him I hoped we were not going to have to handle every visa case personally. I told him we would be in the visa business up to our eye teeth. I said, "My consular officer knows what he is doing and is applying our law as fairly as he can." Well it was the only case I got from the Foreign Minister.

Nevertheless I was relieved when the consular officer's tour ended a bit early for an urgent assignment to Manila. We got another consular officer who was able to handle Liberians much better. She didn't allow any more people to go to the United States, but she found a way of telling people "no" without making them angry. Have you ever noticed some people can tell you "yes" and make you mad? And others to can tell you "no" and make you happy? She had that ability. She worked long and hard, and did a wonderful job. Her name is Barbara Tobias. I nominated her for outstanding consular officer and she got runner up that year. She has been runner up a couple of other times, at other posts. She is a marvelous consular officer. She was in charge during the coup, when we had to make some very fast decisions about a lot of people because many were running for their lives and wanted out of the country.

She came to me just once. Again, I was Chargé. She said, "I don't want to have to bother you about every case, but I need guidance. Should I apply a strict consular policy on Liberians that want visas at this point, particularly the Americo-Liberians?" (They were the descendants of freed slaves who established Liberia and the ones who were being persecuted.)" I said, "No ma'am. Please follow a liberal policy." That was all she needed.

From then on she handled it and there were no squawks. Of course there were problems -- there were long lines, etc. But the way she handled it was outstanding. And that is the difference between a really excellent consular officer and the run-of-the-mill consular officer. But you have that in any field - consular, admin, economic - whatever. In an emergency you have to be able to count on your people.

*Q: Before we come to the coup, what was your impression of how the embassy was dealing with the situation in Liberia where you have Americo-Liberians who were sort of the upper class and running things and another group who were more indigenous to the country with more tribal roots? What were our ties to both these groups? How did the embassy fit into this situation?*

WALKER: The embassy fitted with both sides. We had good political officers and good econ officers. But the political officers dealt with this, as did the front office...the Ambassador and DCM. The Ambassador knew so much about the country it was unbelievable. He had gone to college with Liberians. He helped start an organization in Liberia, a Greek letter service organization. Bev's ties were basically with the Americas. They ran things.

There were also a few indigenous Liberians in the group at the top. We didn't differentiate between them. We tried hard to know everyone. I left most of the social things on that level to Bev because he was so well "wired in" to them. I established twice-weekly meetings for Bev to sit with embassy officers and respond to questions. They got lots of political and economic information he had picked up and didn't have time to report. We "milked" him regularly.

I set out to establish good relations with the members of the legislative assembly. I started with a reception for them and got to know several very well. Here I made good contacts with a lot of indigenous leaders who were in good with the party in power. Most remained influential after the coup.

There was a tremendous amount of blindness about what was going by the Liberian officials. Cecil Dennis at one point invited the diplomatic corps to a play written and produced at the university. It was ostensibly about apartheid in South Africa. We went. Dennis had already seen it. The chiefs of mission were there and quite a number from the American embassy in particular as the invitation was for all the Dip corps. When the play was over a couple of the guys from the political section said, "Julius, we can't believe Dennis invited us to see this." I was of the same opinion. You see, everything said in the

play about "South Africa," was equally applicable to in Liberia between the ins, (the True Whig party) and the outs, basically the indigenous Liberians.

There were some indigenous Liberians in the True Whig party and some had positions of power. But they were the only indigenous Liberians with power. All the rest were out. In many ways Liberia was a minority tribe running the affairs of the nation, as in South Africa. The minority in South Africa being the white tribe. Similar situation but with a minority black tribe in Liberia.

We had good contacts with many of those people. This fellow Baccus Matthews, who I referred to earlier as leader of the rice riots, was one of the very first Liberians I met. A political officers was having a party and had invited Baccus to it and asked me if I wanted to come. I said, "I darn sure do." This was only two or three days after I arrived. I met him then and I saw him fairly often afterwards. Of course Baccus had been "on the inside" with the True Whigs but fell out and identified totally with the indigenous Liberians. During the rice riots he came to the embassy and asked if he could be given asylum. I sat with him in the lobby of the embassy and explained our policy of asylum as it had been given to me by the Department of State. I said, "Gabe, I will be glad to bring you in here, but I want you to know what constraints I have. I can bring a person in to save him from imminent physical danger by a mob but by directive from my government I must turn that person over to the appropriately constituted authorities at the earliest possible time. This is not the place where you want to come. I cannot really offer you succor." He went back out on the streets and subsequently was picked up and arrested. I didn't see him again until a year later when the coup took place. He showed up at the embassy to conduct me to see Samuel K. Doe...to give me safe passage to see Doe. He had been in prison all this time and came out wearing his prison clothes plus a prison shirt that he had borrowed from some one. He was wearing shorts and a shirt. No shoes. He had a heavy beard and really did look terrible. I knew he had been treated roughly.

But all of that served me in good stead because he knew our policy on asylum and I didn't have to explain to him as I did to other Liberians. I said, "If you are in imminent physical danger from a crowd we can bring you in, but we will have to turn you over to the constituted authorities as soon as we decide who they are."

*Q: What was our policy towards Liberia, pre-coup time?*

WALKER: Our policy, once again, was to encourage stability and continuity in government...democratic process in Liberia. We gave support to the Liberian government. In the year prior to the coup we gave about \$5 million for development and a certain amount of military assistance. One thing we did was train a group of non-commissioned officers. As it happened many in the coup d'etat that overthrew Tolbert had been in the contingent we trained. My daughter, who came that summer and was given a job in the military mission, typed training certificates and one she typed was for Samuel K. Doe.

We wanted the Liberians to rely less on us and more on themselves. We felt our presence there was stronger than it had to be - that Liberians could and should rely on themselves more. There were those in the mission, and I was one, who felt we could have given more assistance than we did. But most felt we were doing about what we should. The US was certainly the powerful influence in Liberia. I had served before in Francophone areas in Africa and in a British area in Malta so I found it unusual to be working in the number one embassy.

The French Ambassador always joked that the Americans sent two ambassadors to Liberia. The Deputy Chief of Mission had historically gone on to ambassadorial appointments and he said this proved that the US took Liberia very seriously. I think he was right and we were then taking them more seriously than we had. I remember a comment from Mrs. Tubman, the widow of the former President of Liberia, William V. S. Tubman. She laughingly said at one point that until about 1950 or 1955 the Liberians more or less ran the American embassy because the U.S. had sent people there who were heavily sympathetic to them and the Liberians could dictate the information that went back to the US government. Of course she said that in jest, but only somewhat. There was some truth in it. But from the mid-50s on we began to look with increasing concern on Liberia and with increasing hope that Liberia would become a strong influence on the west coast of Africa and throughout the continent. For a while that was the case. Certainly it was during the Tubman era.

But Mr. Tolbert didn't have the same strength or the understanding Tubman had. I remember after the coup there were groups of people who called for "Baby Shad" to take over. This was the son of William V. S. Tubman, Shad, short for Shadrack. Shad Tubman was educated in the US, was very well-known, lives here now. He was something of a playboy but very popular. And there were people who were on the streets shouting for him to lead their revolution.

I asked an indigenous Liberian friend why Tubman's memory was bright in people's minds and Tolbert's so dark...Tolbert had just been assassinated. He said, "Well, Julius, I'll explain it this way. Liberians feel that out of every dollar Tubman stole he kept a dime and gave 90 cents back. But of every dollar Tolbert stole, he kept 90 cents and gave a dime back."

We thought something was going to happen - possibly a coup. Too many people were unhappy with Tolbert. The True Whig party, itself, was upset with him. We expected a change of government in the summer of 1979. We didn't know quite how it would take place, but thought it would probably be a palace coup. The last thing we expected was for the armed forces to do something because the leadership in the armed forces was historically weak and inept. We never thought the non-commissioned officers would mount a coup. It was oversight on our part. I guess we should have had contacts with the NCOs, but I don't know where we would have established it. The coup was also a surprise to our military who dealt closely with the Liberian military.

*Q: Let's stop here.*

*Q: Today is May 4, 1992 and this is a continuing interview of Ambassador Julius Walker. We were talking about the coup in Liberia.*

WALKER: Yes, that the coup itself was not a shock to us but that it came from the NCOs was. We expected either a palace coup in the True Whig party or, at most, something which involved the university and the liberals.

The night the coup took place was weird. I was Chargé again. We had been to a party Friday night and had been asked to stop by the home of the Guinean Ambassador, the Dean of the Dip. Corps and was leaving over the weekend, a permanent change of station. We stopped at his house, had a few drinks and danced some. We got home around midnight, got into bed and I had just gotten into a really sound sleep when the telephone rang. It was the Agence France Press fellow. He said, "Mr. Walker there is a lot of shooting at the Executive Mansion. Do you know anything about it?" I said, "Lord no, why would I know anything about it?" He said, "Well, the Americans seem to know about everything that takes place here in Liberia. I just thought you might know about that." I said, "No, I don't."

I was really groggy. I sat on the edge of the bed trying to get my wits about me when the phone rang again. It was Frank Catanoso, our public affairs officer, who also lived in the Executive Mansion area. I recognized his voice and said, "Frank, you are going to tell me there is shooting down there and I know that. I don't know what it is or anything else, but I am going to the office and you ought to get there too if you can." He said, "I don't think I can get out of the house. The shooting is heavy here and my house is taking rounds from time to time. I can hear them hit and see the plaster drop." I said, "Well, then you and your wife get on the floor, pull the mattress off the bed and don't get above window level at all." They didn't. For two days they stayed on the floor and crawled everywhere they went because of the heavy shooting.

I got in my car and started to town. Monrovia is on a peninsula and its narrowest point is where the Executive Mansion sits. In the Mansion locale, there were only two roads that ran between my house and the chancery building. I took the one the farthest from the Executive Mansion and was sailing along nicely thinking everything was okay. I had a distinctive car, a big red Ford. I rounded a corner en route to the chancery but still a mile from it, and suddenly there were dozens of soldiers in front of me shooting. I threw on the brakes and started to back up. Before I could, a big sergeant came running toward me with his gun at port arms. I stopped. He poked his head into the car and said, "You from the American embassy sir?" With no idea as to whether we were at the top of his hunting list I said, "That is right." He turned to the men and yelled, "Cease fire." They stopped shooting and he bowed and waved me ahead. The thought went through my mind that he might tell them to start shooting when I got in front of them - but he didn't. When I got about a block beyond I heard, "begin fire" and they started shooting again. I later learned the house was empty but they thought it was full of armed Americo Liberians.

I got into the office. We didn't know anything as to what was going on. We just knew there was shooting all over town and we were short on information. None of our regular sources had much information. We telephoned virtually everyone we knew. Embassy staff were trickling into the office so that by 4:00 we were fairly complete. We established an open telephone line to Washington. The rebels were not well enough organized to cut off outside communications. We retained regular telephonic communications throughout the coup period. Had they cut the lines, it would have made no difference to us as we had the area telecommunication relay office run by the Agency, this gave us full potential for communicating with Washington.

But I had an open Washington telephone line. When we needed anything we would whistle into the phone and somebody in the Op Center would pick it up and answer.

About 7:00 in the morning the martial music stopped. By the way, that is one of the things I have learned about coup d'etats in Africa. The radios play absolutely the worst military music anyone ever heard and they play it over and over and over. It is almost the worst part of the coup. Well, the music stopped and they announced the government was in the hands of Samuel K. Doe, a Master Sergeant. We were stunned. No one ever heard of him.

We were busy sending information in, doing short telegram and sitreps, bringing the Op Center up to date when about 10:00 the music stopped and the announcement was made that Samuel Doe wanted to see the American Ambassador and the Russian Ambassador. No sooner was the announcement made than my phone rang. It was my Soviet colleague who asked if I was going. I said, "Not until I get an escort because there is too much shooting on this side of town." He was on the other side of the Executive Mansion. I said, "How is it over there?" He said, "It is just as bad over here and I, also, am going to have an escort before I go."

I had no sooner hung up the phone then word came that Gabriel Baccus Matthews, who was one of the leftists, one of the leaders of the opposition groups, one of the very first people I met when I got to Liberia, was down at the gate to see me. Gabe Matthews, I think I mentioned him in talking about the rice riots. I went down to see him and asked what I could do for him. He said, "I have come to escort you to see Samuel Doe." I said, "Fine. I will be ready in five minutes." None of our local staff had come in that morning for obvious reasons so there was no one to drive the official car. I didn't want to drive through the shooting and then be faced with the interview on arrival, so I found a junior political officer who said he would be delighted to drive. He brought the car around. He was so nervous that he scraped the side of the car on a wall. Nevertheless, we drove down with Matthews in the car with me and a sergeant in a taxi in front of us. The Sergeant stuck a rifle out the window as a sign to anyone in the area not to shoot.

We went down the road without problems, obviously there was no traffic. We got to the Executive Mansion and found it had been shot up during the night and the automatic

sprinkler system had come on, drenching the building. I meet with Doe in a large gazebo. He and his committee were there to meet me.

It was warm, hot. Liberia is hot and steamy. This building was full of the odor of perspiration and fear. I don't know how to tell you what fear smells like, but once you smell it you know what it is. It is overpowering. Doe and his group sat on one side of the large room. A chair in the center of the room was indicated as the place for me to sit. I sat and Doe started to talk then seemed to decide we weren't close enough. He began hiking his chair closer as he sat in it. He would hold the chair, jump a bit and move forward. I began hiking mine towards him. And for a while we looked like a couple of turtles bouncing along the floor until we were almost face to face - only two feet apart.

Doe was scared. He had not really expected to be where he was, but once there he didn't intend to give it up easily. He was certain forces were coming from all corners to attack him and he wanted America to send him strong support. I told him I had no idea what we would be able to do. That I would relay his request, but I was certain the United States wouldn't support any regime killing its own people and the killing had to stop. The Liberian people had to be treated humanely.

I should have mentioned this earlier. Before we left the embassy compound, I picked up the phone, whistled and got George Trail, our desk officer at that point. I said, "George, I have to go see Sergeant Doe, is there anything you want me to tell him?" This was about 6:00 AM Washington time and Saturday, at that. George said, "I don't think I will be able to get anything but I will try." He checked around for a minute and reported back, "I'm sorry, Julius. You'll have to wing it." I said, "All right I will, but I'm going to report fully what I said and I expect you sobs to back me up." He said he would do the best he could.

An amusing thing happened driving back to the chancery. There was one spot where the road widens to four lanes. When we got there a car wrecked car was on one side with the windshield wipers still going and the windows shot out. There was a broken wine bottle, sitting on its bottom in the middle of the road. I could tell at once that, if we ran over it we were certain to blow the tire. I thought, "as wide as this street is I'll bet that kid hits that bottle and darn if he didn't. He hit it head on and blew the tire. He said, "Oh, Mr. Walker, I am so sorry. I will get out and change the tire." I said, "The hell you will. You will drive slowly so you don't ruin the rim but we are going into the compound before that wheel comes off. I am not going to sit out here with bullets whizzing around while you change a damn tire."

*Q: Do you have any feel as to whom they were shooting at?*

WALKER: The shooting was coming from the soldiers who were shooting up homes of prominent Americo Liberians, those who were in power or in positions of influence. It finally became clear what they were doing.

During this time we had a number of contacts with people who had been in the government. I talked on the phone with Cecil Dennis, who had been the Foreign Minister. Cecil knew what our policy was on asylum because I had explained it to him the year before when Gabe Matthews had sought asylum. Thus he didn't ask for assistance from me. However, at that time, he was in the home of an American. He had decided he wanted to give himself up and to try to get his status regularized. The fellow in whose home he was staying in, Jim Dunn, helped him do this. He found some people who said they would take him into custody without harm. Others contacted us and would have been interested in permanent asylum had we been in position to offer it. But we couldn't.

Later on, Congressman Solarz was told erroneously that we had refused asylum to these people. He had a big open hearing here in Washington and my name was mentioned prominently. I was in a tough spot as a result. But I had a stroke of luck. Leon Dash, a reporter from the Washington Post was in Monrovia covering the events. He got word of the hearing and asked me if I would like to talk about it. I did. I told him the entire situation just described ...what had happened during the time and that we had not refused any requests for asylum. His story ran the same day as the hearing and effectively pulled its teeth. But Solarz would have used me or anyone else he could as a whipping boy, to further advance his political career.

During the aftermath of the coup, we had a lot of problems. Telephone communications within Liberia got very bad. Circuits began to go bad. We were dependent to large extent to our walkie talkie radios. One of the problems we soon saw was that Americans and other expatriates would be harassed badly if we didn't get support from the government. So I got down to Doe and talked to him about it and got his permission to post an embassy officer at the Executive grounds with a radio so that we could contact Doe anytime we got word Americans or others were in trouble. Soldiers would then be sent to bring calm.

*Q: Did you have the feeling at this time that Doe and his group were pretty much in control?*

WALKER: They were more in control than anyone else. They were the government. The Tolbert government was gone - its members had been locked up or killed. Tolbert, himself, had been awakened and was disemboweled by these guys...by a fellow named Penue, one of the group. He took a bayonet and slashed the man from stomach to throat. It was really a tough time. A lot of people were killed.

I was in the car about four days after the coup and was stopped at an intersection near the cemetery. I watched a dump truck tip its load and dozens of bodies went into an open grave. A backhoe had been working there working for some time and I wondered what it was doing. When I saw those bodies going into it I understood. I later learned Tolbert's body was in the group. It was a tough time.

The fellow in charge of the U.S. military group, an American colonel, Bob Gosney, also a Texan, had been in my class at the War College. He mobilized his seven or eight officers. They were unarmed but went out in vans and station wagons with the Liberian military. They stopped people who were armed and asked them what they were doing. If they couldn't explain their presence the unarmed Americans took their weapons, put them in the vehicles and when they got a load they took them to the Barkley Training Compound and had them locked up. They did this for many days - until the rough treatment ended. They got looters and shooters off the street. The amount of courage this took was enormous because they were unarmed. There was so much respect for the American presence there that the soldiers followed the American's orders without question. None of them were seriously threatened.

I probably was involved in one of the most threatening situations the day after the coup - Sunday morning. I was driving to the office and was stopped by a soldier wildly pointing a rifle at me who forced me off the road. He was vibrating, shaking so badly he could barely speak English. He saw my briefcase and wanted to know what was in it. I said, "Papers." He had me dump it out on the ground and I did. He was pawing through it and I heard a car come by and the brakes squeak. Somebody shouted out "That is the American Chargé d'affaires." That really surprised me because Liberians normally didn't use that title. But this guy not only knew who I was but knew the function I had at that moment. He was in a taxi with some other soldiers. They jumped out and came running over with rifles at port arms to learn what was going on. They immediately accused the soldier of insulting me and insulting the United States. They grabbed him and took him off to Sergeant Doe insisting I go with them. It was a good thing that I went. I told Doe that I understood that the fellow might have been drunk or something else and not to be too hard on him.

However, I had been called earlier by Edward Martins, the Nigerian Ambassador, who asked if I could help. On Friday, his Foreign Minister and the Foreign Ministers of Togo and Benin had arrived to pick up Cecil Dennis for a peace-making mission in another part of Africa. They were to have left on Saturday but their chartered plane couldn't get out as the airports were closed. He asked if I knew any way he could get the delegation out of Liberia. I said, "You'll have to see Doe. He's the only one making decisions." The Ambassador replied, "Well, I can't get in to see him." As a result of the incident with the drunk or doped up soldier I found myself again in front of Doe. I told him of the problem and explained, "This is an embarrassment to you and your country. You need to get these people out at once." He saw the situation at once and asked, "Who knows about it?" I said, "The Nigerian Ambassador." He said, "Bring him to me."

I turned around and with three taxis with rifles at all angles sticking out the windows we roared up to the Nigerian Ambassador's home and threw on the brakes. Poor old Ed came out of his house with in his bathrobe and slippers. His eyes as big as saucers. "What's going on, Julius?" I said, "Ed, you can see Sergeant Doe about the Foreign Ministers. Get your clothes on and these fellows will take you. You will be all right." He did. However, it was all day before they left the country.

*Q: Including Cecil Dennis?*

WALKER: No, no, Cecil didn't go. He was in prison and remained in prison through the kangaroo court trial they had and he was subsequently in the 13 that were taken to the beach and executed.

*Q: During this time you were Chargé our Ambassador was Robert P. Smith. He was where?*

WALKER: He was at the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota. He was having a problem with his leg that they couldn't figure out, it is a serious problem. It was a week or ten days before he could get back. But he finally did get back and needless to say I was glad to see him.

*Q: During this week to ten days what were you getting from Washington as far as instructions, advice? Liberia is not just another African country. It has its ties to the United States and the people who were being thrown out had good ties in the United States.*

WALKER: That is true. Almost all had been educated in the United States and considered themselves almost American citizens. That was one of the problems for our visa officers. Liberians considered that they had a God given right to come to the United States anytime they want.

We worked very closely with Washington and Washington did, I think, everything it could to give us good support and guidance. Guidance was difficult to give because it was hard for us to tell them exactly what was happening. Our communications had dried up somewhat. So many contacts were locked up and we were trying to establish new contacts. I never felt uncomfortable about the support from Washington - it was always there. We kept that open telephone line for three or four days and finally closed it because it remained easy to call Washington. They were there for us. They couldn't always do everything we wanted, but we couldn't always do everything they wanted either. I felt we got good support and we continued to get good support.

*Q: How about the problem of recognition?*

WALKER: Well, the U.S. gone through various cycles on recognition of new governments and at that point we were in a cycle in which we were saying that recognition was really not a question, we will do business with whatever government exists and is in effective control. We had no recognition problem that we had to deal with. We went straight ahead doing business with Doe because Doe and his group were the people in charge. Baccus Matthews was very quickly named Foreign Minister and for a good while we thought...we were told by many, many different sources that Matthews was going to bring Cecil Dennis, the former Foreign Minister from jail and make him a consultant to the Foreign Ministry. We were told this by two different sources the

morning of the day he was executed. All this shows that decisions were made on an ad hoc basis, they were made quickly and not always in the best interests of Liberia. There was a sincere feeling Dennis was going to be freed, he and some of the others. They were among the 13 locked up and tried.

The day of the execution Doe announced a press conference, his first, and all the reporters went. When it ended, he said, "Oh, by the way, we are going to have an execution down at the beach and any of you who would like to see it can come and watch." Frank Catanoso, our PAO, was at the conference. He saw the entire execution. He was as white as your shirt when he came into the office. I have never seen anybody more shaken than he was. He said, "Julius I have just come from the grizzliest sight I have ever witnessed." He told about the execution. The officials had put nine telephone poles in the sand at the beach but they brought 13 in the bus. They took nine out and tied them to the posts. Then the soldiers, who were on drugs it appeared or drunk, started shooting at them. They shot a long time before they killed all of them. One guy, Frank said, looked as if he had a heart attack and died before the shooting began. Anyway they shot the nine while the four still in the bus watched and waited. Then they cut down all of them, dragged the bodies off and brought the four out and executed them in the same fashion. Dennis, Frank said, stood tall, erect and proud to the very last. He was one of the last actually to die. I knew all of those fellows. One of them was the moderator of my church. I am a Presbyterian and he was the moderator for the Liberian Presbyterian Church. It was tragic, an awful waste of talent.

*Q: By this time Doe would have had a chance to understand a bit about repercussions. Did you talk to him about that?*

WALKER: I'm not sure he fully understood. It was awfully hard to tell when you were getting through to that guy and when you weren't. Particularly in the early days. He spoke Liberian English, a pidgin-English. He had a great poker face. His facial expression seldom changed.

*Q: I might add just for the record, we had a young man who was working here, a Liberian, who said he used to play poker with Doe and some of his friends before any of this happened.*

WALKER: It was hard to tell what he fully understood. The hatred was so deep, the anger was so deep and all pervading among the military that I think they were probably going to kill those people no matter what anyone said.

Now you might ask why they were so angry and it is not too hard to see. The Liberian military was at the bottom end of society. Their housing at Barkley Training Center and others places was way below standard. They flooded. About eight months after the coup we were taken to see the house Doe and his wife had lived in. It was three quarters full of mud from all the flooding that had taken place. He and his wife had been able to keep it clear while they were living in it. But with no one in it, it filled quickly. The military for

years been forced to pay money for a chapel under construction on the Barkley Training compound. Construction had ceased years before and there was no money in the fund, although each month money was taken from the soldier's pay for the construction. Someone just took the money. They forced those soldiers to pay money for nothing.

*Q: We had a military training mission there didn't we?*

WALKER: Yes, and it did everything it could but you can't tell people in another country how to do things. You can't do it. And you certainly couldn't do it in Liberia where they were proud and going to have it their way. It was a shame. It was embarrassing.

The Liberians did silly things. I remember Dennis called me in at one point to complain about one of the two boats that we had paid for the Liberian Coast Guard Navy. He said, "We can't take that boat out because the davit is broken." Well, I am from the north central part of Texas and didn't know what a davit was. I got back to the office and looked it up. A davit is the little boom used to raise and lower a life boat. They could have gone out with a broken davit because they never got out of sight of shore anyway. And furthermore, these were not boats we had suggested they buy. They cost much more to operate than the ones we had wanted them to take, but they wanted these so they took them. But they wouldn't do anything with the boat until the davit was fixed. They fiddled around for a year before they even told us the davit was broken. In the meanwhile spare parts for the boats were being stolen.

There were a lot of problems. We didn't always understand one another, I guess, in the way we would have liked. I think the government of Liberia, that particular government, was interested in getting everything it could from the United States. I don't fault them for that but at the same time I think it hampered relations at a time when they didn't have to be hampered.

*Q: What were you doing before and after the Ambassador came? What does one do in a coup of this horrendous nature?*

WALKER: Oh Lord, there are so many things you do it is unbelievable. I won't be able to scratch the surface. One of the most important things was protection of Americans. We had about 5-6,000 Americans in Liberia at that point. There was a fair-size American investment in Liberia, about a billion dollars. The world's largest rubber plantation was there. Firestone had that. It has since been sold to Bridgestone and is now closed. There were banking, insurance interests, etc. And a lot of missionaries.

All these communities were scared, uptight and nervous. They looked to us, naturally, for leadership. One of the worst things that happens in a situation like this is the rumors. The first thing I did was to invite the heads of the American communities to the Embassy. I couldn't invite all 5,000 to 6,000 Americans, we couldn't cope with them. So we asked the heads of the different organizations to come. We could handle 50-75 people and talk to them. They could then go back and talk to their people. We did this and actually had them

come back three or four times to tell them to keep calm, to be very careful about repeating rumors, not to give too much impetus to them. If they heard a story they felt was peculiar to call us and let us know about it and we would either try to put it straight or look into it and get back to them. They seemed to find this reassuring. We tried to keep information flowing as freely and openly as we could without being controlled by rumors.

Nevertheless, crazy things would happen. I remember one was the day some American woman called the embassy and said, "Do you folks have a plan for evacuation?" The Marine Guard was answering the phone and the Marine thought the woman was asking if the Embassy had asked people to evacuate. So the Marine said, "No, Madam, there is no plan for evacuation." And the woman decided the embassy had no plan on how we would evacuate people in case of an emergency. She began telling people didn't have an evacuation plan. Well, of course, we had a plan. Our plan had been updated just a few months before the coup took place. The Marine has simply misunderstood her question. We had to be very careful what you said. We had to be absolutely certain what people were asking.

*Q: On the evacuation...later on we did have to evacuate...*

WALKER: There was a form of evacuation that took place a few weeks after the coup in which we suggested to organizations that if their people were going to go on leave anyway, they might have them go on leave early and stay away until the situation looked better. That decision came from the State Department, not the embassy. Remember, this was when American hostages were being held in Iran and the Carter administration was worried about anything that might lead to a similar situation. So we drew down American personnel. After a while most of them came back. But there was no emergency evacuation at any time. It was just people going out of the country and being away for a while.

*Q: But with these soldiers running somewhat amuck, I would have thought that the Americans being sort of close to the Americo Liberians would have been a natural target.*

WALKER: Yes, this was one of the things that worried us terribly at the outset. Are they going to start shooting at us as well? We didn't know. We just couldn't tell. We took every precaution we could, but it soon became apparent that although indigenous Liberians were running the coup they were not angry with the United States. They felt the United States had tried to help them but where it had gone wrong was in the Liberian government.

Baccus Matthews called three or four nights after the coup, was saying Sergeant Doe was terribly worried about something and wanted to see me. I said, "Fine, I will get down to the Executive Mansion." He said, "No, he doesn't want you to come to the Executive Mansion, he wants to meet you at the American embassy." I said, "He doesn't have to do that I will be glad to come..." "No, no, he wants to come." And he did. About 3:30 in the morning here came a motorcade, Doe and all the committee members and hangers on.

They piled into the embassy, with their submachine guns. Meanwhile, I had been forced to race to the embassy from my home nine miles away.

Doe was worried that Liberia would be invaded by a force from the Ivory Coast. He was frightened that Houphouet-Boigny and others that he didn't know were going to do something. I could see a cause for concern because Tolbert's son, A.B. Tolbert, was married to a "daughter" of Houphouet-Boigny. I put quotes on daughter because she was of his family and had been raised as though she was his daughter, but she was not a blood daughter. In Africa you learn to use family terms carefully. When they say son or daughter or brother or sister you ask "same ma, same pa?" to make certain that they are really siblings. It may be simply that they are kin in spirit.

Anyway, he was worried about this. I got off a cable immediately...sent to Nancy Rawls, our Ambassador in the Ivory Coast, an immediate cable. I said I regretted waking her but we needed some assurance and explained the situation. I got a cable right back. All this took place while Doe was still in the building. One thing was amusing after he came in, the Ambassador's secretary, Jane Jazynka, whose husband was the Admin Counselor, looked around and found a number of photographs hanging on the walls of Tolbert on a visit to the United States. While Doe's men weren't looking she quickly either turned them around or took them off the wall.

But this man and his group, seemed exceedingly pro-American. That really astounded me. He was pro-American because of the training he received earlier the U.S. Army and the people he had known such as Colonel Gosney and his officers. He knew they were good people. He knew they were doing everything they could for Liberia and if there were problems it was not the fault of Americans.

*Q: Did you use your military officers as contacts?*

WALKER: They were very useful. They were willing to be used. You can run into situations like that where the military will say, "No, that is not our job. We are not going to do it. We may jeopardize our position." But Gosney didn't do that. He was a helpful as he could be. They helped us gather intelligence, as did everyone in the Embassy, so we could understand what was happening and what might happen next.

*Q: Was there concern that a Marxist or Soviet inspired...*

WALKER: Yes, we worried about that - at first more than later. That first day when the announcement came that Doe wanted to see the American Ambassador and the Russian Ambassador, and that was what was said on the radio...not Soviet but Russian...we didn't know whether he was going to throw us in the pot down there, so to speak, and turn to the Soviet and say, "Look how good we are. We are getting rid of these damn Yankees." So it was a nerve-racking time.

*Q: Were the Soviets involved or concerned at that time or were they just sort of keeping their heads down too?*

WALKER: They really kept their heads down. They had some pretty rough incidents during that time in which some of their people were hurt. They were held up by the soldiers. They got into fights with them. It was a hard time for them. I think they suffered a good bit because the coup people were basically as anti-Soviet as the former government.

*Q: To get a feel for how the dynamics of an embassy in crisis works...coups traditionally happen when the ambassador is out of country, it just happens that way. But here you had been running things and had established rapport, etc. and the ambassador comes back. Was this a difficult time personally for both you and the ambassador?*

WALKER: No, it was not a difficult time at all and I lay that to the wonderful attitude of Bob Smith and the great relationship we had. He and I had been in the A-100 course. (A-100 is the junior officer course). He had been in the Service two years longer than I had been and was taking the course in preparation for going overseas. I was taking it in preparation for a Washington assignment. It was actually through Bob Smith that I got wind of the possibility of a job in News Division.

*Q: Oh, yes, you mentioned that.*

WALKER: I replaced him. And he is a fellow Texan. His home was 90 miles north of mine. We got along beautifully as did our wives. We were much more friends and colleagues than we were supervisor/supervisee. I was delighted when he got back because it cut the load on me by half. No, I didn't feel displaced. The only problem was in getting him up to speed on things. I couldn't remember what he knew and what he didn't know. He had read all of our cables and I had talked with him on the phone. It took about a week to get him fully caught up with events. But once he was up there was no problem at all.

*Q: What happened after the execution on the beach? This took place about when?*

WALKER: This took place about three weeks after the coup. Bob was back by then.

*Q: Had we any intimation that this was going to happen?*

WALKER: No intimation.

*Q: Had we been making representations?*

WALKER: Yes, we had. We told the government several times that...we knew that the trial was taking place because there were news stories about it...we had told the government several times this looked to us to be more of a preliminary hearing and we expected they would have a full courtroom procedure with regular courtroom rules, etc.

We had been assured that was what they were going to do. We felt this was only preliminary. We reminded Doe these people were well known. Not just in the United States but around the world. Cecil Dennis at the time of the coup was the Dean of the African Foreign Ministers. He had been Foreign Minister longer than any in Africa. He highly regarded. It was the same way with the other people. We didn't think they would be killed. However, they were.

*Q: This set the tone for the rest of the thing until Doe was killed in a civil war just about a year and a half ago. This set the tone for our relations. No matter what happened in Liberia everybody thought, "Oh, that execution on the beach."*

WALKER: It was tragic. Did I tell you in an earlier tape about the photographs and how they happened to have so many excellent ones?

*Q: No.*

WALKER: It was interesting. WBAP, the Fort Worth television station had sent a team to Liberia to film Baptist missionaries in action. It was the first time that station had gone overseas. They had television and still cameras. They attended Doe's press conference so when the execution took place, they were on the beach and photographed it. The pictures ran in Life magazine and they got a Pulitzer Prize for their photographic coverage. It was a pure fluke they were there. But their photographs were telling. They showed what happened with bloody accuracy. What was amazing was how they had come to do one job then ended with a prize for another.

At the time of a coup, though, one is so unsettled he doesn't know quite what to do. You must protect American interests and lives. You have to look after the safety and security of the embassy and its personnel. I, for one, during these coups, and we had two in Burkina Faso, was afraid each time something would happen to the Marines. Those young people are well trained but they make excellent targets. I was afraid one of them would be involved in something but fortunately nothing happened.

*Q: In many ways the Marines are almost more trouble than they are worth because they really can't...other embassies sometimes used retired master sergeants or police officers which seems to work better. These young Marines are in more peaceful times tend to drink or get involved with ladies.*

WALKER: They can. They have problems. And, of course, at the time of the coup was when the Marine Corps had sent out women Marines. We had two women Marines there, one was acting in charge of the detachment then. She was the senior NCO when the Gunnery Sergeant was away. I was delighted she was in charge because she was so level-headed and her boss was a nut. It was good he was away. The Marines covered themselves with glory in the coup. They did a superb job. I mentioned the mixed-up telephone conversation but that could have happened to anybody. They kept their cool and helped us project a positive image. But you are right, the Marines can be more of a

problem than help. They aren't always and I liked having them. They really do look crisp and impressive and do such a good job in handling people coming in and out of the mission. So, over all, I think they are an asset.

*Q: How did you find the staff responded?*

WALKER: They were superb. Every branch, every part, every group I dealt with, and we had a lot of people there. You see the ATO (Area Telecommunications) had about 80 officers; the Voice of America had its big relay station there with about 35 or 40 people; the AID mission was large. The only breakdown that we had was in the office of the Defense Attaché. I am embarrassed to say that shop did not cover itself with glory. This is not the Military Mission, but the diplomatic side. They discussed classified matters on the radio. They were nowhere to be found when we needed them. Everybody else did beautifully.

*Q: Was there a black American community there that had become part of the establishment by becoming involved in the community?*

WALKER: Yes. That became a problem. One was Mrs. Henrys, the wife of the Speaker of the House. He was among those executed. Mrs. Henrys was an American citizen. She thought her citizenship had been taken away because she had worked in the government of Liberia and had voted in an election. She was told her citizenship was revoked. She came to our house, four or five days after the coup. Her house had been ruined by the troops and she had been living out of town with some people. But they couldn't keep her any longer and she was brought to us. I wasn't at home. Savannah took her in and called me to ask what to do. I said, "We can't kick the woman out." At that point I thought she had Liberian citizenship. But I got home and talked to her and got the information and went back the next day and sent a cable to the Department. The quick reply was that, although she had gone through a process of having her citizenship revoked, cases which had been decided after hers took place made clear her citizenship had been revoked in error and she was, in fact, an American citizen.

We went to work to get her back to the States. Although she returned, she died not too long afterwards. Her health problems were neglected during the coup because she couldn't get the necessary medicine. However, I think so she died of a broken heart.

We had a number of Americans in that category. It was hard dealing with them because the Doe group looked on them as Liberians. But we made certain they understood that these were Americans and they were treated properly after we finally got things straightened out. This didn't mean that there weren't incidents, and indignities and all the rest, but we did everything we could to protect them. I was delighted we were able to get Mrs. Henrys back home. She stayed with us for two or three nights. There was a man, a "son" she had raised who was in the Ministry of Education. Once she established contact with him, he took care of her.

But this, the black relationship and relating to the old regime, was a problem even in the official American community. One officer in the Military Mission was a black American and he and his wife, very attractive people, had great relationships with the American Liberians and were very well known and highly regarded by them. They had a number of problems. They were not treated by the Doe government in same way as were other members of the Military Mission. For a while they harbored some American Liberians in their home. They were afraid for their lives on a number of occasions. We ended up getting them out of the country as soon as we could, mainly because they were so darn uncomfortable. We didn't want anything to happen to them. Nothing actually did happen. They were stopped a few times, but there was never an incident of major proportion. But that was the kind of thing that did happen with black Americans in Liberia. We did everything we could to take care of those people, to protect them and to see that they didn't have any major incidents. And, so far as I know, there weren't any.

*Q: The coup happened when and when did you leave?*

WALKER: The coup happened in April and I left at the end of June of the following year. So I was there about 15 months after the coup.

*Q: How did relations work out particularly after the executions? It must have been a very cool period.*

WALKER: It was. It was a tough time. I think we were able to impress on Doe that he had done the wrong thing and that it should never happen again. I believe he understood because there was very, very little of that sort of thing after that. But there was the possibility of a great deal more because these were only 13 out of a large number of people that they could have gone after.

*Q: You mention Doe and you mention a committee.*

WALKER: There were 17 in the committee. They had all been involved in the coup. But Doe was very much in charge. Doe was the one who gave the orders and made the decisions. They looked to him. I believe all those people are now dead. They have either killed one another or themselves in car wrecks, etc. But Doe was in charge. When he gave an order it was respected, they followed it. So he was the one we had to influence.

The most wanted person after the execution was A.B. Tolbert, the son of the former President, a legislator himself and quite a figure. He was flamboyant and either well known, or infamous, around the country. They couldn't find him. They looked and looked and couldn't find him. After several months he was found in the residence of the French Ambassador.

It was an amusing story. By that time the wives and dependents of Americans were gone and Bob and I were invited to lunch at the home of the Lebanese Ambassador on a Saturday. The French Ambassador and his wife were there and others, I think about a

dozen in all. Mid-way during lunch I was called to the phone. It was the Embassy duty officer reporting a lot of shooting at the French Embassy, a scant block from ours. I asked what was causing it and he said, "They say they found A.B. Tolbert there." I called Bob and told him. Then we called Louis Dollot, the French Ambassador, and gave him the report. For a long time we suspected he was harboring Tolbert from hints we had gotten. He said, "Yes, that is true. It is now out."

What had happened? They kept Tolbert in the upstairs part of the residence. The ground floor was where they had receptions, etc. - the official part. They had kept him up there and when they went out they always told him to be very quiet and told the houseboys not to go to that floor. Well, Tolbert was moving around up there making noise and it frightened one of the houseboys who happened to be in the lower part of the house. He heard the noise and went to investigate. He thought it was a burglar. He saw a figure, ran out, got a policeman and told him there was a rogue (Liberian English for a bad man) in the French embassy, and to come in and get him. The policeman entered, went up the stairs and found that it was A. B. Tolbert. Well, when this report got out, people came from all around and soldiers were shooting for joy. They didn't shoot Tolbert. They took him and kept him in jail for a couple of months. Finally one night he disappeared. We know a member of the committee took him out and did him in. They were determined to kill Tolbert.

*Q: Now during this period...ten years later another group came in...did you have the feeling that there were counter-coup forces working away out there?*

WALKER: No, at the beginning there were no groups working against Doe. There were a lot of Americo-Liberians who were terribly upset, as you can imagine, because their property was being taken from them and they were terribly mistreated. Just a few days after the coup I got an anguished telephone at noon from Dr. Nehemiah Cooper who had been pulled from his car and beaten almost to death. He was going to the hospital to see a patient and had stopped his car to make a left turn. The truck in front of him had a group of soldiers. One of the soldiers saw him and said, "You used to be the doctor for Tolbert." With that they all jumped from the truck, grabbed 'Miah and darn near beat him to death. I immediately called Doe and told him this sort of thing had to stop. Anytime we got word of a similar happening we would let Doe know about it. Usually he indicated he was appalled by it. He said, "I will find out who these people were and will deal with them." I don't know what he did. He may not have done anything. But when we got word of people's rights being destroyed like this we did everything we could to see to it that it stopped.

When the Dollots got word that A.B. Tolbert had been taken in their home they were justifiably worried about what might happen to them. Bob and I suggested in a way that made it easy for them that they come and stay at the American Embassy until such time as we could establish communications with the Foreign Minister. Baccus Matthews was out of the country but coming back later that day. They came to our compound and stayed for several hours. Other members of the French community came and several stayed for a

night or two. Nothing was said about this but I know the French were grateful that they could stay in safety with us.

The Ambassador's wife, Simone Dollot, was a witty, bubbly, out-spoken woman with a penetrating sense of humor. During the time they were at the Embassy, she spoke a bit about A.B. Tolbert. Knowing that he was an ordained minister, she had invited him to pray with her. In the evening they would kneel with a trunk between them. They would hold hands and say the Lord's Prayer. She said he would repeat every part of it except "Thy will be done." She said that not once, in two months time, would he say that phrase. She didn't know for sure why, but she felt he was genuinely afraid of the Lord's will actually being done.

A.B. had a lurid reputation in Liberia. There were stories of him running through the center of Monrovia with no clothes on, of him taking large amounts of public money for his personal use, and of him attacking his mother so violently that she now has the use of only one eye. He had the reputation of being an active womanizer. At the same time, he had great personal charm. Shortly before the coup Governor Brown of California came to Liberia as A.B.'s personal guest. He brought with him Linda Ronstadt and a couple of "foreign affairs advisors." The trip was quite revealing of Brown and, in a way of Ronstadt. Of him because he seemed totally in her control and of her as she wore either "see-through" blouses with no bra or dresses with narrow strips of cloth over the bosom and no bra.

*Q: Were there any other major things dealing with our relations with Liberia that took place in this period after?*

WALKER: A lot of things. One, we increased our aid to Liberia by a factor of ten in the year that followed. We went from \$5 million to something over \$50 million in that period. We tried to show support for Doe. We thought in the first year to two that by supporting him that we could help him see what needed to be done. We always tried to impress on him the fact that if he really was to be the savior of his country he would have to establish elections and have a freely-elected government. And during this period he gave great lip service to that idea. But that was all he gave - lip service.

One thing we did was just before the first anniversary of the coup. Doe called me in and said, "I would like to have a real American presence at the first anniversary." I asked what he wanted. He said, "I would like to have a Navy ship and the Rangers." We arranged it. We got a brand new Navy ship--an electronic affair. It was called a destroyer but was the size of a cruiser. It developed more than enough electricity to run all of Monrovia. We also got the Green Berets from Fort Bragg. Their first experience with Liberia was landing by parachute. That was my suggestion. It made quite an impression.

Our aim in doing this was to get on Doe's good side and influence him to have elections and do things in a progressive manner.

*Q: Now this had to be a very difficult decision. The normal look at what Doe did, particularly after his beach party, was one of repugnance in the United States and all over the world. One can understand the rationale for us deciding to make the best of it and give more aid, but to some it must of seemed that we were rewarding this monster.*

WALKER: We were not rewarding the monster. I can see how there could be that feeling, but he was all we had. There was no way for us to do anything other than through him unless we were going to put troops in there and wipe him and his group out. There was never any thought of that, I can assure you. So it was either work through him or leave Liberia totally alone...back away from it as a bad job. And we simply had too much interest there, not only in money, but emotionally and family ties and all the rest. We had to stay there to make the best of a bad situation.

*Q: Well you must have been getting fire within the United States as well as outside. How did this manifest itself where you were?*

WALKER: There was congressional reaction to what we were doing. And there were some in the press who wrote about it. But by and large it appeared that people in the United States realized what we were trying to do. That we were trying to make the best of a bad situation in the only way possible. So there seemed to be acceptance, not only on the official side...officially I have to say that the Carter administration fell in behind us and worked with us very well. Dick Moose, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, was out there several times, talked to Doe, and was most helpful. But there were some who, through letters to the editor, editorial comment, programs on television let it be known that they were upset that we appeared to be supporting a monster. This was not an overwhelming voice or movement. People generally appeared to accept what we were doing and to realize that it was either this or cut bait. And we weren't about to cut bait in Liberia. I don't think we should ever cut bait in Liberia. The ties between the two countries go back too far. The United States has an emotional and blood commitment to that country that exists nowhere else in Africa for us. Whether we like it or not, the rest of the world looks on Liberia as an American creation. Not an official American creation, but nevertheless an American creation.

*Q: Why don't we stop here and pick up your going to Upper Volta next time.*

*Q: Today is October 14, 1992 and here we go again with another interview with Ambassador Julius Walker. Julius how did you get your next assignment after you left Liberia?*

WALKER: I had been in the blocks to go to Ouagadougou, Upper Volta as it was then, in the last days of the Carter administration. I had filled in all the papers.

*Q: This was as Ambassador?*

WALKER: Yes. I had filled in all the ambassadorial papers, and I can tell you there is a sheaf of them. Then along about June I got a call from somebody at State saying, "Julius, relax on the appointment for a while because Mr. Carter is not making any new appointments until he is reelected." I said that was good and relaxed totally, because even in Liberia it didn't appear likely Mr. Carter was going to be reelected.

Frankly the idea had gone out of my mind so that along in February or early March, after the Reagan administration had come in, I had quit thinking about Upper Volta. I was at home, for once, and both my wife and our son, who was with us, were sitting with me in the living room watching a video tape. Savannah and I were also doing needlepoint. The phone rang and a Liberian voice said, "Mr. Walker?" "Yes." "The White House is calling." Well, I thought the Liberians just didn't know the difference between the White House and the State Department. Then another voice came on, an American voice, saying, "Is this Julius Walker?" And I said, "Yes, it is." "Just a moment, this is White House communications, the President wants to speak to you." At that point, I did not know that President Reagan was personally calling prospective ambassadors and I came within an ace of making a nasty comment to this guy about being at home relaxing and not in need of this kind of a joke, but I didn't. The next voice I heard was indeed that of Ronald Reagan asking if I would be his ambassador to Upper Volta. Well, I was so taken back I could barely get out the word, "yes" but I did. I asked about his health and we chatted for a few seconds. I was obviously so excited that when I hung up Savannah said, "Well what is it Julius, the Court of St. James?" I said, "No, it is Ouagadougou." She said, "You sounded like it was the Court of St. James." But I was flattered and pleased to get the call. Later I learned of the new calling policy. It was a very, very nice thing.

*Q: It certainly is.*

WALKER: It didn't take a lot of his time, but it made a lot of difference for those of us who got the call. It was a tremendous thrill to get that call way out in Monrovia. He was personable and friendly on the phone. He did another good thing which I think President Bush has carried on and I hope other Presidents will as well. He invited the ambassador and the family come to the White House for photographs before they go to post. It is helpful to have a photograph of yourself with the head of state on the wall of your office or home. Not that I deluded myself that I was at his elbow, but others were impressed. It gave weight to the Ambassador. A small thing, but very clever.

Before I left Liberia, I had some unusual pain in my chest. The doctor came to see me. We had an American doctor at the Embassy. He checked and said, "I think you have just had bad indigestion, but you should get some heart tests when you are in Washington." A month later I was home and took a treadmill test and then an angiogram. Both indicated severe heart disease. When I got through with the angiogram, the cardiologist told me I should stay in the hospital and have coronary bypass surgery the next day. He said I could die getting out of bed or walking to the car. More than 90 percent of the flow of blood to my heart was blocked. I said I had invited 250 people to a swearing-in and couldn't explain to them I was sick and couldn't come. Also, if I were to die, I thought the

tombstone would look better with "ambassador" than "mister." The ceremony was only a week away. So I went ahead with the swearing-in on Friday and Sunday went back into the hospital.

They gave me a quintuple coronary bypass on Monday and About 10 weeks later I left for post. Joan Clark was Director General. I went to Joan as soon as I discovered I had the disease and told her it might be several months before I could get to post and it had been a long time since we had an Ambassador in Upper Volta. Indeed, my predecessor had been gone about 15 months then. I told her if she wanted to put someone else there I would fully understand. Bless her heart, Joan said, "Julius, we wouldn't even consider it. You get yourself well and get out to Ouagadougou. That is where we want you and that is where you should be." That did more for me than anything else.

*Q: You keep talking about Upper Volta and Burkina Faso. What was it at that time?*

WALKER: At that time it was Upper Volta and had that name the entire time I was there. A month after I left it became Burkina Faso. So if you want a real piece of trivia, the last American Ambassador to Upper Volta was Julius Walker. There will never be another one.

*Q: Before you went out...obviously you are an old African hand and have been around, what did you see were American interests there and did the Department give you instructions?*

WALKER: Instructions come from the Department, of course, but the ambassador has an important role in writing his instructions. The Department has the final say. If there are difficulties between the Department and the ambassador they are settled in the Department's favor. American interests in Upper Volta were and remain minimal. Our interest is for stability and development there. It is the theory of the US government that stability and growth in countries is in our own best interest because it can open markets, it can make room for investment. Also, stability keeps people from governmental overthrows and the like.

So those were our basic interests in Upper Volta. We had an AID mission there at the time which was fairly heavily engaged. The Upper Volta people are intelligent and hard working. They worked very well with AID projects. Burkina is a delightful place to work, not only in assistance, but from all points of view, because the people are open and friendly. They don't have hangups. They approach strangers as equals and work with them readily.

Before I went out a good deal of my time was spent getting over the effects of the operation. Then, when I was able to get to the Department of State, I did what everyone does, I read as many of recent files as possible. And I had the opportunity of attending discussions between the then Foreign Minister of Upper Volta and the US government.

The Foreign Minister made a visit to the United States during that time. He was a colonel in the government of SY Segou and interested in developmental issues. One of his major appointments was with the Director of AID, Peter McPherson. The Minister spoke French so the conversation had to be translated into English because McPherson didn't speak French. Very quickly the question of population control arose. McPherson was a strong advocate of governments controlling growth, particularly in Africa, of populations. The point being that countries could not develop fast enough to keep up with their population. No matter how fast they developed, there were more and more people. Therefore, the countries were actually moving backwards. This engendered a strong argument. The Foreign Minister taking the position that no government in Africa could do anything about population growth, it was a political no-no. If they even talked about it they would be thrown out. The conversation became strong and heated. Fortunately, the phone rang - the Secretary of State wanted to see McPherson. I was delighted because they were certainly at an impasse.

One point that went into my mind from the conversation was that I would say nothing about population control in Upper Volta.

When I got there, the AID doctor in charge of health programs, a black American from Texas, with strong ties to the Caribbean, came to me...I had been there only a few months...and said the midwives association wanted assistance in establishing family planning clinics. I said that was something we had to be very carefully about. Had he talked to anyone in the government, and if so, what was the reaction? He said, "So long as we call them family planning clinics there will be no reaction. The government will be supportive and let us do it." Family planning was needed very much. I approved the work.

We started a clinic in Ouagadougou and before long one was wanted in Bobo Dioulasso, the nation's second largest city. Then they wanted more in Ouagadougou and in other cities. Before long there were family planning clinics throughout the country and more wanted. The government was happy about them. I spoke informally with the Minister of Health. He knew what was going on, he welcomed it and thanked me personally. I was surprised but pleased.

Then there were two coup d'etats. I figured the new government would not be happy with the clinics. But no, Thomas Sankara, the new head of state, called our AID doctor and said, "We want you to work with our Minister of Health to formulate a population control/family planning statement for this government."

So we went 180 degrees on that subject through the brilliance of a doctor, who in a very low key manner, was able to get clinics started. The people saw their value. The women wanted children but they wanted births spaced more widely. They wanted the time necessary between children to get each one raised and taken care of properly. Sankara saw this and was willing to go with it. So they ended up with a statement for population control.

*Q: These phrases that we are using now may at some point have different connotations. In the context when you were there what did the family planning clinics do?*

WALKER: They did a number of things: regular things like helping mothers with their babies, well-baby clinics; post-partum problems; things having to do with birth and rearing of infants. They also distributed condoms freely and openly in large quantities.

*Q: Who paid for this?*

WALKER: US AID. We imported large numbers of condoms. They were welcome in the country although the country has a large Muslim and Catholic population.

*Q: Were abortions part of the program?*

WALKER: Abortions were not part of this. Abortions were performed in the country, but not in those clinics. That was not part of the clinic plan.

*Q: Was AIDS a problem at that time?*

WALKER: No, AIDS was something we began to find out about towards the end of this time. This was 1981-84. AIDS only came on the scene then. It was talked about as kin to the Green monkey disease, another disease similar to AIDS, but I think whatever similarities there were they are not the same problem.

*Q: You arrived when?*

WALKER: I arrived there in November 1981. I should have gotten there in late August or early September, but I had to take about two months to recuperate.

*Q: What was the embassy like?*

WALKER: It was a delight. The chancery was in a house that had been procured in the Loy Henderson mission to Africa in 1959.

*Q: When he made a celebrated tour...*

WALKER: When he made a trip to get properties for the United States set up to be represented in Africa. As I understand it he had rented this house. I think it was still being rented when I was there. We were trying to buy it but the purchase was complicated because the owner was in prison and we had trouble contacting with him. I don't know what the situation is now.

But the house looked very much like a house. The ambassador's office was in the master bedroom. It was a nice size room, but it was a master bedroom. It was most inconvenient. We did a lot of changing of the space while I was there. There was lumber someone had

purchased for some reason. The inspectors, who had left just before I got there, said the embassy should get rid of it. So we did. We worked up a design and we put additions on the house at the rear and made it into much more convenient office space. We didn't help the external appearance much, however. But we did make the working space a great deal better. This was one of the problems in Africa everywhere I went. Office space was not good and we had to make do with what we had or could find. We are still in the same property in Burkina Faso. I wanted to get a new chancery and/or a new residence while I was there, but was unable to do either one.

The residence was rather strange. It was built so that all of the living space was on the first floor. The ground floor was given over to storage area, to the kitchen and to a guest suite, which was accessible only from the outside of the house. It was not the most comfortable place in which to live. But we lived in it and we enjoyed it. It had a nice garden which we used for large receptions. A small dining area. I guess the most we ever had to a seated dinner was twelve. We have had buffet dinners there for a much larger numbers. The best thing about both the residence and the chancery was that they were across the street from one another. So I could literally walk to work. I went home at noon for lunch...we had a two hour lunch period. I found that very good because we went to work so early. The long lunch period let me eat, work a crossword puzzle and get a 20 minute nap before returning.

*Q: What sort of staff did you have there?*

WALKER: There was a deputy chief of mission; a political/econ officer; a chief of station, who was also consular officer; two American secretaries; a consular secretary who was American, but with the station chief. We had two communicators, an admin counselor and three GSOs. The Aid mission had about 30 people in it. This was a combined administrative operation so our admin section was quite large. We had an embassy nurse, a Peace Corps nurse and a nurse to deal with the Foreign Service National Employees who couldn't speak English or French. There were a number of those. We had a Peace Corps detachment and a USIS operation, which, while small, was effective and busy.

*Q: What did the Peace Corps do?*

WALKER: The Peace Corps had several different projects. A number of health projects tied in with well drilling projects. Potable water is a real problem in that part of the world. We put in about 300 wells during the time I was there. Every place a well was put in a Peace Corps health team would come out and talk to the people in the village about the uses of clean water, personal hygiene, keeping themselves and their food clean, etc. PC also had school teachers teaching English and other subjects. There were fish pond people who oversaw construction and stocking of fish tanks. The tanks were harvested on a regular basis. We had forestry people who helped with the control of what wooded space remained in the country. They also helped put new areas into forestation. It was an active

program and we had superb people working in it. Not only the Peace Corps volunteers who are always top flight people, but also the Peace Corps staff. Very, very good people.

*Q: What was your impression of say, the well operation? I have seen criticism of many of our well operations in Africa in that they tended to...there had been a nomadic flow back and forth to watering places and by creating wells, particularly places with large stocks of cattle, it meant that they got permanently in a place which meant they denuded the countryside around the wells. Was this a problem where you were?*

WALKER: This was not a problem with this project. These were hand operated wells and were not made in association with stock tanks at all. They were there simply to save the labor of village women who frequently had to walk five to seven miles to get water which they would pull out of open wells in leather sacks and pour into large urns which they would then carry back on their heads. This meant a 10-15 mile walk each day simply for the water they used. We tried to put the wells nearer and the water that came from the PC wells was clean. The water the women got from the other wells looked a little bit like watered down coffee that had milk in it...a very weak, milky coffee. A most unappetizing beverage. And it certainly had other things in it than water.

No, we had no stock problems with this project. There was a migration of cattle through Upper Volta. Cattle is an important agricultural enterprise there. One didn't interfere with the movement of the stock. The wells did nothing in that respect.

*Q: How about USIS? What sort of work were they doing?*

WALKER: USIS had a large library which, while I was in Upper Volta, moved from the downtown area to a location next to the university. It was good to make the library more accessible to the University students. We also sent a number of people to the United States on USIS education and travel grants. We did the same thing with Aid grants. Also USIS showed a lot of films and did the other things that a USIS office normally does. It was an active and productive operation. The one sad thing was that after the library was moved to the new location the first coup took place. In both coups the President made his office in an area quite near the university and declared most of the area around the office off limits to everyone. The library was on the edge of this off-limits area. So while we thought we were doing such a wise thing in getting near the university, it became quite difficult for people to get to the library. I hear they have since moved the library.

*Q: Where were the students going that we were giving them exchanges for?*

WALKER: They would come to some of the schools in the United States for study. I can't recall which ones they were off hand. There weren't too many from USIS that were doing that. More of the USIS travel was, I guess, leader grants. But there were some who came on educational grants through USIS. Many more came on AID grants. They would go to Michigan State, to California and to the best schools in the United States. They did darn well here too. There were only one or two who came here and didn't do well. This is

unusual because their world language was French and they had to learn English on top of it. So it was a double dose of world language in order to even receive our training.

*Q: How would you characterize the people? Could you give a feel of what Upper Volta was like? Was it divided into a series of tribes or fairly homogeneous?*

WALKER: It is not homogeneous. Upper Volta is about the size of Colorado and it has sixty different language groups. They do official business in a 61st, French. There are major tribes. The largest is the Mossi who speak Moré and the Peuhl are also quite large, but there are sixty different ethnic groups.

The country, itself, ranges from subtropical in the southern part, near the Ivory Coast. That area is wet enough for sugar cane to be a major crop. The northern part of the country is in the Sahara Desert and extremely dry and arid. There is a belt of green stones that goes diagonally across the country in which there are touches of gold and other minerals, some of which are precious or semiprecious, others just valuable, but they haven't found anything in large enough quantity in that belt to make it worthwhile to undertake mining. But some gold is produced in the area. In the north on the Mali border there is magnesium. Mali and Burkina have been arguing about that area since independence. From time to time shootings and killings break out there.

The major part of the country is flat, it is the basin for the Volta River. There are three tributaries of the Volta...the Black, Red and White. They all rise in the territory of Upper Volta and that is where it got its name - a geological designation given by the French. The name meant nothing to the Burkinabe so they adopted the name of Burkina Faso which means the land of the upright men, the upstanding men, the honorable men. The country is hot and is basically pretty arid except for the extreme south.

The people in Burkina Faso are, as I said earlier, hard working, There is a driven nature about most of the Burkinabe. If they aren't busy doing something they are nervous. It is almost a "Christian work ethic" there. However, I don't believe it has to do with Christianity or religion. Life on the edge of the desert is so difficult, so hard, so demanding that if they aren't working every minute they're awake, the elements will get them. They know they must work to live.

*Q: It is not just reaching up and picking a banana off a tree.*

WALKER: It certainly is not. They have to work like hell just to stay alive. And for that reason the Burkinabe are well known throughout Africa as highly industrious, it's easy for them to get jobs abroad. The Ivory Coast, for instance, has almost as large a population of Burkinabe citizens as does Burkina Faso. They do the work the Ivorians don't want to do. They are found in other countries up and down the coast working very hard. They are highly respected and well liked. They are personable, outgoing people. I can't say enough good about them.

*Q: Tell me, before we get to the political developments there, what about the role of the French and how did you deal with it?*

WALKER: The French are by far the most important foreign element in Burkina Faso. France provides most of the assistance that goes into the country. Thus the French Ambassador calls a lot of the shots. The French Ambassador arrived the same time I did. Actually, three of us presented credentials the same day. The French Ambassador, the Soviet Ambassador and I. We all arrived at the same time and we were all pretty much of the same generation.

The French Ambassador was a wonderful gentleman named Gaston Boyer. Gaston was from the Marseille region. He always had a pipe in his mouth and he talked in that marvelous rapid slurring Marseillaise fashion. Every other sentence he uttered to me I had to ask him to repeat. I have never had such difficulty understanding one man in my life. And to his eternal credit he never got upset with me for asking him to repeat. I think he knew he had a difficult accent and the pipe didn't help it.

We were good friends, got along well. The U.S. wasn't there to supplant the French, far from it. We wanted Burkina to get all the assistance it could and we knew very well we couldn't pick up the assistance the French gave.

The Soviet Ambassador was an interesting type. He and I were both veterans of World War II. He was a little older than I was and had lost a leg at Stalingrad. He walked on a prosthetic device. He had only a slight limp. You could barely tell he had any problems whatsoever. But it was exceeding difficult for him to stand for long periods of time. Unfortunately many of the official functions in Burkina required long periods of standing, frequently in the hot sun. The poor man just couldn't do it. I felt sorry for him. He was a good colleague. We worked together well. Although we didn't see each other very much, from time to time we would call on one another. I respected him and I think he respected me. We, obviously, had different goals and ideas, but we were never at one another's throat.

*Q: Was this the time when there was a feeling that the Soviets were trying to extend their influence in Upper Volta or was this a concern?*

WALKER: No, there wasn't much concern by that point about extension of Soviet influence in Upper Volta. The Soviets had a number of scholarships which they gave each year to students. It was sad that when the scholarships were offered the students would show up almost en mass the next day at USIS office to see if they couldn't get a scholarship to the United States. They did not want to go to the Soviet Union. I don't think we took any of those, but the Soviet scholarships were not sought after. I guess the people felt they were better than nothing.

The Soviets didn't have many contacts. They were pretty racist in many of their remarks. That was one thing that upset me about the Soviet Ambassador. He would frequently

mutter things under his breath to me or to others who were standing next to him. And I stood next to him because we presented our credentials on the same day and were therefore next to each other at all of those line-up functions. He would talk about "these blacks" and "these Africans" and it was uncomfortable to listen to him because there was very little that I could say back. I usually tried to ignore his remarks.

But, no, we weren't worried about inroads the Soviets might be making there. Or, for that matter, any inroads the Chinese might be making. They had some active assistance programs. Some medical programs that were quite good. But neither country seemed to be making an awful lot of political progress because of their programs. The Burkinabe appreciated the assistance, but they didn't want to be like them. They wanted to emulate the West.

*Q: Well, what about dealing with the French? In Africa it has always been a very tricky thing because the French have always been sensitive, and with reason about the role of the United States in territory over which they once had colonial rule. How did you deal with the French Ambassador about aid programs, USIS programs, etc.?*

WALKER: I answered any questions he had. I answered them fully and as completely as I could and kept him informed of our assistance programs. I established a group of aid donors that met regularly. We shared information on our assistance programs. We got great participation by all the donors except the French. Finally, the French got to where they shared more information with us. All I was trying to do in the meetings was to make certain we weren't all getting into the same assistance boat. The need was so great for developmental assistance throughout the country that there was no reason for any duplication of effort in any field. We could all work very, very well and have plenty of room for others. Sometimes development people from different nations would begin similar projects. They would quickly overload the capability in that area and leave gaps in other areas. Elimination of such double efforts was what we were aiming at with our discussion group. The French finally understood what we were doing and cooperated, to a degree. Although they were taking more information than they gave, it was helpful as they could steer clear of what others were planning and go ahead their own projects.

*Q: Did we have any military assistance program or was this pretty much left to the French?*

WALKER: We did a small amount of military assistance. Late in my tour we got money for a language laboratory which would teach military officers enough English so they could come to the United States for a six-month training tour at the Command and General Staff College or elsewhere. We sent a few officers to the US for training and they appreciated it. I think the military organization there was delighted they were going. They felt our training was good.

*Q: How did you deal with the governments?*

WALKER: Well, I dealt with the government really on two levels. Of course, on the official level I followed the standard protocol of calling on all the government agency heads as soon as I got there. Then I invited them for lunch or dinner or something else at the house whenever I could.

I found with one government that we had a Foreign Minister and a Minister of Commerce who had lived in the United States for many years...one at the UN and the other as a student and then a resident of the US. They both had become attracted to American football. One an avid fan of the Dallas Cowboys and the other of the Washington Redskins. Traditional rivals. Frequently I got tapes of their games and would invite these guys over, with others from the government who understood American football. Frequently there would be a half dozen ministers and sub-ministerial level people in the living room with the Aid director and the Peace Corps director, the DCM, etc. Savannah would cook popcorn and we would have beer, cokes, and sit there and yell and scream at the game just as though it was going on. These guys didn't know the score so it was just as much fun for them as though it was actually being broadcast live. They were as avid fans as you would find anywhere. We really had a great time. It was a lot of fun.

But I dealt with the ministers and the government as I needed to. I didn't take their valuable time for any long series of calls, but I did make the initial calls on them. I visited them when necessary. I tried to keep the visits to as small a number as possible. Some of the ministers I had to call on much more frequently than others.

Sometimes I was in to see the Foreign Minister two or three times a week...maybe more often. Sometimes I saw the Minister of Economy frequently. I often signed agreements with him for developmental projects. And I frequently called on the heads of state, of which we had three while I was there. These calls on the head of state would be calls that I would be directed to make or calls that I felt necessary because of events that had transpired.

I found the government always open, easy to contact and normally very easy to get appointments with. Sometimes the press of events made it difficult to meet with them. But usually I met with them readily, quickly and easily. Although we frequently had different points of view, they were respectful and listened. The only time I ever had any difficulty with the government was just before I left. I had made appointments for departure calls and the Sankara government had just captured three former governmental officials, charged them with treason for attempting to overthrow the government, and executed them.

I didn't think anything about it but I got a call from the Minister of Defense about three or four nights before I was to leave the country. He asked me to come see him that evening. I walked into the Defense Ministry and noticed a television camera. That was unusual. I wondered what was up. He called me into his office and began a long story, the gist of which was that the three men who had been executed had confessed they were going to overthrow the government. Their first activity would be to blowup the radio station. Once

they had established a government they were going to install a radio station on the grounds of the American embassy. He wanted to know what I knew about this.

At first I was dumbfounded, but not for long. The story made me terribly angry and I let my anger show. I told the Minister it was utterly stupid to believe a confession concocted under torture. If the confession had served their purpose of convicting the men that was one thing. However, they should not believe it. I said, "You could look at the grounds of the American embassy and see we don't have enough space to erect a tower." Which indeed we didn't. It was small. Both the AID mission and the chancery were on the same grounds and there was also a large building for the joint administrative operations section. There was no place another antenna could be erected that would come anywhere near serving the area of Burkina Faso. I said, "It is utterly absurd to think the United States would be involved in anything like that. I want to know what I have done that would cause you to put any credence in this." Well, I was angry enough that the man backed down and I left his office.

The next morning I had my scheduled farewell call with President Sankara. I went in to see him and darned if he didn't start on the same tack. And I got just as angry with him and said things to him that were very strong. I said, "This is idiotic. This is stupid. I expected better of you. I can't believe you would even think this." After about 20 minutes I left his office. We were both angry.

The next day the phone rang, it was Sankara. He had put the call in himself. He said, "I simply cannot let you leave this country with the memory of the things we said yesterday still in my mind. Won't you come back this afternoon?" I said, "Any time Mr. President."

I went over and he apologized for what he had said. He said, "We are sorry for any concern we have caused you and we retract any statement or accusation we may have made." What made me feel he really meant it, was about six months later he came to the United States to address the UN. He asked to see only one American - me. I went to New York and met him at the Burkina mission and he fell on my shoulders as though we were long lost brothers. We sat together for an hour and chatted about old friends and old times, etc. I think it was all forgotten. I think he was embarrassed about the accusation.

We were speaking of dealing with the government. One thing always difficult is what does one do after a coup. Our instructions were to deal with the government on a normal basis. Then U.S. policy was that we recognized nations and not governments. So we had the coup d'etat that put in Jean Batista Ouedraogo. Jean Batista was a medical officer but really a cats paw for Sankara who had engineered the coup and became his Prime Minister. That was our first coup. We did as instructed and went ahead with scheduled governmental meetings and continued business as usual.

*Q: From your perspective, how did this coup play out?*

WALKER: The people accepted it. There was a lot of shooting and some people were killed...about a dozen. One was a Frenchman who was simply driving down the road when the coup took place and either did not hear or refused an order to halt. They shot at the car and killed him. But the coup was accepted by the population quickly. It took place in the early evening with lots of shooting. There was a shootout at the police barracks between the police and the military and about a half a dozen people were killed. But Ouedraogo was installed and functioning smoothly within 24 or 36 hours. It was quick, easy and accepted.

Ouedraogo was in power for six to eight months. After about four or five months he fell out with Sankara and decided to get rid of him. I was the first non-Burkinabe to know that was underway because I took early morning walks. Part of my treatment for my heart condition is to exercise and I do that by walking fairly rapidly for 30 minutes to an hour a day. I would get up early in the morning, about 5:00, and walk around Ouagadougou. The Marines walked with me for a while then they got tired. Sometimes others would walk with me then there were many times when I was alone. I was out for one of my very early walks, alone, and I happened to walk into that part of town where Sankara lived. I suddenly saw a half dozen armored cars. They were small tanks with canon and machine guns. They were placed around his house about a block away with the guns aimed at his house. I rounded the corner and there I was, face-to-face with the crew of one of these things. They looked at me...I was well-known there, they knew who I was. They saw me coming along. At first I thought perhaps I should turn around and go back, but nothing was happening so I decided to continue to get a better idea of what was happening. I walked right passed them and they all stood, saluted, and smiled as I walked by. I waved at them. I walked back and went straight to the office and wrote a short cable to inform that we were having a change of prime ministers.

Later, Sankara called that a half coup, and in a way I guess it was. So I had two and a half coups in Upper Volta. He was locked up for a while and then taken to a village in the desert area and kept under house arrest there. While he was under house arrest, one of his frequent visitors was a Peace Corps volunteer. When Sankara was younger, he taught Peuhl to Peace Corps volunteers and he liked the Peace Corps. This volunteer would visit him and they chatted a good bit.

While Sankara was in the village under house arrest, Blaise Compaore, was one of Sankara's lieutenants who had been instrumental in the Ouedraogo coup, organized a coup to throw out Ouedraogo and install Sankara. That was the second of the two and a half coups.

Both times we went ahead doing business with the government. Not on a large scale but on as small a scale as possible until we were convinced the government was firmly in control. In neither case was it long before it was clear the government was indeed in control. The population might not have been happy about all of this, but each coup was a fait accompli and accepted. We accepted it as well.

*Q: I can think of a major issue that might have existed because you were still in the orbit of the problem of Libya. During this period we took a very strong line against Muammar Qadhafi, the ruler of Libya, which was not always appreciated in other parts of Africa. How about Libyan influence and what we were doing?*

WALKER: Libya had a great deal of influence with Sankara - less with Ouedraogo. Qadhafi came to Burkina while I was there. This was before we had been told to avoid showing up at any of these things, so when I was asked to go to the airport, I went. I stood in the receiving line and shook hands with the guy as he came by. He was funny looking. He had his cap pulled down so that it almost touched his nose and when he met anyone as tall as me, he had to hold his head back to look them in the face.

He had a group of young people on the plane who carried machine guns - his "security" force. They were young men and women and all were very attractive. When the plane landed, the young people got off and started leading cheers. We stood and waited about ten minutes until the great man came off the plane to more cheers.

He gave military assistance to both coups. He also brought in a plane load of food at one point, which got a lot of publicity. This upset me and I used the occasion to call on Sankara. This was during Sankara's administration. I said, "This airplane has brought in 14 tons of food and in a time of drought your country needs it. I would point out to you, Mr. President, that the United States is bringing in 280 thousand tons of food yet the Libyans have received more publicity than we have. We aren't looking for thanks, but we do expect equal treatment. We don't appreciate being taken for granted."

It was surprising. There were a number of news stories after that expressing appreciation for the American food. That call paid off in the way I had hoped it would.

Our relations in U.V. were difficult because the U.S. frequently publicly denigrated Libya. Each time this happened I was called to the Foreign Ministry and given a dressing down. I would listen then explain the U.S. action and add that once Libya indicates it wants to get along with us we will get along with it. I tried to make clear that the U.S. would not be harmed or insulted by Qadhafi or anyone else. It was this routine each time something happened. It did not make my job any easier, but it wasn't much harder, because after the messages were passed, we went on doing business the same way we had in the past.

*Q: Were there any other events during this period that we should cover?*

WALKER: There is one that was amusing. We had a number of private volunteer organizations in Burkina. Among them was Save the Children. There are two Save the Children funds, an American and a British. One day the American Save the Children rep told me his British counterpart needed some assistance. They were both working in Burkina and had offices side-by-side. I said, "What is it? What can I do?" He said, "Princess Anne, daughter of the Queen of England, is going to visit here and an advance

team will come in a few days. They need transportation but we only have enough for ourselves. Could you loan them some cars? She will visit a project in the desert and they need transportation for the advance work." I said I would help.

Well, there were four on the advance team and we let them have cars. When they had finished the Colonel in charge (I later learned he was Princess Anne's personal secretary) came to express his appreciation. As there was no British embassy there he had been forced to rely on us. The only Commonwealth embassies were Nigeria, Ghana and Canada, and none of them had much equipment.

*Q: Why weren't the British there?*

WALKER: The British were represented by their Ambassador resident in the Ivory Coast. He came up from time to time and made calls. Such a system is not very effective but is probably better than nothing at all.

I told the colonel, we were glad to have been of assistance and if there were anything else we could do for the visit, to let us know. The Colonel said, "Well, Mr. Ambassador, there is one thing that would be of considerable assistance to us." I said, "What is it?" He said, "An invitation from the American Ambassador for Her Royal Highness to stay in his residence would be most gratefully accepted." I said, "Well, I will have to consult with a higher authority on that." I went to the phone and rang my wife. She said she would be delighted. So I said, "Sure, we would be delighted." She was to spend two nights with us. I said, "There are two conditions I would like to add if I may. One is for her to meet the American embassy community; not just the Americans but all of those in the embassy who work with us." "She would be happy to do that." I said, "I would also like to have a dinner party for her. It would be small because we can't seat more than about a dozen." "Fine, I know she will accept."

The next thing I knew, Embassy London sent a telegram asking for biographic information on both Savannah and me for the Palace. Before Princess Anne could accept Buckingham Palace had to know who we were. The Palace promised to send bio data about Princess Anne. So we exchanged biographic information.

The great day came and she arrived. The British Ambassador and his wife had arrived. We had a great time. She was a lovely, charming house guest. There were four official members of the party that also had to be housed. We had enough space for the Princess, for the woman who looked after her clothes, and for the Scotland Yard man who was her personal bodyguard. Her private secretary and her lady-in-waiting stayed one block down the street in the residence of the political officer.

The British wanted her to stay with us because if she was a guest of the Burkina Faso government the British would be obligated to do something of like order for a high Burkinabe and they didn't want to do it because this was not a visit to Burkina, it was a

visit to see the Save the Children projects. Princess Anne is the honorary president of the British Save the Children Fund.

They asked for a Marine to stay outside the apartment, which is on the ground floor. I asked if any Marines would volunteer for this duty and they said that they would be happy to. Their condition was a photograph taken with Her Royal Highness. We lined that up. She was pleased to oblige. Our photographer took the photograph the morning I took the Princess to the chancery to see everyone. The Marines were in the building all spiffy in their dress blues, very stiff and crisp. The first shot showed everyone very somber. Then the Princess, watching the photographer preparing for a second shot "You know, to make people smile in photographs we used to say 'cheese' but there is a much better word"...and she timed this perfectly so that just before the second shot was snapped, she said, "and the word is 'bitch.'" In the second photograph the Marines are breaking up.

I took her outside about 8:00 in the morning and she was to leave at 8:45. She had said that she would not make a speech to the group, but would go around and speak with small groups, which is the way royalty usually does at such things. She had on a beautiful blue linen dress with a broad rimmed hat and gloves that came to her elbows and the weather was hot as the hinges of hell. But she went around and talked to everyone. If they spoke French she spoke in French. There was a group there from the American School and the kids were saying, "Hi Princess" and such. They didn't have a clue about protocol but it didn't bother her.

She chatted with them and was still talking to people at 9:10 and the secretary came to me and said, "Mr. Ambassador we have to get Her Royal Highness out of here." In a moment I touched her arm and said, "Ma'am, I am sorry to bother you, but the time has come, you have to leave." She said, "Thank you very much," and kept right on talking. She talked for another fifteen minutes until she had talked to everyone there who wanted to talk to her, and I think she spoke to everyone. She was charming and gracious.

And I have to say that visit was the turning point for Anne in her press relations. Up to then the press had talked about how nasty and mean she was. From then on she got quite good press coverage.

The final thing...she came back to the house and her private secretary said there are three couples that Her Royal Highness wanted to see before she left: the British Ambassador and his wife, the Director of the Save the Children Fund and his wife and Ambassador and Mrs. Walker. We had pictures made in front of the residence before she went in. Then the Save the Children couple went in and left. Then the British Ambassador and his wife went in. There was about ten minutes for each visit. Then finally we were called. We were walking into the apartment area with Savannah in the lead. The secretary stood in the door from the little office area that led into the reception area. He looked inside and said, "Madam, the American Ambassador and Mrs. Walker." Savannah stepped quickly to one side, I took the lead and we went in. And here in our own home the Princess gave a very formal speech of gratitude, of appreciation and all of this and a hand shake. Then I felt a reply speech was in order.

It was strange, having these highly formal activities in our own home. It struck both Savannah and me as a bit absurd. Anyway, she gave us an autographed photograph, which was the best likeness of her I've ever seen. And also a little letter opener with her crest and initial on it. I checked with Protocol about it and they said I could keep the gifts so we have them today.

That was one of the more unusual things that happened. I suppose there are a lot of others if I sat around and cogitated a while. People have asked me if I put a pea under the mattress on the Princess' bed. I have to say that the thought occurred to me, but I didn't do it.

*Q: Well, Julius, you left there and came back to Washington. Did you find that there was much interest in what was happening there?*

WALKER: Well, there was a some interest. Those of us who dealt with Africa over the years had come to realize the interest in the countries where we served is restricted to those few who deal with them regularly. Yes, there was interest and there continued to be interest. But it wasn't overwhelming. There was a certain amount.

I went from that assignment to a period on the Selection Boards and then to the Inspection Corps, where I served for three years as Senior Inspector. From time to time I was called back to talk to them about this, that and the other going on in Burkina. But I would say the interest in Burkina was average for Africa.

As an inspector, I had a grand time. It was one of the most delightful times of my Foreign Service career because I felt I was able to give back some of what I had gotten over the years. It is wonderful to have that feeling.

I first inspected the Bureau of Near Eastern Affairs with Freeman Matthews, who had been Deputy Chief of Mission in Cairo before coming into the Inspection Corps. He retired from the Corps not long after that inspection.

Then I went to another team with Loren Lawrence, who has since died. His brain tumor was discovered while we worked together. He took all the treatment he could for it and finally died earlier this year. It was a tremendous loss. He was a wonderful man. Loren and I inspected in Italy--Rome, the seven consulates and the Vatican.

That was a difficult inspection. It was the first overseas inspection for both of us and there were parts of both operations that were not being run as well as they might have been. It is difficult, even as a senior inspector, to tell senior embassy officials they have problems and are not doing things correctly; that they are not following the Foreign Affairs Manual; that morale in their mission is bad and it's their fault; that they have to pull their socks up. I can tell you a senior inspector earns his keep during those sessions.

Of course, it's not the only thing a senior inspector does, but it's probably is the hardest. Usually an inspector can say to the senior people, "You are doing an excellent job, things are going well. But here is where you could fine tune this or that." But sometimes one finds...

*Q: What were the problems when you say morale, etc.?*

WALKER: Well, the type of problem...I hate to get too far into this because there are personalities involved and they are still around. But there were consulates that were not being run at all correctly. They weren't being managed. People there didn't understand the work they should have been doing. US property was being wasted. There were fights between governmental representatives of agencies at these posts the consul general should have been handling and wasn't. It was terrible in some instances. And in the embassy, itself, there was no unity, little sense of mission. There was an open turf battle between the two embassies. The new fledgling mission at the Vatican had grown out of all proportions. The original idea was that it would be half a dozen people at the most. When we were it had 19 people and the ambassador was trying to get an Aid mission established. The very thought takes your breath.

*Q: Was this the same ambassador who did an unauthorized trip to Muammar Qadhafi on his own account?*

WALKER: Yes, the same. William Wilson, a political ambassador. He had a ticker in his office which kept him in touch with his business interests in the United States. As a Foreign Service officer I was required to put in a statement every year about whatever interests I had and certainly I couldn't have any interests that would in any way conflict with my service to the US government or color my actions for it or in its behalf, but this man had his business ticker right there in the office and carried on business relations all the time. There were many things I could say about the way that office was run and our presence there, but I can't go into them here.

I must say I found that inspection the hardest, most difficult I had. Some parts of it were excellent. I inspected the Naples consulate was run by Walter J. Silva.

*Q: He took my place.*

WALKER: Were you there?

*Q: Yes, I was consul general in Naples there in 1981...*

WALKER: It was running beautifully. It was well managed. Morale was high. Walt was doing everything right. So there were bright spots about in that inspection.

Then a few months later I found out Walt was interested in coming into the Inspection Corps. The Inspector General was Bill Harrop. He said, "You inspected Silva didn't you?"

I said, "Yes." "Would you recommend his coming into the Inspection Corps?" I said, "On one condition. And that is that he is assigned to my team." And he was. Walt and I worked together from then on.

*Q: Looking at the inspection, the Inspection Service changes over the years. How would you characterize the Inspector Corps during the 1984-87 period? What were you accomplishing, what were you looking at?*

WALKER: We were looking at virtually everything. We had a mandate to look at the embassy from top to bottom and from side to side. And we did. We came to a larger operation, such as Rome, with a team of eight inspectors. There would be two senior inspectors who looked at the management, the goals and objectives, the overall operation, the relationship with the government and with other US government agencies, the direction of the country team, the top level management. We had political and economic officers who looked specifically at the reporting from those sections. We had at least one administrative counselor-level officer to look at mission Administration. We had people who looked at specific aspects of administration, accountants who went into the books and did spot checks. We always had a consular officer with us, sometimes two, to look carefully at the way the consular operation was being handled, because there is leeway for an awful lot of mismanagement there.

This was inspection and management consultation. We tried not to play the "gotcha" game of finding somebody with his hand in the cookie jar, because there wasn't a great deal of that. However, there was some and we did catch it and got investigators in to build cases when we found it. But normally what we found were people who were simply mismanaging, making errors in judgment, in style, of omission or of commission. We talked with those people to explain a better way of doing their job so it ran more smoothly. We tried to help them better achieve the goals and objectives they had established for the mission; to bring them new ideas, suggestions of different ways of doing the same thing but that were more effective.

One of the things...this is simple but an example. Somebody had inspected, I believe it was in Dakar, I think Charlie Bray was Ambassador there then. He had established a system for new arrivals so that they got to know the entire operation quickly. It was different from the briefing sessions most embassies did every six months or once a year calling in the latest to arrive for a program where everybody stands up and tells what work he or she did. What Charlie required was for new arrivals to call on each head of section and other agency head in their own offices. There they got a ten minute briefing as to what that office did and who the people were. They could not get their embassy ID until they had visited all of the offices so everyone did the briefing as quickly as possible. This included calls on the DCM and the Ambassador. It worked well. Morale was so high there that the inspectors suggested the process to other embassies. This was one tiny suggestion we would bring along. But it is indicative of the sort of management effort we undertook.

*Q: So you were pleased with the positive aspect of the Inspection Corps that you saw at that time?*

WALKER: That is right. This to me was the great thing...to be able to bring new ideas and help people improve their operation. We inspected a large number of places in the Department. In addition to the NEA Bureau, I did Personnel, the Foreign Service Institute, and Consular Affairs. Overseas I inspected in Zaire, the Congo, Rwanda and Burundi...it was marvelous to go back to Rwanda and Burundi, I had been there 25 years before and to go back to see the development and progress that had been made in that period of time was great. I also inspected in Greece, Cyprus and Turkey, China and Hong Kong and Canada.

*Q: Then you spent your last two years as a Diplomat-In-Resident. Is that right?*

WALKER: Yes, that is right. I had no assignment at the end of my three years in the Inspection Corps and was asked if I would take on the job of running the Washington office for an organization known as the National Council of World Affairs Organizations--NCWAO. This was the holding body for the various world affairs councils around the United States. There are about 75-100 of them in major and smaller cities. I was allowed a certain amount of money from the Una Chapman Cox Foundation for travel so I got around to visit many of these organizations, and spoke for them. They would program me for speaking, not just at the council, but also at universities, high schools, churches, luncheon clubs like the Rotary and Lions, and on the radio and TV, etc. Sometimes I spoke five, six or eight times a day. Sometimes I only made one speech a day. But I went from New York to California, from Florida to Washington to Alaska, to Hawaii, and saw a great deal of the US.

I think I did some good work in helping some organizations to get started and giving new ideas to older ones, making it easier for them to access speakers. I edited a book which had been written earlier on how to form a world affairs council, bringing it up to date. In general I had a grand time running that office.

I ran the office with no staff, just me and I retired in May 1989.

*Q: That sounds great.*

WALKER: It was.

*Q: Well, thank you very much.*

WALKER: Not at all.

*Q: It has been fun.*

WALKER: Yes, it was. I have enjoyed it.

*End of interview*