

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

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*Memoir*  
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**Reflections on a Foreign Affairs Career**

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## **MEMOIR**

### **The Early Years**

#### **Growing Up In Texas**

This story begins in the small northeast Georgia town of Toccoa. It was there in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains that I was born on April 29, 1923. My parents were at that time students at the Toccoa Falls Bible Institute, a tiny fundamentalist college.

When my parents married in 1921, my father was already an ordained Methodist minister attending Southern Methodist University. For reasons unknown to me, but probably because of influence from my mother's family, he became affiliated with a little-known fundamentalist denomination called the Assemblies of God.

Shortly after my birth, our family returned to Dallas, Texas, my parents' home town. Except for a few years in the east Texas towns of Thornton and Marlin, where my father held pastorates, I lived in Dallas until 1940. As a youngster in Dallas during the harsh depression years of the 1930s, I recall vividly scenes of unemployed men lined up in search of jobs or waiting for food handouts. My father was pastor of a medium-size church whose members were mostly working class people, many of them barely eking out a living. Often I would accompany my father on missions to distribute food to desperately poor families, food purchased with his own meager funds. He was a warm, generous man who always shared with others, never considering the desirability of building financial reserves for himself and family. His motto was "God will always provide for me."

As a teenager I experienced what I sometimes regarded as the negative aspects of being the son of a fundamentalist minister. There were severe religious strictures that placed a damper on what most people would consider normal social activities. For example, going to movie theaters was prohibited on the grounds that "actors are sinful people." Furthermore, even though I was among the most popular boys in school, I was not permitted to participate in most school-related social events because the kids engaged in dancing, another "evil." There were, of course, sporting events to which I could take my dates as well as the then-popular drive-in restaurants.

In my pre-teen and teen years, I was assigned chores which included mowing the lawn of our small house and sweeping the church, for which I received 75 cents a week. I also had a brief stint at delivering one of the Dallas daily newspapers. This job was short-lived because, when I made my rounds to collect the 10-cent charge for a week of newspapers, my customers often pleaded inability to pay, leaving me to reimburse the newspaper company. During my junior and senior years of high school, I worked part-time at a men's clothing store for 16 cents an hour.

In June 1940, I graduated from Forest Avenue High School where, during my senior year, I had the highly prestigious job of cadet commander of the 400-member Reserve Officers Training Corps. I then worked from the summer of 1940 until the spring of 1941 at Montgomery Ward & Company in Fort Worth, Texas. (My parents lived in Fort Worth at that time.) The job entailed leaving home at 4 a.m. and traveling a half hour by bus to be ready for work at 5 a.m. The work involved opening and distributing incoming packages -- items returned to the mail-order division for exchange or refund.

I took this job, earning 30 cents an hour, because my parents could not afford to pay my college tuition and upkeep. Moreover, World War II, having started in 1939, seemed increasingly likely to draw the United States into it. This meant that, even if I attempted to work my way through college, my student career would probably be interrupted. So, I decided to volunteer for military service upon reaching age eighteen.

### *Military Service*

In May 1941, I enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps at Dallas and was sent to Goodfellow

Field at San Angelo, Texas for basic training. After three months, I went to St. Louis, Missouri for two months and then on to Mather Field near Sacramento, California. Because of my high school ROTC training, I was assigned as drill instructor for incoming recruits, who arrived in growing numbers after the United States entered the war on December 7, 1941.

Given the rapid military buildup after Pearl Harbor, the Defense Department perceived the need to expand its officer corps. Having scored well (138) on my IQ test, I drew an assignment in May 1942 to the new Air Force Officer Candidate School in Miami Beach, Florida. One of my schoolmates was the movie star Clark Gable, an “old man” at age 42, whom I saw occasionally during physical training. After three months of rigorous academic and physical training, I received my commission in September 1942 at age 19. Shortly thereafter I boarded a ship at Mobile, Alabama and joined a troop convoy that dropped some of us off at the Dutch island of Curacao. Ten days later I flew on a DC-3 to Trinidad and, from there, by Navy PBY to British Guiana in October 1942.

Atkinson Field, my new home, was situated in the jungle along the Demerara River about 30 miles inland from Georgetown, the capital and only sizable city. The U.S. air base was a product of the Lend-Lease Program by which Great Britain granted the United States 99-year leases on property for military bases in exchange for economic and military assistance during World War II. The base served two principal functions: (1) a refueling stop for U.S. military aircraft destined for North Africa and the Burma/China theaters of war; and (2) an anti-submarine warfare base to protect allied shipping in the region, including ships carrying bauxite from deposits along the Demerara.

A watershed event in my life occurred on my first day at Atkinson Field. As is customary in the military service, I reported to the base commander to pay my respects and to receive information on my next assignment. Colonel Robert Allen, the commanding officer, went through the usual formalities of welcoming me to the base and discussing future assignments. He then took what I later learned was the unprecedented step of introducing me to his secretary, Miss Elaine Vieira, expressing the hope that we would get along well together. Little did he suspect how well we would get along and that some 15 months later he would be approving our marriage request. (Military regulations required U.S. officers to obtain such approvals before marrying a non-American.)

My assignments at the base were administrative, including several months as squadron adjutant. In addition to a service squadron, we had a squadron of 1935-vintage bombers that scoured nearby Atlantic waters for German submarines. Their effectiveness was greatly enhanced by a new British invention called “radar.” On the occasions my pilot friends invited me to fly on anti-sub missions, I was fascinated by the blips on the small (6”x6”) radar screen. The old bombers, which sometimes returned from missions with bullet holes from German machine guns, were replaced by Navy blimps with more effective weapons and greater range.

Elaine and I were, married on February 6, 1944 by the Anglican (Episcopalian) Bishop of British Guiana at St. George’s Cathedral in Georgetown, reputedly the largest wooden

structure in the world. Carmen Faria, Elaine's best friend and Frank Vieira, her brother, were our witnesses. Following the ceremony, we visited the town's leading photographer for wedding pictures; unfortunately, he spoiled all of them. We then enjoyed a wedding reception at the home of Elaine's parents.

After the marriage, Elaine and I were provided with a cottage on the base. It was built on concrete pylons high off the ground to permit maximum air circulation, there being no electric air conditioners in those days. The windows consisted of metal screens with wooden shutters to protect from the frequent tropical rains. The general openness of the cottage allowed us to enjoy the enormous variety of jungle sounds from animals and birds such as panthers, monkeys, and parrots. We savored this idyllic environment for almost three months before we received orders in May 1944 to return to the United States.

One day in May we boarded a small boat which anchored at our docks along the Demerara River. It took us to Trinidad where we had two weeks of sightseeing and relaxation on beautiful beaches. We then embarked on a large military ship carrying about two thousand troops and six women -- nurses and war brides, including Elaine, who shared a large cabin. The ship also carried some two hundred German war prisoners whose vessel had been captured by the U.S. Navy. I, along with other officers, served as officer-in-charge of the detail guarding the prisoners.

We left Trinidad in a convoy of about a dozen ships protected by Navy destroyers and gunboats. At night we cruised under total blackout conditions to minimize chances of being detected by German submarines and, during the day, we had anti-submarine drills. We proceeded, however, without incident. While at sea we received word of the Allied landings in Normandy on June 6, 1944. This evoked loud cheers from the troops on board, but the German prisoners hooted and jeered in disbelief when we gave them the news. Our ten-day voyage ended in mid-June with our arrival at the Norfolk Naval Base in Virginia.

After three days of processing at Norfolk, Elaine and I boarded a train for San Antonio, Texas, where my parents resided. Traveling on an unairconditioned train was miserable enough, but we were totally unprepared for the searing heat that greeted us in San Antonio. A few days later, we boarded another train for Fresno, California, which meant three more days of misery while making our way through the deserts of west Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California.

In Fresno, an attractive city in a rich fruit-producing valley, we found a small garage apartment in which to live. My new assignment was with an Air Force unit preparing for operations against Japan. Some of the same incompetent officers I had served with in British Guiana had also been assigned to this unit. Largely for this reason, I responded to a Defense Department call for officers to volunteer for re-assignment to the Army infantry. The call was prompted by an urgent need for more infantry officers to prosecute the war in northern France, where desperate resistance by the Germans was producing heavy casualties.

Meanwhile, during our two months in Fresno, Elaine and I spent a delightful leave in San Francisco, which was cool and fresh compared to the heat of Fresno. We also enjoyed a few days in the coastal resorts of Monterey and Carmel, where the beaches were attractive but unusable because of the icy Pacific water.

In the fall of 1944 we boarded a train once more for a grueling cross-country journey to Columbus, Georgia, where I was assigned to the U.S. Infantry School at Ft. Benning. Our accommodations in Columbus consisted of a bedroom in the home of an older lady in a lower-middle class neighborhood. As was the custom in towns near military installations, the “patriotic” citizens greedily ripped off service personnel -- Columbus was no exception.

During our two months in Columbus, I devoted most of my time, day and night, to a rigorous training program covering all aspects of infantry warfare. Elaine, meanwhile, endured an incredibly boring existence in this provincial town. It was here, however, that she conceived our eldest child.

On completion of infantry training, I reported to an infantry camp at Tyler, Texas for a brief period before moving on to Camp Livingston near Alexandria, Louisiana. Again, Elaine and I rented a room in the home of a lower middle-class family with minimal conveniences. Each morning we left before dawn for downtown Alexandria, where we had breakfast in a diner and then caught a bus to Camp Livingston, about 12 miles away. Elaine had the good fortune of finding a civil service job as secretary at a prisoner-of-war camp for Germans adjacent to Camp Livingston.

Initially, I was executive officer of an infantry company, but, after a few weeks, I was singled out as one of several white officers to be assigned to a new Negro regiment. I was named commander of an all black company, an unforgettable experience. First of all, these troops were mostly uneducated and ill-prepared to absorb instructions; but, more important, they were simply not interested in helping fight “whitey’s war.” In trying to motivate them to get prepared for the expected brutal battles with the Japanese (the war in Europe had just ended), I sometimes had to deal with questions such as “Why should we go over there to fight, our enemies are here?” It was with these troops that I first encountered marijuana: While inspecting an empty barracks, I found two soldiers passed out on the floor amidst a pungent odor that could have been nothing but marijuana.

In addition to commanding a company, I was named to the unenviable position of “regimental bayonet training officer. ~ This required a return to Ft. Benning, Georgia for an intensive two-week course in bayonet fighting and hand-to-hand combat. As regimental training officer, I was responsible for teaching the use of the bayonet, which required precision drills in whirling left and right and thrusting -- an awesome chore when many of the trainees did not know left from right and were uncoordinated. The number of injuries inflicted on one another was high.

Meanwhile, Elaine’s pregnancy advanced to the point where she resigned from her job in May 1945 and went to live with my parents in Houston while awaiting the arrival of our

first child. Richard Jr. was born at St Joseph's Hospital in Houston on July 30, 1945.

Back at Camp Livingston, we carried on our mission of preparing the regiment for an eventual assault on Japan. (Thank God, it never happened!). While on maneuvers in September 1945, our unit learned of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and the resultant surrender of Japan. Naturally, there was boundless jubilation, especially among the officers of our unit.

### *Gaining An Education*

Having served in the military for four and a half years, I was quite prepared for home leave and demobilization when my turn came in October 1945. Despite pressure from the regimental commander to remain in the military service, I gathered my effects, took my discharge papers, and left for Houston to join Elaine and Dick Jr. An urgent priority at that time was to enter college and prepare for a career in law. I therefore took the College Entrance Examination and was accepted by Harvard for the spring semester of 1946. There was, however, a hitch in the plan: Harvard registration officials informed me that the Boston area offered no housing for married students. Consequently, I requested and received a one-year delay in entering Harvard.

In the meantime, I enrolled in the academically prestigious Rice Institute (now University) in Houston. While the GI Bill covered most expenses, I found it necessary to work part time: first at a parking garage in downtown Houston and, later, as a stevedore at the Houston docks where the work was incredibly tough but the pay was high (\$1.65 an hour). Elaine also worked for several months as an oil company secretary, which she was able to do because my mother looked after the baby. Elaine earned enough to pay for a vacation trip to her family's home in British Guiana, where, in July 1947, Dick Jr. celebrated his second birthday. On our return journey, we stopped in Panama, Guatemala and Mexico for brief sightseeing tours.

When Harvard could offer no housing for the fall semester of 1947, I entered the University of Texas at Austin where we obtained a university-owned apartment (a converted army barracks) near Lake Austin. Although we paid only \$35 for the apartment, we found the \$90 monthly GI allowance inadequate. I therefore took odd jobs: mowing lawns, cleaning up construction projects, and serving as a book-store clerk.

Our first daughter, Marsha, was born May 29, 1948 at Seton Hospital in Austin. Another major event in 1948 was my decision to abandon pre-law studies in favor of courses that might contribute to a diplomatic career. A principal factor in this decision was a recruiting visit to Austin by a U.S. Foreign Service Officer who had just returned from India. The prospect of a foreign affairs career seemed much more attractive than that of a lawyer.

In May 1949, I was awarded a B.A. degree with High Honors and, subsequently, was inducted into Phi Beta Kappa, the most prestigious national honor society. Our family of four then moved by train to Ann Arbor, Michigan where I had been accepted for graduate

studies in political science at the University of Michigan. Again, because of financial pressures, I took odd jobs including one as a model for university art classes.

Pursuing my interest in the Foreign Service, I traveled to Chicago in late 1949 for a 3 1/2-day series of written examinations that were part of the entrance requirements. Having passed the written examinations, I then went to Washington, DC for a comprehensive interview with the Foreign Service Board of Examiners. This led to my acceptance by the Foreign Service and the placement of my name on a list of those waiting for an appointment. Meanwhile, I had been approached by recruiters from the newly-formed Central Intelligence Agency, but I found the conditions surrounding such a career unappealing.

After three semesters at the University of Michigan, I received an M.A. in Political Science in June 1950 and was enrolled as a Ph.D. candidate. Elaine and I decided, however, that the winters were excessively harsh and the living conditions at Willow Run student housing much too primitive for our children to endure through another winter. Besides, Elaine was pregnant for the third time. We therefore boarded a train with our meager possessions and headed for Austin where we once more obtained housing at Brackenridge Apartments near Lake Austin. On July 8, 1950, shortly after our arrival, Carol was born at Seton Hospital.

Beginning in September 1950, I held a teaching fellowship in Government at the University of Texas and, at the same time, took more courses toward a Ph.D. I also applied for a Fulbright grant to work on a doctorate at the Sorbonne in Paris, the topic being "French Colonial Administration in the West Indies."

Much to my dismay, an unexpected international event intervened to disrupt progress toward my goals. In June 1950, North Korean forces invaded South Korea, leading to the involvement of the United States and other UN countries in a "police action" in support of South Korea. Having remained a reserve officer after World War II, I became eligible for active duty despite my large family. As recall became imminent, I sought and received an appointment in February 1951 as an instructor in the Air Force Officer Candidate School at Lackland Air Force Base near San Antonio, Texas. This entailed another move and the purchase of a small, new home -- our first -- in San Antonio. We also bought our first car, a used Ford sedan. Finally, I had what seemed at the time a sizable and steady salary after four years of meager income from the GI Bill.

This sense of relative stability was not to persist for long. Pursuant to the dictum that "everything seems to happen at once," I received notice in the spring of 1951 that my proposed grant for study in Paris was being approved. On top of that and almost simultaneously, the U.S. Department of State sent notice of my appointment as a Foreign Service Officer -- subject to my obtaining a release from the Air Force.

These developments posed a special dilemma: The pursuit of a Ph.D. in Paris would provide a valuable basis for either a Foreign Service or academic career. A Foreign Service appointment, on the other hand, would offer the career opportunity for which I

had aimed. The dilemma was resolved for me by the Air Force.

From consultations with the Base Adjutant, I learned that, as expected, the Air Force would not release me for graduate studies in Paris. Fortunately for me, however, the Defense Department deemed the Foreign Service more important to the national interest than the military service. Consequently, the Air Force agreed to release me from active duty if the State Department would provide a firm commitment of my acceptance as a Foreign Service Officer.

With this in mind, I flew to Washington in April 1951 on an Air Force DC-3, arriving only after a forced landing in Pittsburgh during a snow storm. After obtaining the required letter from the Department of State, I caught another Air Force flight back to Lackland Air Force Base. Within two months, I was discharged from the Air Force.

Having lived in our San Antonio house for only five months, we were fortunate to sell it for \$11,000, giving us a \$1,300 profit. We then moved into a motel while awaiting State Department travel orders. Unfortunately for us, the security clearance process for my Foreign Service class of seventeen members took almost two months, which meant that our modest profit from the house was consumed. Without funds, we were forced to fall back on our good friends Steve and Beverly Stavinoha, who provided short-term accommodations in Weimar, Texas where Steve practiced law.

## **The U.S. Foreign Service**

### **Training**

Upon receiving travel orders in October 1951, we set out for Washington in our small Ford -- two adults in front and, usually, three children in back. To lessen the trauma of such a long trip, I had fitted the back seat with a piece of plywood covered with a blanket to facilitate games, sleeping, fighting, and other good things that entertain children. After a somewhat arduous 3-day journey, we arrived at the Washington suburb of Silver Springs, Maryland where, thanks to one of my Air Force students from that area, we obtained a small apartment barely within our means. Even though the going was still tough for us financially, we drew comfort from knowing that, at last, I had the career position of my choice and we had a steady income at an entry-level salary of \$4,430 per annum.

Basic training for the Foreign Service was conducted principally at the Foreign Service Institute in Arlington, Virginia, but we also had a field trip to New York for briefings by the Immigration and Naturalization Service. It was my first visit to the big city, which I found awesome. Seeing the Broadway play "Call Me Madam" with Ethel Merman was the highlight of the trip. Our basic training included sessions with specialists in political and economic affairs as well as the more prosaic consular functions -- visas, passports, and assistance to American citizens abroad. Toward the end of the three-month training period, we were asked to specify our preferred overseas assignment. I requested Chile or France, but, in true bureaucratic style, the Foreign Service decided on Oslo, Norway as

my first post. Having disposed of non-essential items and purchased as much winter clothing as we could afford, we prepared with great anticipation for the new adventure.

### *Norway*

On a frigid morning in January 1952, our family boarded a train for New York City and thence by taxi to New York International Airport. There, we were ushered into the first-class compartment of a Scandinavian Airways Boeing 337 for a 16-hour flight to Norway via Iceland and Scotland. Those were the days of luxurious and enjoyable air travel. Our comfortable first-class seats were on the upper deck of the aircraft, and a spiral staircase with oak railings led down to an attractive lounge with cushioned chairs, reading material, and hostesses to serve cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. A most unusual feature, one seldom found on today's aircraft, was the sleeping accommodations situated in the tail section. Much like on passenger trains, bunks were folded down along each side of the plane. While the children made good use of the bunks, Elaine and I got very little sleep because of turbulence, particularly during descent into Icelandic and Scottish airports. In any event, our first of many Foreign Service trips ended safely at Oslo, where we entered a world of scant daylight and abundant snow. The almost overpowering odor of fish that greeted us was something that would be with us throughout our 3-year assignment.

A special feature of our arrival in Oslo was the 1952 Winter Olympics that had just got underway. Aside from watching college ice hockey in Michigan, we had had no experience with winter sports. It was our good fortune not only that the games were being staged near Oslo but also that the U.S. Embassy was able to arrange tickets for the many events. Our favorite events were the ski jumping at Holmenkollen, figure and speed skating, and ice hockey.

At the Oslo embassy, I underwent the usual training assignments for new Foreign Service Officers, beginning with consular affairs -- visas, passports, and services to American citizens, such as getting drunken merchant seamen out of jail. My most memorable experience in that job was issuing a visa to U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie. I also had to deal periodically with a mental case who thought he was Jesus Christ and an obese Norwegian-American woman who came in frequently asking for American-made Ritz crackers. An assignment to the political section provided more interesting and more substantive experiences. One of my responsibilities involved analyzing developments within Norwegian political parties and, particularly, the role of students in political affairs. (In Europe, Latin America, and most other parts of the world outside the United States, college students are at the forefront of political life.) At that point in history, the U.S.-Soviet confrontation was at peak intensity, and we needed to know how deeply the Communist Party had penetrated Norwegian society. Being reasonably fluent in Norwegian and having had recent university experience facilitated my efforts to understand and analyze what was happening. Also, having law students as neighbors and friends proved helpful.

Related to the Soviet threat was the need for our embassy to be able to evacuate American staff members and their families and other U.S. citizens in the event of an

attack. In the summer of 1954, the Deputy Chief of Mission sent me on a 10-day tour of southern, central, and western Norway to assess the validity of our evacuation planning. The plan was built around the movement of all Americans to the west coast of Norway where the U.S. Navy would be waiting to evacuate them. My trip was a fascinating one that included travel over a large part of the country by train, bus, and boat, especially across the many fjords in western Norway. I returned to Oslo with recommendations for improving the plan.

Among the more interesting events during our stay in Norway was the visit of General George Marshall to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. Elaine and I attended the ceremony which was held in the Norwegian Parliament building. Indicative of Communist influence at the time, young Communist agitators disrupted the ceremony by screaming insults and unfurling anti-American banners. Security forces quickly subdued them and dragged them out of the building. I was also privileged to attend a briefing by General Curtis LeMay, Chief of the U.S. Strategic Air Command. One of his observations that stuck in my mind was: "If the Soviets only knew our power and the extent of destruction we could wreak on their country, they would never threaten us."

I recall another very unusual experience involving a Russian "diplomat." In monthly luncheon meetings of diplomats stationed in Oslo, I came to know a Russian by the name of Petrov. We became comfortable with each other to the point that he invited me to bring Elaine for dinner at his home. In those days, the State Department prohibited such social contacts with Communist diplomats. However, when I reported this invitation to the Political Counselor and the CIA chief, they decided that I should accept the invitation on the understanding that Petrov and his wife would then come to our house for dinner. According to the CIA chief, Petrov was not really a diplomat; he was actually chief of the KGB (the Soviet equivalent of CIA) in Norway. The CIA viewed this as an opportunity to install listening devices in our house and, perhaps, glean some useful information.

In any event, Elaine and I experienced a unique evening with the Russians. When we arrived at their rather shabbily furnished house, we were instructed where to sit for pre-dinner vodka and caviar, both in abundance. During our conversation (the wife spoke no English), we found it curious that, every so often, Petrov would be summoned to the telephone by an aide. We assumed that they were checking on the listening devices which were undoubtedly near our seats. The evening consisted mainly of political and family discussions. He was interested in details about my background, and we learned that his children were not permitted to leave Moscow -- they were, in effect, hostages to discourage defections. At the end of the evening, Petrov walked part of the way home with us. As one might have expected, Petrov always found an excuse for not accepting invitations to dinner at our house.

Oslo, despite its horrendous climate -- three months of cool and rainy summer weather and nine months of cold and darkness -- was a fine place for families. There was virtually no crime and Norwegians loved and protected children. Our children enjoyed themselves immensely -- learning the language, making numerous friends, playing winter sports, and generally integrating themselves into the local society. Gail was born at Gram og

Pedersen's Fodsels Klinik in Oslo on May 1, 1954.

All-in-all our Norwegian assignment of slightly more than three years was a pleasant and productive one. The climate was not to our liking, and some shortages of foodstuffs persisted because of a slow economic recovery from the harsh wartime conditions. For example, citrus fruit was rarely available; bananas could be obtained only for children and with a doctor's prescription; grapes and raisins were rationed because Norwegians eagerly bought them up to make alcoholic drinks. Nevertheless, the good things about Norway more than compensated for the bad, and it was with sadness that we departed for a new assignment in February 1955.

We flew to London for a few days to shop and visit with English friends (Carmen and John Goldsworthy) and then on to Washington for consultations at the State Department. On leaving Norway, I understood my next post to be Cairo, Egypt; but, while in Washington, I learned that the U.S. Embassy in Cairo needed someone urgently for my position and could not wait two months for me to complete my leave. The assignment was therefore changed to Nicosia, Cyprus, touted as "a quiet family post."

## **Cyprus**

While on leave in Houston, I heard on the news that several bombs had exploded in Nicosia and other parts of Cyprus. Shortly thereafter I received a letter from the American Consul in Cyprus assuring me that there was no cause for alarm, "just a few dissidents were behind the bombings" and I should come on to Cyprus as planned with my family. His assessment proved grossly inaccurate.

We flew to Cyprus via Italy and Greece, arriving in Nicosia on April 29, 1955, my 32nd birthday. Four weeks earlier, a Greek Cypriot underground group had initiated a campaign of violence designed to gain independence from Great Britain. We learned later that the leader of the independence movement, known as the National Organization of Cypriot Fighters (EOKA), was General George Grivas. He was formerly a colonel in the Greek Army and was better known as "Dighenis," a legendary Greek hero. The campaign of violence was to last and grow in intensity for the next five years. It ended in 1960 with the signing of an agreement by Great Britain, Greece, and Turkey. (Turkey was involved because almost twenty percent of Cypriots were ethnic Turks.)

Our daily life in Cyprus was filled with violence: riots led by Orthodox priests and students; and retaliation by British troops using tear gas and batons. On one occasion, rioting students fleeing from British troops tried to hide in our house. On another occasion, rioters set fire to a British-owned building about a half mile from our house: The flames rising in the sky, the acrid odor of tear gas, and the noise of the mob were so disquieting that Dick Jr. got of bed complaining that all this kept him from sleeping. There were also frequent shootings: Greek/British, British/Greek, and Greek/Greek, the latter being Greek underground assassinations of alleged informers. Our "green grocer" was one of those terminated by EOKA.

British schools, which our children attended, were protected by coils of barbed wire and British Army patrols. Many of the island's beaches were guarded by British sentries, particularly after EOKA exploded land mines at certain beaches frequented by the British. Curfews were commonly enforced, preventing any movement of people or vehicles at night. As one might deduce from the above, life in Cyprus during 1955 and 1956 was a highly stressful, ulcer-producing experience. Here are some further examples:

During our first month in Nicosia, we were invited to a movie theater for a speech by the British Governor. Despite pressure from Consul Courtney, I declined on the grounds that such a gathering would be an ideal target for EOKA. My concern proved well founded: Just as the audience was leaving the theater, a bomb exploded under the front rows, causing much damage but few injuries.

On the occasion of the annual Caledonian Ball at the Ledra Palace Hotel in early 1956, British friends urged us to attend. Again, we declined on the assumption that this would be a logical target for EOKA. Our British friends argued that the hotel would be made invulnerable because the Governor, Field Marshall Sir John Harding, would be present. Once more, my apprehension was justified: Around 10 p.m. we heard an explosion; switching on our police-band radio, we learned that bombs had been detonated under several dining tables at the Ball, resulting in a number of injuries.

In the spring of 1956, Governor Harding had a time-bomb placed under his mattress by a Greek Cypriot servant. Fortunately, it failed to explode; when it was later detonated by security men, the force of the concussion rattled our windows.

Violence had been held in abeyance for a few weeks in late 1955 and early 1956 while Governor Harding and Archbishop Makarios, the religious and political leader of the Greek Cypriots, engaged in negotiations toward a settlement. These discussions terminated abruptly on March 9, 1956 when British troops seized Makarios as he was boarding a plane for Greece. They transferred him to a military aircraft which took the Archbishop to a place of exile in the Seychelles, a British colony in the Indian Ocean.

A few days later, our American Consul gave a dinner party in honor of Sir John and Lady Harding to which Elaine and I were invited. During dinner conversation, I asked Governor Harding why he had deported Archbishop Makarios. The Governor replied to the effect that he had negotiated in good faith with the Archbishop over several weeks, but with few positive results. He finally concluded that Makarios was duplicitous, not negotiating in good faith, and constituted a menace to the security of Cyprus.

As one would expect, the deportation infuriated Greek Cypriots and sparked a resumption of violence more intense than anything previously experienced. British officials deployed a platoon of soldiers with barbed-wire barricades to protect American foreign service personnel from angry Greek Cypriots, who considered us supporters of the British. Virtually all Americans in Cyprus, most of whom were associated with a communications station operated by the CIA and the Navy, became increasingly worried

about their personal safety. I, for example, ceased walking the short distance from home to office for fear of being shot in the back by a teenage cyclist. Furthermore, on arriving at my office each morning I searched carefully, particularly under my desk, for gelignite (plastic) explosives.

As violence increased, so did the number of American casualties, including about a dozen communications personnel wounded by hand grenades. More serious, however, was an incident in June 1956. One evening Elaine and I were at the apartment of a fellow consular officer, Paul Deibel, when we heard an explosion. It seemed to come from the nearby walled city just across the medieval moat from our offices. Shortly thereafter we received a call from a British security official informing us that an American colleague had been killed. He referred to Bill Boteler, a young bachelor, who worked with me as cover for his principal job as CIA agent. Bill was having dinner in a Hungarian restaurant frequented by British and other foreigners. It was located in "Murder Mile," an area in which several British soldiers and civilians had been shot. Normally, the restaurant kept its front door closed for security. Because of very warm weather, the door had been left open permitting a passing cyclist to toss in a grenade that exploded under Boteler's table. His death was especially painful to our family. Bill had been in Cyprus for only three months but had become close to our family, often accompanying us to the beach for picnics. It was my sad task to get his body embalmed, have the Royal Air Force fly it back home, and then write a letter of condolence to his parents.

A few days after this tragic incident, we found under our office door a note from General Grivas, the EOKA leader, apologizing for the mistaken killing of Boteler. Apparently, the young terrorist who threw the grenade had intended it for the British.

When the British took Cyprus from the Ottoman Empire in 1878, they did so largely to protect British interests in the Middle East and India, particularly from the Russians. (Britain had gained control of the Suez Canal in 1875.) In the mid-1950s, the entire region was seething with unrest -- most notably Egypt, Jordan, Syria, and Iraq. Egyptian President Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal in 1956 further exacerbated the unrest.

Anglo-French armed forces began a buildup in Cyprus ostensibly to protect Europeans and Americans from Arab mobs in Jordan and other nearby areas. This was related to the dismissal of British General Glubb as commander of Jordan's renowned Arab Legion. In reality, the Anglo-French forces were preparing an attack on Egypt, which was launched on October 31, 1956. Although hostilities ended quickly because of American and Soviet pressures, one unlucky American journalist was killed near the Canal. His body was brought to Cyprus, where I arranged for its processing and return to the United States. At one point during the early days of the Anglo-French action, there were so many aircraft in the sky that we thought an air raid was underway. Our family scrambled out of bed to take refuge in a scorpion-infested basement, where we remained until the air activity subsided.

Further evidence of instability in the Middle East was the concern evinced by the State Department that U.S. diplomatic missions in the region might not have adequate

protection from local mobs, such protection normally being a responsibility of the host government. This was brought home to all of us when an Arab mob in Jerusalem tried to break down the doors of the American Consul's residence. He told me later that only two Marines were available to defend his family, who hid under the bed upstairs. The Marines shot several attackers before the Arab Legion finally came to the rescue. Because of the Arab tradition of "blood feud" (i.e., mandatory revenge for shedding the blood of a family member), the consul and his family as well as the Marines had to leave Jerusalem.

Given the extent of unrest in the Middle East, the Department of State called a meeting of U.S. diplomats in the region, which was held in Beirut in the summer of 1956. The purpose of the session was to consider how we might best protect ourselves and the secret files in our mission buildings, assuming the inadequacy of local security services. I attended on behalf of the American Consulate in Cyprus. The meeting resulted in the distribution, by diplomatic pouch, of handguns and high-explosive grenades to regional missions.

Beirut at that time was viewed as a "safe haven" amidst all the turmoil of the region. It was a beautiful and sophisticated French/Arab city with fine hotels, outstanding restaurants, shops, cabarets, beaches, and other good things. Elaine and I enjoyed a two-day "rest and recreation" trip to Beirut in June 1956. We had accommodations at the Hotel Capitole, whose ballroom featured the dance music of "Hadji Baba (an American black) and his hot saxophone." We also took a one-day excursion to Damascus, Syria on a "jitney," a local taxi/ bus that picked up passengers along the road. It was a fascinating glimpse of a somewhat hostile, but historic, Arab metropolis. Our only problem was a minor one where, at the Syrian border, each passenger was required to prove he or she was not a Jew. One man was denied entry because of his Jewish-sounding name.

As part of my responsibilities in Cyprus (Economic and Consular Officer), I sought to maintain cordial relations with all parties to the conflict -- British, Greek Cypriot, and Turkish Cypriot. Here are some examples:

When Michael Pissas, leader of the Greek Cypriot nationalist trade union, was imprisoned by the British, he sent me a note requesting that I visit him. I did not do so for fear of antagonizing British authorities.

From time-to-time I called on Nikos Kranidiotis, General Secretary to Archbishop Makarios, to discuss trends in Cyprus.

I paid a call on the leader of the Greek Cypriot Communist trade union just to size him up.

A Greek Cypriot neighbor, Pepina, whom we knew socially, took us to lunch with her brother who was mayor of Lapithos, a large Greek town on the north coast of Cyprus. He made a point of showing us burned out shells of schools and other buildings that, he said, had been destroyed by the British. We learned later that the mayor was a prominent EOKA leader.

Our best friends, Ken and Margot Philip, were English. He was an electrical engineer working for the Cyprus Electric Authority. They had two sons, David and Julian, who were friends of our children. Both Ken and Margot are deceased, but we still keep in touch with their sons.

My Greek-language instructor, Kristos, was a teacher in the Pan Cyprian Gymnasium and an ardent nationalist. We went with him one weekend to stay with his relatives in a remote village in northwestern Cyprus. Here we witnessed the roasting of baby lambs on spits and the baking of bread in primitive outdoor clay ovens -- an informative and delightful experience.

We also maintained social relations with the Turkish Consul General and his family. They took us for an all-day visit to a Turkish village which, again, was a fascinating adventure. Perhaps the most intriguing part of the visit for our children was the Turkish toilet -- a hole in a cement floor with no toilet seat (squatting) and no tissue (only a pail of water). On one occasion, we invited the Consul General and his family to our weekend beach house in Famagusta on the east coast. We were able to rent this house, which we shared with Paul Deibel, because the Greek Cypriot owner was afraid to travel there during the episodes of communal violence.

Our relationships with the different groups in Cyprus were so diverse that Consul Courtney, a strict Anglophile, once remarked in a disparaging way that Elaine and I had “an unusual range of acquaintances.”

As is apparent from the foregoing, life in Cyprus was exceedingly stressful. We lived in a house previously occupied by a British military officer, and it was situated in a Greek Cypriot neighborhood. This made us somewhat nervous for fear that EOKA terrorists might not realize that the house had been taken over by Americans. Each morning we searched the porch and other areas around the house to ensure that no bombs had been placed there during the night. Moreover, I kept a pistol beside my bed as protection against possible intruders. One night we heard heavy footsteps on the street in front of our house, and someone with a flashlight opened the gate and walked up on our porch. Meanwhile, I grabbed the pistol, peeked through the bedroom's wooden blinds, and observed two figures in the darkness. When one of them put his face to the blind and shined his light into the room, I struck the blind with my fist pushing it into his face. Both men began shouting “don't shoot, don't shoot, we are policemen.” They were on foot patrol in the neighborhood and wondered whether the house was occupied. Even when we went to the beach for a picnic, I packed a 45-caliber pistol in a Pan Am carry-on bag for security.

With regard to weapons, almost all British men carried pistols. When we attended the Queen's Birthday party each June at the Governor's mansion, guests were required to check their weapons at a guarded table inside the front door. In June 1956, the lights went out during the birthday party, causing a flurry of nervous speculation among the hundreds

of guests. It was merely a power failure.

An event that influenced my Foreign Service career occurred in the summer of 1956. Recognizing the need for career diplomats to have a deeper understanding of the countries in which they served, the State Department solicited volunteers for 'language and area programs. The Foreign Service Officers selected would undergo intensive training in the language, culture, history, and politics of certain countries deemed critical to U.S. national interests. Finding this kind of program intriguing and desiring to get out of Cyprus, I applied for specialization in Greece, Turkey, or Iran. I was chosen for Greek language and area training beginning in January 1957, which meant that we had to leave Cyprus for Washington in December 1956.

Only a few weeks before our scheduled departure, Elaine broke her knee cap. It happened at home when our electric milk sterilizer buzzed in the kitchen and she rushed from the dinner table to switch it off. In the process, she slipped on the terrazzo floor, coming down on her knee. Fortunately, one of our good friends in Nicosia was George Marangos, a Vienna-trained physician who was chief surgeon at the main government hospital. He also had his own private clinic. With his help and that of our good friend Paul Deibel, and though Elaine was in agony, we got her to the private clinic. Because of the severity of the injury, Elaine remained hospitalized for two weeks. Also, Dr. Marangos delayed surgery on her knee because of his heavy workload and his stated desire to do the best job possible.

With her leg in a cast, Elaine experienced much difficulty in preparing the family for departure from Cyprus. Luckily, our English friend Margot Philip stepped in to assist with the packing. This enabled us to leave Cyprus a week before Christmas 1956. We flew to Paris for an overnight stay and then took a hectic train ride to Chateauroux Air Force Base in the Bordeaux region of France, where we spent Christmas with my sister Elaine and her family. A few days later, we journeyed back to Paris and boarded a flight for Washington. There, we rented a small apartment in Falls Church, Virginia for my eight-month training session at the Foreign Service Institute.

### **Washington and New York**

I began intensive language and area training in January 1957. It consisted of six hours daily of spoken Greek in a small group composed of three Foreign Service Officers. Our tutor was a young man who had only recently entered the United States as a Greek immigrant. While our program emphasized language training, we also were treated to lectures by specialists from government and academia. In addition, we attended classes at the Johns Hopkins School of International Affairs, concentrating on the culture, history, and politics of Greece, the Balkan region, and the Middle East.

Living in the Washington area was a financial burden for our family, especially since we forfeited our overseas allowances for housing, entertainment, and hardship. We lived modestly in our small apartment, but, with four children, my Foreign Service income was woefully inadequate. To supplement it, I found it necessary to work at Peoples Drugstore

for four hours a night earning 75 cents an hour.

Following language training, I was assigned in September 1957 to Columbia University in the city of New York for an academic year of studies focusing on Greece, the Balkans, and the Middle East. I chose courses in politics, economics, and history, completing sufficient credit hours to qualify as a doctoral candidate in Political Science.

Again, living costs in the New York area proved a major problem and a distraction from my studies. Housing anywhere near the university and in an acceptable neighborhood was much too costly. So, we opted for a “summer cottage” in Long Beach on the southern shore of Long Island -- a two-and-a-half-hour train and subway journey from the university.

Attending Columbia University and taking advantage of its renowned faculty and academic resources was a memorable experience, despite the financial pressures involved. Having recently served in Cyprus, I was particularly pleased to meet Archbishop Makarios when he delivered a lecture at the university after his release from exile in the Seychelles.

The most memorable event, however, was the birth of Larry on April 13, 1958 -- only a few weeks before our July departure for Greece aboard the USS Constitution. Larry boarded the ship in a bassinet and took little notice of the elaborate departure activities that fascinated the rest of us. This large passenger liner took us on a 9-day voyage to Naples, Italy. There, we took a train to Rome -- a trip that I remember principally for the constant vigil we maintained to protect our baggage from the notorious predators. After two days in Rome, we continued by air to Athens, Greece.

## **Greece**

We spent our first month in Greece at the Aperghi Hotel, a well-appointed 19th-century establishment in Kifissia, an affluent suburb north of Athens. It was a comfortable hotel in an attractive setting, offering excellent service and tasty food.

The most unusual event of our stay at the Aperghi was a noisy encounter between the chauffeur of Archbishop Makarios, then visiting Athens, and a person in another car. Hearing a screeching of brakes followed by loud voices, we rushed to our balcony overlooking the parking lot where we saw a uniformed man beating on a car window while shouting Greek curse words at the occupant. We later learned from the hotel manager that an American woman driving the car had flashed the open-handed “hex” sign to the Archbishop’s chauffeur to show her displeasure over something he had done. As a consequence, the chauffeur pursued the woman through the streets and into the hotel parking lot to vent his anger. The American apparently did not understand that Greeks tend to be superstitious and sometimes become infuriated by the “hex” sign.

After a month at the Aperghi, we moved to a moderately large house in Philothei, an attractive northern suburb of Athens. We spent a year there before being assigned to a

comfortable California-style house in the prestigious area known as Psychico. It was an Embassy-owned and furnished house that became our home for almost four years.

My assignment at the American Embassy involved economic reporting and, later, the job of commercial attaché. I was also responsible for civil aviation, atomic energy, and East-West trade issues. These responsibilities kept me in close touch with the Greek and American business communities and with the relevant Greek Government officials. Among my close contacts were the Chief of Greek Civil Aviation and the American regional managers for Pan American and TWA. I also helped shepherd Esso (Standard Oil Company of New Jersey) through the Greek bureaucracy as the company proceeded to launch an oil exploration project and build a refinery in Greece.

The civil aviation portfolio enabled me to travel to all of Greece's 17 airports and to meet provincial governors, mayors, and other local officials. In addition to providing useful political contacts, this activity greatly facilitated achieving fluency in spoken Greek. Another special benefit was a trip to England's famous international air show at Farnborough as guest of the Greek Government.

Because of my fluency in spoken Greek and broad knowledge of Greece, I traveled extensively in the country and drew many interesting assignments. (I was one of the first Americans at the Embassy to have achieved fluency in Greek.) While on Embassy business, I usually traveled alone (no interpreter). I would normally call on local government officials, businessmen, journalists, Greek Orthodox clergymen, and others who might provide useful information on economic, social, and political developments. Church leaders were almost always informed on Communist Party activities and on general social and political issues.

My first major trip, in 1958, was by boat to the Adriatic islands of Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Lefkas. I traveled with an Embassy political officer who did not speak Greek and, moreover, reminded the Greeks of an Englishman -- especially with his mustache. (The English were very unpopular in Greece at that time because of the Cyprus conflict, which pitted Greek Cypriots against the English who controlled the island.) We went first to Zante and, after a few days, decided to proceed to Cephalonia, the next island to the north. As there was no regular boat service, we chartered a small fishing vessel for the 16-mile journey.

After a seemingly endless voyage over sometimes rough seas, we arrived at a village which, though basically poor -- even primitive, offered a great deal of interest to city dwellers from Athens. Making our way slowly up the unpaved main street, we were attracted first of all by a crowd gathered around a large wooden vat. They were observing and offering advice to a bearded, sweaty young man in a dirty undershirt and rolled-up trousers as he mashed grapes with his bare feet. We watched a few minutes and then continued up the street, remarking that we would not want any local wine after witnessing the wine-making process. Seeing no automobiles, we wondered anxiously where we would find transportation to other parts of the island. The pangs of hunger were also setting in, leading us to keep watch for a suitable eating place.

As might be expected, two well-dressed foreigners would attract a lot of attention from poorly-dressed, barefoot peasants. I greeted those we passed in Greek and, at one point, while we were inquiring about transportation a Greek priest came up to us. We exchanged greetings and, when he learned that we were Americans, he spoke proudly of his relatives in Chicago. He then insisted that we have lunch with him and led us down the street to a taverna, which, though primitive looking, offered surprisingly delicious food. In typical country style, we went into the kitchen, examined the various pots of vegetables and stews, and made our selections. We ate in a warm and friendly atmosphere, generated in large part by the fact that these people rarely saw foreigners and they particularly liked Americans. They very generously sent wine to our table which we were initially reluctant to drink, remembering the sweaty boy in the grape-mashing vat. Through discreet inquiries, we learned, happily, that the wine came from the previous year's vintage.

After treating us to lunch, the priest helped us hire one of the few cars on Cephalonia. We then made our way slowly to the northern tip of the island where we caught a ferry boat to the next island, Ithaca, home of the legendary Ulysses (Odysseus) of Trojan War fame.

On reaching Ithaca, a ruggedly beautiful little island, we discovered that there were no hotels and only one car on the island. Because many of the Adriatic islands, with the notable exception of Corfu, were little known to tourists in 1958, we attracted a crowd of curious citizens. A local official arranged lodging for us in the home of an old widow living on the edge of a cliff high above the harbor. Two years earlier, a devastating earthquake had leveled much of the town. Having viewed the widespread destruction while walking up the mountain, we took the opportunity while having coffee and bread the next morning to bring up the subject of the earthquake. At the time, we were sitting on a small balcony overhanging a steep cliff with a magnificent view of the harbor and craggy mountain peaks in the distance. We were questioning our hostess about the extent of the earthquake and her reactions to it. Suddenly, the house began to quiver. We quickly abandoned the precarious position on the balcony and moved inside where our hostess, obviously in much distress, began crossing herself and praying to the Virgin Mary (Panaghia) to protect us. She lamented the fact that we were discussing the previous earthquake; by doing so, she said, we caused one to happen -- a common superstition among Greek peasants (the hex).

Eager to get about our business of examining the sociopolitical situation in Ithaca, we walked down into the town to find the owner of the lone car on the island. When I approached the car owner about hiring his services for the day, he reacted very negatively, telling us that he did not do business with Englishmen. On convincing him that we were Americans -- not Englishmen -- his attitude changed, and he took us on a fabulous tour of the mountainous island. The highlight of the tour was a midday stop at the island's monastery -- a centuries-old compound of buildings on a barren promontory jutting out into the Adriatic. The few monks remaining in the monastery seemed overjoyed to see us. They insisted that we share their local wine and simple food and, more important, they provided useful information on social and political issues

confronting Ithaca.

The next day, we caught a boat northward to another very poor island, Lefkas. As there seemed little of interest there, we drove around for a few hours and then boarded a ship back to Athens through the Gulf of Corinth.

During my five years in Greece, there were many other memorable occasions:

In 1959, Elaine and I represented the Embassy at Missolonghi on the north coast of the Gulf of Corinth. The city was celebrating Greek independence from the Ottoman Turks in 1831 and, at the same time, honoring the noted English poet, Lord Byron, for his active role in Greece's war for independence. Byron died at Missolonghi in 1824.

On another occasion, this one in 1960, we were Embassy representatives at a gala event staged by the Greek National Tourist Organization near the Epiros provincial capital of Ioannina in northwest Greece. In addition to elaborate receptions and dinners in town, we attended performances of ancient Greek dramas in a 2300-year-old theater on the outskirts of town. All of this was most impressive, evoking visions of Greece's past glories. While in Ioannina for the festivities, we stayed at a hotel on Lake Ioannina. What stuck in our minds, in addition to the magnificent setting, was having lunch on a lakeside patio at which the main course was freshly caught eels fried in olive oil (ugh!).

I took another very informative trip in 1959 across western and northern Greece and then southward through the eastern part of the country. Peter Walker, a Foreign Service friend now retired in Washington, DC, accompanied me. We used a Jeep so that we could explore remote mountainous regions to gain a better understanding of social and political conditions in those areas. Our first major stop was Ioannina, where we met with local officials, journalists, and other influential figures. From there we drove north and east into the Pindus Mountains, visiting villages along the border with Albania. There we frequently caught sight of Albanian border guards patrolling the border to prevent defections from that Communist country.

In the Greek mountain villages, we witnessed extreme poverty -- people in tattered clothing living in flimsy cottages. Despite their impoverished condition, most of them appeared to be intensely religious and loyal citizens. Near one village, we were shown caves along mountain ledges where, during four centuries of Ottoman occupation, families had hidden their sons from military conscripting officers. In another village, we joined in a religious festival (Panegyri) -- folk dancing, wine, and food -- in honor of the local saint. The villagers were surprised and pleased to have American diplomats participate in folk dances and other aspects of their religious festival. We also observed the phenomenon of older Greek-Americans who had worked for decades in Chicago or New York and then returned to their native villages to marry young girls and live comfortably on U.S. Social Security checks.

Most interesting to us was a visit to Meteora in Macedonia where 16th-century Orthodox monasteries were perched atop monstrous rock formations hundreds of feet above the ground. Monks serving these monasteries had access only by large baskets raised and lowered by rope and pulley -- a system devised to minimize interference from Muslim Turks, who frequently vandalized Christian icons and statues.

During our travels, we learned to our interest and amusement that Greeks often mistook us for Germans, assuming that Americans would not be likely to speak Greek. A restaurant employee in Thessaly even asked me what part of Greece I came from, noting that my accent was not local.

Having in mind my experience in Cyprus, I recall a civil aviation trip in 1960 to the northern port town of Kavalla. While relaxing in our hotel lounge with General Doukas and his air crew, I noticed a small, unpretentious-looking man with a mustache and wearing a brown beret; he was standing alone on the patio looking out over the harbor. I remarked to Doukas, and he agreed, that this man resembled General George Grivas of Cyprus fame. Having left Cyprus after the 1960 peace agreement, he had returned to Greece where he was running for a top political office. Learning that it was indeed Grivas, I introduced myself to him as the former American Vice Consul in Cyprus. He said "Yes, I remember you; we made some unfortunate mistakes in Cyprus" -- obviously referring to the killing of my assistant, Bill Boteler.

One of the outstanding events of my tour in Greece occurred in 1961. While on an official trip to central and northern Greece, I stopped in the provincial town of Larissa in Thessaly to talk with the newspaper editor. His assistant informed me that the editor had just left to examine a newly discovered archaeological site in the Vale of Tempe near Mt. Olympus. Being interested in archaeology, I hurried along to join him. On arriving at the site, I found the editor talking with the chief archaeologist, who was describing the work in progress. The site, which dated from the Hellenistic period (ca. 300 BC) had been accidentally uncovered by a public works crew when a bulldozer cut into a hillside tomb.

When I identified myself to the archaeologist, he took me aside and suggested that I wait until the newspaper editor departed; he had something unusual to show me that he did not want publicized pending his official report of the findings.

After the editor left, the archaeologist took from his jacket pocket a cardboard cigarette box with a rubber band around it. When he opened it, I was amazed at the array of gold jewelry. There were earrings, a necklace, and other pieces of great beauty and incalculable value -- some inlaid with precious stones. (From my years in Cyprus and Greece, I suspected that the archaeologist had in mind earning extra money on the black market, which meant that many of the pieces would not find their way to the National Museum.) But that was not all the archaeologist wanted to show me. He invited me to inspect a tomb that had just been uncovered. With the archaeologist leading the way, we crawled into a small, but elaborate, tomb -- one prepared for a member of the nobility. A flashlight revealed the skeletal remains of a small individual, identified as a female, surrounded by vases and other artifacts. It was here that most of the jewelry had been

found.

In another area of the extensive site, workmen were sorting through what was believed to be a burial ground for the common people. Regrettably, I did not have time to witness further discoveries; but I left realizing that this had been an extraordinary day in my life.

Orthodox Easter was a special time in Greece. Our family looked forward to an annual Easter-time journey to the ancient city of Sparta in the Peloponnese. Situated at the edge of the Taygetos Mountains and in the valley of the Evrotas River, it was spectacular in the springtime -- surrounded by orange trees in full bloom and emitting a heady fragrance and, in the distance, the snow-capped mountain peaks.

Greek friends made available to us their home in the village of Mistras, which was part of a medieval town rising high on the slopes of a mountain. At one time it had been the part-time seat of the Byzantine emperor. The village enjoyed a splendid view of Sparta and its orange groves.

Spending a long weekend there during Easter festivities was a memorable experience. As the long Lenten period drew to a close, activities intensified to prepare for Easter Sunday and the end of fasting. Smoke spiraled into the sky from pits over which skewered lambs were roasting, while housewives busied themselves with baking and other food-preparation chores. Highlighting the religious celebrations was a candlelight procession that ended in a midnight Mass at the conclusion of which the priest would proclaim and the parishioners would respond in unison "Christos Anesti" -- Christ has arisen! We joined in these proceedings which were a prelude to a day of joyous festivities.

On one occasion, the mayor of Sparta and the local parliamentary representative designated me as guest of honor for the Easter festival in which our whole family participated. In an outdoor setting, tables were laid with all kinds of Greek delicacies -- some more palatable than others -- but the main dish was roast baby lamb. Seated at the VIP table, I was entitled to the chief delicacy, the head of the lamb with eyes, brains, and everything else intact. A cleaver had been used to split the head to expose all the "goodies," and the mayor demonstrated how to pluck out the eyes, which he described as the tastiest part. I barely avoided regurgitating and, when he was not looking, I switched plates with the man on the other side. This ploy did not work, however; the waiter, thinking I had eaten my lamb's head, hurried to bring another. Finally, I had to admit that I just could not eat this Greek "delicacy."

Official and social activities in Athens brought us into frequent contact with prominent business and political personalities. One of them was Andreas Papandreou, who came to Greece in 1959 as an "American" economic adviser to the Greek Government. He was on leave from the economics faculty of the University of California at Berkeley. While a student at Athens University, Papandreou reportedly had been exiled from Greece in 1940, by the pro-Fascist dictator Metaxas. Andreas' father, George Papandreou, became prime minister of Greece in the early 1960s, and rumor had it that Andreas might give up his advisory role and enter Greek politics.

At a western-style costume party in 1960, I asked Andreas whether he saw a role for himself in Greek politics. He denied any such interest, and he and his American wife continued to identify with the American community in Athens. Sometime later, however, he renounced his American citizenship and became Minister of Economic Coordination in his father's government. After this move, Andreas shunned his former American associates and became increasingly anti-American, as evidenced by his subsequent denunciation of me as a CIA agent unfriendly to Greece (more on this later.) Andreas went into exile again when the so-called "colonels' coup" occurred in 1967. He returned in the 1980s as prime minister, was later defeated, but is once more (in 1994) as a sick old man the prime minister.

One of the tasks performed by Embassy officers is to serve as "control officer" for visiting American dignitaries. I performed this function for a number of U.S. senators, congressmen, and cabinet members coming to Greece on "inspection" tours. For such visits we had a fixed program, which include meeting the dignitary at the airport VIP terminal with a packet of Greek currency (so-called PL-480 funds generated by sales in Greece of American agricultural commodities) for his personal use. In addition, we prepared an official program designed to meet the visitor's particular desires, such as calls on Greek Government officials and the inspection of projects financed by U.S. funds.

During our early days in Greece, we had met a Greek peasant family from a large village about 15 miles from Athens. This happened while we were still at the Aperghi Hotel. One Saturday we took an excursion to a remote Aegean beach. On arrival, we found a large number of families camped there which, as we learned, was an annual summertime event when their grape and other crops required little or no attention. Our family chose a relatively quiet spot on the beach and proceeded to enjoy the refreshing sea water, Elaine and I taking turns looking after 3-month-old Larry. To our surprise and pleasure three daughters from one of the farm families came over and offered to take care of Larry while we swam with our other children. Afterwards we took photographs of the family, giving them copies, and they invited us to come to their village for lunch. This started a friendship that lasted for our entire stay in Greece. We would visit them two or three times a year, especially at grape harvest time, and they would visit us occasionally in Athens.

Returning to the subject of programs for visiting U.S. dignitaries, I would often take them to the village of our friends -- a large village near Mount Parnis called Menidhi -- for a sampling of local color. If the season was right, early fall, the visitor would get to participate in wine-making. This entailed rolling up trousers, washing feet, and then treading on grapes piled high on a cement floor with a sump that drained the raw juice into a vat. This was usually accompanied by Greek music, folk dancing, eating local delicacies, and drinking the previous year's wine. Being able to take part in an authentic peasant ceremony of this sort was unique and always proved popular among the visiting officials. Often visitors wanted to experience Greek tavernas and cabarets, especially those with belly dancers. On one occasion, a U.S. senator had his picture taken

unexpectedly with a belly dancer on his lap. When he suddenly thought about the consequences of this picture being seen by his constituents, the senator demanded that I retrieve the negative from the photographer -- which I did for a price.

A highlight of my Foreign Service tour in Greece was the assignment as escort officer and interpreter for Vice President Lyndon Johnson in 1962. Elaine and I were on the island of Idra (Hydra) in the Saronic Gulf entertaining Assistant Secretary of Commerce Herbert Klotz (a Kennedy fund raiser) and his wife when I received an urgent message from Ambassador Henry Labouisse to return to Athens. On my return, the urgency became readily apparent: Vice President and Mrs. Johnson would be arriving in two days for an official visit to Greece, and the Ambassador had decided at the last moment that I should look after the Vice President. I was to stay with him during the 4-day visit and assist in every way possible, including interpreting in his meetings with Greek officials and ordinary citizens. The advance party of Secret Service agents briefed me on LBJ, emphasizing his brusque and demanding manner. They related an incident in Pakistan the previous week where Johnson's harshness had caused a Foreign Service Officer to have a nervous breakdown. I told them that this did not intimidate me; I could only do my best to please the Vice President.

The big moment came on August 31, 1962, when a host of dignitaries headed by Prime Minister Karamanlis and Ambassador Labouisse were on hand to greet Vice President and Mrs. Johnson. When the Vice President entered the convertible Cadillac limousine, I introduced myself as "Dick Barham from Texas" to which LBJ replied "how in the world are you Dick?" As the official entourage departed for Athens, I settled into the front seat with Secret Service agent Rufus Youngblood and a Greek chauffeur. (Youngblood was later in Dallas with LBJ at the time of President Kennedy's assassination.) LBJ sat in the back seat with the Prime Minister and Ambassador Labouisse. The first instruction LBJ gave me, as we drove out of the airport, was "Dick, I want you to tell that driver that when I say 'whoa', that means stop. I may want to get out and talk to people."

The drive to downtown Athens was not without interest. At one point, Johnson shouted "Rufus, tell those damn TV people up front to either get out of our way or I'm going to take another road." A little farther along LBJ called out "Dick, what's that red building on the right?" I replied "sir, that's an eleemosynary institution," which seemed to satisfy (or puzzle) him. At another point along the route, which was lined with cheering spectators, Johnson shouted "whoa, I want to talk to some of these people." Youngblood advised me to stay close to LBJ on the left side and he would cover the right. Johnson shook hands with several people and, through me, asked them questions about possible relatives in the United States and whether they felt threatened by the Communists to the north. He assured them that the United States would protect them from the Bulgarians and other Communists.

Approaching Hadrian's Arch near the heart of Athens, the Vice President once more yelled "whoa." He said to me "see those old ladies over there, let's go talk to them." He was referring to two shy peasant women dressed in black from head to toe. After a brief conversation with them and more hand shaking among other spectators, Johnson

instructed me to “tell the Prime Minister that I would like to invite some friends to ride with us;” at which point the Vice President shepherded the women into the back of the limousine -- much to the surprise, and probably chagrin, of the Prime Minister and the Ambassador.

On arrival at our destination, the Grande Bretagne Hotel on Constitution Square, Secret Service agents took the ladies’ names before sending them on their way (I heard that they later sought the Vice President’s help in obtaining U.S. visas). At the end of Johnson’s triumphal procession from the airport, Prime Minister Karamanlis asked me to tell the Vice President how much he admired his political style.

During the next four days, I accompanied Vice President and Mrs. Johnson (1) on a tour of Greek villages in Attica, east of Athens; (2) to Corfu, where King Paul and Queen Fredericka gave a lunch for the Johnsons at the summer palace; and (3) to the opening of an international trade fair in Thessaloniki. After the Vice President made a speech to mark the official opening of the fair, we drove around the grounds to see the various exhibits. As we slowly made our way through the throngs of well-wishers, a man clutching a bouquet of flowers darted out of the crowd. Instantly, Secret Service agent Youngblood jumped out of the limousine and tackled the man, scattering flowers over the street. On questioning the man, I learned that he merely wished to present the bouquet to Mrs. Johnson. Much embarrassed, we extended profuse apologies on behalf of Mrs. Johnson. As we proceeded toward the exit, Vice President Johnson remarked to Lady Bird, “Bird, I didn’t see a damn thing here I’d like to buy, did you?”

The main social event on the Vice President’s program in Greece was a gala farewell ball given by Prime Minister and Mrs. Karamanlis at the Grande Bretagne Hotel. We were treated to champagne, lavish hors d’oeuvres, a spectacular dinner, and a dance band. As we were passing through the receiving line before dinner, LBJ chatted with Elaine at length including compliments for me on how well I had looked after him. The reasons for his gracious treatment of her became apparent later in the evening.

According to diplomatic protocol, the host of a party cannot leave the party before the guests of honor depart. As the party for LBJ wound down and with Prime Minister and Mrs. Karamanlis becoming increasingly anxious to leave, I was conversing with Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Labouisse. Lady Bird appeared uneasy because Lyndon kept on dancing with Elaine while the Prime Minister waited to say farewell. Lady Bird approached Lyndon and informed him that the Prime Minister was waiting, but the Vice President merely danced farther away. At the same time, he was holding Elaine tightly while whispering compliments and inviting her to call on him in Washington. The formal party finally ended and those of us who had played a prominent role in the Vice Presidential visit moved on to the home of Bob and Louise McCoy (Bob was Economic Counselor at the Embassy). There, we celebrated the conclusion of a stressful program while teasing Elaine about her dancing encounter with Lyndon and the resulting crushed corsage.

Lyndon Johnson had a number of idiosyncrasies: He sent an advance request to the

Embassy for Cutty Sark whisky to be placed in his suite; he had a masseuse brought from Cyprus to minister to his therapeutic needs; and he often arose before dawn and called a staff meeting. I, along with other Embassy officers, worked every night with Horace Busby, the Vice President's speech writer, to prepare material for the next day's program. All-in-all it was a hectic 4-day marathon that could not end too soon for the Embassy staff.

Despite his blustery and domineering style, Lyndon Johnson had his moments of kindness. For example, he sent the State Department a gracious letter commending me for my services during his visit to Greece. He also autographed a picture taken of us together in Athens. In a related incident, I had asked Rufus Youngblood, the Secret Service agent, how he tolerated so much verbal abuse from Johnson. His answer was that the Vice President often apologized for his brusqueness, blaming it on the stress of the moment. Nevertheless, after working closely with him for four days, I concluded that it would be unfortunate for the United States if a person as power-hungry as LBJ should become president. He did become president and, for the most part, a successful one -- proving my judgment faulty in this case.

Toward the end of my fifth year in Greece, I learned that the State Department career development division was planning my next assignment. Ambassador Labouisse asked Washington to let me remain in Athens for two more years, but the State Department denied the request, maintaining that staying longer in Athens could be detrimental to my career prospects. Besides, Assistant Secretary of Commerce Herbert Klotz had requested me for a new Commerce Department program to promote U.S. foreign trade and investment.

Early in 1963, the Department of Commerce, in anticipation of my new Washington assignment, had arranged for me to travel in Turkey and Iran. Istanbul, a fascinating old city at the crossroads of Europe and Asia was my first stop. Next was Ankara, a drab city on the high plateau of east-central Turkey. From there I flew to Tehran for a briefing at the American Embassy to begin a tour of one of the most colorful countries I had seen. Isfahan, in the interior of Iran, and Abadan and Khorramshahr at the head of the Persian Gulf were my other stops in Iran.

Several hectic weeks of preparation preceded our first major move in five years. Moving becomes a way of life in the Foreign Service, and there is always a sense of excitement and anticipation associated with leaving one country to reestablish yourself in another. Both adults and children also experience a sense of loss and sadness in having to sever ties with friends, American as well as foreign, developed during a long assignment. In any event, we completed our preparations in good time, had our few household effects packed for shipment and moved into a hotel for our final days in Athens. For Elaine and me the final official event was a dinner party given for us by Ambassador and Mrs. Labouisse to bid farewell to our many Greek and American friends. A surprise addition to the guest list, which the Ambassador cleared with us, was Lee Radziwill, sister of Jacqueline Kennedy, who happened to be visiting Athens.

In July 1963 we departed Athens by car (a 1962 Ford Fairlane), which had to accommodate seven of us plus baggage. With prior approval from Washington, we decided to drive through the Balkans to Italy, where we would board our ship at Genoa. Our itinerary took us first to Delphi, the legendary home of the Delphic oracle, for one last look at the enchanting scenery -- truly a place of serene and majestic beauty, with the classical ruins on the mountain and the distant valley filled with olive trees shimmering in the sunlight. Having reminded the children of the story of the sacred snakes at Delphi for which the temple priests set out bowls of milk, we were fortunate enough to see one slither across the path and enter a hole under an ancient column. From Delphi we headed north to Thessaloniki and thence northwest into Bulgaria. Absent diplomatic relations between Greece and Bulgaria, we were permitted entry only because of our diplomatic passports.

As we approached the frontier with Bulgaria, the paved road ended, forcing us to drive very slowly and cautiously. Just short of the frontier, we came upon a small Greek military post, which we passed without incident once we identified ourselves. A few hundred yards ahead was the Struma River, the border between Greece and Bulgaria. Standing in the middle of the bridge spanning the river was an armed Bulgarian soldier who signaled us to stop. When he discovered that we could not communicate, he called an officer who was swimming in the river. I spoke Greek to the officer, displayed our diplomatic passports, and he politely waved us on.

Traveling through Bulgaria, we were struck by the virtual absence of traffic on the highways -- only a few trucks. Around midday we came to a town and, being hungry and thirsty, we turned off the highway to search for a restaurant. Driving up a cobble-stone street lined with simple, but neat, homes, we were amazed at the lack of traffic. Finally, we reached an intersection that boasted a few shops, including one offering refreshments. Our car was the only one parked on the street when we went in to order drinks and snacks. Teenagers in the shop were attracted to our children and, though the Bulgarians could speak no English, they smiled, flirted, and proved very friendly. As we left the store, we were taken aback by the large crowd that had gathered around our car. We were initially uneasy until we surmised, correctly, that they were merely admiring the first American car they had seen in years. On learning that we were "Americanski," they seemed pleased.

We proceeded to Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, there we had reserved rooms in a once high-class 19th-century hotel. Although the hotel smelled moldy and showed signs of long neglect, the rooms were adequate. They looked out on the city's central square in which people were strolling but almost no traffic was moving, except for the electrified tram cars. After unpacking our bags, we joined the strollers in the square and experienced the almost eerie dullness and lack of dynamism of a poor Communist city. About a half hour of walking was enough for our tired crew, so we returned to the hotel for a mediocre dinner and then on to our rooms. Before retiring, I cautioned the children that the rooms were probably "bugged," as is the custom in Communist societies, and that they should be careful not to say anything unflattering about the Bulgarians. As might be expected, this had the unintended results. They opened closet doors, made rude sounds and unkind

remarks about Bulgarians, all the time enjoying themselves immensely. Nevertheless, we departed the next morning without incident.

The drive from Sofia to Yugoslavia was short and uninteresting. Eastern Yugoslavia (Serbia) looked very poor with low-quality roads, run-down villages, and unattractive farms. One stretch of road was under repair, requiring a long, tedious, and dusty detour through rough country where animals and poultry scurried out of our path and surprised peasants stopped work to gawk at us. On a particularly desolate segment of the dirt road, our new Ford suddenly began to jerk spasmodically and gradually chugged to a halt. We were devastated by this stroke of bad luck. Our plight seemed especially bleak after I took an unsuccessful and essentially uninformed look under the hood. Luckily, however, Dick Jr. discovered the problem. The manual choke, which was still common on 1962 Fords, had proved too great a temptation for Larry, who was occupying the middle front seat at the time. Once the choke was pressed in and we allowed time for the fuel line to clear, we were able to continue our journey.

In what seemed an endless drive, we finally arrived at a large provincial town (probably Nis) where, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we searched for a restaurant. Eventually, we found a plain-looking neighborhood cafe where a few poorly dressed workmen were still having lunch. Naturally, our entry drew a lot of attention since foreigners were a rarity and we were unable to communicate except by sign language. Examining the limited selection of food on display, we settled on something that resembled scrambled eggs. As we began eating, I was still curious and asked a waitress what it was; she indicated that it was calf brains, which resulted in a sudden loss of appetite.

Belgrade proved to be a large, dingy city with little of interest except for an old castle. We spent the night and departed the next morning for Zagreb (Croatia) and Ljubljana (Slovenia). The most interesting event of the day occurred at a railroad crossing in a small village. While waiting for a train to pass, we noticed a crowd gathering to stare at us and the car. Several children in the crowd were eating something from cone-shaped papers; they smiled and exchanged greetings with us. Before leaving, our children traded candy and cookies for what the Yugoslavs were eating -- poppy seeds shaken out of large, dried pods.

We spent little time in the medieval city of Zagreb, being anxious to reach our destination for the night -- a hotel on the Sava River near the Slovenian capital of Ljubljana. It proved to be a delightful surprise: a medieval castle on an island in the Sava which had been converted to a tourist hotel. The river, with channels flowing on both sides of the hotel, was brimming with fish, which fascinated Larry in particular. We had a bracing swim in the cold water before enjoying dinner on an attractive outdoor terrace.

Venice, our next destination was only a few hours drive through scenic Slovenian hills and valleys dotted with picturesque villages. One of the world's most interesting and unusual cities, Venice captivated us. My most vivid memories include a stroll in St. Mark's Square, a visit by power boat to an ancient glass works, and a gondola ride through colorful, but smelly, canals. (Elaine and Larry opted out of this tour, preferring to

watch from the bridges. They seemed deterred somehow by the sewage-like odors from the canals and concern over the stability of the gondola.) After sightseeing, the children fully expected to be treated to a world-class pizza; after all, they were in Italy. To their dismay, however, they learned that pizzas were virtually unknown in northern Italy.

Our next stop was Florence, where we savored the medieval atmosphere, the quaint shops on the river bridges, and, particularly, the fabulous art galleries. After two days, we drove westward to Pisa, on the Ligurian Sea, for a look at the renowned Leaning Tower. Despite the almost overwhelming stench of urine, we ventured up the winding stairs for a view of the surroundings. We then headed north through the major industrial center of Milan and on to Switzerland, where we enjoyed two days in Lugano. Our hotel, a comfortable 18th-century edifice, was perched on a mountain slope overlooking beautiful Lake Lugano. We did window shopping in the town, splashed around in paddle boats on the lake, and then took a cruise on a comfortable passenger boat.

From Lugano we drove south back into Italy and on to Genoa, a major seaport on the Ligurian Sea. There, we had lunch with the Norwegian Consul General and his wife, who were friends from Oslo. Afterwards we made our way to the docks where we boarded the USS CONSTITUTION, along with our car, for a 9-day cruise to New York via Gibraltar. For all of us, the ship had something to offer: cabaret shows and dancing for the adults; the newest “rock and roll” dances for the teenagers; a talent show in which Dick and his friend Robin Nelson played guitars; and an abundance of tasty food.

## **Washington**

Following vacation travel to Canada and Texas, our family settled in McLean, Virginia, preparing for a lengthy tour of duty in Washington after ten years abroad. I was assigned on loan to the U.S. Department of Commerce where I was named Officer-in-Charge of United Kingdom and Iberian Affairs (United Kingdom, Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Malta). It turned out to be a boring job in which I had responsibility for seven Civil Service officials of whom only two were competent. The job entailed a wide range of assistance to American companies interested in trade and investment overseas. On paper, the assignment offered great possibilities. In practice, however, it ran up against the cumbersome bureaucracy and lack of innovation for which the Commerce Department has been notorious. Recognizing the futility of trying to achieve something worthwhile in that environment, I began early on to cultivate my contacts in the State Department with the intent of moving back into the main diplomatic stream.

My big opportunity came in the fall of 1964 when, because of my long experience in Greece, fluency in the language (and no doubt other sterling qualities!), the State Department asked me to accompany President Lyndon Johnson’s daughter, Lynda Bird, to Greece. I was to be part of a small delegation attending the wedding of King Constantine of Greece and Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark scheduled for September 18, 1964. Given the youthfulness of the new monarch, President Johnson deemed it appropriate to name Lynda Bird to head the American delegation to the wedding. Other

members were Protocol Chief Angler Biddle Duke and his wife, Robin, and a Greek-American businessman and his daughter. About a month before our scheduled departure, I was invited to the White House to brief Lynda Bird on Greece and on what to expect from the visit. She had recently studied history at the University of Texas and seemed very intelligent and interested in the assignment.

Anxious to ensure a successful mission, State Department management and security officials briefed me at length on how to perform my duties as escort officer. Finally, they handed me a check book with instructions to spend whatever might be required to make the mission successful.

Accompanied by four Secret Service agents, our delegation departed Washington September 13, 1964 on a military aircraft which connected with a regular TWA flight in New York. We flew directly to Rome, where we were greeted by the U.S. Ambassador to Italy during a rest stop, and then on to Athens.

Ambassador and Mrs. Labouisse, along with Greek Government officials, were on hand to welcome the delegation. The ambassador told me later over drinks he was delighted that I had been chosen to escort the delegation; my knowledge of Greece and Foreign Service experience would alleviate any concern he might have had about a successful mission. He said Mrs. Labouisse, the daughter of Madam Curie and an experienced World War II journalist, would join us on a trip to Crete that was being planned. Highlights of the six-day stay in Greece were (1) the royal wedding and the gala ball that preceded it; (2) a visit to the northern part of Crete; and (3) a trip to the ruins of ancient Corinth where American archaeologists were excavating (Professor Henry Robinson, Director of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens was the chief archaeologist. He was a personal friend from my earlier tour in Greece).

Having arrived in Athens mid-afternoon on September 14, we checked in at the Athens Hilton. That evening, we took a sunset tour of the Acropolis, after which Ambassador Labouisse hosted a reception at his residence. The next day was a particularly full one: Mrs. Labouisse decided that a trip to Crete, though not on the original schedule, would be especially worthwhile. About ten of us, including the Secret Service, boarded an Olympic Airways flight for Iraklion, Crete's principal city. Our destination in Crete was the tiny north coast village of Malia, some 24 miles east of the city. There, we had arranged lunch at a simple beachfront hotel, Pension Grammatikakis, run by a retired police general. With several sightseeing stops en route, we arrived at 2:00 p.m., much to the delight of General Grammatikakis, his staff, and guests (mostly German). Before lunch, however, Lynda Bird, Mrs. Labouisse, and I -- accompanied by the Secret Service -- enjoyed a swim in the Sea of Crete. Although the press was banned, covert photographs of us taken by long-range cameras appeared the next day in American, Canadian, and Greek newspapers. After an open-air lunch of typical Greek fare -- grilled fish, souvlakia, wine, and so on -- we drove back to Iraklion via a Minoan archaeological site and returned to Athens.

During the day of September 16, delegation members busied themselves with sightseeing

around Athens, shopping, and preparing for the evening's gala ball at the Royal Palace. It was a very formal, white-tie-and-tails affair held in the formal gardens of the Palace (I had rented appropriate attire in Washington for the occasion). Preparations for the ball, as might be expected, were quite elaborate: Blue and white-striped canopies were set up around the gardens to house tables filled with lavish hors d'oeuvres and champagne. Flower-bedecked tables with sparkling candles were arrayed under the trees to accommodate the hundreds of dinner guests. There was also a dance band on a large terrace for after-dinner enjoyment. All-in-all, it was a fairy-tale setting.

King Constantine and his bride-to-be headed a long receiving line to greet the arriving guests, among them some 123 members of royalty from around the world -- the largest assemblage of royalty in this century. Prominent among the royal guests were Prince Phillip and Crown Prince Charles of Great Britain, Princess Grace of Monaco, King Hussein of Jordan, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, King Bhumibol of Thailand, King Olav of Norway, and the Danish and Swedish royal families. I sat at a table with members of Danish royalty, some of whom, because of excessive inbreeding, were reputedly borderline morons.

Because the gala ball was the prime social event of the pre-nuptial celebrations, Lynda Bird was quite anxious to know who her escort for the evening would be and, also important, would there be members of the party tall enough to dance with her (height 5' 10")? I attempted to assure her that it would all work out satisfactorily. Ambassador Labouisse had arranged for a U.S. Air Force officer to be Lynda's escort, and I set about finding Greek men invited to the function who would be tall enough to dance with her. Fortunately, one of my Greek friends, John Zeppos, was a lawyer of above-average height who had studied at SMU and spoke English fluently. Furthermore, he had been a preparatory school classmate of the King and continued to maintain close relations with him. I asked John to be sure to dance with Lynda and to line up other Greek men suitable for dancing with her. He did an outstanding job. Not only did he and others selected by him dance with Lynda Bird, but he also pulled off a major coup. John arranged for King Constantine to dance with Lynda after he had danced with his mother, Queen Fredericka, and his fiancée, Princess Anne-Marie. This became the highlight of Lynda Bird's trip.

Betty Beale, society editor of the Washington Evening Star wrote on September 23, 1964: "Lynda Bird Johnson came back from the royal wedding in Athens elated because the King danced with only four persons at the fairyland ball, and she was one of them. Lynda figured the reason she was the only non-family, non-royal guest to be so honored was because of the rude and incredibly idiotic attack on her by a Greek newspaper that asked what she was doing mingling with royalty since her greatest claim to queenship was as Miss Azalea VIII of Norfolk." Little did they know how it really happened.

To continue with the palace ball: Later in the evening, I noticed that Lynda Bird seemed to be stuck on the dance floor with an elderly gentleman, and I remarked to one of the Secret Service agents that I would rescue her. So, I marched up to the dance floor in my white tie and tails, tapped the "old gentleman" on the shoulder to cut in. How surprised and how insignificant I felt when Lynda introduced the gentleman as Lord Mountbatten!

(Lord Louis Mountbatten, related to the British royal family, had been Commander-in-Chief of Allied Forces in Southeast Asia during World War II. He later became Governor General of India. Regrettably, he was assassinated by Irish terrorists in the early 1980s.) Oh well, I was merely doing my duty, making sure that the President's daughter was having a good time!

When the wedding party ended at 1:00 a.m., our delegation, along with Ambassador and Mrs. Labouisse, adjourned to the penthouse bar and grill of the Hilton Hotel. There, we reviewed the day's activities and discussed plans for the coming day. September 17, the day after the gala party, was another hectic day. The main event was to be a photo-opportunity trip to Acrocorinth, where the ruins of an ancient Greek city were being excavated by the American School of Classical Studies headed by Professor Henry Robinson. Ambassador Labouisse had discussed the event with me earlier, expressing the concern that, because of her distaste for the media, Lynda Bird might thwart one benefit of the visit -- TV and press play in the United States. At my suggestion, we impressed upon Lynda the potential importance of this event for her father's coming election campaign -- an approach that gained Lynda's cooperation.

Having arranged with Professor Robinson for Lynda Bird to "make a discovery" for TV, we proceeded to Corinth for the "dig." Fortunately, Lynda contained her traditional antagonism toward the media long enough for NBC to film her unearthing a human bone and a piece of Roman tile.

After lunch at the American museum on the site, we continued down the Peloponnese to ancient Mycenae where we viewed the tomb of the legendary Greek warrior Agamemnon. On our return trip to Athens, while driving along the shores of the Saronic Gulf, Robin Duke suggested stopping for a swim, for which we had come prepared. Seeing some sea-side cabins and a rustic taverna, I instructed the driver to pull in. Following a discussion with the owner, and a small gratuity, we were permitted to use the primitive facilities to enjoy a refreshing swim after a very busy schedule on a hot day.

That evening, Ambassador and Mrs. Labouisse gave a formal dinner at the residence for top Greek Government officials headed by Prime Minister George Papandreou and including Andreas Papandreou, who was then Alternate Minister of Coordination, having renounced his American citizenship. The Supreme Commander of NATO, General Lyman Lemnitzer, was also among the guests as were Henry R. Luce, publisher of Time and Life, and newspaper columnist Drew Pearson. It was a special treat to be among such distinguished individuals.

Finally, on September 18, the event that had brought us to Greece, the royal wedding, unfolded in downtown Athens, centering on the Cathedral. It was a spectacle like those we as children had read about in our fairy-tale books. The Cathedral was packed with Greek high society and royal guests -- the men decked out in uniforms glittering with medals, ribbons, sashes, and sabres and the ladies in richly ornamented gowns. Government officials, diplomats, and other guests wore the most formal attire, white tie and tails. At the set time, King Constantine and Princess Anne-Marie arrived in a richly-

decorated carriage drawn by six white horses. The wedding was conducted by the Archbishop of Greece assisted by a host of Orthodox priests. Following a lengthy and elaborate ceremony, the royal couple departed as they had arrived, but this time in a shower of confetti and rice.

Having successfully completed our mission, we in the delegation experienced a feeling of relief. Lynda Bird wanted to go out on the town for the evening -- dancing, night clubbing -- with her Secret Service escorts. Ambassador Labouisse, concerned about any possible hint of impropriety by members of the delegation, talked with me and Protocol Chief Duke. In the end, we decided that Lynda's Air Force officer escort should accompany her, along with the Secret Service, and that I should act as chaperon for the evening. After dining and dancing at one of Athens prominent open-air night clubs, we returned to the Hilton at a reasonable hour.

On Saturday, September 19, the U.S. delegation to the Greek royal wedding boarded a TWA flight to Rome and then on to New York. There, we transferred to a U.S. Air Force Convair for the flight to Washington and the end of a spectacular adventure.

After the heady experience of participating in the royal wedding, returning to the prosaic affairs of the U.S. Department of Commerce was too much for a person whose very nature demanded intellectual stimulus and challenge. My hoped-for reward came in January 1965 when the State Department appointed me Officer-in-Charge of Greek Affairs -- a choice assignment for an aspiring Foreign Service Officer.

### **Washington: Department of State**

Being in charge of a country desk in the State Department is one of the most coveted Foreign Service assignments. For a mid-level officer, it is the key to career advancement. It places the officer at the focal point of U.S. relations with a particular country, giving him or her the responsibility for coordinating the foreign activities of virtually all U.S. Government departments and agencies as they relate to that country. Taking Greece as an example, communications to Washington from the U.S. Embassy in Athens came to me for appropriate distribution and action within the foreign affairs community. Conversely, most communications from Washington to Athens, except highly sensitive CIA and Defense Department messages, were cleared through me.

Senior U.S. officials visiting Greece would normally consult with me on their particular mission as well as on the general politico-economic situation in Greece. For example, the grand old man of American diplomacy, W. Averell Harriman -- then in his 80s and serving as ambassador-at-large; formerly ambassador to Moscow and advisor to several presidents -- called me and said: "Mr. Barham, this is Averell Harriman; I'm going to Greece next week and wondered whether there is anything you would like me to do for you and is there anything in particular that I should be aware of?" This provided an opportunity to ask his help in reinforcing with top Greek officials certain trade initiatives then underway.

A principal role of the country desk officer, based on his or her knowledge of the country and understanding of current developments, is to keep senior Washington officials informed on matters of special concern to the United States. The then president, Lyndon Johnson, was a hands-on executive who wanted to keep abreast of developments abroad. To satisfy his appetite for current information, the State Department provided the White House a daily summary and analysis of key foreign events for the president's "bed-time" reading. For Greece, I initiated this material, sending it through multiple levels of bureaucracy to the Secretary of State's office where it was correlated with other items and, if warranted, incorporated in the White House summary.

When prominent Greek Government officials, such as the prime minister or foreign minister, came to Washington, I coordinated the visit with the U.S. Embassy in Athens, the Greek Embassy in Washington, and the various U.S. Government departments involved. On completion of the visit, I would prepare detailed reports for the U.S. Embassy in Athens and interested Washington entities. This was a demanding, but exciting, aspect of the job.

Periodically, the officer-in-charge travels to his or her assigned country of responsibility for a first-hand assessment of social, political, and economic issues -- especially as they affect the United States. In the spring of 1965, I went to Greece as the State Department member of an interagency foreign affairs team that included representatives from Defense, Agriculture, Commerce, the Agency for International Development (AID), and the CIA. Our mission was to carry out President Johnson's charge to find ways to reduce the overhead costs of U.S. overseas operations, e.g., joint use of government vehicles, sharing of facilities and equipment. After completing the cost-saving review, I turned my attention to Greek political affairs, having in mind the turbulence in domestic politics.

In February 1964, Greece's moderate Center Union Party, led by 76-year-old George Papandreou, defeated the Conservative Party of Constantine Karamanlis. Mr. Papandreou, whom I had met at a dinner party in 1961, named his left-wing son, Andreas, to a cabinet post. As mentioned above, I had known Andreas since 1959 when he came to Greece from Berkeley (economics professor at Cal) to direct an aid mission sponsored by the U.S. Government under Harvard auspices. Andreas, as a populist politician, appealed to workers, students, and liberal groups generally. However, his aggressive style antagonized many moderates and conservatives, and the Greek establishment was deeply suspicious of him.

By the time I arrived in Greece in the spring of 1965, the Center Union Party had begun to disintegrate, partly because of the prime minister's failure to be sufficiently attentive to the monarchy and partly because of his reluctance to curb the excesses of his son, Andreas. Finance Minister Konstantine Mitsotakis of Crete was leader of the main breakaway group.

Hoping to gain a first-hand view of the political muddle and with the blessing of Ambassador Labouisse, I called on a number of leading Greek political figures. In the course of events, Mr. Mitsotakis invited me to dinner at his home. Then, Andreas

Papandreou, no doubt aware of my meeting with Mitsotakis, invited me to a reception which included Center Union political leaders and local journalists. After further consultations with American Embassy officers, I returned to Washington.

Political conditions in Greece continued to deteriorate and finally came to a head when King Constantine summoned Prime Minister Papandreou to the Palace and, in effect, forced him to resign on July 15, 1965. This led to further fragmentation of the governing party and months of political maneuvering in the expectation that national elections would be held.

During this time conservative elements in Greece, particularly the army, became increasingly apprehensive over their perception that the country faced a serious threat from Communists and anarchists. This was the purported rationale for the eventual "colonels' coup" that occurred April 21, 1967. When the colonels grabbed control of Greece, they detained the Papandreous and other politicians deemed unfriendly to their cause. King Constantine initially acquiesced in the coup, but when he undertook an unsuccessful counter coup in December 1967 he was exiled from Greece.

The reason for this somewhat detailed review of Greek politics is that Andreas Papandreou and his supporters later accused me of visiting Greece in early 1965 to engineer his father's dismissal. This reflects in part a Greek cultural trait stemming from the early years of Greece's independence from the Ottoman Turks in the 19th century. Having relied on Great Britain and other European powers to help achieve and maintain independence, Greeks came to believe that their destiny was inevitably linked to a foreign "protector." After World War II, Great Britain relinquished that role to the United States, which was instrumental in saving Greece from a Communist takeover. During the Cyprus crisis of the 1950s, Greeks and Greek Cypriots voiced the opinion that the United States was the key to any solution. At all levels, Greeks assumed that the United States controlled their domestic and foreign affairs. Given this way of thinking, it probably seemed logical to many Greeks that I, as State Department officer directly responsible for Greek affairs, must have played a role in Greek domestic politics. A book published in 1967 by Grove Press in New York titled The Death of Democracy; Greece and the American Conscience accused me of being a CIA agent involved in the intrigue that led to Prime Minister Papandreou's downfall. The author was, of course, Greek.

For me the job of Officer-in-Charge of Greek Affairs was intellectually stimulating and generally rewarding in terms of job satisfaction. My career plan was to continue in the position for two or three years, apply for a university assignment to finish my Ph.D., and then, if my good fortune continued, to achieve my goal of an ambassadorial appointment.

That kind of forward planning was interrupted one day in June 1966 when I received a totally unexpected call from an executive of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Mr. Luke Finlay, an attorney in charge of corporate government relations, telephoned from New York saying that my name had been suggested as a possible candidate for an important job with Jersey Standard, the world's largest oil company. He proposed that I come to New York right away for further discussions. Having been caught completely

unprepared for such a proposal, I responded cautiously to the effect that I was happy in the Foreign Service and had never contemplated changing careers. Mr. Finlay suggested that I give it some thought and call him back in a few days.

The very idea of leaving the Foreign Service was alien to me: Foreign Service Officers seldom left the service in those days, viewing it as a lifetime commitment. In any event, I turned the proposal over and over in my mind, discussed it at length with Elaine having in mind particularly the potential financial benefits that might accrue to our family as we looked ahead to educating five children. We decided to take a vacation trip to Florida and give it further thought. While in Florida, I received another call from Mr. Finlay urging that I give serious consideration to the job offer, indicating that it could be well worthwhile financially. I promised to provide an answer on my return to Washington.

After talking once more with Mr. Finlay, I took a 3-day leave early in July and traveled at company expense to New York. At Jersey Standard's corporate headquarters in Rockefeller Center, I received royal treatment -- interviews with several senior corporate directors, a tour of the luxurious offices; lavish wining and dining; promises that I would have pretty much carte blanche in organizing my job as Government Relations Counselor; and, very important, a salary and benefits offer substantially better than I was getting from the Foreign Service. It was all too good to turn down: I accepted the offer, gave a surprised State Department 60-days notice, put our McLean house on the market, and prepared, with much anticipation, for a new career at age 43.

It seems fitting to close the U.S. Foreign Service chapter with a notation on honors received: In 1964, King Constantine of Greece awarded me the Royal Order of the Phoenix in conjunction with my participation in the royal wedding. Since 1965, my biography has been included in the prestigious Who's Who in America.

## **The Corporate World**

### **New York**

On September 15, 1966, I arrived at the corporate headquarters of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey situated in Rockefeller Center in New York City. My new office was large and luxurious compared to what I was accustomed to in the State Department. What impressed me from the outset was the air of opulence enjoyed by corporate executives relative to their governmental peers. An example of this opulence was the executive dining room where an outstanding array of gourmet foods was served gratis at lunch time. For the special occasion when business-related entertainment was in order, I had membership in the exclusive Rainbow Room Luncheon Club at the top of Rockefeller Center; or, if I preferred, there was a virtually unlimited expense account for entertaining at fine restaurants. Initially, it was almost overwhelming for someone like me accustomed to the relative austerity of U.S. Government service -- but I quickly adjusted and thoroughly enjoyed it.

From a professional perspective, corporate service was quite different from that of

government; this was especially apparent in the latitude for personal initiative offered to and expected of the corporate executive. International corporations, particularly large oil companies that dealt in precious national resources, were experiencing the effects of a resurgence of ethnic nationalism worldwide. This was a consequence largely of World War II and its impact on colonial empires in Africa, the Middle East, and East Asia. Political upheavals in India, Iraq, Iran, and Indonesia exemplified this process. In such an environment, corporations began to recognize the need for greater sensitivity to the social and political concerns of the countries in which they did business. Lacking in-house expertise, international business looked primarily to the U.S. Government for persons with the academic training and practical experience to satisfy this need. Thus, when I arrived at Standard Oil of New Jersey, they made it clear that I was the recognized “expert” in this field and could organize and conduct my work as I saw fit. As noted above, my title was Government Relations Counselor: Whereas my focus was on the company’s international problems, my work entailed frequent contacts with the foreign affairs specialists in the U.S. Government.

My initial responsibilities centered geographically on political developments in the Middle East and Africa that might have current or potential interest to the corporation. I also was charged with following United Nations activities that might impinge on our business. Much of what happens in the United Nations derives from problems in Africa and the Middle East. Furthermore, many UN social and economic programs relate to those geographic areas but, at the same time, have broader significance for international business. At that time, for example, the Soviet Union was trying to foment trouble for Western oil companies by encouraging Third World countries to restrict access to natural resources. Some key UN issues I dealt with were the Arab-Israeli dispute, permanent sovereignty over natural resources, and the environment.

In assessing developments and trends in the Middle East and Africa, I was concerned principally with their implications for Jersey Standard. My work entailed coordination with a number of corporate affiliates, mainly overseas and with functional entities -- exploration, producing, chemicals, tanker fleets -- which sought advice on sociopolitical matters that might affect planned overseas investments, tanker deployments, concession agreements, and so on. For example, during the 1967 Arab-Israeli conflict our tanker fleet operators were worried about the Suez Canal and military operations in the eastern Mediterranean. They would call me frequently to seek guidance on the security prospects for tanker operations. Another example was the interest of our exploration company in searching for oil deposits in or near Somalia.

Maintaining a wide range of contacts, especially in the U.S. Government and the United Nations, was an important aspect of my job. I also kept in touch with foreign government officials and with private international organizations such as the Middle East Institute and the African-American Institute. These contacts, mainly in Washington and New York, were essential for making sound political assessments and for assuring ready access to information and analysis useful to Jersey Standard. My relations with UN executives and with foreign ambassadors paid dividends in at least one instance: A Jersey Standard engineer working in Iraq in 1967 erroneously assumed that he could entertain himself off

duty with a short-wave radio. Iraqi security police learned of it and arrested him as a spy, placing him in prison. Through consultations with UN officials and with help from the Swedish ambassador in discussions with the Iraqi ambassador, I was able to convince the Iraqi Government that our employee was innocent and that Iraq would be best served by releasing him.

In my first trip abroad as a Jersey Standard executive, I went to Libya where we had a large oil producing operation and were constructing a multi-million dollar gas plant. Along with the corporate director for producing, I spent a week traveling by air to company sites in the Libyan desert. Getting acquainted with oil company operations was fascinating, and I was also intrigued by the amount of World War II debris in the desert -- tanks, planes, armored vehicles, trucks, and so on. This was particularly evident in flying over E1 Alamein where British General Montgomery defeated Rommel's Africa Corps.

While in North Africa, I also visited company facilities in Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia. My stay was curtailed by the Arab-Israeli Six-Day War; so I proceeded to Switzerland for a review by Esso Africa of our operations in eastern and southern Africa.

Back in New York, I resumed my weekly Amtrak trips to Washington for consultations with U.S. officials. On several occasions, I arranged for our corporate executives to brief State Department officials on our business activities in the Middle East. Conversely, I encouraged U.S. ambassadors and other senior officials assigned to the Middle East and Africa to come to New York for briefings on our operations which often, as in Saudi Arabia, had important ramifications for U.S. foreign policy.

Corporate executives, including Chief Executive Officers (CEOs), occasionally involved themselves in U.S. Government and UN contacts. I was responsible for recommending and organizing these contacts. The Annual UN Ball organized by the UN Association of the United States was a major event for corporate sponsors such as Jersey Standard. It entailed a formal dinner and dance at the Waldorf Astoria preceded by a lavish company-sponsored cocktail party in our directors' suite in the exclusive Waldorf Towers.

The CEO and his staff relied on me to recommend the guest lists and to take care of all protocol arrangements for the cocktail party and dinner. At our company table, we always had a least one ambassador from a country important to us -- Australia, Venezuela, the United Kingdom -- and some distinguished New York-ers, e.g., Senator Jacob Javits. One year we had at our table the Venezuelan ambassador and his wife; also, as special surprise guests were Merle Oberon, the movie star, and her Mexican industrialist husband. For these occasions, Elaine and I would take a room at the Waldorf Astoria, and she would indulge in a shopping spree before returning home to Connecticut the next day.

To enhance my knowledge of the corporation and its operations, Jersey Standard generously allocated funds for my overseas travel. In the spring of 1968 I visited the Middle East, stopping first in Lebanon. Our company activities being limited, I took the occasion, after business briefings, to tour the country by car. Baalbek, the site of famous

Roman ruins, was my first destination. My driver then took me down the Bekaa Valley through beautiful vineyards and fertile farming areas before heading back to Beirut. It was easy to understand why Lebanon, when not wracked by turmoil, was looked upon by oil company employees in the Middle East and wealthy Arabs as their choice vacation destination.

Leaving the verdant landscape and freshness of Lebanon, I flew across the Arabian Desert to Dhahran, Saudi Arabia's oil center. As the guest of the Arabian-American Oil Company (ARAMCO), I spent a week receiving orientation lectures and touring producing fields, oil refineries, and port facilities. A part of the orientation was a helicopter flight over the widespread company operations, including a view of the island of Bahrain. For me, the highlight was a flight by company plane to Riyadh, the desert capital, for lunch with ARAMCO's government relations advisor and a tour of the city, including the market place and the royal palace area.

Several thousand foreign employees of ARAMCO lived in a military-style compound far removed from the nearest Arab settlement. Serious cultural and religious differences militated against close personal relations between the conservative Muslims and foreigners. Saudi leaders absolutely forbade the drinking of alcohol and were reluctant to have their subjects exposed to modern influences, such as TV, that might subvert their culture. The several American oil companies that formed ARAMCO tried to resolve this problem by building a completely new community for their foreign employees that would largely insulate them from non-business contacts with local Muslims. With almost all their basic needs met -- air conditioned modern dwellings, movie theaters, churches, bowling alleys, tennis courts, beaches -- ARAMCO's expatriates lived in splendid isolation.

To circumvent the Saudi prohibition against the import of alcoholic beverages, each home was fitted with its own distilling equipment, usually in the garage. I attended social events where the host proudly presented his array of distilled spirits -- simulated vodka, gin, scotch, and bourbon -- most of which were barely palatable to me but were much appreciated by those stationed there. Kits, including flavorings and instructions on how to concoct the beverages, were imported from the United States.

I left Dhahran on April 19, 1968 for Tehran, which I had first seen five years earlier while in the Foreign Service. My host in Iran was the Iranian Oil Consortium (IOC) of which Jersey Standard was part owner. After three days of orientation sessions, I went by an IOC aircraft across the Zagros Mountains of southwestern Iran to the province of Khuzestan, the principal oil producing region. Two days later, I left the provincial capital of Ahwaz in a small British-built aircraft headed for Kharg Island, an oil loading terminal in the northern Persian Gulf area. En route we encountered a violent electrical storm which caused our small plane to bounce frighteningly amid claps of thunder and streaks of lightning. When we landed at Kharg Island, the American pilot informed us that the plane's tail assembly had been struck by lightning, leaving a hole that was clearly visible.

The next day, I flew to another oil field on the mainland called Gachsaran. Following a

tour of the facilities and lunch at the guest house, I proceeded to Abadan, a major refining city at the head of the Persian Gulf. Having spent the night in the colorful and vibrant city of Abadan, I caught a KLM jet the next morning for Athens.

In Athens, Jersey Standard's local affiliate, Esso Pappas, was the main focus of my attention. I also saw a number of Greek friends from our Foreign Service days in Greece. They gave a reception in my honor at the Grande Bretagne Hotel. Having undergone an army-initiated coup in 1967, Greece's political atmosphere was different -- more constrained -- from what I had experienced in earlier times.

On April 29, my 45th birthday, I arrived in London, where I stayed at the prestigious old Dorchester Hotel before returning to New York on May 1.

The summer of 1968 was marked by activities related to the forthcoming presidential elections which pitted Richard Nixon, whom I had met in Athens in 1960, against George McGovern. Our corporation was particularly concerned about the foreign policy positions of the candidates, especially with regard to the Middle East. One of my associates and I kept in touch with Nixon's foreign affairs advisor, Richard Allen, in an effort to ensure that the likely next president would be aware of our business concerns. A few weeks before the election, we had lunch with Mr. Alien in New York for this purpose. We were pleased when Richard Nixon won the election, if only by the narrowest margin since 1912.

Shortly after the election, I departed for an extensive tour of Africa by way of Europe. After a 3-day stop in London for consultations with Esso Africa, I continued on to Paris for a conference on Africa. Held at an old chateau near Paris, the conference was sponsored by the European Centre for the Promotion of Overseas Industrial Development (CEDIMOM). There were about 60 representatives from international business and financial organizations and private foundations -- but, strangely enough, no one from Africa. In any event, we discussed African economic development for two days, after which I flew to Vienna for meetings with officials of the United Nations Commission on Trade and Development (UNCTAD). My purpose was to obtain as much information as possible on social, political, and economic conditions in the African countries on my itinerary.

From Vienna, I went to Frankfurt where I connected with a Lufthansa flight to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. Two days there was quite enough: Even though my accommodations were at the luxurious Hilton Hotel where I dined on Nile River perch (a huge fish considered a delicacy), I had merely to look out my window at a vast sea of squalor -- human beings living in the open air under the most primitive conditions, digging in garbage for scraps, and cooking over small wood fires. My first contact with black Africa stirred feelings of sadness and revulsion.

My next stop was the relatively sophisticated city of Nairobi in the former British colony of Kenya. There, the manager of our company in Kenya lived in a stately home, drove a Mercedes sedan, and enjoyed a wide range of modern amenities. After meetings with

government officials and chamber of commerce representatives, I took time off for a trip to one of Kenya's famous game preserves about a one-hour drive from Nairobi. Herds of giraffes, zebras, and gazelles were readily visible from our four-wheel drive vehicle, but the most impressive sight was a collection of rhinoceroses on a river bank. In the river itself were about a dozen huge hippopotamuses.

From Nairobi I took a one-day side trip to Uganda. Our plane flew over Lake Victoria, a massive sea-like body of water, and landed at Entebbe, Uganda. The one-hour drive into Kampala wound through tea plantations and poor villages bringing us into a laid back former British colonial capital. I spent the day with the American manager of our small marketing operation and then flew back to Nairobi.

Leaving Nairobi on November 19, I continued to Johannesburg, South Africa, an ultra-modern western-style city surrounded by impoverished black townships. Having departed Nairobi at 3:30 a.m., I had virtually no sleep; so, on arrival at the Hotel President in Johannesburg at 7:00 a.m., I went directly to bed.

Following the practice then current in Europe, I had placed my only pair of shoes outside my door for polishing. When I received a wake-up call two hours later, I shaved, showered, and then opened the door to retrieve my polished shoes. Lo and behold, they were gone and nowhere to be found. When I informed the front desk that my shoes were missing, they advised me that such thievery was common for which they apologized. Facing an early appointment with the president of the South African Chamber of Commerce, I requested urgent assistance from the hotel management. Walking through the hotel lobby in a pair of socks, I accompanied the assistant manager to a nearby shoe store to buy another pair which, although they did not fit properly, got me back to New York.

Johannesburg and Pretoria, the two large cities I visited in South Africa, were impressive, modern cities where the white populace generally lived at a high standard. But, because of the racial friction provoked by South Africa's apartheid policy, there seemed to be an air of uneasiness and uncertainty about the future. Given the uncertain political future, I and others later recommended to corporate management in a presentation to the board of directors that Jersey Standard not proceed with plans for a multi-million dollar refinery in South Africa. Having completed my business in Africa, I departed Johannesburg on November 22 for my return to New York, pausing only briefly in Rio de Janeiro for refueling.

Much of my work in 1968 and 1969 centered on the Middle East. In the winter of 1968, I represented Jersey Standard at a privately-sponsored conference on the Arab-Israeli conflict. Following Israel's crushing defeat of the Arabs in the 1967 Six-Day War, many observers thought both sides might be more amenable than before to a negotiated settlement.

The conference was convened at a remote site in upstate New York to minimize publicity, particularly because of the sensitivity of the Arab participants who did not want

to be seen with Israelis. Delegates consisted of ambassadors from the Arab countries and Israel, high-level State Department officials, representatives of U.S. companies doing business in the Middle East, and members of the U.S. Jewish community. We met for two days and three nights exploring the views of both sides and trying to identify areas of common interest that might lead to a peace agreement. The sessions were kept informal to the extent possible, given the deep antagonisms that divided the parties. There were open forums at which delegates were free to express their views. At mealtimes, participants were seated so as to allow those with different points of view to hold informal discussions. For example, I sat at a lunch table with the Jordanian Ambassador and the Deputy Israeli Ambassador to the United Nations. During the course of lunch I said to the Israeli: "You have soundly defeated the Arabs, which gives Israel security for the present, but there are 100 million of them against 3 million Israelis. This means that Israel faces a growing threat over the long term. Why not be magnanimous and offer the Arabs acceptable peace terms?" He replied that any concession by Israel would be viewed by the Arabs as a sign of weakness, not as a sincere gesture. While the conference permitted both sides to air their firmly-held positions, there were no tangible results.

Jersey Standard's substantial holdings in Libya came under threat in late 1969 after Colonel Muammar Qadhafi, a fundamentalist Muslim with authoritarian, anti-Western views, overthrew King Idris. Shortly after Qadhafi grabbed control of the government, our CEO received a cable from the Libyan Government threatening to take over our assets unless we put pressure on Washington to intervene with Israel. They assumed, wrongly, that the world's largest oil company could tell the U.S. Government what to do. The Director for Producing, Siro Vasquez, called me to his office to analyze the Libyan message and recommend what should be done about it. Recognizing what needed to be done, I drafted a reply to the Libyan Government stating that private companies do not control the U.S. Government and that the Libyans should communicate directly with Washington. I then suggested taking the message to Washington for State Department action. The CEO agreed and ordered the corporate jet to take me to Washington to deliver the message. While the plane waited, I delivered the Libyan message to the State Department and then returned to New York.

We heard nothing further from the Libyans on the message, but they proceeded to take over our assets along with those of other companies. Afterwards, I participated in numerous strategy sessions on how to deal with this problem, and we eventually received partial compensation for the confiscated properties.

Earlier in 1969, I had received a call from an assistant secretary of the U.S. Air Force asking whether Jersey Standard would make an aircraft available and act as host for the brother of the Libyan foreign minister to take him to Houston for treatment at the M.D. Anderson Cancer Center. Our management agreed and assigned me to accompany the Libyan to Houston. (This was before the overthrow of King Idris.)

Another significant development was a meeting in December 1969 between President Nixon and our Board Chairman, J.R. Jameson. Mr. Jameson requested the meeting primarily to ensure that the president understood company concerns about political trends

in the Middle East. I took the lead in drafting background papers and otherwise preparing Chairman Jameson for his session with President Nixon.

Because of the relentless Arab-Israeli conflict and its influence on the U.S. Government and American public opinion, business operations in the entire region were fraught with special problems. Fundamental to these problems was the anti-Arab atmosphere generated by the pro-Israeli media and by the pressure of Jewish lobbyists on members of Congress. Another contributing factor was the ineptness of Arab representatives in dealing with the U.S. Congress and the U.S. public in general. King Hussein of Jordan was virtually the only exception. To help provide a more balanced view of the Arab-Israeli confrontation, especially within the U.S. Congress, I proposed to Jersey Standard's management that we finance a program in Washington to educate Congressional staff aides on key Mideast issues. With management's agreement, I implemented this program in a discreet manner through the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies, with which I maintained close relations. By inviting Congressional staff to dinner where guest speakers presented both sides of the issues, we made some progress toward greater impartiality.

During 1970 the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), which comprised Iran, Iraq, Libya, Saudi Arabia, Venezuela and other oil producing countries, began to make demands for dramatic increases in the price of their oil. This had the corollary effect of reducing oil-company profits or raising consumer prices -- or both. The Shah of Iran was a leading exponent of this initiative, which amounted to an assertion of nationalistic rights by mostly Third-World countries.

The international oil companies, including Jersey Standard, joined in an effort to moderate the rise in oil costs. For the American companies, this joint effort required a waiver of U.S. anti-trust laws. In any event, there was a meeting of the major oil companies in London in March 1970 to discuss strategies and tactics with regard to OPEC's demands. A member of Jersey Standard's board of directors chaired the meeting, which I attended as an observer. Given the diverse interests of the companies and their dwindling leverage vis-a-vis the producing countries, little was achieved at the London meeting, and oil prices began a relentless climb.

In the summer of 1970, the focus of my job changed somewhat. I assumed responsibility for coverage of Europe in exchange for the Middle East. This was in anticipation of my transfer to London, which corporate executive development panels had planned for some time. This new assignment called for an orientation tour, which occurred October 6-20, 1970. Elaine and I spent four days in London where I learned about Esso Europe's oil, gas, and chemical operations. My particular interest was relations with governments and an overview of European political issues. After London, we went to The Hague, where Jersey Standard had a joint gas producing venture with Shell Oil Company. From The Hague, we traveled by train to Paris, where I met with members of the U.S. Mission to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD). I also received briefings from Esso France executives.

After three days in Paris, we took a train to Brussels for a meeting with a NATO political advisor and then discussions with Esso petroleum and chemical representatives. We returned to London for two more days with Esso Europe and then flew back to New York.

Shortly after returning from Europe, I learned that my prospective assignment as government relations advisor for Esso Europe would be delayed indefinitely. Therefore, when I was approached by the president of Esso Eastern with an offer of an attractive position, I readily accept it. At that point, our family was eager to get away from Connecticut because of the unattractive living environment in Stamford, and I was fed up with the onerous commute -- two hours each way -- to New York.

## **Houston**

The job with Esso Eastern, which was the Jersey Standard affiliate responsible for South and East Asia and Australia, entailed moving out of New York to Houston. Given our dissatisfaction with New York and Stamford, this made the new job all the more desirable. Having in mind the forthcoming transfer, Elaine and I flew to Houston in March 1971 to search for a house. We decided to build a new one in the Memorial area, which was ready for our occupancy a few weeks after our arrival in Houston in July 1971.

As was customary in Jersey Standard, my new position involving responsibility for Australia and all of Asia from Pakistan in the west to Japan in the east called for orientation visits to the various national affiliates. Early in November 1971, I left Houston for visits to Vietnam, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia, and Australia. My first stop was Saigon, where sounds of distant artillery fire were common. Our local companies were heavily involved in supplying gasoline and other petroleum products to both U.S. and South Vietnamese forces. Because of war-time conditions, I was unable to travel out of Saigon, except to the port. Most of my time there was spent in company briefings and in meetings with U.S. Embassy officers and South Vietnamese Government officials. Saigon at that time was a vibrant, chaotic mess -- streets were jammed with people and vehicles of all kinds, but mainly bicycles and motorcycles. There was a sense, even at that point in the war, of impending catastrophe.

The next stop in Southeast Asia was Malaysia. Following the usual company briefings, I called on the American ambassador and then on top Malaysian Government officials, including Prime Minister Abdul Razak and several of his cabinet ministers. My purpose was to gain a better understanding of our company operations and of the political environment in which they were conducted.

After a brief stop in Singapore where I toured our large oil refinery, I went on to Djakarta, Indonesia. There, our company activities consisted largely of producing oil on the island of Sumatra, which I did not visit on this trip. Again, my main interests were in learning about the company and particularly its relations with the Indonesian Government.

Australia was my final destination on the 1971 tour. As the largest foreign investor in Australia, our company played an important role in many parts of the country: oil production in the south, and the mining of coal and other minerals in other parts of the country. Much of my time was spent in Sydney at our company headquarters, but I also traveled to the oil producing areas in Victoria and to Canberra, the nation's capital. I had extensive briefings on company operations and met with a number of Australian officials.

My principal function in Esso Eastern was to help corporate management keep abreast of political and social trends and current developments in the Asian region and in other areas, such as the Middle East, that might influence our operations. Drawing on my academic background and Foreign Service experience, I established a political reporting and analysis system. First of all, I determined with the aid of my business associates the kinds of information and analysis that would be most helpful to our company. I then identified the foremost experts on the countries of our region. These were found primarily in the State Department, the CIA, the World Bank, universities, private foundations, and private business. I prepared computerized lists of the best people and their special skills. Within the company itself, I organized training programs for selected individuals in each overseas affiliate to help them identify and analyze specific kinds of political events that might affect our corporate business objectives. Eventually, this effort paid dividends in the form of a flow of information to our Houston headquarters which often provided material for my reports to management.

To maintain close relations with U.S. Government officials concerned with our geographic area, I traveled to Washington at least once a month and talked with them frequently by telephone. When major overseas investments were being planned, I would turn to the academic community for additional help in conducting political assessments. This kind of help required payment of substantial fees. Finally, I would consult with foreign government officials and local academics and businessmen in the countries concerned, e.g., Malaysia, Hong Kong, Australia, and Indonesia.

Before approving a major investment, such as a \$2 billion power plant in Hong Kong, our board of directors required a thorough analysis of the political, financial, and technical factors involved. I was responsible for preparing and presenting the political assessment; economists and engineers covered the other elements. Malaysia provides another example of my activities. In 1973 our exploration company discovered large reserves of oil in the South China Sea off the east coast of Malaysia. To develop these reserves would require an investment of several billion dollars. Before allocating such a huge amount of financial and human resources, corporate management wanted to be reasonably certain of the technical feasibility of the project; they also needed to have some assurance of a stable political environment over the 10 to 15 years required to realize a profit from the investment. I conducted an extensive evaluation, based on the procedures outlined above, before making a positive recommendation to management.

During 1973 Jersey Standard changed its corporate name to "EXXON," but that had no effect on Esso Eastern and other regional companies responsible for Exxon's overseas

business. The overseas corporate logo had traditionally been “ESSO” and remained so.

In the spring of 1974, Elaine accompanied me on an “around the world” tour, which began with a Japan Air flight to Tokyo. There, I had consultations with our Japanese affiliates while Elaine toured the city with some Japanese ladies and feasted on local delicacies such as raw fish and soup with tiny fish floating in it.

Toward the end of our stay, we took the famous “Bullet Train” from Tokyo to Osaka and Kyoto for a tour of the old imperial palace and other sights. The Bullet was a magnificent high-speed train whose route took it through Yokohama and past the spectacular snow-shrouded Mt. Fuji. The train had no diner, but vendors passed through the aisles selling “savory,” and smelly, delicacies such as dried octopus tentacles and cold drinks.

After Japan we traveled southward to Hong Kong for a three-day stay in that ruggedly beautiful British colony. I had briefings from our local affiliate executives and a most interesting tour of the colony by boat and road, going as far as the frontier with China. Elaine had the misfortune of coming down with Asian flu, which she no doubt contracted in cold and crowded Tokyo where we had experienced a rare spring snow storm. The debilitating effects of the flu detracted from Elaine’s enjoyment of her visits to Hong Kong, Singapore, and Thailand; nevertheless, she did her best to take in the unique sights of Bangkok, with its incredibly ornate Buddhist temples and statuary.

Bombay was the next stop after Bangkok. On our landing approach to Bombay’s airport, our nostrils were assaulted by the foul odor of excrement. The reason became clear as we drove into Bombay: Tens of thousands of human beings were living in make-shift hovels in the open fields without running water, toilets, or any other facilities. While in Bombay, we stayed with old Foreign Service friends, Charles and Jackie McCaskill. As American Consul in Bombay, Charlie was provided with a U.S. Government-owned apartment, which, except for business, he seldom ventured out of because of the revulsion he experienced at seeing so many poverty-stricken, disease-ridden people. They were sleeping outside the apartment door and all along the streets.

Elaine and I felt a similar revulsion as we were driven around Bombay. At almost every signal light, hordes of pitiful looking creatures -- many with twisted limbs and leprosy-eaten faces -- would approach our car, beat on the windows, and beg for money. According to local Indians, it was not uncommon for parents to purposely break and deform their children’s limbs to make the children more effective beggars. Upper-class Indians went about their own pursuits with little apparent concern for the street people. For us, however, our departure from Bombay could not come too soon. We left assuming that India must have compensating charms which our brief visit did not permit us to discover.

Pakistan was our next destination where Karachi, the capital, was our first stop. There, I received briefings from our company affiliates, which dealt mostly with marketing of petroleum products and drilling for gas. The manager of Esso Pakistan honored us with a reception and dinner at his residence. Because of continuing complications from the flu,

Elaine could not participate fully in the festivities. Nevertheless, we were able to fly the next day to the ancient city of Lahore in the Punjab.

Lahore, the largest and probably most attractive city in Pakistan, was a center of Muslim civilization as far back as the 12th century AD. Most notable of the historic places were the palace of Emperor Jahangir and the Gardens of Shalimar. During the day I received the usual business briefings. At night, the local manager gave an outdoor reception and dinner in our honor. Red carpets were placed on the lawn for receiving guests, and while we were having refreshments, cooks were barbecuing lambs and other delicacies, and live music played in the background -- quite a spectacle.

We flew on to Rawalpindi and Islamabad, the capital, in the north of Pakistan. As our guides for this part of the tour, we were joined by a company employee who had been a British-trained officer in the Pakistani Army and his wife, a political reporter for a leading newspaper. We were indeed fortunate in having such knowledgeable and sophisticated persons to guide us through this historic and fascinating area of Pakistan.

After meetings with U.S. Embassy and Pakistani Government officials, we were treated to a marvelous two-day trip to the Khyber Pass on Pakistan's border with Afghanistan. The trip included an overnight stay in Peshawar, capital of the Northwest Frontier Province -- home of Pakistan's rugged and fiercely independent warrior tribes. On the way to Peshawar, we passed through barren and mountainous terrain dotted with army camps originally built by the British in the 19th century. They were placed there in an attempt to control the rebellious frontier tribes and to discourage Russian invasions. We also crossed the Indus River in an area where Alexander the Great and his forces had camped in the 3rd century BC.

Another curiosity for us was the colorful busses full of tribesmen careening along the road -- some passengers even sitting on top. In certain areas along the winding road we could see distant mountain trails where caravans of camels and mules loaded with smuggled goods -- tires, electronic items, appliances -- were entering from Afghanistan. Near Peshawar we stopped to take pictures of a British memorial to fallen soldiers. Suddenly, we heard shouts and looked up the mountain to see a tribesman pointing a rifle at us, apparently angry that we were taking pictures. We quickly jumped back into the car and hurried on.

Peshawar was a fascinating, colorful city bustling with all kinds of activity. Our guides took us to an old colonial-style hotel where we checked in, got settled in our rooms, and then went down to the lounge for a whisky. The manager would not serve us, however, until we signed a register admitting to being alcoholics -- a requirement of the Muslim-dominated legal system. While in Peshawar we took advantage of the local rug-making industry to purchase several beautiful rugs. We also bought some antique copper vessels, for which the area was famous.

The main purpose of this side trip was to see the famous Khyber Pass on the Afghanistan border about 10 miles west of Peshawar. Alexander the Great had used this as an invasion

route in the 3rd century BC, and the British had found it critical to their control of Afghanistan and Pakistan. We drove up to the border where we could observe the chaotic activity of vehicles, animals, and people. This was clearly a remote frontier region peopled by fierce-looking tribesmen dressed in colorful robes and headpieces and each with a rifle slung over his shoulder. We wanted to take photographs, but our guides warned us not to: Muslims believe photographs somehow deprive them of part of their spirit and may react violently.

After a very rewarding six days in Pakistan, we caught a Saudi Airways flight to Damascus where we stopped for refueling and then on to Vienna. It was my second visit to this beautiful and historic city, Elaine's first. One full day there was hardly enough for more than superficial sightseeing. We then flew to Oslo, Norway for a three-day visit with Norwegian friends from our diplomatic days some twenty years earlier. London was our last stop on the tour before returning to Houston.

I mentioned earlier having created a political reporting system among Esso Eastern's affiliates, a system based on my experience in the U.S. State Department. Having established this system, it was my job to ensure that it functioned efficiently. I did this initially by evaluating the reporting from each affiliate and providing periodic commentary to the originators. To help ensure continuing improvement in the system, I organized instructional sessions, usually at our company training center in the Shangri La Hotel in Singapore.

In the fall of 1975, I, along with associates from Houston and New York, took an extensive tour of our region --Japan, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, and Indonesia -- to assess the effectiveness of our public affairs and government relations operations. After four days in Tokyo, I flew to Taipei, Taiwan for an overnight stop and on to Singapore, where I conducted a week-long training course for staff members from all of our regional affiliates. Afterwards, I went on to Malaysia for four days where the highlight of my visit was an orientation trip to Borneo for a look at Exxon's off-shore drilling operations. From there I flew back to Kuala Lumpur and then on to Djakarta, Indonesia, the headquarters of our Indonesian producing company. On this visit, I had a first-hand look at company drilling operations in the remote jungles of Sumatra. I also took a week-end excursion to the island of Bali, just south of Java. On my final evening in Djakarta, I had dinner with the American Ambassador, David Newsom, and his wife whom I had met in Libya in 1967.

Thailand was the next country on the evaluation tour. In Bangkok, my associates and I reviewed the government and public relations activities of the Esso affiliates and then visited a company refinery on the Gulf of Thailand. I also visited Chiang Mai, the main city in northwest Thailand, near the Burmese border. After returning to Bangkok, I flew to Hong Kong for an overnight rest stop and then continued to Houston via Hawaii and San Francisco.

On returning to Houston, we compiled a comprehensive report on the effectiveness of our overseas government and public relations activities. We then made both oral and written

presentations to the corporate board of directors with recommendations on how to improve our operations.

A critical event for the United States in 1975 was the fall of South Vietnam to the Communists. As noted above, our company had major business operations in South Vietnam, which prompted me to maintain a continuing and close surveillance of military and political developments there, largely through my U.S Government contacts. Because of the increasingly tenuous military situation, in 1974 I had recommended to corporate management against building a multi-million dollar refinery in South Vietnam, despite pressure from South Vietnamese officials. In early 1975, my State Department contacts reflected growing pessimism about the prospects for South Vietnam and, by March, they were advising me confidentially that we should be ready to evacuate our expatriates on short notice. I kept corporate management informed of this and other indications of an imminent crisis.

Given the precarious military situation, we in Esso Eastern worked with the U.S. Embassy in Saigon to develop a list of Vietnamese in our local affiliate to be evacuated should Saigon be in imminent danger. The list included mainly those high-level employees who, because of their association with Americans, might be in serious danger from a Communist takeover. As Communist forces approached Saigon, I received a call from the State Department early in April suggesting that we get our people out of Vietnam urgently. (We had already sent a charter aircraft to evacuate our expatriate employees.) My State Department contact put me in touch with the Pentagon where I talked with a senior U.S. Navy officer about the situation. He told me that a U.S. Navy task force was standing off the coast near the Mekong River delta: If we could arrange to get the Vietnamese employees whom we wished to evacuate to the delta, the Navy would take them away.

With this information, I called an urgent meeting of our logistics and marine specialists who controlled our company tug boats and other means of transport. We developed a plan whereby we would take our senior employees and their families to our own terminals on the Mekong River outside Saigon, put them on tug boats, and transport them down the river to the delta for a rendezvous with the U.S. Navy. Our Houston staff members were enthusiastic about the prospects for saving long-time company employees from capture and possible torture by the Communist Viet Cong.

Feeling elated about this offer from the U.S. Navy and having what seemed to be a feasible plan, I hurried into the conference room where our board of directors was holding a business meeting. Interrupting the meeting, much to the surprise of the CEO and other participants, I informed them of the imminent fall of Saigon and the offer of the U.S. Government to help evacuate Exxon's local employees. I outlined the rescue plan worked up by our headquarters group and proposed that we instruct the acting manager in Saigon to implement the plan at once. After a stunned silence, the CEO asked other board members for their opinions. First to speak was the corporate attorney, who inquired whether the U.S. Government was prepared to take responsibility for the refugees. I replied that it was too soon to know the answer but that, for political, and humanitarian

reasons, Washington would most likely assume responsibility. I pointed out that American Express and some of the U.S. banks had already evacuated their top-level local personnel. This was not good enough for a callous corporate management mired in bureaucracy and lacking in loyalty to employees who had served them long and faithfully. Without a firm U.S. Government commitment to look after Exxon's Vietnamese employees, the corporation was not willing to save them from the Communists.

When I returned to my informal planning group with this decision, they were bitterly disappointed and went away muttering about the lack of corporate concern for employees. Some months later, I learned from employees who had escaped from Vietnam that my counterpart in Saigon, N.P. Thien, had been arrested as an American spy because of the political information in his files -- information collected to meet the reporting guidelines I had established. From Houston, we had instructed our Saigon affiliate to destroy all files to prevent Communist access. Unfortunately, the Vietnamese employee left in charge when the American manager departed proved to be a Viet Cong agent who was greeted as "comrade" by the Communists who took over our facilities. He had failed to carry out our instructions to destroy documents.

Some three years after the Communist victory, U.S. policy toward Vietnam showed signs of changing in ways that could be important for American business interests. From the time South Vietnam fell to the Communists in April 1975, the United States had shunned any relations with the new Communist authorities. On one of my visits to Washington in late 1978, the deputy assistant secretary of State for East Asian affairs informed me confidentially that the U.S. Government was considering restoring relations with Vietnam. Toward this end, talks were underway in New York with Vietnamese representatives and, as part of these discussions, the State Department wanted to know what claims oil companies such as Exxon had against the Government of Vietnam. The deputy assistant secretary asked me to help in compiling a list of such claims. On returning to Houston, I obtained the cooperation of company lawyers and financial experts in preparing a list of our claims, which we sent to Washington. The U.S.-Vietnamese negotiations were aborted, however, when Vietnamese troops invaded Cambodia in December 1978. Relations have not yet (July 1994) been restored.

While continuing my business activities for Esso Eastern, I also embarked in 1978 on a personal project of major significance: completion of the doctoral dissertation initiated at Columbia University in 1958. For many years I had harbored the desire to finish work on this project, but, because of family and job demands, I had not found the opportunity. Conditions gradually changed to the point where, in 1978, I saw my way clear to make the final push. I resurrected the 20-year old dissertation outline from my files, reviewed it, and traveled to New York to meet with professors in Columbia University's Political Science Department. As expected, my 1958 outline required substantial revision. I undertook the revision, returned to New York, and received approval to proceed on the topic "Enosis: From Ethnic Communalism to Greek Nationalism in Cyprus, 1878-1955." Over the next three years, I worked nights and weekends, traveling to New York and Washington for research at archives and libraries. In 1980, I took a one-month vacation in

London, which was devoted to research and collection of materials -- mainly at the British Public Records Office in Kew Gardens. This material was the basis for my dissertation, which I completed in late 1981. I defended the dissertation in February 1982, and Columbia University awarded me two degrees in May 1982: Master of Philosophy and Doctor of Philosophy, both in Political Science. This happened at age 59, which supports the adage "you are never too old .... "

Back to business. In 1980 and 1981, I conducted political studies for planned Exxon investments in Thailand, Indonesia, Hong Kong, and the Peoples Republic of China (PRC). Potentially large investments in oil and gas exploration were contemplated for Thailand and Indonesia. Domestic political and social issues were our main concern in these countries. Hong Kong, on the other hand, where Exxon was considering a two-billion dollar investment in an urban electric power plant was much more complex: Great Britain had just agreed to return Hong Kong, a British colony, to China in 1997. The prospect of an economically vibrant Hong Kong becoming part of Communist China created shock waves within the conservative business community. Nevertheless, most experts on China -- and we hired the best -- agreed that China's leaders would not be so stupid as to shatter the prosperity of Hong Kong by making changes hostile to the interests of international business. Exxon decide to invest in the power plant.

Concurrently, our study participants examined the future stability of China itself. Exxon wanted guidance on whether to invest large sums in oil exploration off the south coast of China. With appropriate assurances from the PRC, Exxon proceeded with its exploration project.

My last major political assessment before retiring centered on Australia, where Exxon already had huge investments in petroleum and mining ventures. Further ventures were being considered in coal mining and the production of oil from oil shale. To conduct the study, I compiled a list of questions important to the company and enlisted the support of academics from England, the United States, and Australia to provide answers to the questions. For the final phase of the assessment, I traveled to Australia in May 1982; Elaine accompanied me.

Just before departing for Australia, I experienced the saddest event of my life: the death of my father at the age of 81. He had been ill for a few weeks after suffering a stroke, with further complications from diabetes. This marked the end of a long and successful life devoted to the service of God and to helping mankind. He will always be remembered for his integrity, his eternal optimism, his magnetic personality, his selfless generosity, and his love of family. REQUIESCAT IN PACE!

In October 1983, I had the privilege of meeting and chatting with Vice President George Bush. It happened when an old acquaintance, Dr. David Abshire, President of the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies, came to Houston from Washington to meet with Republican Party executives. I accompanied Abshire to a Petroleum Club luncheon sponsored by Anne Armstrong, Co-Chair of the Reagan-Bush Campaign in 1980. Vice President Bush and his brother dropped by for cocktails before

lunch.

The last two years of my 19-year career with Exxon Corporation were unremarkable, aside from a final visit to Singapore, Malaysia, and Hong Kong in 1984. By this time there was a trend in Exxon, and in corporate America generally, toward concentration on domestic business. In part this was a reaction to problems in the domestic economy; it also reflected concern over growing nationalism abroad, especially in the Middle East and Africa. Moreover, Exxon's corporate management fell increasingly into the hands of executives lacking in overseas experience and, because of their heavily technical orientation, exhibiting little interest in social and political issues -- not an inspiring environment for someone like me. This period also marked the beginning of corporate "downsizing" in the United States to permit corporate survival in an increasingly competitive business world. Persons in the upper salary levels were the first to feel the impact of this policy.

Thus, when Exxon offered incentives for early retirement in 1985, I eagerly took advantage of the opportunity to move on to something more to my liking -- a closer association with the academic world and the intellectual stimulus it provides. Additional advantages included freedom from office routine and the ability to focus more on personal interests such as family and travel.

### **Retirement**

Having lived in Austin as a student and having become enchanted by its special ambience, I had decided early on that Austin was my choice for retirement, and Elaine agreed. In the early 1970s, we bought property at the Lakeway resort on Lake Travis near Austin, envisioning it as our eventual retirement site. As retirement time approached, however, we began to think more and more that Lakeway -- some 20 miles from downtown Austin -- was too far from The University and other intellectual, cultural, and entertainment attractions. So, in 1984 we sold our three Lakeway lots and bought property in Austin's Northwest Hills, only minutes from The University, downtown, and numerous sophisticated restaurants.

When I retired in May 1985, we sold our home in Houston, where we had lived for 14 years, and made an interim move to Canyon Lake near New Braunfels. In 1970, before moving to Houston, we had bought a lot on Canyon Lake, acting on the recommendation of my father. We built a small week-end house on the lot in 1972, after our transfer to Houston. For more than a decade this house served as a recreational focal point for our family, providing access to boating, skiing, fishing, swimming, and other water-related activities. On retiring, we found the little house valuable as a base of operations while we built our retirement home in Austin.

To ensure the best possible results for our new home, we worked with an architect who helped us design a home to our liking, emphasizing spectacular views of hills and valleys and just a bit of Lake Austin. Numerous windows and balconies were provided to allow us continual enjoyment of the bounties of nature, not least of which the abundant variety

of colorful birds and animals.

After moving into our new home in December 1985, I gravitated toward The University while Elaine found inspiration in the local art community. My new association with The University of Texas was facilitated by contacts developed while I was at Esso Eastern in Houston. Beginning in 1983, I served as guest lecturer for a graduate seminar in “political analysis in international business.” It was not an unusual transition, therefore, when the Vice President and Dean of Graduate Studies at The University designated me a “Visiting Scholar” in 1985. The following year I was given the title of Adjunct Professor in the center for Asian Studies. This was a non-salaried position which merely recognized the fact that I volunteered my service as needed. The only full-time course that I organized and taught was in the Graduate School of Business in 1991. It was titled “Political Analysis in International Business.”

Since 1986 I have also served as Texas Ex-Student Association counselor for students interested in pursuing a foreign affairs career in business or government. In addition, I became a permanent member of the Faculty Seminar on British Studies, which meets weekly to hear lectures, frequently from distinguished British academics, on issues related to Britain and the British Empire. Lively discussions, along with the traditional sherry, are normally a part of these meetings.

As financial contributors (with major Exxon participation) to various University activities -- President’s Associates, College of Fine Arts, the British Studies seminar, and the LBJ Library -- Elaine and I are often invited to stimulating intellectual and cultural events as well as sophisticated social functions. For our long support of The University, we were inducted into the prestigious Littlefield Society in 1993. In addition to these formal ties, we take full advantage of University offerings in music, art, drama, and, for me, sporting events.

Our retirement life is not centered solely on Austin: We take great pleasure in travel, especially to Europe, and in visits to children, grandchildren, and long-time friends.

It should be abundantly clear from the foregoing that retirement in the traditional “old rocking-chair” sense does not apply to us. We find it just a new career, an exciting and fulfilling one.

After more than forty years of military, academic, government, and corporate involvement in foreign affairs, I am proud to boast of being one of those rare individuals whose career has provided intellectual stimulation and personal satisfaction. It also afforded financial rewards sufficient to meet the needs and desires of our large family. Admittedly, the ten years of overseas living required by my Foreign Service career, especially what we experienced in a revolutionary Cyprus, was not always conducive to the safety and well-being of our family. Nevertheless, there were advantages -- such as being exposed to a variety of peoples and cultures -- that tended to offset the disadvantages of living abroad. Finally, I take pride in the support I have received throughout my career from a gorgeous and loving wife and five handsome and talented

children.

*End of interview*