

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

ELLIS O. JONES

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INTERVIEW

Q: Today is the 18th of March, 2014. This is an interview with Ellis O. Jones, known as Ollie.

JONES: That's correct, O-L-L-I-E.

Q: And this is being done on behalf of the Association of Diplomatic Studies and Training, and I'm Charles Stuart Kennedy. Ollie, first place, we served together, didn't we, in --

JONES: Well, I certainly know your name and I think I have a picture, but I'm sure the picture is no longer valid (*laughs*). But I can't remember serving with you, no.

Q: OK. Well anyway, to start with, let's -- first place, I'm going to have our office assistant send you a release form. And if you could sign it and mail it back to us.

JONES: Sure.

Q: All right. Start at the beginning here. When and where were you born?

JONES: Pontiac, Michigan in 1928.

Q: 1928. OK, you were born in the year of the dragon.

JONES: Was I indeed?

Q: Yeah.

JONES: That's news to me.

Q: Well, I was born in the year of the dragon too, in '28.

JONES: I'll buy that.

Q: OK well, can we talk a little bit about your family? What do we know about your father's side? Where did they come from?

JONES: Columbus, Ohio. My father was an engineer, graduate of Cornell, and he served most of his working career with the Ethyl Corporation. It made tetraethyl lead that used to be an additive to gasoline until the environmentalists won the battle and they dropped that lead from gasoline and found other ways to reduce knocking (piston misfire) in engines.

Q: Well, where did the Jones' come from? Do you have a -- can you trace them back at all?

JONES: No, not really. I suppose, given my name and the name of my father and my grandfather, and I'm not sure about his father, but I think perhaps he had the same name. And I think that probably they came from Wales in the early 19th century. And in Columbus one of those people owned a shoe factory. They also owned a hotel and other real estate properties. I am an only child. My oldest son is named Ellis Oliver Jones, and I think the line is going to stop there.

Q: Yeah, how about on your mother's side?

JONES: My mother and my grandmother and her antecedents were natives of a town called Concord, Michigan, about 15 miles west of Jackson, Michigan. It is a small, farm and market community, a village with a mill and a pond. It's still there but now, more of bedroom suburb. I remember it being a village with a population maybe 800 or 1,000, a lot of them were my relations I guess. It's still about that size. But my family, or her family, has gradually disappeared. Both my mother and my father were only children, and I'm an only child. My grandmother married Pitts Ray, a cattle dealer, a broker and a farmer. My grandmother had three siblings. Her name was Hungerford. The Hungerford family established a church, the Universalist Church, in Concord in the 1850s. They had all come from upstate New York after the Erie Canal opened in 1825, when that big migration came from New England and New York into the Northwest Territory.

Q: Where'd your mother go to school?

JONES: My mother had a high school diploma and went for a year or two to Hillside College in Michigan. I believe now it's a very right-wing institution but probably not in her day. But she never finished college.

Q: How did your mother and father meet?

JONES: Well (*laughs*), of course I don't know really, but my guess is that he finished his first job out of college with a Detroit Power Company and they were stringing wires throughout Michigan. I expect that they met when he was an engineer supervising the establishment of that line when they got to Concord. She was a belle of the ball in that community. I suppose that she latched onto this nice engineer thinking it would be a way out of Concord.

Q: (laughs) So you grew up in what town?

JONES: Well, I spent some of my very early youth with my grandmother in Concord, Michigan in the summers. My father left the Detroit job and went on to join the Ethyl Corporation where he became a sales engineer. They were trying to persuade refiners to use tetraethyl lead all across the country. So we lived in upper New York State. I

remember living in Auburn, New York as a child going to school there and in Skaneateles, New York. These towns are on the north side of the Finger Lakes.

And then we moved to New Jersey he worked at the corporate headquarters in New York. Ethyl Corporation was owned by 50/50 by General Motors and Standard Oil. He switched to working as a safety engineer. He traveled to teach crews in refineries how to clean tanks. Tetraethyl lead is an important health risk and required strict rules about clothing and contact avoidance for the workers who cleaned the tanks. They had to be spanking clean before anything else could be added to them. We lived in West Orange and Montclair, New Jersey, and then he was transferred to Los Angeles. He went on ahead.

My mother and I, when I was about 10, went by ship to Havana and on through the Panama Canal. We lived in Glendale, Santa Monica, and Westwood for a couple of years and afterwards in Cincinnati for at least one school year. Then back to New Jersey where my father was reassigned to corporate headquarters. They divorced in 1940 and packed me of Lawrenceville School near Princeton as a boarder. It was a very difficult family relationship, and I was pretty well abandoned by them, not deliberately by each, but they were wrapped up in their own difficulties. Both lived in hotels, father in New York city and mother in Montclair so I often stayed in the boarding school over vacation just because neither one of them had the facilities to take care of me.

Q: OK. Well, let's go back when you were sort of pre-elementary school. Where were you?

JONES: Upstate New York.

Q: How did you find that as a kid?

JONES: I remember it well. I remember walking to school. I remember the cold and snowy winters and learning to skate. We moved to New Jersey when I was in the fourth or fifth grade. And I do remember that pretty well.

Q: Well, as far as -- were you much of a reader?

JONES: Yes. I read early and often.

Q: Do you recall any books that particularly attracted you?

JONES: I remember as a very small child reading Beatrix Potter a lot.

Q: Oh yeah.

JONES: And I remember *Little Black Sambo*.

Q: (laughs)

JONES: And *The Child's Garden of Verses* and fairytales and all of the usual things that people read to you or you learned to read yourself after they have read to you. My mother was very pushy about trying to convince me that I was very bright. I remain unconvinced. I devoured the usual boys serial books, the Hardy boys. I remember being very fond of *Ivanhoe*. *Mutiny on the Bounty* was a favorite. And as I grew older in school I read Conrad, Hawthorne, Poe Milton – whatever came my way. I can tell you I wrote my College Board essay on the biography by Lytton Strachey of *Queen Victoria*.

Q: Oh yeah.

Q: He wrote Eminent Victorians. I had to read that I remember.

JONES: Yes

Q: Well, in your family, was religion important?

JONES: Not very. As I said, my, my mother's family's church was the Universalist Church. You may know that several years ago the Universalists joined with the Unitarians, and it's now the Unitarian/Universalist organization. They're a very liberal, Protestant group. And so yes, I remember going to that church and (actually a couple of our sons have been christened there). Later on I was confirmed in an Episcopalian Church, because that's what my mother wanted me to be, an Episcopalian. But I married a birthright Quaker and in my adulthood to the extent I've had any religious affiliation it has been with the Society of Friends, although I'm not officially a member.

Q: Well now, how about with your family on politics? Did they fall within any particular --

JONES: My grandmother I remember, and the people in that town, were strong supporters of the whole Franklin Delano Roosevelt agenda. I remember seeing stickers for the National Recovery Act (NRA) on windows. Of course they were rural and they were significantly aided in many ways through by New Deal programs, WPA (Works Progress Administration) and so on. As a very small child I first encountered first African-American people. They were WPA workers who were paving the streets of Concord. It was very exciting for a young kid to watch both the process of paving the streets and these unfamiliar people. Neither my mother nor my father proved very interested in politics. I remember that my father disliked Roosevelt, as of course did the corporate world. Much later he and I disagreed, sharply but politely, about the Vietnam War.

Q: Did -- I was born in 1928 too. I was wondering, you know, looking back on it I can see quite a few effects of the Depression. Although as a kid I didn't feel it much. But did you have any observations about --

JONES: I remember the economic difficulties of the farming community in Concord, Michigan, but I didn't connect them with the "depression" then. I do now. And my father managed to land this job and keep it. My mother had to work in New Jersey as a comparison shopper at Bamberger's Department Store in Newark. I guess the low salary that he was receiving needed to be supplemented by my mother's work. She wasn't happy about it. But she did work in retail sales, particularly with Roman Stripe hosiery off and on for several years. We lived right next to a forest reserve in West Orange, New Jersey, and I remember there was a WPA camp there. I can remember watching these young men at working. But at the time I didn't connect that with the depression.

Q: What about early schooling? Did you enjoy school, or?

JONES: Yes, very much. I went to public school until I went away to boarding school. And yes, I -- my experience in elementary and middle school was normal but not superior in any way. I enjoyed school and I think back on it with pleasure. Boarding school was a different story. I liked the work but I was socially very immature. I entered in the tenth grade at the age of thirteen, far too young.

Q: How was California for you?

JONES: I was 10, 11 and 12 in the 6th and 7th grade. I remember going to the double feature movies every Saturday and being a member of a gang of kids and playing "Kick-the-Can" and "Red Rover" until it was dark. We were out until 9:00 at night. I delivered papers by bicycle and sold subscription to the *Saturday Evening Post*. I collected empty bottles and returned them for a nickel at the local "supermarket" (a new idea then). I fascinated with jazz of the 1920s and 1930s variety. The first really adult novel I read was *Young Man with a Horn* based on the life of Bix Beiderbecke.

I had a very good friend who played the trumpet and I always hankered to do the same. I have a son that does, and I like that. There was a movie lot down the block from where we lived in Westwood. We often went to Sunset Beach in Orange County. On the way there were oil derricks and orange groves and roadside stands where you could buy all you could drink freshly squeezed orange juice. It was just lovely. That whole area is I'm sure totally developed. I remember traveling to Bakersfield to see the wild flowers, one of the great natural sights in the United States. We visited the Sequoias and Joshua Tree National Park. I went to summer camp in the mountains east of Los Angeles and learned to shoot jackrabbits and encountered a rattlesnake on a hiking trip.

Q: Oh yeah.

JONES: And we visited Yosemite Park and went to San Francisco and so it was exciting and interesting.

Q: Oh yes, I was thinking as you were talking, before you even said it, I was thinking of going to see the wildflowers.

JONES: Pretty sight. I guess it's all been developed by now.

Q: It was really something to see whole valleys full of --

JONES: Yes, well the lupine and the poppies spread out over the hills as far as the eye could see. It was wonderful.

Q: Did you get any feel for some of the social movements going on? How about -- there was, you know, considerable influx into Southern California of people from Arkansas, Oklahoma, the Arkies and the Okies.

JONES: I don't remember ever experiencing that, no. I didn't know about it at the time. I certainly read *The Grapes of Wrath* sometime along. I was very fond of Saroyan. who wrote very funny books about the Armenian communities in San Jose and have tried to indoctrinate our sons. At the time I didn't have any direct contact with the "Okies."

Q: Then you went to what boarding school, St. Lawrence?

JONES: Lawrenceville in New Jersey. It's near Princeton.

Q: Yeah. I've read all the Lawrenceville books, you know, the stories about --

JONES:

Q: Did you ever see --

JONES: The school gave them to the new students. Owen Johnson wrote them. I was looking for some a couple of years ago. They were out of print but I think they are now for sale, some of them, on *Amazon*. *Stover at Yale* was a continuation of the Lawrenceville books, which began with *The Varmint*. They were really good, interesting books. I loved 'em (*laughs*).

Q: Well now, what was Lawrenceville like?

JONES: I was an unhappy student, a lost soul. And they weren't particularly happy with me, especially because I didn't have any family to go home to. I think they probably awarded a scholarship. I'm not sure how my mother and father paid for it. Tuition was \$1,600 a year in those days and that was pretty heavy for my parents. They were living apart, both in hotels, father in New York, mother in Montclair. They were hostile to each other and I suppose I was adversely affected by that. I had to work. I distributed *The New York Times* within the school. And I worked in some of the vacations. They found me jobs in the local farming communities, where, for example, at Thanksgiving or at Christmas, I would work at husking corn. There were several farms along the roads from Princeton to Lawrenceville in those days, now all housing developments of course, or pharmaceutical corporations.

In the summer of 1943 (and perhaps in 1942), I attended a camp called *Camp Dudley* at Westport on Lake Champlain, serving as an Aide with younger kids. I had attended the same camp in 1937 when I was nine. My father had attended the same camp in the twenties. And that became a kind of a foster mother for me. It was my link to reality such as it was. I went back in 1948 as a “Leader” in charge of a group of boys. Anna Jones and I spent the first summer of our marriage on the staff, living in a tent.

Q: Well, did any of the masters at Lawrenceville have an impression on you, or?

JONES: A Mr. Shivers who taught history and Lewis Perry, an English teacher, who went on to be a headmaster at Fountain Valley School in Colorado Springs. I was in an advanced class in English in my senior year taught by a “Mr. Chips” sort of teacher named Raymond. I remember reading *Paradise Lost*.

Q: Yeah. World War II must have had quite an impact on you, I mean reading about it every day.

JONES: Oh dear, yes, very much so. Not only that, but I can remember that a member of my class who had been drafted before he finished school was killed in the D-Day invasion. Note that I turned sixteen in January of 1944, my senior year and went to Yale a couple of weeks later graduation in June of 1944. Yale, like other Universities, was operating year round during the War. I was freshman at Yale at 16 in July of 1944 and I had no more idea of what I was doing there than the man in the moon (*laughs*). It was just completely beyond me, looking back on it.

Q: You know, just thinking about this. I mean that -- this idea of getting kids farther along really falls apart when --

JONES: My mother was very much at fault. Frankly she thought that it would reflect well on her that I was bright enough to cope. I wasn't.

Q: -- Ellis Jones and this is, today is the 26th of March, 2014. And you have some things - - Ollie, you had some things you wanted to add on, so go ahead and add.

JONES: Yes. This seems to be a good place to say something about my paternal grandfather, Yale '99, whose fiftieth reunion in 1949 was the year I graduated from Yale. He was a very remarkable, debonair, gifted and controversial figure, and quite well known at some points in his career. My father was born in 1901, the first child born to a member of the class of '99. My grandfather more or less deserted my grandmother soon after that and became quite a well-known socialist in Greenwich Village for the next few years. He was also editor of various magazines and did a lot of drama writing, one act plays, and was most conspicuously during those years, two things. First of all, he organized a secession of Greenwich Village from the union and called the police and said there'd be a meeting in Central Park to verify that. And, indeed, he was arrested, but

nothing came of it. He also went with Henry Ford on Henry Ford's trip in 1916 to Europe.

Q: This was the Peace Ship.

JONES: Yes. He was on the Peace Ship as a member of Henry Ford's aborted delegation to end the War. He was there in Paris. He was also an editor of *Judge*, a popular humor periodical of the time and I think also for a time of the *Ladies Home Journal*.

I entered Lawrenceville School in September 1941, tenth grade. That December brought us Pearl Harbor. In 1940, 41 and 42 my grandfather, Ellis O. Jones, same name as mine, was in California in Los Angeles, the leader of a group called the *Copperheads*. These Copperheads were rabid isolationists. He and a fellow named Robert Noble were arrested in Los Angeles in January of 1942 for burning an effigy of Franklin D. Roosevelt in the streets of Los Angeles for deliberately bringing the country into a European war.

The feds arrested him and others, charging them with sedition. *Life* published a double page spread of a photograph of him looking wild with his (and my!) name in bold type across the bottom of the page. I had never heard of him until then. The headmaster called me to his office and my mother and father were there. There was a discussion of what should be done about me since I had suddenly achieved this unwelcome notoriety. I don't remember the outcome of that discussion, but I stayed in school. And none of the students ever mentioned it to me. In any case the charges of "sedition" were dropped by the Department of Justice. It looked like a constitutional case that couldn't be won.

And then he turned up at our wedding in 1949 and again in 1953 when our first son, Ellis O. Jones, was born and we were teaching school on Long Island. There's a snapshot of me, the baby, my father and, and my grandfather. From that time on we saw more of him. He lived alone in near squalor when we lived in Washington. Several times we invited him to Sunday dinner. That's pretty much the whole story. I thought it ought to be here.

Q: Oh, I like that. By the way, did this cause any problems with getting the security clearance?

JONES: *(laughs)* No actually. But it did sort of come up marginally in the oral interview. My grandfather stubbornly remained a right-winger politically, and was a subscriber to *Human Events*. I don't know if you remember that magazine, an organ I think of the John Birch Society. He bought me a subscription and so it kept coming in the mail to me. In the oral interview, one of the interviewers asked me why I subscribed to *Human Events*. And my answer was, "Because my grandfather sends it to me." And that was the end of that conversation.

Q: Getting back to Lawrenceville. How did you find the school as such, sort of the --

JONES: I can select things about it that I liked a lot but I was a loner because I was never able to adjust to their lifestyle. Looking back, I now know that I was given a pretty good

education. The school now is like a small college. It's got an Olympic-size swimming pool; it's got a hockey rink; it's got a huge beautiful science lab. Its library has expanded.

Q: Well, I, I sympathize with you in that I came from no money and I went four years to Kent.

JONES: Oh yes, it was one of the schools, up in Housatonic Valley. My family took me around to look there before I went to Lawrenceville. I think Philip Habib, whose name will come later in this interview, was a student at Kent.

Q: Well, did any courses -- I mean did you find -- did you -- for one thing, as a future Foreign Service officer, I always felt that World War II was a great introduction for a Foreign Service officer in sort of high school to geography, and what was going on in the world. Did this hit you the same way?

JONES: No. Of course I don't mean to say we weren't aware of, of World War II, but I neither understood nor worried about politics as a high school student. So the answer -- of course for my peers who went to war it was a different story. Of course there was the problem with my grandfather. I liked history and I liked literature and I liked -- I even liked biology and science, but I didn't think much about the war.

Q: Well, for me I think the thing I realized later that struck me most was that I knew where an awful lot of cities were because I would follow these battles. And you know, even today when we're talking about Crimea I think about the battles around the dawn base of it all.

JONES: Well, I'll tell you what I do remember -- just now thinking about it -- back in California, at the time of the Nanking massacre during the Japanese invasion of China, bubblegum cards featured graphic descriptions of the Japanese conquerors slaughtering Chinese. I remember (*laughs*) collecting those. And I was aware of the Spanish Civil War probably from reading Hemingway.

Q: Why Yale? Was this your mother's doing, or? . . . So Yale of course, you went there, this was -- the GIs -- the war was still on, wasn't it? . . . the school must have been pretty lacking in young men, wasn't it?

JONES: Why Yale. My paternal grandfather was in the class of '99 so I applied to Yale partly for that reason and I applied to Haverford and a couple other colleges, and I got into all of them. But of course they were looking for people. There weren't many young men around. I wouldn't have gotten in now, I'm sure. And I got a small scholarship from his class of '99, which I promptly lost. I'm glad I went to Yale, even though I wasn't a very successful student. I still profited the Yale experience.

Q: Well, what -- did you have -- well, first place, let's talk a little bit about the social structure. How did that work at Yale at the time?

JONES: The Navy was occupying the old campus with an officer-training program, V12. Freshmen were placed in the residential colleges. There were fraternities and secret societies, Skull and Bones and Scroll and Key, and so on. I never participated in that kind of social life, but I was a member of the outing club. I went skiing now and then and played intramural football and tried out unsuccessfully for the swimming team.

Q: Both at Lawrenceville and at Yale, were you -- did you get a feel for the sort of anti-Semitism?

JONES: I can remember thinking about that from time to time, but only in passing. My mother and father certainly separated Jews from others, and more so African Americans. I think they would have denied they were anti-Semitic if asked.

Q: Well, I, I notice this, and I went through more or less the same college experience and prep school experience. I was kind of out there. But to me, I always ascribed it pretty much to New York, you know. I mean it -- the people were --

JONES: It's only as an adult that I recognized the New York phenomenon. In fact, the first time I ran across it was when I was teaching school in Long Island early in my career, and I was appointed to an accreditation committee of the New York Association of Independent schools visiting a girls' independent secondary school on the upper west side. I was surprised to find that the student body was entirely Jewish. I should add here that two of our grandchildren are observant conservative Jews. Anna and I attended annual Seders at Passover for sixteen years.

Q: Yeah. Well then, were you pointed towards anything, except I guess the military when you were getting ready to graduate? The military was --

JONES: No, I was 16.

Q: Yeah.

JONES: The war was over by the time I was able to join the military. But having not succeeded brilliantly at Yale and partly because I lost my scholarship I had to move out of the residential college to earn part of my tuition. Following a severe bout with pneumonia the dean of Yale College and others suggested I take time off and join the army. I served a year and a half

Q: Yeah. Well, what was your major in high school -- I mean at Yale?

JONES: English and biology.

Q: Sort of an odd combination.

JONES: Yes. I thought I might go into medicine. But it turned out I didn't have the -- I, I didn't have the strength of character (*laughs*) to do the pre-medical course.

Q: Well, in the military what did you do?

JONES: Fort Devens in Massachusetts was the mustering site. The Air Force had just been established as a separate service. They divided up the new recruits at Devens, and I was sent to Biloxi Field in Mississippi for basic training as an Air Force private. Then I was sent to Stewart Field in Long Island. My arrival was a surprise and they didn't know what to do with me. (*laughs*) I was assigned to be in charge of the base hospital, the nearest military hospital to New York City at the time, aside from Governor's Island. We had an intake of enlisted men who'd been shot while off-duty in New York. I worked two or three days a week, twelve hours a day and had the rest of the time off. I used to cadge rides on aircraft to Pease Air Force base in New Hampshire to visit my girlfriend (and later my wife) who was a counselor in a camp in Maine.

With help of my father I was reassigned to the army (*laughs*). I don't know how this was done. The army sent me to the Medical Nutrition Laboratory in Chicago, where I served as kind of dogsbody to the scientists working on, for example, developing field rations. The lab was the top floor of what was at the time the largest quartermaster depot in the country. It was located in the old stockyards district on Chicago's west side.

I lived in a YMCA in Hyde Park. The lab included me in a delegation to Fort Carson in Colorado Springs to field test rations with the 45th Regimental Combat Team, training to be mountain troops. I was mustered out in New York and had a hernia operation in Governors Island, which was military then, and then I went back to Yale.

JONES: Then back to Yale.

Q: Back to Yale.

JONES: Yes.

Q: Were you now on the GI Bill?

JONES: I don't remember using the GI Bill at Yale. Perhaps I did. Anna and I went to Oxford for the summer of 1950. There's a story that goes with that too. We were married by that time. I accompanied Anna who had been invited to Oxford as a gesture of gratitude to her and her family and other Yale families who sheltered Oxford University children during the blitz. It was great fun. Oxford laid on an excellent program. We studied at Oxford, took bicycle trips, visited Parliament and cathedrals, went to Stratford and Edinburgh. We quaffed a pint or two now and then. She attended lectures about Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, *Gray Wolf*. I studied the utilitarians, John Stuart Mill.

Q: Was there -- was there anything like counseling at Yale or not, or?

JONES: Oh yes. As I said, the dean of Yale College himself got into my act when I was really having trouble before I joined the army. He said "I think you ought to get some, some real life experience. And so you're old enough to join the army, why don't you do it?"

There is at least one good reason for this personal attention. I had in the first summer as a freshman met Anna Miles (Jones). I was 16 and she was 15 and the daughter of two distinguished professors of Psychology at the Yale Medical School, Catharine Cox Miles and Walter Richard Miles. We married in 1949, or perhaps I should say she married me.

Q: Well, during all this time did the Foreign Service have any -- come to your attention at all?

JONES: No, not at Yale as an undergraduate. Later on I took graduate courses in Economics and History at Columbia in the summers while we were teaching school on Long Island. I took a master's degree at Yale, and I became very much interested in the Foreign Service then.

Q: Well OK, so you've gotten married and you're off to Oxford for the year.

JONES: No, just three months.

My graduation year was 1949. I had improved as a student and I was more focused. She also graduated, from Smith, in '49 and we married about three weeks later. After some difficulty getting a job, I found one as a teacher in a little school at Mohonk Lake New York, near New Paltz through the Yale Employment Office. Anna had majored in Education so the school took her on, also. We lived there for an academic year in an elementary boarding school. And that's a whole other experience that would take the rest of the time to tell you.

Q: What -- sort of who were the -- I would say clientele is not the right term I guess, but who was going to it and --

JONES: Yes, good question. They were young boys. And they were kids largely from New York - what's the word we use now? Not "retarded," but challenged. There were maybe 40 or 50 boys and we all lived together in this hotel in the off-season. The school was in a grand old 19th century Quaker owned resort hotel, still going strong today. The proprietors ran the school -- or let the school be there because they wanted to keep their senior staff from going to Florida in the winter and not returning. We had the kind of food that they served tourists in the summer, lobster Newburg and brook trout, filet mignon and things like that. The kids were disadvantaged even though affluent, in the sense that, for a variety of reasons, broken families, adjustment difficulties, they had been sent away to an elementary boarding school,

It was an interesting situation, but it was no place you wanted to stay any length of time.

We quickly went on to teach high school at a Quaker independent school on Long Island, Friends Academy at Locust Valley. Anna taught 6th and 7th grade. I taught English at all high school levels, coached football, wrestling and soccer. We lived on campus and ate most of our meals with the boarding students. We stayed for four years before we went back to New Haven for a year so I could take an advanced degree. I had not only been working in the summer as a country club waiter, but also had been going into New York to take graduate courses at Columbia. Anna joined me to take graduate courses in art. We profited from the proximity to New York and I developed enough academic background to get back to Yale for a Master's.

Q: All right, well for a master's degree, what were you taking, and why?

JONES: I had become closely acquainted with Anna's family, one of whom was her youngest sister, Marjorie Miles McClelland, 15 years older than Anna, the third child of Walter Miles' first wife. Marjorie had married Roswell McClelland. She and her husband had worked with American Friends Service Committee in Vichy, to help refugee children during the early years of the war. After December 1941 they continued this work in Switzerland. Ross, who had been brought up in Europe and was trilingual, was appointed in 1944 the representative of the War Refugee Board established, you may recall, in 1944 partly through the intervention of Henry Morgenthau with Roosevelt to deal with Shoah refugees. Ross entered the Foreign Service from that post and ended his distinguished career in 1970 as ambassador to Niger. My interest in Foreign Service really began with them.

Another factor: Anna's, father, Dr. Walter Miles, who had reached retirement at Yale in 1952, was offered a position as a distinguished professor of psychology at University of Istanbul. So her mother and father had gone to Turkey. They offered us their house in New Haven to live in during the first academic year of their absence. By that time I had taken the Foreign Service Exam while I was teaching high school.

At the end of the 1954-55 academic year we had two children. I was job hunting and been offered a couple of jobs in New York. I went to Washington because one of my teachers at Yale, Tom Schelling (he later rose to academic prominence at Harvard as a leading scholar of Game Theory) had recommended me. He had been with the Marshall Plan. He sent me to a colleague with the ECA and to a colleague at Caltex in New York. I landed the job at Caltex but went on to Washington. The ECO interviewer asked me what other offers I was entertaining. I told him I had passed the Foreign Service written examinations a year or more ago and I hadn't heard anything about the oral exam. Said, "They're giving oral exams right next door. Why don't you go over and ask them whether you can get an appointment?"

Q: Yeah.

JONES: When I turned up I was given an appointment the same afternoon. I was totally unprepared. One interviewer was a young Labor Department official, and there were two

others who identified themselves as ex-ambassadors. I remember quite a lot about the exam.

Q: What was --

JONES: One of the things I remember about it was at the end -- they asked me about what I thought of John Foster Dulles' foreign policy, and I hadn't really thought about it at all (*laughs*). One of ambassadors asked me what I would do if I failed. My reply: "I'm going to pick up the telephone and take one of the two jobs I'm offered in New York." One of the jobs was in the financial department at Caltex. He asked me what I thought I could do for Caltex. To which I replied, "I don't know but they did seem to want me."

I sat in the outer office after being dismissed. In a few minutes a gentlemen came from across the across the hall and said, "Where do you want to go?" (*laughs*).

I said, "You mean anywhere in the world?"

And he said, "Yes, anywhere in the world."

And I said, "Istanbul. "

He made a note of it, and later assigned me to begin A100 in July of 1955. And that was how I got into the Foreign Service. I went to Istanbul, too (*laughs*).

Q: Well, had you talked to anybody? Or did you have any real feel for the Foreign Service?

JONES: Well no, not really. No. Looking back on it, I had taken international relations, diplomatic history and international economics. I had a good background in history. I had had a good education at Yale, in spite of my difficulties. We had two children by that time and I was ready to go to work at doing something. The reason I chose Istanbul had little to do with Turkey; it had only to do with the fact that we had family there at the time, and I thought it would be wonderful to be there with Anna's parents and our two children, infant children. So I had no feel for what would come.

Q: We call it A100.

JONES: Yes, A100, that's right. And I enjoyed meeting those people and we -- we didn't have any money, I mean we were not affluent. We had heard that foreign service candidates mostly had thought about for years, had lived or were born abroad and usually scions of well-to-do families. This course was changing rapidly if it was ever at all accurate.

We drove to Washington with our old Plymouth and a U-Haul. Somehow I hadn't realized that we could have had everything shipped at Department expense. We found an

apartment out in the southeast, way out by Prince George's County. I enjoyed the A100; it was lots of fun. And in those days, as you may remember, everything was first class. When they took us to New York Seamen's Institute and the UN (United Nations), we went by chair car on a train. Can you imagine that?

Q: (laughs)

JONES: Nothing in my life brought me to that kind of luxury. I remember one colleague, Loren Pace, who was a Mormon and an attorney. He was over 30, older than most of our colleagues, married with three children. He had done his missionary work in Latin America in Argentina and had Spanish as a language. When the time for assignments came, he was assigned to San Juan de Sula in Honduras. He received a telegram from the post telling him not to forget to bring a lot of beer in his air freight.

Q: (laughs)

JONES: He said he went to personnel and said, "You know, we don't drink, and I don't think I want to go to a place with an introduction like this."

The upshot was that he was posted to Ottawa where his Spanish seemed to him to be out of place. He resigned and went home to Utah -- and I've always thought about that as being both courageous and thoughtful. He saw right away that this wasn't going to suit him at all. And I've often thought about it because in the end it didn't suit me very well.

Anyway, A100 was a good experience, I loved it. And you know, I bought a car and learned about how you can sell cars abroad, and all the stuff that went with being in the Foreign Service in 1955, and was sent to Istanbul and had a very productive and interesting profitable two years there, first as a vice consul and then as a vice consul in charge of the Consular service. The Consul, an old timer whose name was, ironically, Jones, was transferred about 30 days after I arrived. I took over the whole consular operation, having been sent to issue visas in accordance with the Refugee Relief Act.

Q: Oh yes.

JONES: based on the amendment to the McCarran-Walter Act to "escapees", from the Soviet Union or communist Eastern Europe. So I had that duty, in addition to being, in effect, the Consul for Istanbul, for two years. It was just terribly exciting and interesting and I can remember numberless experiences that would fit well into an oral history, if we don't ever get to Yemen.

Q: Well, I want, I want -- as you can gather, I'm rather deliberate about this, Ollie.

JONES: I know you are, and I'm being very patient because I want it to be on record even if nobody reads the record. I think it's a unique thing that happened in the Foreign Service. The information you've gotten from the other participants that I've read carefully is incomplete, to say the least, and wrong in several important details.

Q: Let's go back to the A100 course. What was -- when you were taking the course?

JONES: Summer of '55.

Q: Do you recall, was it -- what -- was it -- did you have a class number?

JONES: Probably, but I don't know what it was.

Q: Sort of what was the composition of the class?

JONES: There were about 25. I have mentioned Loren Pace. Herman Jay Cohen became Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs and worked for a time with my Brother-in-Law, Ross McClelland. There was another man I remember, except for his name, who became closely involved in the Panama Canal transfer.

Q: Yeah.

JONES: But you know, I haven't dug back that far in the past and I don't have any notes about it anymore

Q: Well, what about -- well, let's go to -- you were in Istanbul from when to when?

JONES: September of '55 until December of '57. We arrived about a month after street riots had taken place in Istanbul, crowds of Turks attacking the many Greek owned business and retail shops. I think that was the tail end of the Turkish-Greek violence.

Q: What -- let's talk a little bit about the Refugee Relief Act. I was doing the same work about the same time in Frankfurt. I was a refugee relief officer. What was the refugee situation in Turkey at the time?

JONES: Istanbul, as you can imagine, had been a haven for refugees for years, for royalists, right-wingers and white Russians The Turks were at the time faithfully anti-Communist and gave refuge to all kinds of people. They gathered in Istanbul, a cosmopolitan city and a world class center for real and imagined intrigue. See Buchan's *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. Many of these more or less stateless people wanted to take advantage of the Refugee Relief Act to get to the United States.

When I arrived there was an already established team of security investigators who were responsible to me. You will remember that the applicants found acceptable for visas were then subject to medical examination, Labor Department and Immigration Service approval. A three-man team circulated to various posts from Athens to clear the eligible applicants two or three times a year.

You may remember that each post had a strictly limited number of visas and a strictly

limited time in which to issue them. We had about 85 visas allotted to us. It later turned out that Consul Jones had been transferred because he had been dragging his feet on eligible Refugee Relief Act visas because he didn't like the policy. When I arrived there were many who had been cleared by security but no visas had been issued? One day soon after we arrived he just wasn't there. He had issued no Refugee visas.

Q: (laughs)

JONES: In addition to the security clearance team, I had a staff of three older women who had already had long careers as respected foreign service local employees. There was a white Russian who spoke four languages. There was Armenian lady who had Turkish, Armenian, English and German. There was also an Austrian senior clerk -- Lisa Bendich. She had German, French, English and Turkish. We hired a really attractive Turkish girl to help with clerical work and as a receptionist. That was my staff.

The consul general, Bob Miner, pretty much left me alone. Miner had been a teacher at Robert College. His wife was from a British Levantine family. They were very well ensconced in Istanbul and Turkey in general. Anna's mother had rented us an apartment in Bebek overlooking the Bosphorus. They lived in Aksaray on the other side of the Golden Horn near the University. They had established themselves with the local expatriate, non-diplomatic community.

It is worth noting that at the time Turkey was in the throes of a serious inflation and had run down foreign exchange reserves so that the black market rate for lira was about 10-1 against the dollar while the official rate was more like 2.5-1. There were severe shortages of imported goods, including kerosene and diesel fuel for heating, medicines, flour and other imported foodstuffs. This became important because the United States had negotiated a deal with Turkey to allow us to exchange dollars at the unofficial rate. The US military began arriving in force during my tenure. This exacerbated even further Turkish resentment because of course they brought with them a PX, opened in the middle of the city, stocked as usual with all sorts of American commodities that were unavailable to Turks.

Q: Do you recall any of the cases that you had to deal with?

JONES: Oh sure a lot of cases. *(laughs)* One time I went to work and there was a three-block long line of Turkish laborers, men from villages who did menial jobs in the city, outside the Consulate office. It was 8:00 in the morning. It turned out that a rumor was circulating in the city that The US was issuing visas to contract laborers to work in the United States. Despite my weak protests, Bob Miner said we had to keep the flag flying. So everybody went to work giving these largely illiterate applicants forms to fill out and trying to explain the realities to them. This lasted two or three days. The bright side of this experience was the marriage of the police lieutenant assigned to help us and one of our attractive Turkish clerks. We always wondered whether the KGB might have behind the rumor.

I had many other memorable adventures. I was called upon to retrieve the body of a mate of US Navy leased civilian freighter on the other side of the Sea of Marmara, a taxi trip of several hours. I took a coffin and retrieved the body, turning it over to an undertaker for shipment home. Several months later a Navy Commander showed up investigating the incident because of the condition of the body on its arrival.

The Greek Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople received me on one occasion for the notarization of papers relating to a Legacy. He turned out to be an American from Chicago and wanted to know how the White Sox were doing.

I conducted a military funeral for a retired officer at his family's request. The Marine contingent served as honor guard. The gunnery sergeant who was handling the flag ran it down to half-staff, and then ran it all the way down, and it touched the ground. He wanted to burn the flag. I managed to persuade him otherwise.

I had several encounters with American seamen including one who had been arrested and jailed (he was guilty) for narcotics possession. Because Turkish jails require families to feed prisoners, for several days, I had to feed him. I intervened with Union in Baltimore to get help for him but they refused.

An attractive woman in her early twenties applied for a student visa to study Music (operatic voice) on a scholarship but turned out to have been born in the United States to parents both of whom were important officials in the Turkish police. It turns out that the regulations forbid giving visas to American citizens. We offered her a passport. She turned down the offer. We pointed out that she could renounce her American citizenship. I don't know if you have ever seen the form for doing that. It requires a disgraceful renunciation. She didn't want to do that either. Somehow we solved the problem for her and her parents. The Department was unhelpful.

The successful recipients of the Refugee Relief visas were pathetically grateful. I remember one such case very well. An elderly Russian widow, long resident in Istanbul, had qualified for a visa. She had a musical background and her sponsor and nephew was the concertmeister of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. A day or two before she had an appointment to receive her visa, I received a one line memo typed in red without a letterhead:

“Ms . X gave piano lessons to the children of the Russian consul general.”

And about six months later, after I issued the visa, Consulate's leading intelligence official summoned me. He asked me if I had issued the visa. To my affirmative response he asked if I had received the memo. After agreeing reluctantly that I was right to have issued the visa, he warned me to be more careful because this sort of thing because it will “go on your record.” How about that for a warning to a brand new foreign service officer!

Q: Huh!

On another occasion, the Consul General's chauffeur summoned me to the Consulate one night. We had no telephone service. An airline had reported that an American citizen had fallen out of the airplane over Mosul on the way to Istanbul from Baghdad. They had his possessions but had lost the body. It was a time for improvisation. The regulations were no help.

Q: Well, did you run across any provocations or problems with the Soviets there?

JONES: As I said, we always suspected that it was the Soviets who spread the rumor about the Americans giving visas out to Turkish laborers. During my tenure the American military began to arrive in force as part of the "Point Four" assistance for Greece and Turkey. Their presence began to enhance Turkish resentment over the American privileged foreign exchange rate and imported PX goods that accompanied them.

The Suez crisis occurred during my tenure but wasn't a great issue for us.

It's probably worth mentioning a situation arising out the Soviet suppression of Hungarian revolution of 1956. There was a stampede of Hungarian refugees who mostly ended under the care of UNHCR in Vienna. The High Commissioner for Refugees asked European nations to find work and a place to live for these men and women. Adnan Menderes and Ismet Inonu were the leaders of Turkish opposing political parties but both were anti-communist. The Turks chose to accept some of the refugees. Those they accepted had been employed at the relatively modern mass production Bata shoe factory in Budapest. The Turks had agreed to find work for them producing shoes in Turkey.

The catch was that the only shoe production in Turkey was in the hands of small retail cobblers' shops. Neither the Hungarians nor the Turks could find any satisfactory method of matching skills.

A delegation of the disaffected Hungarians showed up one morning at the Consulate asking our help in getting them out of Turkey, not necessarily to the United States, but at least back to Vienna. It was a bit of a delicate situation for us. In the end we did not participate in the problem's resolution. I think the Turks decided to rectify the problem themselves.

You left Istanbul in '58, was it? Fifty --

JONES: Late '57.

Q: Fifty-seven. And where'd you go?

JONES: Lagos, Nigeria.

Q: All right. Was Nigeria independent this --

JONES: No. Independence came in 1960. We left Istanbul in December of 1957 and departed Nigeria in the spring of 1959 before Independence. We were posted to Nigeria direct from Turkey. On the way we visited London and Washington. In London we were advised to refuse posting to Nigeria, pending the procurement of suitable housing. We waited in Washington until the Consulate General reported that housing was available. Turned out it wasn't, but that's another story

Q: What was your job?

JONES: Economic and Commercial Officer. I was to be second to an Economic Officer, but he was diagnosed with brain tumor and left the post shortly after I arrived.

Q: I assume -- this is in Lagos at the time?

JONES: Africa had appeared on the radar in the State Department. Ghana had achieved independence in '58. The colonial powers were gradually giving up their role and the Brits were working toward the eventual independence of Nigeria in 1960. State was trying to catch up and focus some attention on Nigeria, especially, but also on Africa in general. Nigeria of course was the leading West African country in the sense of population and size and so on.

Q: How were your living quarters there?

JONES: Have you ever been to Lagos?

Q: Yeah.

JONES: The last I was there in the 1980s, Lagos had exponentially multiplied. But even in our time, it was crowded, trafficky place, terrible sums. The leaders of the diplomatic and British communities were housed on Ikoyi Island. It was an isolated community, very nice, with African servants and very colonial. The house the Consulate had found for us was on the other side of town in Apapa, little more than a filled-in marsh. Construction had not been completed and we spent a really insufferable time with three small children in the only half way respectable hotel in town. We didn't have a car yet, so we had to be transported by official cars and chauffeurs, as always, in short supply or take a cab. It was a couple of months before we could move in to the house and even then there wasn't any air conditioning.

Q: Well, to begin with, you're doing non-immigrant visas, or?

JONES: Oh, I didn't do visas. It was economic and commercial work. There was a vice consul who did the visa and passport work. I did economic and commercial reporting, and, it turned out, before I left, that I became something of an expert on Nigerian trade unions. The leaders of "The Union of Post and Telegraph Workers of Nigeria and the

Cameroons” took a liking to Anna especially. She danced nearly all night with one Union member after another at one of their parties.

Q: Well, I'll point out that this was -- our labor, the labor unions were going hot and heavy in those days as far as interest in overseas development. They were extremely active in working with our embassies.

JONES: That's quite right. Actually, there was another event that happened in Nigeria that was labor related in the sense that you're describing. During my tenure the young and charismatic Tom Mboya, the Kenyan politician and trade union organizer, chose Lagos as a location for an "All-African" trade union conference. Because I was well known among the Nigerian participants, I was invited to some of those meetings. I took the voluminous handouts to the office and sent them to Washington. I thought at the time that this was pretty cool on my part but, looking back, I think now that the AFL/CIO, the Labor Department and our intelligence services were pretty well on top of it.

Aside from the trade union issues, more and more American businessmen were visiting Africa and especially Nigeria, a potentially huge market. To enrich economic reporting, I was able to tour rubber, cocoa and palm oil plantations with the help of British agronomists. The Department of Commerce mounted one of their "trade missions" for Nigeria, I believe the first of its kind to target Africa. This required a significant effort on the part of the Consulate General playing host to the American businessmen on the Mission.

I also necessarily became involved in mediating "trade disputes" between Nigerian exporters and American importers and vice versa. For example there was already a small, active export trade in "cattle horns" to Texas. In the United States these were marketed as "genuine" horns from Texas longhorn cattle, actually from Northern Nigeria. There were lots of complaints about mismatched horns and the like. "Used clothing" imported from the United States seemed to have generated Nigerian importer complaints.

Q: How about economic reporting, more sophisticated reporting?

JONES: Yes. The Administration for International Development (AID) was preparing to send its first mission to Nigeria. I was asked provide as much information as possible, statistical and otherwise, on per capita/Gross Domestic Product, agricultural production and the like. Fortunately the British provided good statistics as far as they went. But AID wanted information on how accurate they were. This required interviewing cooperative British and Nigerian technocrats. We had to dig pretty deeply behind the published figures to satisfy Washington. Such social statistics as existed were not reflective of the realities

Perhaps I should note that Shell Oil and other international oil companies were intensively exploring the Niger Delta at the time and some drilling had already begun. Preliminary planning for an important Dam on the Niger River was nearly complete. It has since been constructed I believe.

I wasn't much drawn into political reporting, but Anna and I got to know the British chairman of the Federal Electoral Commission, Ronald Wraith. The commission was the British effort to organize the pre-independence country wide parliamentary election, which took place after we left. He was a member of the Society of Friends (Quakers) as was Anna. The Friends Meeting in Nigeria met in Abeokuta, a fifty kilometer drive from Lagos at a mental hospital the Nigerian head of which was also a Quaker.

I was able to talk with Commissioner Wraith quite a lot about the work of the Commission.

We also were acquainted with some Nigerian politicians, to whom others in the Consulate General would not have ordinarily had access, partially because we lived far from the upscale Ikoyi residences.

Q: Did you get at all involved with Nigerians in the United States? Did you find -- was corruption rather widespread there while you were there?

JONES: No, not with those in the United States. Corruption in Nigeria was probably widespread but it didn't impinge on the lives of the expatriate community as it does now. The British were still there and kept a pretty firm hand on what was going on politically among the Nigerians.

I was last there in 1983 and I wanted to fly from Nigeria from Lagos to Kano on Nigerian Airways. I had to bribe the ticket agent in Lagos. When I got to the airport I had to bribe the clerk who actually issued the ticket. I had to bribe the security guard get into the departure lounge. When boarding was announced all of the prospective passengers literally ran out to the airplane on the tarmac. It developed that their haste was prompted by the fact that Nigerian Airways habitually oversold its flights. Each bribe didn't amount to much, but cumulatively was significant.

Q: Did you get any feel for the animosity between the Hausa and -- the Muslims in the north and

JONES: There were three important political factions or parties. Obafemi Awolowo was the leading figure for the Yoruba in the West and Nnamdi Azikiwe in eastern Nigeria where the dominant tribe was the Ibos. The Prime Minister, appointed by the British, was Alhaji the Honorable Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, a Muslim Hausa from the Northern Region. The British Colonial Office was often and probably accurately accused by non-Muslim Nigerians of favoring the Northern Region over the East and West. Prime Minister Tafawa Balewa was murdered soon after independence.

The British liked the Muslim ceremonial and hierarchical way of dealing with the world. We once watched the spectacular coronation of the new Sultan of Ilorin, a moderate sized city. They were much less enamored with the Ibo and Yoruba.

Q: Did you find sort of that prejudice or sport in outlook towards the various tribes had crept into our people who were assigned to one place or the other in the consulate?

JONES: No.

Q: I know that when the Biafra War came our consulate there practically revolted. It was so supportive of the --

JONES: Of the split.

Q: -- Biafra cause.

The post independence Biafra War arose to large extent from the enmity I have described. It was the Eastern region seeking independence both from their neighbors to West, the Yoruba and from the Muslim north. During the time I was there, most of the Consulate General employees were Ibo so it doesn't surprise me that our successors leaned heavily in favor the independence of Biafra. For example, Anna and I had become close personal friends with the foreign service local employee who worked for me, Emmanuel Oregbu, an Ibo, and his family. I assume he suffered greatly and probably died as a result of this terrible war and the starvation and its result. But yes, that political division was clear when we were there, but the British had a tight hold on political life and all Nigerians were looking toward independence and I suppose that restrained the situation from becoming violent. There were British district officers throughout the country and British control of the Nigerian armed forces. Nobody talked about separation so it wasn't part of our political reporting. I expect the Biafran revolt was a surprise to Washington.

Q: It's -- we've had a big problem in the United States in the last couple of decades with Nigerians involved in all sorts of schemes.

JONES: Yeah, right. That was not going on when we were there. There was none of that.

Q: Well, what did you -- you know, Nigeria was seen early on and you were early on, was seen as sort of the hope of Africa. It was I think the most populous and it was, you know, it was seen as a place where really things were going to happen there.

JONES: That's true. It's interesting to note that when I got there in, the consul general was an old-style bachelor Foreign Service officer who served in Europe throughout his career. Nigeria was his last posting prior to retirement. He was conducting business as if this was the European country. I remember being invited to his house with several Nigerians. During very formal pre-dinner conversation, He several times interrupted the halting conversation to ask each of us to switch our seats. This mystified Anna and me. He left soon after we arrived, to be replaced by Kenneth Emmerson, who had spent his entire career, until his posting as consul general in Nigeria, in China and in Japan. He spoke Japanese.

Q: Oh yeah.

JONES: It was his pre-retirement posting I think. I learned later that he was among those whose career was unforgivably tarnished by the right wing accusations about "Who lost China." He couldn't have been confirmable as an ambassador. I am proud to have served under him.

Q: Well, it's -- you're -- in interviews I've done it's become very clear that that first sort of round, which you were a part of, after Africa opened up, it was seen by sort of the personnel as a great place to start rewarding European hands. Because European hands couldn't be an ambassador --

JONES: Yes, I guess that's right. Looking back at the people who served Africa with me and who, as you say, had come from the ordinary kinds of jobs that the Foreign Service provided in the pre-war years, yes, all these new countries provided slots for them. One could say there were two groups. One group that eagerly took on African assignments and the other people who wanted mostly to go home or be assigned elsewhere.

Q: They were sort of cranking up for independence at the time?

The British wanted to get out and, and the Americans wanted to get in. To the extent that the Washington cared at all about Africa, Nigeria was, as you pointed out a few minutes ago, an important place. We were trying to support the independence movement in Nigeria and elsewhere. The answer to your question is yes.

Q: Well, at that time, in your own personal thinking, were you interested in, in Africa as a career?

JONES: No. Well, not at first. Later, I gave it some thought. And, indeed, my last overseas post was Guinea. But I have always retained an interest in Sub-Saharan Africa because of my service there during the height of the independence movement.

Q: No, I was during that period of time, in '58 or so I really, when we got, you know the April Fools Sheet? Where you could choose -- you could ask to go where you want to go, not that you usually did. But I was very interested in Africa. I thought it was an up and coming place, and I -- and they were talking about opening up posts in Kano. And I put down I think Kano as number one.

JONES: Did you really?

Q: So of course I got sent to Dhahran.

JONES: Right (*laughs*). Well, that's par for the course (*laughs*). Right. Well, did we ever open a consulate in Kano? I never --

Q: We didn't. We never have, but --

JONES: I don't think we did.

Q: -- we've talked about it.

JONES: Well, it would have been a mistake. I mean there was nothing that anybody cared about going on in Kano that I know of.

Q: But anyway, that supposedly was being opened.

JONES: One thing that happened that sort of put the kibosh on opening up more consulates in Nigeria was transfer of the capital from Lagos to Abuja, dead center in the middle of Nigeria. Why would you open a consulate in Kano if you have a fully staffed embassy in Abuja?

Q: Yeah. How about social life? Was there much dealing with Nigerians on a --

JONES: There were a good many Nigerian intellectuals, people who'd attended university in Britain or Ibadan College, a distinguished institution already, in Ibadan, about a hundred kilometers north of Lagos. At the time Ibadan was said to be the largest entirely African city in the world. The active and well-connected Public Affairs officer had developed a long list of prominent Nigerians. We had several visits from traveling entertainments from the United States. Anna and I occasionally gave a party. I remember very heavy drinking on the part of the Nigerians we invited. Major Nigerian political figures were not part of that circle. The Nigerians we habitually encountered were more likely to be academic and technocratic people. But the relationship was pleasant, and we knew a lot of Nigerians. Of course we were also an accepted part of the British and diplomatic communities.

Q: Did you have many visitors from the United States?

JONES: Well, there was that trade mission and the USIS visiting artists but I don't remember any congressional visits. There may have been, but if there were I wasn't involved.

Q: Well, how did the Nigerians get along economically with Accra and other -- what with Ivory Coast or with other --

JONES: There wasn't much contact we were aware of. Anna and I several times visited Benin, Togo and once Ghana with our family. To go to Togo or Benin and have a nice French provincial lunch with good wine was a break in routine.

We also toured Nigeria for a couple of weeks. We hopped in a borrowed Volkswagen Beetle, all five of us, north from Lagos to Kano and then south through Kaduna, Jos and Enugu.

Q: Ah.

JONES: I don't think anyone else did that during our time at the Consulate.

Q: Well, was there much of an opportunity -- was there travel money to encourage you to get out and visit various --

JONES: No, no travel money or leave. On our dime.

Q: Yeah. Well, then you left in late '60?

JONES: What did I say, late -- spring of '59, before independence.

Q: Fifty-nine, spring of '59.

JONES: Yes.

Q: Where'd you go?

JONES: Home, to INR. I should mention that we visited my father in Baton Rouge Louisiana where he working at the Ethyl plant. I made a little speech for the Rotary, where I was received politely but hardly enthusiastically. On the other hand I made it my business to see whether I could scare up an audience in the African American community. Through the agency of an American Friends Service Committee office promoting inter-racial relations, I learned, to my naive astonishment that it would be against the law for me to sit down at a meal with "negroes."

The AFSC person arranged instead a "reception" in his office. This turned out to be a substantial party with African American businessmen, faculty members from the "colored" state university and their wives. The audience was thoroughly informed on Nigerian politics on the eve of Independence, forcing me, happily, to field many perceptive questions and comments.

At the conclusion, the guests formed a line to I could introduce myself personally. I have never forgotten the remark the Executive Secretary of the "negro" YMCA made as he left. He turned to me in parting and said: "Remember, we have to set our people free."

Q: That's where we met . . . INR

JONES: Yes, I think so.

Q: Yeah, I had the Horn of Africa.

JONES: Yes. I didn't like the work at INR very much.

First there was home leave and then to INR. I remember defecting briefly to the Peace Corps, just organizing, with Nigeria in its sights as the first country for volunteers. Soon I volunteered for Arabic training.

Q: How did you find Arabic as a language to study?

JONES: It was OK. I, I never really mastered it. I was pulled out early to go to Aleppo before I finished the course. At that time our fourth son had come to term. Walter was born as I departed Beirut for Aleppo in April of 1963.

Q: What was the situation in Beirut when you were there?

JONES: Well, of course we were there to study language so we were really adjunct to the Embassy staff. We had a wonderful time. You could travel anywhere you wanted to go aside from the far south, near Tyre. We visited Baalbek several times, stopping at Zahlé for lunch or dinner. We spent a few days in Shemlan (Druze country) where the British Foreign Office had their language school. Anna found a beach cabana south of Beirut near what was later to become the Palestinian refugee camps at Shatila and Sabra. We lived in Hamra near the American University and the embassy.

I remember that some of us were pressed into Embassy service to help with Vice President Johnson's demanding stop in Lebanon as part of an extensive tour.

Q: Well, this is -- I take it the civil war hadn't broken out yet.

JONES: No, not until 1975 I think. That was the date of the assassination of Pierre Gemayel.

Q: But our marines landed in '63 or '64, didn't they?

JONES: Marines -- Reagan administration.

Q: But I thought that there was an earlier landing of marines around --

JONES: Yes, right, I remember that. They walked in with no opposition but lots of souvenir vendors. But this happened in 1958, under Eisenhower.

Q: -- Reagan. OK, well let's -- you were in Aleppo from when to when?

JONES: April of '63. When I went home on leave in '64, I learned I would not return to Aleppo but would be posted to Khorramshahr in Iran.

Q: All right. Well, let's talk now about Aleppo. What was going on in Syria?

JONES: Yes, I arrived in Aleppo, driving of course from Beirut alone. Anna was nine months pregnant. She stayed with the children in Beirut to go to the American hospital. I

learned that the urgency arose because Dick Murphy, later to Assistant Secretary for Middle East Affairs, whose place I took, had been reassigned because he had been identified by the post March 8 coup successor military government as having been distributing pictures of Gamal Abdel Nasser in the marketplace. Syria had withdrawn from his “United Arab Republic.”

Murphy himself has said that there was a kernel of truth because he had given photographs of Astronaut John Glenn to some students.

I have also since learned that the Syrian authorities had requested the departure of Arthur B. Allen, the Consul General when I arrived, on suspicion of participating in a 1962 coup attempt. He departed soon after my arrival also.

In the days before I arrived there had been residual fighting in the city resulting from the March 8 coup. Tanks and personnel carriers were patrolling the center of the city. The names of the casualties had been posted on telephone poles throughout the city. My first task was to collect these names. That was my introduction to Aleppo.

Q: Oh boy.

JONES: Nobody briefed me on any of this. So I really had no idea what the political situation was (*laughs*) in Syria and Aleppo or even at the Consulate General. I only learned of Allen’s difficulties in researching this oral history. Also, within days after I arrived, the intelligence officer assigned to Aleppo was also transferred, complaining, incidentally, that Aleppo was the most dangerous place he had ever served.

Allen’s replacement, Ralph Barrow, didn’t turn up until September, leaving me in charge from May until he arrived.

Negotiations were in a late stage for the purchase and renovation of a residence for the Consul General. Previous principal officers had lived in rented quarters. I completed the contract, supervised the renovation and the finalization of the purchase of the small apartment building housing the Consulate offices and rented at two family house for me and the incoming intelligence officer and his family, I learned a good deal (*laughs*) about Syrian real estate and Ottoman land rules (*laughs*) during the four months I was in charge. The properties still belonged to the United States when I last visited in 1993, vacant since the 1967 evacuation of Americans from the Middle East.

Before the family joined me, I was staying in the Baron Hotel, the famous, but shabby old hotel where Agatha Christie once stayed, owned and operated an Armenian family, Mazlounian. The current proprietor was the last of the line and the hotel had long since lost its luster but was famous for its Levantine associations.

One of my more memorable Foreign Service experiences arose during my early days there. An American gentleman, probably sixty years old, a scion of Cyprus copper mine fortunes, had followed an itinerant nightclub group from Nicosia to Aleppo. He had been

haunting their performances and fruitlessly stalking one of the girls. And he had been drinking. Mazlounian came to me rather desperately, seeking assistance in controlling him. He was holed up in his room, tearing down the curtains, destroying furniture and shouting invective.

We found a doctor, who, on observing the scene, returned with medication and suggested that as soon as possible he should be delivered to the Ashrafiya psychiatric hospital east of Beirut.

It fell to me to sit outside his locked room for a couple of nearly 24 hour days while arrangements were made.

I was given instructions on how to medicate him. I accompanied him in the back seat of the Consul General's car on the six hour trip through Damascus to Beirut. He several times attempted to jump from the moving vehicle. Oddly when we arrived at the hospital, the supervising physician took us to his office. My patient at that point seemed to me to be comparatively rational. But after about three questions, the physician swept everything off his desktop. Two orderlies appeared and quietly and efficiently took my companion away. To my great relief! The doctor told me that he had recognized immediately the schizophrenia.

The Consul in the Beirut Embassy had in the meantime arranged for his wife and his chauffeur, her paramour, to pick him up. And so it goes. I went home to our apartment Beirut. My second son, then 8, answered the door of our apartment, looked at me and said, "Mommy," -- she was out of the hospital by this time -- "Mommy, there's a man out here that looks just like Daddy," (*laughs*). A memorable experience.

Q: (laughs)

Q: Assad?

JONES: Back to Aleppo. The head of government at the time was, I think, Nuri Al-Atassi, a prominent Aleppo Muslim family, but the power rested I believe with a Baathist, military supreme council set up on March 8. Hafez Al-Assad had been a prominent actor in the March 8 coup. He and his family and Air Force colleagues mounted yet another coup in 1970.

A distinguished and capable Arabist with whom we shared a two family house for the rest of our tenure promptly replaced the departed intelligence officer. Damascus sent us a vice consul, Jack Collins. We have kept in pretty close touch for all these years.

It turned out that missionary friends of ours from Turkey days, Maryalice and Fred Shepard were teaching at Aleppo College, a high school level school established in 1916 by the American Board of Missions and largely attended by Protestant Armenians. Their four children and our three older children enjoyed one another and attended the Marist Brothers French language school, serving the Christian population in Aleppo. We had a

little community there. We did a lot of traveling and picnicking among the many archeological sites. There were many trips to Adana in Turkey to exploit the PX at Incirlik Air Force Base. Border crossing was a breeze on the Turkish side and not much more difficult on the Syrian side.

One adventure worth mentioning was my self-generated trip on the old German built railroad from Aleppo through Mosul to Baghdad. I don't think many of my peers had that opportunity.

Q: Well, what was going on in --

JONES: For us, as Americans, throughout my tenure, at least, Aleppo was simply a pleasant place to live and work. It is worth saying, in the light of current events as I edit this, that I cannot remember ever discussing Shias or Sunnis or Alawites. This is surprising because Latakia, Syria's principal seaport, and the coastal areas, the venue of Alawi sect, was in our consular district and we often visited Latakia, both for business and pleasure. These divisions just never came up in ordinary discourse. The Israeli/Palestinian issue of course often arose in casual conversations. There was a sharp, but at least for us, not overly hostile divide between the Christian communities and the old established Muslim families. Aleppo was primarily an industrial and trade center for both Christians and Muslims. Business dominated.

There was palpable nervousness among most of our contacts of all sects about the direction the socialist Baath party ruling government in Damascus was taking.

An instance of overzealous socialism arose in Aleppo when the newly-appointed Baathist Governor of Aleppo province decided arbitrarily to reduce the price of bread by a couple of kurush. He claimed to have been served moldy bread in one of the many cafes.

Because the price of flour in the city was not lowered, the neighborhood bakers, protested in vain and then stopped baking entirely. This became a genuine crisis. The first thing citizens did in the morning was to buy fresh bread for breakfast. As bakers shut down, long lines developed. Our dentist's brother-in-law, who lived in Idlib, took to buying bread there in the early morning and selling at a profit in Aleppo. This is one of the few times Ambassador Knight in Damascus asked for regular reports on the political situation in Aleppo. The Governor resorted to instructing military bakers to provide bread for the civilian populace.

One day, the bakeries began working; the Governor disappeared, later to be appointed as the Syrian Ambassador to China.

Q: I'm really surprised. Because they've had bread riots in Egypt about that time too.

JONES: Yes. Egypt. The Syrians had long since pulled out of Nasser's "United Arab Republic" and the elites regarded him as an anathema. Even so, Gamal Abdel Nasser's

radio speeches created an almost mystical spell over the city. Ordinary tasks were largely abandoned. It seemed as though the whole city gathered around radios listening to Nasser

Aside from reporting on agricultural production in northern Syria on a regular basis, mostly I visited local agents of American products, most of whom were sub agents of Beirut companies. There was the occasional traveling American businessman or salesman.

A Ford Foundation team agricultural assistance team resided in Aleppo for a while. They usually kept their distance from the Consulate. But I used to accompany their West Texas animal husbandry expert on sheep to agricultural fairs. He always said that he wished he could breed fat-tailed Syrian sheep in West Texas because their meat was leaner than American lamb.

The assassination of John F. Kennedy caused genuine grief throughout Aleppo. I first learned of it from a representative of the Syrian security service (mukhabarat) who brought me out of a performance of a French string quartet about 9:00 PM local time. It seemed every important person in Aleppo paid condolence visits to Ralph Barrow, the Consul General. The arrangements occupied the staff for many days.

Q: Well, did -- were we concerned about our safety, or were there demonstrations against, against us?

JONES: It was a fact of life that the brutal Syrian intelligence service was monitoring our activities fairly carefully. Our foreign service locals, largely Christian, felt very much under the gun. They were correct. At least one of them, a Muslim as it happened, was arrested and disappeared at the time of the 1967 war

Q: Well, how was your Arabic?

JONES: In those days it was useful but partly because I hadn't finished the course, I had to stumble along. I could read Arabic pretty well and that was useful.

Q: Where'd you go after Aleppo

JONES: We went on home leave with full expectation of going back to Aleppo, in summer of '64. In my State Department briefing, we learned that we had been posted to Khorramshahr, Iran. Our entire household was still in Aleppo and had to be packed by our neighbors.

Q: OK, when did this happen?

JONES: In the summer of 1964.

I'll make my announcement. Today is the 2nd of April, 2014, interview with Ollie Jones, Ellis Jones. Ollie, you had said something about, you had been in -- was it Nigeria?

JONES: Yes.

Q: We're off to Khorramshahr -- was it Khorramshahr you were going to? from Aleppo to Khorramshahr?

JONES: One of the desk officers, when I appeared at State, told me I wasn't to return to Aleppo. Instead I was to go to Khorramshahr as Consul. My response was "Where is that?"

I had to spend part of my home leave in Washington at a seminar on "counterinsurgency" for outgoing principal officers and ambassadors. The seminar had been organized at the request of Ted Kennedy. In addition to lectures in Washington, we visited Fort Bragg and Eglin Field in Pensacola to view unconvincing demonstrations of military "counterinsurgency" tactics. There was much emphasis on befriending young people in developing countries.

Q: Well, with that, I mean what was the situation like in Khorramshahr at the time you arrived?

JONES: I will answer by briefly describing our introduction to Iran. We traveled through Tehran. As part of our visit to the elaborate and heavily staffed Embassy, I met briefly with Ambassador Julius Holmes, a distinguished old school Foreign Service Officer. He told me to remember that his one most important task in Iran was to keep abreast of the Shah, Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi, Aryamehr (Aryan Sun). There was a large US Military Assistance Group already, an AID mission as well as heavy State Department and intelligence staffing. There were four Consulates, one in Tabriz, another in Isfahan, a third in Meshed in the east, near the Afghan border, as well as the Consulate in Khorramshahr.

We happened to cross paths in Tehran with outgoing Consul from Khorramshahr, Tom Donovan, who had spent almost all of a longish career in Eastern Europe before this posting to the Persian Gulf. His startling summation of Khorramshahr was that the post and the people were the "the bottom of the barrel."

With that vivid introduction, we arrived in Khorramshahr to find that an incoming vice consul was occupying the Consul's residence, a foreign service local staff of about ten, Bob McLaughlin, Public Affairs Officer, presiding over a small library, a general services ex-Air Force chief petty officer, several Navy chief petty officers assigned to work with the Iranian Navy and a pretty dismal Consulate office and residence. The Consulate was on the Karun River. Hong Kong and Khorramshahr were said to be the only Foreign Service posts with their own launch. Later a retired Marine master sergeant Sam Case and Betty replaced the retired Air Force sergeant. We have stayed in pretty close touch over the years with the Cases and the Feldts, Bill Feldt, then the Vice Consul.

Khorramshahr turned out to be a remarkably interesting posting. At the head of the Persian Gulf, located on the confluence of the Karun River and the Shatt al-Arab, the boundary between Iraq and Iran, the thalweg of which constitutes the border at that point between Iran and Iran. Khorramshahr is about twenty kilometers north of the Abadan Refinery, then operated by a consortium of international oil companies together with the National Iranian Oil Company (NIOC). The arrangement dated from the resolution of the chaos following the Kermit Roosevelt/British managed coup of 1952 overthrowing the existing government and replacing it with the Shah. Virtually all of Iran's crude wells were in Khuzestan province. It was the seat of Iran's most important source of foreign exchange derived from oil exports. Ahwaz, about 150 kilometers north of Khorramshahr, is the Provincial capital. Khorramshahr also served during World War II as the railhead for Lend Lease and other aid from the United States to the Soviet Union.

There had always been a vigorous archeological activity in Khuzestan, said to be the seat of the ancient Elamite civilization. We had a close relationship with a University of Chicago Oriental Institute team that had been working for several years in Khuzestan.

The American presence included a fledgling sugar plantation being developed by a Hawaiian company. This was part of the Khuzestan Water and Power Authority (KWPA), centered in Ahwaz, the Provincial capital, an effort to develop the previously arid lands now watered and powered by the recently completed Reza Shah Pahlavi great dam. The recently arrived managing director of KWPA was Lee St. Lawrence, seconded from AID. There was an American agronomist, sponsored by an NGO, working independently of the KWPA, with local Iranian farmers.

There were several Peace Corps volunteers in the surrounding countryside including an attractive American girl became a local media star, broadcasting in Farsi to the Abadan community. The Consortium and the NIOC sponsored a small training college for prospective Iranian engineers, staffed by Americans. A few of the executives of the consortium were American including, for example, the head of the crude oil producing community in Masjid-i-Suleiman. There were a number of Dutch and British executives and engineers in Abadan, a small substantial "company town." There were three other "official" government consulates, British, Indian and Iraqi, as well as Scandinavian shipping agents who held "honorary" consulships.

The "international" air terminal in Abadan served Iranian Airways and British Overseas Airways (BOAC) with flights serving London, Kuwait and Tehran. An Iraqi border crossing was about twenty-five kilometers away, and Basra, where another American Consulate was not much farther.

The consular district stretched north along the western edge of the Alborz range nearly as far north as Sulaimaniya, a largely Kurdish city, east to include the handsome old city of Shiraz and the spectacular ruin of the great palace of Cyrus the Great at Persepolis and south along the eastern coast of the Gulf beyond Bushehr, now the site of a Soviet built nuclear reactor. We often witnessed tribal migrations of the Qashqai and the Lurs.

A downer for my family was the lack of school facilities. The consortium operated a good school for expatriate children, but children of United States Government employees were not accepted as a matter of policy. Anna tried for a time to work with the boys at home and there was a school for very small children operated by an Italian order of Filipino nuns. In the end I successfully searched out a fairly satisfactory boarding school on the Isle of Wight. The boys went back and forth for vacations with British Overseas Airways.

Another downer was my bout with Hepatitis A, shortly after we arrived, probably from eating tainted shellfish in Naples. It was severe enough for the Iranian Oil chief executive in whose hospital I was recuperating to consider asking me to leave. Two of the kids also came down with light cases.

Shortly after my discharge from the hospital, the only USIS foreign service local employee, a young man in his very early twenties, driving alone in a USG vehicle crashed in the early hours of morning through the railing of the bridge across the Karun River within site of our residence. This was probably the most daunting crisis by far of our stay in Iran. And it was lesson for us in Shia Islam customs. Both Anna and I were involved in the rituals that ensued. The automobile had to be recovered with a floating crane and divers. Of course we didn't know until the recovery whether he had any passengers. The young man, well known throughout the local community, was the only son of his parents and unmarried. Thus, a thorough tragedy involving us as the titular heads of the American community.

Q: What was the official life of the Consulate like? Any consular work, economic reporting - - -?

JONES: Only days after our arrival, Ambassador and Ms. Holmes arrived by way of the Naval Attaché's C-47 to dedicate two gift frigates from the US to the Iranian Navy. We had to scramble to get together a luncheon for them. There were a couple of US Navy visits from the Admiral in charge of the "Fifth Fleet," always an occasion for revelry and ceremony. The British sent a destroyer a couple of times with the same result. I think in those days there was only one naval vessel in the Fifth Fleet, a seaplane tender the Admiral, a submariner, used for an office. The "fleet visits" were made by visiting temporarily attached destroyers. The Naval Attaché from Tehran flew down from Tehran in his personal C-47. We later hosted another visit from Holmes' successor, Armin Meyer and Ms. Meyer. These occasions required lots of luncheons, dinners and scheduling.

Henry Bartlett, the British Consul, and I at one point received matching instructions from London and Washington to organize a reception to celebrate the anniversary in 1965 of the founding of the "Baghdad Pact," Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, Britain and America as a wall against imperialist communism. Henry, an expert water-colorist and Amanda Bartlett were great friends. Eleven years my senior, Henry later served as H.M. Ambassador and Plenipotentiary to Asuncion.

Toward the end of our stay, the Shah, himself, with a large entourage, paid a rare, perhaps unique, visit to the area. He was of course the guest of the National Iranian Oil Company but we necessarily were required to turn up at the various ceremonies. Notably, I attended a luncheon for the Shah at the Consortium headquarters Mess Hall on Kharg Island, also attended by the ranking oil company and refinery executives. It was a memorable occasion chiefly because, throughout the meal, nobody said a word except the Shah, sitting at a head table, and the two executives next to him. Total silence! And we weren't even introduced.

I think that our Embassy intelligence section had a clandestine source in the area because from time to time we received copies of "secret" cables noting that Iraqi troops were hiding in the palm groves across the Shatt Al-Arab. We never saw any, and so reported.

Our first real official thought about the Vietnam War came about because, in 1965, a delegation of the American faculty at the consortium's engineering school came to the Consulate protesting American involvement.

Q: How about relations with the Embassy?

JONES: Most if not all of our occasional "reporting" was directed to the Embassy, not to Washington. The Iranian Governor of Khuzestan Province was a graduate of the University of Utah. One of the reasons, it had developed, that I was posted to Iran was the presence in Khuzestan of a large population of Arabic speaking "Marsh Arabs" whose cousins lived in Iraq. Our long time Foreign Service local employee and driver, Abdullah, was an Arab.

Governor Ansari arranged a trip for us to the marsh villages. Because I was accompanying the Governor, there was a large and vocal turn out of elders. I wrote up the visit at some length and dispatched it to the Embassy. Mostly it was a simple account but I did mention, for example, that it appeared to me that the electric pumps the Iranian Government was providing the villages would be difficult to maintain without a regular supply of parts. No response. Several weeks later the Governor told me that my report was very good. And so it goes.

The Embassy was trying to be supportive of the Shah's "White Revolution" designed to develop the rural sector. The political counselor asked us all at a meeting of the four principal officers whether the United States should get closely involved. The four answers were the same. Keep American hands off.

Nevertheless the Embassy busied itself encouraging the Iranians to step up "rural development" efforts, providing, for instance, aid packages for the Iranian Navy to distribute to the very undeveloped population along the eastern shore of the Gulf. The Iranian Navy commander agreed to let Bill Feldt, the Vice Consul, ride along. Bill wrote up the event for the Embassy on his return, remarking that the aid packages were simply left along the shore at various points and that little or no effort was devoted to contacting actual human beings.

This drew a retort saying that we shouldn't be critical of the Iranian efforts. And so it goes.

Q: Well, this is -- I, I think it, it's very interesting to know that here is somebody sitting right in the middle of the thing and being basically kept in the dark and how we were sharing our reports with the Iranian government people. And also basically telling our people not to report on anything derogatory. How about traditional consular work?

Aside from the protest about the Vietnam War, many of the relatively few Americans employed by the consortium attended a Protestant congregation led by a young American pastor, George Forner, who later had a long career with USIS. We tried to keep in close touch with the Consular District. I visited the small city of Bushehr three times by way of Shiraz, much against our Driver Abdullah's better judgment. The roads were deplorable. The great ruin of Cyrus the Great's city and temple of Persepolis is near Shiraz.

One of those occasions was on my British colleague's business. There had been questions in Parliament about the condition of a 19th century British military cemetery there. I was able to report that it was in pretty bad shape and discover the name of the Iranians responsible for it.

On another occasion, the Fifth Fleet admiral and I responded to a request from the local Governor to organize a football (soccer) match between the sailors aboard the Admiral's seaplane tender and the local team. Then admiral asked for "volunteers" among what was largely his clerical staff. It was quite a sight. Then Americans in skivvies, black socks and shoes and the adolescent Iranians who had been playing soccer their entire lives, bare chested and bare footed. No match, but fun to watch midday in the hot sun, swirling red dust, the Admiral in dress uniform, me in soaked seersucker and the Iranian dignitaries in suits and ties seated together on the sidelines in overstuffed chairs. The score at half time was a lot to nothing and the match ended with goodwill congratulations all around.

I was dignified on boarding the Admiral's vessel with an Honor Guard and a thirteen-gun salute.

We had the troublesome problem of screening Iranians applying for student visas, especially for language ability.

We entertained the several Peace Corps volunteers and on one occasion I was called upon to check out an unhappy volunteer in Khorramabad who was having difficulties adapting to his agricultural job. There was an Iranian engineer in KWPA who had absconded from Oregon with his American-born infant daughter. Our repeated unsuccessful attempts to persuade him to permit the child to return led to lengthy, acerbic correspondence with Senator Wayne Morse and the Department.

We sponsored a showing of the JFK memorial movie *Years of Lightening, Day of Drums*. The Robert Shaw Chorale paid a welcome visit to Abadan at the beginning of a tour of Iran, sponsored by USIS.

There were a couple of instances of successful if questionable assistance to Americans in difficulty. The chief of a Texas based pipeline company crew sought us out about one of his roustabouts who had turned over a Jeep and killed an Iranian prostitute riding with him. Without making inquiries about the deceased, we managed to help get him aboard a plane and out of the country. This was dangerous, but we never heard anything more about it.

On another occasion, the Consul General in Tehran sent us an American woman (again from Texas) who had been pestering him to get her and her infant child out of the country even though her Iranian husband refused to permit the Iranian Foreign Ministry to release her passport. We issued her a limited duration one-way passport endorsed for the child. After notifying our colleague at the Basra Iraq Consulate, we sent Mother and child accompanied by Muhammad Ali Atiq, our helpful Kurdish go-between, to the border. She was able to cross without incident.

Q: Oh, I can understand. I was -- around that time, a little earlier, I was in Dhahran. We had many of the same cases: Was there any political activity -- the mujaheddin . . . ?

JONES: No, there was nothing like that. There was no political activity, at least in opposition to the Shah. SAVAK, his intelligence service, was ubiquitous. Bill Feldt, after I left, discovered that our amanuensis, Muhammad Ali Atiq, had been reporting to SAVAK but we were never approached. There were parliamentary "elections" toward the end of our stay. Two parties ran, both established by the Shah. It wasn't serious. Incidentally I at least never had any discussion or read any cable traffic about Ali Khomeini who had been exiled, shortly before I arrived, to Paris -- and later to Baghdad

Q: Well, good. OK, so why don't we -- we'll pick this up -- I'll put at the end here, we're -- you've left Khorramshahr. What year did you leave?

JONES: Leave Khorramshahr?

Q: Yeah.

JONES: Yes. We went on home leave in the summer of '66, returned to Iran for several months and departed for Yemen in December 1966, by way of Kuwait, Christmas in Jerusalem, Cairo, Khartoum and Asmara, then part of Ethiopia. There was an American Air Force signals base in Asmara, Kagnew Station, and a Consulate General.

Q: OK. Today is April 10, 2014 and this is a continuation of my interview with Ollie Jones. So Ollie, we're -- you're in -- you've just reached Taiz. You were in Taiz from when to when?

JONES: From about January 2 1967 until the middle of May 1967.

Q: OK. What was the situation in Yemen at the time? Could you explain the relationship between Taiz, Sana'a, and Aden and this all?

JONES: Let me set up the situation as I found it when I arrived in Taiz with Anna and our youngest son, who turned four that year. Our other three sons who traveled with us to Asmara returned to boarding school in the United Kingdom.

My job was to head an "Embassy Office" in Taiz. The Embassy, prompted by a demand from the Yemeni Government, had moved to Sana'a, the capital, about 270 kilometers on a gravel road recently completed as a US AID project. There remained in Taiz an AID Mission headed by Robert Hamer, occupying a three-story building. The Mission had long since completed construction of the road project and the John F. Kennedy Memorial water supply project for the city of Taiz. There remained no construction activity. One young AID employee was still helping rural villages with water well maintenance. Otherwise American AID employees had reverted to management roles.

Nevertheless AID was still fully staffed, perhaps thirty, possibly a few more, Americans and third country nationals with families, including overhead administrative staff, occupying a three story building outside the enclosed Embassy compound, several large, rented homes and a small "village" of about ten prefabricated houses and a small "club" with a swimming pool.

Oddly, some other Embassies remained in Sana'a, the Chinese and the Italian, for example.

Q: Yeah.

JONES: The embassy in Taiz had been there many years. The compound included a substantial Principal Officer dwelling, a good-sized guesthouse and a Chancery, complete with clandestine communications equipment staffed by a CIA communicator responsible to his superior in Sana'a. All other Embassy personnel had decamped to Sana'a before I arrived. My job was to be the "diplomatic presence" in Taiz. Shortly after I arrived a general services employee, a young man in his early twenties with his nineteen-year-old wife arrived. One Foreign Service local employee remained, Ahmad. His job was processing the steady but low volume demand for immigration visas.

So, the Embassy office consisted of me, the newly minted general services assistant, his new young bride, the CIA communications employee answering to Santa, and Ahmad. Three and a half people. The only transportation I controlled was one fairly elderly ill-maintained Chevrolet sedan. The AID Mission had several vehicles, including land rovers, pick-up trucks and automobiles. The AID Mission also included an executive Aero-Commander turboprop plane with pilot.

Q: What about the overall political situation?

JONES: Most of the political and military activity centered in the North near the Saudi Border among the perpetually rebellious tribes. There was a large Egyptian military presence in Sana'a and a much smaller one in Taiz. As I remember the Yemeni government was more than deferential to the Egyptians. Aden was still a British colony, under siege by an active and deadly insurgent National Liberation Front (NLF), headquartered in Taiz. There remained an American Consulate General in Aden. Another rival insurgent group, possibly backed to some extent by the Egyptians, the Front for the Liberation of South Yemen (FLOSY) was also headquartered in Taiz.

I became at one point briefly but deeply involved with the latter group. Even so there was no special reason for American involvement in any of this, beyond keeping Washington informed. Our tangible, immediate interests really rested in the completed AID projects and the American presence.

Q: Can you provide some more detail about that?

JONES: In addition to Robert Hamer, the overall head of the AID Mission, the completed Mocha-Taiz-Sana'a road project was being managed by Warren Tadlock. It consisted of the warehouse road building equipment and some abandoned cargo cranes in the desolate port of Mocha. Charlie Michalec was in charge of managing the completed The John F. Kennedy Memorial urban Water Project. The projects were independent of one another. Hamer had a number of employees devoted to AID overhead issues. There was a small, prefabricated housing community outside the city. In the AID office building, I was to discover, there was a refrigerated unit for storing imported frozen meat and vegetables imported by way of Aden. Other imported sustenance came from Kagnew Station in Asmara periodically by air, a couple of flights a week to the Taiz airport. At the time, the only commercial airport was in Taiz. The Egyptians controlled a military airport in Sana'a. Diplomatic pouches and other air freight consigned to the Embassy arrived by this means also. Kagnew Station also had a well equipped hospital. Embassy personnel had to use the Taiz airport to enter and exit the country.

A couple of times a month Lee Dinsmore held a "country team" meeting. Bob Hamer and I and sometimes others attended the staff meetings using the executive turboprop and the pilot permanently posted to Taiz, usually a round trip the same day. More of this later.

Several things about the job soon became clear. Although my peers at the Embassy made a point of how fortunate Anna and I were to be able to live in the modest ambassadorial residence, my ordinary day, at first, meant arising at 5:30 AM to start the generator supplying the very necessary supplementary electricity, meeting the commercial flights and, it soon turned out, driving to the southern border between North Yemen and the Aden colony to pick up seaborne shipments of household goods, magazine subscriptions and other things imported by the American community. I also was responsible for issuing immigrant and occasionally temporary visas. And we played host and hostess and travel agency to the comings and goings of Embassy, AID and other personnel and visitors

Hamer's reluctance to provide me with transportation for these mail deliveries soon revealed his further reluctance to cede any authority to me. To avoid these potential confrontations, I turned to the heads of the two projects, who were kind enough to loan me the necessary larger capacity vehicles. For example, shortly after I arrived I picked up what turned out to be, to my surprise, a large shipment of frozen food at the Aden border. It was then that I discovered the AID frozen food storage capacity. Hamer however told me that, because this order was not consigned to AID but the Embassy, storage in the AID facility would not be possible. Faced with rapidly deteriorating frozen food, I drove a borrowed pick-up the 275 kilometers to Sana'a and back, alone of course. I had no driver.

One of my duties was to have been the custodian of any classified cable and other traffic which was supposed to be stored at Embassy code room for cleared AID person to read on request. It later turned out that one of Hamer's assistants who traveled to and from Sana'a had been carrying such traffic directly to Hamer, to be stored in the AID safe. This safe later became the object of Egyptian attention.

The prospect of two years of this unattractive routine soon changed – for the worse.

The rank and file of the AID Mission personnel were kind and welcoming. Anna soon committed herself to organizing a small school for the several very young children in the community. There was the usual round of informal gatherings to introduce us.

A month or so after our arrival, two of the AID employees, Steve Liapis of Grand Forks, North Dakota, but born in Egypt and Arabic speaking, and Harold Hartman of Baltimore, both employees of the Road Project, asked me to lunch at the little "club" in the housing area. After a pleasant meal and a couple of beers, they came to the point. They told me that, in their view, the American community in Taiz was in danger without providing details. They asked that, as their last best hope, I use my influence to have the Mission suspended and to evacuate the personnel. This was a good deal more than unsettling, to say the least.

Lee Dinsmore, the Chargé, fluent in Arabic, later to be posted to Dhahran, headed an Embassy staffed by a junior Political Officer, Roscoe Suddarth, later to be Ambassador to Jordan, David Ransom, consular officer, also to become an Ambassador, and his wife Marjorie Newsom, an Arabist working for USIS, an Army major as Defense Attaché, an administrative officer, a Public Affairs Officer Chuck Gosselink, a CIA officer, an Economic Officer David Newton, destined to return to Taiz as the Ambassador, a female fiscal officer who turned out to be a good cook, a couple of communicators and possibly others. The "country team" meetings usually involved twelve or thirteen people.

In early March or late February it became clear to me, and others, that our situation was changing. I have discovered since from Marjorie Ransom's oral history that some of our Sana'a staff had received a mysterious list in Arabic, almost over the transom, of Embassy personnel whom the Yemen government listed by name as *persona-non-grata*. This may have persuaded Dinsmore at one of our meetings to poll the room, asking

whether we should withdraw the AID Mission. I felt compelled from further inquiry and in the light of the Liapis/Hartman warning to vote yes – the only affirmative voice. In any case no action taken.

My evidence came from several developments. I had suddenly been required to tape a long Arabic explanation of my permission to drive on the windshield of the Embassy car assigned to me even though it had diplomatic tags. I began to have increasing at first minor difficulties in clearing the diplomatic pouches at the airport. Our flights to Sana'a from Taiz and back depended on the cooperation of Egyptian military air traffic controllers in Sana'a. It began to take longer and longer to get the appropriate clearances. I think we may have had to abort one flight for lack of clearance. Some checkpoints began to appear in the city streets.

Nevertheless Anna departed for Beirut in about mid March to meet our sons coming for school vacation, carrying with her a shopping list of equipment for the school she had volunteered to establish. Soon after she left, for the first time, the customs people at the airport outright refused to deliver me the sealed diplomatic pouch unless I opened it for them. I refused, reporting the denial to Sana'a. From that time on the weekly pouch arrivals were sequestered because of my refusals, annoying the American community, largely because the weekly movies came by pouch.

The occasions when I was stopped when driving became more frequent. On one occasion, returning from Sana'a by automobile, I was stopped at a checkpoint outside the city. The guards searched the car, discovered the diplomatic pouch was I carrying for dispatch by air and refused to allow me to continue unless I agreed to open it. I cooled my heels for an hour or so until an Egyptian appeared claiming to be the Egyptian Consul in Taiz. After considerable discussion, including an extensive dialogue with the Consul about the "problem" of the American presence in Taiz, the Yemenis relented.

On another occasion, the Embassy sent a Yemeni employee from Sana'a, instructing me, without further explanation, to give him refuge in the residence and arrange for his departure out of the country. He stayed in the residence for a couple of days and then disappeared. He turned up later to accuse me of preventing him from leaving the residence.

My difficulties with diplomatic correspondence climaxed with the arrival by airfreight of a large crate under diplomatic seal consigned to the Embassy in Sana'a. The Yemeni authorities repeatedly refused to deliver it to me unless I permitted them to open it. I had received urgent messages from the embassy to arrange for this shipment to be cleared and delivered. I was told that it contained a file cabinet. At one point a delegation of three CIA employees from Athens arrived by air without notice to urge me, rather angrily but unsuccessfully, to get it cleared. When I left Taiz in mid May the situation had not been solved. I was later told that it contained communications equipment.

Perhaps I should also mention that during this period and later I discovered I was not receiving some messages and info because of a personal clearance only at the “Top Secret” level.

At my request this was remedied.

Our consular assistant, Ahmad, failed to turn up for work so I had to add the processing of immigrant visas to my duties.

In the midst of all this I became acquainted with Abdullah Al-Asnag, the Leader of the Front for the Liberation of Occupied South Yemen (FLOSY) and of The Trade Union Association of “South Arabia”. The State Department, at the request of the British Embassy in Washington, I believe, with Dinsmore’s acquiescence, asked me to become a clandestine messenger between Asnag and George Brown, the British Labour Government Foreign Secretary at the time.

Martin Kitchen, a scholar at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia has discussed the background of the roles of the National Liberation Front and the Front for the Liberation of South Aden in his 1996 book *A Short History of the British Empire and Commonwealth* as quoted in *Wikipedia*. Al-Asnag had long been the leader of the South Arabian Federation of Trade Unions in Aden prior to the events described.

“ . . . in 1965 the British suspended Asnag’s *Federation of South Arabian* government in Aden and imposed direct colonial rule. Realizing that the British weren't going to give him control Asnag fled the country and joined the NLF. However elements of the NLF become more radical Marxist and they split from the Egyptians. Asnag formed his own military organization, FLOSY, in order to counter the NLF. The NLF quickly denounced Asnag and FLOSY as Imperialist forces under control of Nasser and in addition to attacking the British also engaged FLOSY in combat. By February 1967 the British could no longer control or protect its bases in Aden and announced it was leaving the country, against American wishes.

“In January 1967, there were mass riots by NLF and FLOSY supporters in the old Arab quarter of Aden town, which continued until mid February, despite the intervention of British troops. During the period there were many attacks on the troops, and an Aden Airways Douglas DC-3 plane was destroyed in the air with no survivors. At the same time, the members of FLOSY and the NLF were also killing each other in large numbers. On 20 June 1967, there was a mutiny in the Federation of South Arabia Army, which also spread to the police. The British restored order. “

At the time I had only the vaguest notion of the strife the British were facing in Aden. There had been no discussion of this in the American classified traffic available to me. Neither had the Embassy or the Department briefed me. There may have been some CIA traffic that Hamer captured, without sharing it with me. I was aware of the assassinations,

actual and attempted, of some British officials and that at least one son of the leader of NFL, Abdul Qawi Makkawi, had been killed (it turned out to be three sons). Both Makkawi and Al-Asnag had been leaders in the political life of Aden. Makkawi had been the “First Minister” of the “South Arabian Federation” a failing British attempt to establish a stable government prior to abandoning Aden. But of this and general warfare, I knew very little. Acting on the following March 9 instruction I established a dialogue with Al-Asnag. At the time I was told that to transmit the results of my conversations via our clandestine communications to the Department, which would in turn transmit the to the Foreign Office via the Canadian Embassy, addressed to Foreign Secretary Brown personally. I covered these conversations by copying pages from our one-time code pad and transmitting the result to Embassy Cairo through the commercial cable office.

“151922. Taiz 1231.” Appreciate info reftel and approve your attempt establish personal acquaintance al-Asnag. Should meeting occur, you should stress you are commenting on personal basis but may make following points: (a) with crucial phase South Arabia nation-building now taking place, those with most influence will be ones working inside rather than those who choose to opt out; (b) FLOSY's decision boycott UN Special Mission will deny it constructive role in establishing stable South Arabian state and at same time run counter UN Resolution establishing UN Mission for which almost entire UN membership, including UAR, voted; (c) terror will solve no problems in South Arabia but merely create new ones; and (d) since British definitely and finally are leaving, shrewder course for all Arab patriots would be cooperate with UN Mission and their fellow citizens in effort establish an orderly independent administration in which all Arabs could take pride. You might also discreetly suggest to al-Asnag that UAR aims and South Arabian nationalist aims may now increasingly diverge.”

I think there were two or three exchanges like this, but neither party discussed anything substantive. Brown was apparently hoping to persuade Al-Asnag to assist in the British effort to calm down the situation in Aden. My contemporary research indicates that Dinsmore somehow tried continuing this effort, without my knowledge, from Sana'a in late April with both Makkawi and Al-Asnag.

This March 1967 colloquy was a significant addition to my growing workload. By mid March it became apparent that it would be unsafe for Anna to return. By cable I asked Beirut to notify her to sit tight with our youngest. Our other sons had already returned to the UK.

In April the Regional Labor Officer from Beirut notified me that he planned to visit Taiz arriving on April 25, a Tuesday. I organized a dinner meeting for that evening with several Yemeni trade union officials. I don't remember how I discovered them but Al-Asnag may have helped. During the dinner, at about 9:00 PM, the sounds of multiple gunfire and explosions broke out, seemingly largely outside the city proper, tracer bullets enticingly coursing through the dark, electricity free night sky. My Yemeni guests departed. The gunfire and explosions may have lasted as long as half an hour.

The next morning, several of the AID personnel showed up with their vehicles asking what I knew. About mid-morning I heard a commotion in the city and someone told me that an anti-American crowd was gathering intending to march on the Embassy. So it proved. By 12:00 noon a large crowd of young men and boys, perhaps three or four hundred at most appeared at the secured gate to the Embassy compound. Estimates of a crowd of three thousand are grossly exaggerated. For a time I stood outside to admit still other AID people. As the crowd began climbing the gate and the eight foot fencing I retreated to the Embassy secure area with my involuntary guests, sent a “flash” telegram to the Department, the Sixth Fleet and as many nearby Embassies as I could think of. We were equipped with tear gas. The crowd attempted briefly but failed to break through the door. Therefore I am unable to describe the events for the next two or three hours.

However the Public Affairs officer, Chuck Gosselink, from the Embassy had arrived the day before with some of his family from Asmara where they had been visiting Charlotte Gosselink who was hospitalized for the birth of their child. They had spent the night in the Guest House. I had forgotten they were there. He witnessed the ensuing chaos. I append here his account:

A crowd, probably instigated by the Yemeni government, demonstrating against the U.S. Consulate, got out of hand, climbed the walls, and began heaving rocks at everything in sight. Char(lotte)’s dad, Jay and Rob and I were watching the demonstration from the glassed porch on the second floor of the guest house, they boys, 3 and 4, amused by the fire trucks periodically hosing down the crowd. At one point I heard something below and looked down to see young guys climbing over the back wall. One of them looked up and saw me and reached down to grab a stone. I yanked the boys back from the windows and Char’s dad and I got them back into the bedroom and shut the door just seconds before the stones started smashing the glass and hitting the door. Of course, we were afraid that they might come into the building, but the Yemeni police or army fired shots in the air (I still have one of the spent shells) and quelled the riot. Of course, we were afraid that they might come into the building, but the Yemeni police or army fired shots in the air (I still have one of the spent shells) and quelled the riot. When order was restored we all began put the pieces back together. I wired Char not to come.

When we emerged from hiding, the crowd was gone and so were the police. Almost all the windows in the Chancery were broken. Several vehicles were trashed as was the Principal Officer’s residence. We lost quite a lot of personal property. One of the fortunate things about a Yemeni demonstration is the universal habit of chewing the narcotic qat in the afternoon. It pretty well guarantees a slowdown of most activity.

As I unlocked and opened the large metal gate, an Egyptian officer appeared driving a military vehicle with a Yemeni passenger dressed in an entirely inappropriate formal business suit and tie. I thought he might have been the Foreign Minister but I later learned he was the Minister of the Interior. Before I was able to make a complaint, the

Italian Ambassador appeared running up the dusty road in short shorts and began a long tirade in English directed mostly at the Yemeni berating him for permitting such an attack on our or any Embassy premises.

The aftermath was exhausting.

The Egyptian officer agreed to drive me to the various AID locations for damage assessment. The AID office building had been completely trashed, typewriters smashed, windows broken, electricity connections broken, frozen food spoiling in the heat. My interlocutor tried to persuade me without success to say that there was little or no damage.

We visited the headquarters of the John F. Kennedy Memorial Water Project, where I encountered a senior Yemeni AID employee who had been Hamer's "dragoman" and confidante. He pointed out with satisfaction that he was now and henceforth the Manager of the Water Project.

Before that day was over I learned that five AID employees had been arrested and confined to the headquarters of Yemeni intelligence, luckily an easy walk up the slope from the Embassy compound. Tadlock and Michaelic, respectively head of the road project and the water project were there as well as Liapis, Hartman and one other.

Our generator, though low on fuel, had not been damaged. The small kitchen in the Chancery was unharmed. I started my general services assistant and his young wife burning the many files that had not been transferred to the Embassy proper and joined the prisoners for an all night stay. I left them in the morning to begin what I hoped would be the evacuation of the AID Mission in its entirety. Hamer at first refused to sign off on a cable recommending total evacuation but soon relented. I later learned that the Yemenis had already requested the departure of all Americans.

In addition arranging for some minimal repairs, I learned that a charter had been arranged for Saturday, April 29. I had \$400 in cash for emergencies. I got in touch with the head of the Taxi Drivers' Union, offering the whole amount to have sufficient vehicles available on Saturday morning to transport the community to the airport.

I noted that we would soon run out of diesel for the generator, so necessary for communication and comfort, and wasted considerable time failing to find some on the local market. I returned to the prisoners before sunset and spent a second night, Thursday, April 27.

There was a regularly scheduled commercial flight arriving on Friday, April 28. I sent Gosselink to the airport to ask the pilot to arrange for the incoming charter to bring diesel. He remembers it as requesting a charter but I think we already were aware of the pending charter arrival. I append his account:

“ . . . in the aftermath, the Yemeni government ordered all USAID people to leave the country. On Friday, April 28, you sent me out to the airport in a Consulate car (just below the Consulate our car was stopped by a small band of young kids yelling the slogans of a few days before, but they were in good humor and quickly let us go) to hand deliver a message to the Ethiopian Airlines pilot, asking for a special flight to take the USAID people out. Much to my surprise, Char and her mother and Rebecca [the newborn infant] were the first ones off the plane. They had not received my wire and had no news of the demonstrations. Like every loving husband and father, my first response was to shout, “What are you doing here!!” The following day, Saturday April 29, Char and the three children were evacuated with the USAID people.”

In the event, two drums of diesel arrived with the charter. The taxis appeared on Saturday morning and the AID personnel and their families paraded through the city to the airport. I don't remember if a crowd gathered to jeer. I think not. It must have been about 11:00 AM. On our arrival at the airport, the “customs” people requested that every suitcase and bundle be meticulously searched. One of the senior people, an amateur photographer who had spent several years in Yemen was carrying his extensive library of 35 mm slides, all of which were confiscated. The Yemenis didn't finish their searching until mid to late afternoon. This made for an anxious time because the weather and daylight window for departing aircraft was imminent.

Chuck Gosselink says that the flight took them not to Asmara but to the Ethiopian port of Assab where they transferred to a US military flight. It seems the Embassy personnel in Sana'a also evacuated to Asmara *en masse* on a similar charter the following Monday, May 1.

Some time during this confusion, there arrived by road Roscoe Suddarth, the Sana'a political office and later to be Ambassador to Jordan, the fiscal officer and possibly Dinsmore for a short stay. Seizing on Suddarth's offer to help, I sent him to reside with the incarcerated Liapis and Hartman, freeing me for other tasks. He stayed with them until they were transferred to Sana'a and expelled from the country nearly two weeks later. I had been with the detained for at least two nights and had been hand delivering three meals a day. I continued to deliver their food throughout their detention.

The Egyptian military soon took over investigative activities. From the Embassy chancery we could see that klieg lights had been set up and agreed that we spotted the light generated by an acetylene torch. We soon received a cable from the Department asking us to try to put a stop to any activity there. Hamer had reported the cache of highly classified documents he had squirreled away in his large safe. Our effort, despite my better judgment, to mount an obvious guard over the building of course failed to achieve its aim. It merely irritated the Yemenis. It is my impression that we all believed that the Egyptians successfully retrieved Hamer's cache of classified documents and correspondence.

The Egyptian military undertook an extensive “investigation” of the allegations that Liapis and Hartman had mounted a bazooka (rocket propelled grenade) attack on the Road project headquarters. They mounted a search one night, in my presence, of the American housing project. It must have been before the evacuation. Among other things the officer in charge drew my attention to a pistol hidden by our pilot in his home freezer. My ostentatious chastisement of the pilot and surrender of the gun avoided further difficulty around that incident.

More importantly, in the week following the evacuation, The Egyptian military mounted a nightly elaborate interrogation of Hartman and Liapis, at which they properly insisted on my presence, dismally beginning at about 9:00 PM. It involved tedious, interminable questioning of each of the “prisoners” beginning with name, place of birth and other vital statistics, all elaborately phrased in Arabic, translated into English and transcribed by hand. They brought forth at one point an obviously maltreated and trembling older Yemeni employee of the road project to identify the “culprits.” It was a ridiculous attempt at a set-up.

And that wasn't all.

One day when I routinely brought a meal to Liapis, Hartman and Suddarth, I found them shut out of the room they ordinarily occupied. The excuse was that the room was being cleaned. For some reason, now lost in the mists of time, I became suspicious and successfully insisted on suspecting the room before they re-occupied it. The windows in the room were high and narrow with deep window wells and curtained to the floor. In one of the window wells behind drawn curtains I found a pile of crumpled newspapers. Beneath the newspapers was a rocket-propelled grenade, a bazooka missile. I repeat that Hartman and Liapis had been accused and had been were threatened with criminal charges for masterminding a “bazooka” attack on Yemeni army headquarters, killing, it was claimed, at least one Yemeni soldier.

Rather than make a scene about the grenade, I told the guards that I was not satisfied with the cleaning and refused to permit the “hostages” return to the room without further efforts on their part. Before allowing the hostages to return I confirmed that the newspapers and the grenade had vanished. I deliberately never reported the discovery, thinking that such a protest would only complicate matters.

In the meantime, a team from Embassy Cairo, Nathaniel Howell, Gordon Brown and a security officer, headed by Richard Parker, the Political Counselor, had arrived. Those of us remaining set to work destroying and preparing for shipment the communications equipment and packing for transport the personal effects and household goods of the departed AID personnel. I continued to supply three meals a day to the “hostages” and one day brought breakfast to find them missing.

It developed that all three were spirited to Sana'a, together I think with Parker, and expelled from there.

The missing Sana'a Yemeni succeeded in convincing Parker that I had somehow refused him permission to leave my residence. As a result Parker cross-examined me rather severely.

On or about the May 14, we, the Cairo team and I, departed Taiz by commercial flight for Asmara where Suddarth and I and possibly others were stalled until after Nasser's 1967 war began in earnest on June 7. Eventually we were granted Department permission to fly via Ethiopian Airlines via Uganda to Athens. Egypt was refusing permission for overflights.

Anna and our three year old had been evacuated from Beirut to Athens with Beirut Embassy personnel. She necessarily left behind all of her purchases for the putative school. And there we remained for several idyllic days at the beach in Vouliagmeni.

What are we to make of this incident? Firstly I have never solved the conundrum presented by the fact that the Yemenis in April arrested and charged with murder the very two AID employees, Stephen Liapis and Harold Hartman, who pleaded with me in January to try to close the AID Mission and evacuate their comrades. Secondly it became clear that the removal of the Embassy to Sana'a at the demand of the Yemeni Government (and presumably the Egyptians) had isolated both the AID Mission and the Embassy from one another in important ways, I still believe deliberately. Thirdly as a policy matter, I think that the Embassy and the Department could have more carefully read and acted upon the steadily increasing, obviously hostile pressure and threats to Taiz (and apparently also on Sana'a). Fourthly, I believe that the Yemenis (and, again, the Egyptians) regarded the AID Mission work finished with the completion of the two major projects and wanted, as had been promised, to assume the management role.

We suffered from understandable (Vietnam war; the April 17 Greek Colonels coup; an increasingly hostile Nasser) inattention from Washington and a persistent illusion that host country peoples necessarily are grateful for American support and welcome an American presence. Nobody was killed. I strongly suspect that the Egyptians fabricated the story about the dead Yemeni soldier. In the overall design of things, the incident has receded into deserved obscurity. I often wonder what happened to that crate with communications equipment and with the "frozen food" in the AID building.

No fewer than six future US ambassadors were involved in this incident: Parker to Morocco, Howell to Kuwait, Newton to Yemen and Iraq, Brown to Mauritania, Ransom to Bahrain and Suddarth to Jordan. Hamer went to Guiana as head of the AID mission. I received a "Superior Honor Award," by mail, at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, our next

Q: Well OK, well, we will, we will pick this up the next time and we'll follow through

JONES: After home leave, we traveled to Colorado Springs, camping on the way, to begin a two-year tour in the autumn of 1967 as the State Department member of the Air

Force Academy faculty. There was an arrangement with the Defense Department to provide a State Department Foreign Service Officer to each of the service academies.

The Political Science Department became my professional home. All my colleagues were career military officers, many of who were command pilots with Ph.D.'s and combat experience. The warm welcome we received translated to full professional acceptance throughout the two years we lived there. We were provided on-base quarters. The schools were excellent. We enjoyed full PX and other military benefits. I confess to exploiting my role as the only civilian faculty member with the cadets. It may have been an occasional relief to them that I tried to ignore some of the more ritualistic military formalities that dominated their lives.

One of the third year cadets, an African American from the District of Columbia, an outstanding student and captain of the Academy fencing team asked me what I thought of his intention to resign from Academy. During his summer leave his (black) high school classmates and neighbors shunned him for joining the military. I hope he didn't resign. So near graduation and a commission! The Academy of course maintained military "good order and discipline" while images of student revolts and occupations in eastern and California universities dominated the news.

We went skiing, visited with family friends on the faculty of the University of Colorado at Boulder and attended the Friends (Quaker) Meeting in Denver. Looking back, I missed I think an opportunity when I turned down the Academy's offer to return for a third year.

For the day-to-day teaching experience, there was a tight curriculum to be presented to small classes. I developed a course of my own in Middle Eastern history and current events and joined with my colleagues in teaching a basic course in Political Science and a fourth year course in Defense policy. This was during the height of the Vietnam War.

As a kind of climax to the fourth year course, the cadets were treated to a horrifying film, I think the British television film *The War Game*, about the possible effects of a nuclear bomb on a small city, followed by discussion classes. In general most of my colleagues in the Political Science Department were, among ourselves, vocally critical of the Vietnam effort. There was a steady stream of returning pilots attending sympathetic Department faculty meetings with stories of dysfunctional military effort. This, in contrast to the *gung ho* atmosphere in the Academy as a whole.

During the two years, a leisurely teaching schedule permitted me to take on assignments, talking about American policy in the Middle East usually at universities and colleges. I remember speaking to classes at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington, Eureka California and at Kansas State University, for example.

The highlight, from a Foreign Service point of view, was the opportunity I had to visit Vietnam in an official capacity in the summer of 1968, after the February Tet offensive of that year. The Advanced Research Project Agency (ARPA) of the Defense Department asked West Point and the Academy to select three or so officers from each faculty to

form a team to “evaluate” the Civilian Operations and Revolutionary Development Support (CORDS), headed by Robert Komer, that Lyndon Johnson had initiated in 1966.

The idea was to wage “the other war” by establishing a civilian counterpart to the military effort and bring the fruits of development to rural Vietnam. By 1968 there were Province teams of Americans in each Province headed by a Senior Province advisor, consisting of representatives of US civilian agencies. The program had never achieved acceptance by the American bureaucracy nor by the Embassy in Saigon. Nevertheless by the time we arrived, 16,000 Americans were part of CORDS, 85 percent of whom were military and many of the “Senior Province Advisors” were colonels. There was a sprinkling of State Department senior foreign service officers still serving in that capacity. But executive control of the program had been turned over to General William Westmoreland.

Also the “development” objectives of the program were being partially high-jacked by the time we arrived by the “Phoenix” program just mounted, the purpose of which was to identify and assassinate village elders sympathetic to the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese.

Traveling independently on a round-the-world ticket from Santa Monica where we were briefed by the RAND Corporation, then under contract to the Air Force, I arrived somewhat before my colleagues and enjoyed the experience of finding my way to Saigon alone. The Vietnam intelligence service was the venue of our first briefing, largely an attempt to convince us that the Tet Offensive was a huge victory and that the end of the war would arrive in a matter of months.

This view contrasted with the facts on the ground. Saigon was a city under siege. Artillery fire punctuated the night hours. Air patrols were constant. American military officers were all armed, to the point where nightclubs had rules about checking guns. It was difficult to find any middle grade American officer who was optimistic. I tried a visit to an acquaintance at the Embassy. He flatly refused to discuss the CORDS program with me.

My colleagues and I were each assigned to a Province. Even though Binh Dinh was far from military operations, many strands of barbed wire surrounded the headquarters, near the beach. Although the Senior Province Advisor, I believe in this case an AID employee, provided an obviously canned briefing, not one of his subordinates, military or civilian, seemed to be interacting very often with Vietnamese. The military officers clearly were unhappy with their assignments to CORDS, which they considered irrelevant to the “real” war. There was an American air base close by. The pilots began their day at about 7:00 AM returning at 4:30 PM., to shower, eat and listen to the Filipino band and a Korean chanteuse in their well appointed clubhouse.

All of us had easy access to transportation so we visited other Province teams. All of my colleagues agreed the program was pretty much a complete failure. One State Department Senior Province Advisor remarked that success in persuading South Vietnamese officials

to serve, without corruption, the needs of the rural population would require an American advisor for every Vietnamese bureaucrat in the country.

Some examples may suffice to illustrate the dysfunction. One of the military officers was assigned to “Psyops,” psychological operations. He had access to a helicopter and invited me to join him in distributing pamphlets by air to rural villages. The pamphlets were tightly strapped in bundles. Instead of unstrapping the pamphlets, my interlocutor instructed the pilot to fly low over a village and proceeded to try to drop whole strapped bundles directly on to the thatched dwellings.

Another officer invited me to join a Vietnamese “search and destroy” operation. We arrived at 5:00 AM at the helicopter pad to find Vietnamese troops about to board the assembled aircraft to search and destroy alleged Viet Cong in a nearby district. It turned out that there was insufficient room for us on the aircraft – so we climbed in his jeep and drove to the site of the “raid,” arriving before the aircraft. We watched the disembarkation and showy disbursement efforts. There were no Viet Cong, simply a long deserted village and some scraggly tropical forest. It turned out that the American officer was merely proving that he was actually active.

Provided with a STOL aircraft (“short take-off and landing”) I spent a couple of days in a rural hamlet with an Army major and several enlisted men, whose job it was to “pacify” the village to which they were assigned. Each such unit was required to report periodically on a check-off questionnaire on how “pacified” the village of his responsibility was, on a scale I think, of one to ten. These reports went to Saigon from all over the country and on to Washington. From these, the degree of success of the CORDS program was determined. The commander of this unit assured me that his village was wholly pacified. After an early meal, about 5:00 PM, I told him I’d like to take a stroll through the hamlet. All present immediately told me that this would be a very bad idea. When I countered that he had told that the village was completely safe, the Major responded that of course he reported that way because that is what Saigon wanted to hear. He said he was not about to report otherwise with only a month or so left in his tour.

Except for occasional trips to other provinces closer to actual combat, the nearest I came to the fighting war was a daylong demonstration of fire power by a Korean artillery battalion stationed nearby. We spent the better part of a day watching American fighter bombers mark a distant vacant hilly area with phosphorus, followed by Korean live ammunition artillery fire at the “target.” The location of the battalion far from any actual fighting seemed peculiar. It also seemed to be expensive entertainment.

To conclude this “summer at war”, we gathered in Saigon. Each of us wrote up his experience for critiquing by the others. The resulting reports, classified of course, flew off to where such things go to die in the Pentagon. I returned to Colorado Springs via Bangkok and, by rented car to Vientiane Laos, where I reunited with Hartman and Liapis, who had been assigned to an AID road building project there, thence to Calcutta, Istanbul and Athens where my brother-in-law and his family were stationed.

At the conclusion of the 1968-1969 academic year we returned to Washington, I to a surprise assignment to a demanding six month course in academic economics including but not limited to calculus, matrix math, microeconomics, Anna as a teacher and administrator at Sidwell Friends Middle School and our sons to Sidwell and Westtown School in Pennsylvania.

During a summer of study, I learned to my disappointment that I was to be assigned to Intelligence and Research (INR) at the conclusion of the course. This seemed inopportune for many reasons. Ten years previously I had served in INR. I could not think how six months of academic economics would translate to INR. I had repeatedly throughout my career to date asked to be assigned to an economic position, successfully in Nigeria but not otherwise.

On reporting to INR in October or November of 1969, my fears proved to be correct. The structure of the bureau made me an intellectual orphan. I soon opted out but without having developed an alternative. Assigned to another make work job having to do with an early aborted effort to computerize the Department, shopping around to see whether I could find an alternative, Ted Eliot offered, for example, to arrange to send me back to Tehran to deal with petroleum matters.

Another overseas assignment seemed unpropitious for family reasons. However, Bob Moore, the Principal Deputy Assistant Secretary for African Affairs at the time offered me an economic job in Guinea, West Africa. In mild desperation, after difficult discussions within the family, I accepted on the condition that Anna and our sons would remain in Washington.

Q: Well, maybe this will be a good place to stop. and we'll pick this up --

JONES: Are you still willing to go with this?

Q: Oh yes, absolutely.

Q: OK. Today is April, the 23, 2014 with Ollie Jones, or Ellis Jones. And I'm not sure where we were. Are we at Conakry now?

JONES: OK. When I got to Guinea in early 1970, Albert (Bud) Sherer was ambassador, previously Ambassador to Togo, later Ambassador in Prague and Deputy to our UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg. Donald Norland was DCM, later to become Ambassador to Chad and I believe Botswana and Lesotho. A young Foreign Service officer, Al Thibault, with his family at his first post, later retired as Deputy Chief of Mission in New Delhi. There was an African American Public Affairs Officer, Henry Ryan who, among other things, kept in touch with Stokely Carmichael, the self-exiled American black power leader. The general services officer was Johnny Young, later Ambassador to Slovenia. Johnny's oral history description of living conditions in Guinea graphically details the downside.

Q: -- ambassador three times, yeah.

JONES:” The CIA station chief followed Sherer to Czechoslovakia. A young French speaking officer, an administrative assistant and a communicator made up the balance of the CIA station. There were thirty or so Peace Corps volunteers working in rural areas.

A consortium of multinational aluminum companies (Halco), including ALCOA and ALCAN were in the late stages of concluding an agreement to exploit huge aluminum ore deposits in the far west of the country, said to be at least fifty percent of the world total. Since then Cie des Bauxites de Guinée's (CBG) has become largest single producer of bauxite in the world, Since production began in 1973, the operations have produced at least 260 million tons of bauxite for export.

There was no French Embassy and very little interaction with other diplomatic missions. A French national heading a United Nations Development Program (UNDP) complained often and bitterly that he couldn't get anything useful done.

You may recall that Sekou Touré achieved great notoriety by refusing French aid at the time French West African colonies were achieving independence. Thus all of the French colonial officials departed, leaving destitute Guinea outside the French West African monetary zone. A Maoist communist, Sekou Touré, established a police state, ruled by force, accepted Chinese communist aid, instituted draconian price controls on agricultural products, depriving urban residents of sufficient food. Foreign exchange receipts vanished. Everything was in mild disrepair or worse. In common I suppose with other “western” Embassies, we assumed we were under constant surveillance. We were equipped with a security “bubble” to screen out listening devices.

Q: Yeah, the bubble.

JONES: Yeah, the bubble. Sekou Touré was in the habit of requiring periodically the assembly of “cadres”, that is all of Conakry, in a huge Chinese built stadium, for political harangues. Attendance by diplomatic missions was assumed to be required.

The pompous English speaking Guinean Minister of Transport, Karim Bangoura, who had been the Guinean Ambassador to the United States, served as the regular official contact between the Ambassador and the Embassy in general and the Guinean Government, especially at the Presidential level. Our staff meetings nearly always included discussions of how best to deal with Karim Bangoura.

The upside of these restrictions was heightened friendly and supportive relations within our small staff. We had an American physician assigned to Guinea. Bud Sherer and Ms. Sherer held weekly Bloody Mary parties, open to all, on Sunday mornings in their pleasant garden.

There was very little opportunity for up-country travel but I managed a couple of trips to Kindia about 80 kilometers north of Conakry. There was an interesting private enterprise French producer of snake venom antidote there and a couple of local agricultural projects.

More importantly, I journeyed on at least one occasion to Boké, 170 kilometers west from Conakry, the site of most of the aluminum ore deposits and the nascent consortium project. Officials from the aluminum consortium visited Guinea several times during my stay.

Al Thibault managed to make the 480 kilometer automobile trip to Monrovia Liberia, borrowing my Peugeot and an Embassy driver in November of 1970. But November 1970 changed everything.

Q: Yeah. Let's talk a little more about this coup thing. I mean -- What was going on in -- was Portugal --

JONES: Portuguese Guinea, you mean.

Q: What sort of a problem was there with Portugal?

JONES: In the evening of November 22, sudden gunfire broke out from all around the Conakry peninsula. Many of us were at a social affair six or seven kilometers north of the Embassy at the DCM Don Norland's residence. Others soon gathered there. Consequently we really had no idea what was going on. Al Thibault was on his way back from Liberia and was stopped at the border. We proceeded in a kind of convoy to drive back to the Embassy in an electricity free Conakry

It turned out that commandos under Portuguese command had established a beachhead with rubber boats. We learned this because we were able to listen in on their walkie-talkies. The goals of the operation included the overthrow the regime, capture of the leader of the African Party for the Independence of Guinea and Cape Verde (PAIGC), Amilcar Cabral, being harbored by Sekou Touré, the destruction of naval and air assets and the rescue of Portuguese prisoners held in Conakry.

Of these objectives they seem to have recovered at least some of their prisoners, damaged an air base and soon escaped. But the aftermath was more than troubling. The gunfire went nearly all night. Electricity remained shut down. Sekou Touré himself broadcast on the State radio almost continually and daily announcing by name those arrested for conspiracy and treason of dozens of his ministers and other government people.

Al Thibault, stalled at the Liberian border, seems to remember that his name came up in these broadcasts. Sherer managed to arrange a flight from Monrovia for him back to Conakry, and the driver returned alone with my Peugeot. However that may be, the name of a third country AID national attached to the Embassy was indeed mentioned, causing us to spirit him out of the country. Johnny Young mentions difficulties protecting Peace Corps volunteers caught away from their assigned posts in Conakry.

During the night and day following the raid, we reported the evident Portuguese involvement in the affair. Ridgway Knight was our Ambassador in Lisbon. He declined to confirm our reporting in spite of having available the same communications intelligence that we were listening to. The best he could do was to say that it “appeared” that there “might be” some Portuguese involvement. Kissinger was at the time Nixon’s National Security Advisor and William P. Rogers, a Republican Attorney, was Secretary of State.

Sekou Touré promptly requested the UN Security Council to condemn Portugal for violating the Charter and invading a sovereign country. He also ordered that most of his Ministers, now under arrest, be tried for treason. One morning in late January, driving to work from our various residences, we were treated to the sight of nine bodies hanging from highway overpasses, all said to be treasonous former Ministers. There were many tales of torture and worse of high government officials. We never again saw Bangoura Karim, the former Ambassador to United States, the Minister of Transport and liaison with the Embassy. It was rumored that he had been placed in a walled, roofless, door less specially constructed compound to starve to death in the tropical sun.

After a five-day trial, on 23 January 1971, the Supreme Revolutionary Tribunal ordered 29 executions (carried out three days later), 33 death sentences *in absentia*, 68 life sentences at hard labor, and 17 orders of confiscation of all property. The Portuguese-African troops who had defected to Guinea received life sentences at hard labor. Some people just disappeared, the usual Argentinean solution. Eight ranking military officers were sentenced to death and 900 officers and men who had reached a certain age retired from active duty. Notable among the victims were the President of the Central Bank and the Minister of Finance.

I take the liberty of appending a link to a detailed, credible eyewitness account of the Portuguese planning for and execution of the invasion by a military participant, naming names and details of the objectives and results.

[http://www.militaryphotos.net/forums/showthread.php?123088-Operation-Mar-Verde-\(Green-Sea\)-1970](http://www.militaryphotos.net/forums/showthread.php?123088-Operation-Mar-Verde-(Green-Sea)-1970)

Q: OK.

JONES: I returned to Washington on personal leave after the “invasion.” Checking in with the Guinean Desk officer after Thanksgiving, I learned that the UN Security Council was to meet on Tuesday December 8 to consider what turned out to be Resolution 290 condemning Portugal for mounting the attack on Guinea. The desk officer also told me that Kissinger, then the National Security Advisor to Nixon, had determined to veto the Resolution. This seemed very wrong considering the excitable and paranoid Sekou Touré. The desk officer and I and, apparently, the Bureau of African Affairs in general were alarmed. Most of our thirty or so Peace Corps volunteers lived and worked up

country and would have been vulnerable to Sekou's wrath were the United States to veto the resolution condemning Portugal.

I made an appointment immediately with Robert Moore, the Principal Deputy Secretary of State for African Affairs, to protest Kissinger's apparent decision to veto the putative Security Resolution. To my surprise and chagrin, Moore replied that there was nothing the State Department could do about the impending veto, that all policy was in the hands of Kissinger's National Security Council. He said "You are on your own." I took that to be a license to make as much of a scene as I could as a Foreign Service officer who had actually been on the scene. Note that United States was indebted to Portugal and Salazar, who subsequently died in 1970 to be succeeded by Caetano, for, among other things, the use of bases on the Azores. Moreover there was no love lost in Washington for the Maoist President of Guinea.

Wholly unknown to me at the time and apparently unknown to my colleagues at the Embassy was the feverish and almost worldwide "third world" and African diplomatic support offered to Sekou Touré. There is no sign of any reporting from the Embassy about it and neither Don Norland, the Deputy Chief of Mission, Al Thibault nor Johnny Young, in their "oral histories" refer to it. Neither did anybody in Washington discuss it with me. I interpose here a discussion of this culled from Keesing's Record of World Events (formerly Keesing's Contemporary Archives), Volume XVII, December, 1970 Guinea, Page 24353 from the Stanford University Library:

It was announced in East Berlin on Nov. 23 that Dr. Siegfried Krebs, deputy consul at the East German Embassy in Conakry, had been killed in the fighting and Herr Helmut Fischer, commercial attaché, seriously wounded. In Bonn the death was announced of Count Ulf von Tiesenhausen, employed by a German firm in Conakry.

The Portuguese Government on Nov. 25 repeated its denial that Portugal had played any part in the affair and also denied that the military authorities in Bissau had launched the invasion without reference to Lisbon. General Spínola said that the action had been "an attempted coup" and that it was only a matter of time before M. Sekou Touré's "unpopular regime" would fall, like those of Dr. Nkrumah in Ghana and Modibo Keita in Mali.

Messages of support and sympathy reached Conakry from the Governments of many States in Africa and elsewhere, and from a number of them the Guinean Government accepted offers of aid in war material, money and food. After President Nyerere of Tanzania had sent such a message on Nov. 23, the Tanzanian Cabinet decided the following day to send £500,000 to President Sekou Touré

Major-General Gowon, the Nigerian Head of State, announced on Nov. 23 that his country was willing to send military help to Nigeria, and the Governments of Mali and Sierra Leone were reported the same day to have offered to send

their armed forces. Dr. Mungai, the Foreign Minister of Kenya, stated in Parliament in Nairobi on Nov. 24 that Kenya was prepared to send money, material and men to safeguard the independence of Guinea; he added that the time was "ripe for an all-out aggressive fight against the imperialistic dictatorship of Portugal in order to liberate Guinea-Bissau, Mozambique and Angola".

A message of support was also sent by President Giri of India, and the Governments of Senegal and the Ivory Coast (which had repeatedly been in dispute with Guinea) expressed their "indignation" and "horror" at the invasion.

After the Government of the United Arab Republic had condemned the invasion on Nov. 23, it was reported from Dakar on Nov. 26 that arms and ammunition from the UAR had been landed at Conakry airport and been distributed to the population.

Following consultations between President Sekou Touré and delegations from Nigeria and Algeria on Nov. 26, Nigerian arms for the Guinean Army were brought in by UAR Air Force planes the following day, and Radio Conakry claimed that war material had also arrived from Algeria and Libya on Nov. 26.

Gambia, President Sir Dauda Jawara informed U Thant on Nov. 23 that a total of 38 exiled Guineans had been arrested at Brufut (southern Gambia) on Sept. 30 after they had prepared a military expedition against Guinea and claimed to be in Portuguese pay, and that they had been condemned to varying terms of imprisonment and would be deported.

From Equatorial Guinea, where anti-Portuguese demonstrations had taken place, 40 Portuguese refugees arrived in Madrid by air on Nov. 30, stating that they had been expelled in reprisal for the alleged Portuguese attack on Conakry; that their homes in Santa Isabel (capital of Equatorial Guinea) had been sacked and burned; and that some of them had been beaten up and forced to sign an undertaking not to return. [128 Spaniards who had also been expelled arrived in Madrid at the same time.]

The Soviet Government, in a statement on Nov. 23, called the invasion "an open attempt by Portuguese colonialists to bring down the progressive regimes and strike a blow at the national liberation movement in Africa" and an act of "imperialist aggression" which must be "ended immediately". Radio Peking on Nov. 23 expressed "firm support for the Guinean people and Government", and in a statement on Nov. 25 the Chinese Government declared that it was "entirely due to the support of U.S. imperialism that the Portuguese colonialist empire... should dare to launch such flagrant aggression against Guinea".

[italics supplied] *President Sekou Touré, on the other hand, on Dec. 2 thanked President Nixon of the U.S.A. for his "message of sympathy and support on the*

occasion of the grave and criminal aggression by Portugal". A spokesman for the U.S. State Department announced on Dec. 11 that the U.S.A. had decided to grant Guinea aid worth \$4,700,000 and consisting mainly of food and agricultural produce in order to give expression to the United States' sympathy and "to contribute to the reconstruction made necessary by the attempted invasion".

Mr. Vernon J. Mwaanga, the Zambian Ambassador to the U.N., announced on Dec. 4 that his Government had donated \$2,100,000 to Guinea by way of "fraternal aid" for the reparation of damage caused by the invasion by Burundi, Nepal, Sierra Leone, Syria and Zambia, in which the Council, without naming Portugal, demanded "the immediate cessation of the armed attack against the Republic of Guinea" and "the immediate withdrawal of all external armed forces and mercenaries together with the military equipment used in the armed attack".

It also decided "to send a special mission to the Republic of Guinea to report on the situation immediately", this special mission to be formed "after consultation between the President of the Security Council and the Secretary-General".

[italics supplied] *A U.S. amendment to the resolution, suggesting that the mission should be formed after consultation among the members of the Security Council, failed to be adopted as only (Nationalist) China, the United Kingdom and the USA voted for it, while the other 12 members of the Council abstained.*

It was announced on Nov. 24 that the mission would consist of Major-General Padma Bahadur Khatri (Nepal), as chairman, with Senor Augusto Espinosa (Colombia), Mr. Max Jakobson (Finland), Mr. Eugeniusz Kulaga (Poland) and Mr. Vernon J. Mwaanga (Zambia) as its other members. Enemy warships, reinforced by submarines, continue to patrol offshore with the manifest aim of continuing their action against the Guinean people."

President Sekou Touré also appealed to all "friendly countries" to supply him with bomber and fighter aircraft to fight a new series of "enemy incursions"; he alleged that the invasion had been supported by Portuguese submarines which had shelled Conakry, and that foreign diplomats had been able to witness the invasion carried out from the sea with support by fighter aircraft. The Portuguese Government on the other hand pointed out on Nov. 26 that the four submarines, which it possessed, had all been in Europe at the time.]

Mr. Jakobson, the Finnish member of the mission, explained to the President that the UN had no combat troops at its disposal, but M. Sekou Touré was reported as having replied that he hoped the mission would complete its work "in 48 hours and go".

On Nov. 26 President Sekou Touré was reported as saying that the UN refusal to send troops would cause the States of Africa to conclude that they alone would have to defend their sovereignty. His brother, M. Ismaël Touré (Minister of Finance), called the sending of the UN mission "a diversionary manoeuvre" which had "disappointed and disillusioned" Guinea, and added that the object of the attack on Conakry had been to set up a "puppet Government subservient to imperialism" and containing "certain traitors" arrested the previous year.

The UN mission returned to New York on Nov. 29. In its report, published on Dec. 4 and stating that the mission had interviewed about a dozen members of the invading force, all Africans, in a military prison in Guinea, it gave the results their findings about the raid as follows (italics added):

Early on Nov. 22 between 350 and 400 men, wearing Guinean uniforms and green armbands, were landed in Conakry from two troop transport vessels and three or four smaller patrol boats. The invaders, armed with infantry weapons including bazookas and mortars, aimed their attack against Government buildings, the residence of President Sekou Touré and the headquarters of the PAIGC, and at the liberation of Portuguese and of Guinean opponents of the President's regime held captive in Conakry.

From the fact that foreign naval units were involved, as confirmed by eyewitnesses, the mission concluded that another Power was involved, and it added that information obtained from other sources appeared to confirm the Guinean Government's conviction that this Power was Portugal.

The members of the mission agreed that the ships involved had been manned predominantly by White Portuguese troops, under the command of White Portuguese officers, but that the commandos landed had consisted mainly of Africans from Portuguese Guinea under the command of White officers as well as a contingent of dissident Guineans trained on Portuguese territory. The report expressed the view that the invasion had aimed at the overthrow of President Sekou Touré's Government, the weakening of the PAIGC and the freeing of Portuguese prisoners

The Portuguese Government issued a statement in Lisbon on Dec. 4 reaffirming its "formal declaration" that it had "neither ordered nor authorized nor consented to any military operation against the Republic of Guinea". The statement also declared that the U.N. mission should have drawn no conclusions, and the Security Council should arrive at no decision, without first informing Portugal of the facts alleged to prove . . ." its guilt.

Nothing I dug up at the time in the Bureau of African Affairs referred to any of this. I have been surprised to discover that Nixon is alleged to have issued an expression of sympathy to Sekou Touré on December 2. I wonder whether that is accurate. It's certainly unlikely. I have been unable to find any such statement or letter in the archives I have consulted. As for the alleged State Department announcement of a gift of \$4.5 million in PL480 aid, I do remember that I had visited, on behalf of Ambassador Sherer, the Department of Agriculture before learning of the "veto" problem, to urge such a gift. I remember arguing that one shipload of PL480 rice would be considered "sweepings and leavings" weighed against our PL480 aid to India. The Agriculture Department official treated me politely. I don't remember any such shipment arriving in Conakry.

Incidentally, an earlier Ambassadorial attempt to persuade State to provide food aid to Guinea had resulted in a shipment of hard biscuits originally stockpiled for storage in bomb shelters. Unsurprisingly, the relevant ministry declined my embarrassed offer. On the same subject, an object of some derision, religiously pointed out to new arrivals, was a broken down Air Alaska plane parked in full view at the airport, representing an earlier AID gift to Guinea. The story went that the pilots who flew the plane from the United States disembarked in great relief. The plane had never flown under the flag of the Republic of Guinea.

Getting back to the "veto," I took my colleagues at their word about the impending threat, went to Peace Corps headquarters to tell them what I had learned. The reaction was immediate. I assume that word was brought promptly to the Administrator. The Security Council had scheduled a vote on a condemnation resolution for a Tuesday, December 8, about a week later.

I soon received, I guess via the Guinea desk, a summons from Marshall Wright, the senior National Security Council staffer for UN and African affairs to visit him at the old State, War, Navy building. Parenthetically, this is the only time I have ever been in the gingerbread house. It was a late afternoon appointment in darkest early December. At the time I didn't know who Wright was. He later was appointed, after a distinguished foreign service career, State Department spokesman and later Assistant Secretary for Congressional Relations after Kissinger moved to State from the White House. He had a lovely large office, handsomely decorated for Christmas, with a roaring fire in a large stone fireplace. He may even have offered me a drink.

Shortly after I arrived another visitor appeared announcing himself as a staffer for Spiro Agnew. Without any preamble or small talk, without sitting down, he loudly and condescendingly accused me, the foreign service and the State Department in general of sympathizing with and supporting Sekou Touré. Before I could frame a response to this insulting thrust, Wright interrupted saying that he didn't think my colleagues and I equated Sekou Touré with Thomas Jefferson. Frankly I don't remember the rest of the conversation. But I guess Wright permitted me to state my case against a veto. I do remember that my interlocutor left the room as abruptly as he had entered it.

A moment to remember.

I think on Friday, December 4, I made one last attempt to stir up trouble. At the Guinea desk I telephoned one of the several ALCOA executives at the company headquarters in Pittsburgh I had met in Conakry and explained the situation at length. He heard me out without interruption. I was later told that a delegation of aluminum company executives had talked personally with Kissinger some time prior to the UN vote.

The official version adopted by the Security Council follows:

Adopted by 11 votes to none, with 4 abstentions (France, Spain, United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, United States of America) by the Security Council at its 1563d meeting, on 8 December 1970

The Security Council,

Having considered with appreciation the report of the Security Council Special Mission to the Republic of Guinea established under resolution 289 (1970) of 23 November 1970,

Having heard further statements by the Permanent Representative of the Republic of Guinea,

Gravely concerned that the invasion of the territory of the Republic of Guinea on 22 and 23 November 1970 from Guinea (Bissau) was carried out by naval and military units of the Portuguese armed forces, and by the armed attack against the Republic of Guinea on 27 and 28 November 1970,

Mindful of its responsibility to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to international peace and security,

Recalling its resolutions 218 (1965) of 23 November 1965 and 275 (1969) of 22 December 1969 which condemned Portugal and affirmed that the situation resulting from the policies of Portugal both as regards the African population of its colonies and the neighbouring States adversely affects the peace and stability of the African continent,

Reaffirming the inalienable right of the people of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea (Bissau) to freedom and independence in accordance with the Charter of the United Nations and the provisions of the General Assembly resolution 1514 (XV) of 14 December 1960,

Grieved at the loss of life and extensive damage caused by the armed attack and invasion of the Republic of Guinea,

1. Endorses the conclusions of the report of the Special Mission to the Republic of Guinea;

2. Strongly condemns the Government of Portugal for its invasion of the Republic of Guinea;

3. Demands that full compensation by the Government of Portugal be paid to the Republic of Guinea for the extensive damage to life and property caused by the armed attack and invasion and requests the Secretary-General to assist the Government of the Republic of Guinea in the assessment of the extent of the damage involved;

4. Appeals to the States to render moral and material assistance to the Republic

- of Guinea to strengthen and defend its independence and territorial integrity;*
- 5. Declares that the presence of Portuguese colonialism on the African continent is a serious threat to the peace and security of independent African States;*
 - 6. Urges all States to refrain from providing the Government of Portugal with any military and material assistance enabling it to continue its repressive actions against the peoples of the Territories under its domination and against independent African States;*
 - 7. Calls upon the Government of Portugal to apply without further delay to the people of the Territories under its domination the principles of self-determination and independence in accordance with the relevant resolutions of the Security Council and General Assembly resolution 1514 (XV);*
 - 8. Solemnly warns the Government of Portugal that in the event of any repetition of armed attacks against independent African States, the Security Council shall immediately consider appropriate effective steps or measures in accordance with the relevant provisions of the Charter of the United Nations;*
 - 9. Calls upon the Government of Portugal to comply fully with all the resolutions of the Security Council, in particular the present resolution, in accordance with its obligations under Article 25 of the Charter;*
 - 10. Requests all States, in particular Portugal's allies, to exert their influence on the Government of Portugal to ensure compliance with the provisions of the present resolution;*
 - 11. Requests the President of the Security Council and the Secretary-General to follow closely the implementation of the present resolution;*
 - 12. Decides to remain actively seized of the matter*

I have no idea whether my efforts had anything to do with the abstention. But it pleases me to think so. I don't believe I ever discussed this on my return to Conakry. At the very least I was thrilled by the opportunity to see the inside of "State, War, Navy."

The Soviet role in the region during and after the "invasion" is summed up, not entirely accurately, in a paper entitled *The United States and the Portuguese Decolonization (1974 - 1976)* by Kenneth Maxwell:

In the Portuguese territories during the decade between 1963 and 1973 neither the Soviet Union nor the United States pushed hard for major changes in the status quo. Soviet aid for the liberation movements was modest-much less than either the Portuguese claimed or the liberation movements wanted; and the same can be said for what Western support the Portuguese managed to squeeze out of their NATO allies

This situation began to change marginally in the 1970s. In early December 1970, after Portugal launched a small amphibious attack by some 350 soldiers on Conakry, Guinea, intended to overthrow the government of President Sekou Touré and assassinate the leaders of PAIGC. The Soviet Union dispatched a group of naval combatants to the West African waters to deter similar adventures. The raid had been planned by General Spínola in hope of striking a

decisive blow against both his enemy within Portuguese Guinea and his enemy's sanctuary in Guinea Conakry.

Like the Bay of Pigs, the whole affair misfired, objectives were not taken, and the expedition was a disaster for the Portuguese. Yet by revealing the vulnerability of Guinea-Conakry to Portuguese intervention, the result was a quiet escalation of outside support from Sekou Touré and the PAIGC from non-African countries-Cuba and the Soviet Union. Castro had been personally interested in the PAIGC since Amilcar Cabral's participation in the 1966 Havana Tricontinental Conference of African, Asian, and Latin American leaders. By the late 1960s, the Cubans had assumed responsibility for several PAIGC training camps in Guinea and Senegal and were entering Portuguese Guinea with guerrilla raiding parties. General Spínola claimed in September 1971 that each PAIGC operations unit was led by Cuban officers. The Soviets, after the initial dispatch of a destroyer from the Mediterranean fleet in late 1970, had by September 1971 stationed a Soviet destroyer, tank landing ship, and oiler permanently in the Conakry area.

The Nixon administration had also been asked by Sekou Touré for assistance after the Portuguese raid on Conakry, [italics supplied] but Nixon was strongly, if surreptitiously, committed to the Portuguese cause. The White House and the State Department, in fact, imposed a news blackout on the Soviet role in Guinea in the interests of maintaining a working relationship with both Guinea and Portugal. Only when the Soviet navy used Conakry for long-range reconnaissance missions during the 1973 Middle East war was word of Soviet military activity in Guinea leaked by the Pentagon. In 1973, partly to offset setbacks in Egypt, the Soviets began providing sophisticated ground-to-air missiles to the PAIGC

I soon returned to Conakry. Part of my trip was aboard an interminable overnight turbo-prop East German *Interflug* flight from Algiers where I was served the worst in-flight meal I have ever had. The Embassy remained more or less under siege for the remainder of my stay until January 1972. My colleagues, Norland, Young and Thibault, have described our life there more than adequately.

A remaining high point of the Guinea posting was a trip I took throughout much of West Africa. There were at least two file cabinets in the Embassy crammed with Guinean currency, counterpart funds from previous AID programs. Guinean currency was worth exactly nothing on the ordinary international exchanges. However, it developed that part of the AID deal had included a provision somehow validating counterpart Guinean currency for travel on indigenous West African airlines if the tickets originated in Guinea.

With Ambassador Sherer's blessing, one of the two CIA officers and I organized a two or three week junket for ourselves to Mali, Niger, Nigeria, Benin and the Ivory Coast. At the time my brother and sister-in-law, Anna's sister, were living in a palatial

Ambassadorial residence, constructed from imported American limestone, in Niamey, Niger. My colleague's French was infinitely better than mine, but I was helpful to him in Nigeria. A good time was had by all.

Q: Well, so you, so you left there when approximately?

JONES: Guinea?

Q: Yeah.

JONES: Yeah. January of '72 after eighteen months.

Q: And then where?

JONES: Home leave of course came next, but no assignment. I was left wandering the halls looking for a job. So I cooled my heels for quite a long time. Eventually, tiring of idleness and supplication, I discovered that the Nixon administration was promoting metropolitan regional planning throughout the United States, continuing a program initiated under Johnson in the United States. For example, the city of Detroit and surrounding suburban jurisdictions were beginning to work together to coordinate their common transportation, electric grid, water supply, sewer and other problems. Housing and Urban Development was the coordinating the effort. The agency had requested personnel help from State (and I suppose other agencies).

The governor of Michigan, Republican William Milliken, was a supporter of the program and offered to provide office space and transportation for someone to survey the progress of the effort in five Midwestern states. I assumed this task, working for the HUD regional office in Chicago, and traveled to selected metropolitan areas in Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin and I think Ohio. I stayed with the task, writing a final report, for about six months. I was able to get home to the District of Columbia several times because the Michigan Governor's office provided me with airline travel vouchers usable for any purpose.

After I completed that task, HUD referred me to the Chairman of the District of Columbia City Council. In 1972 the District of Columbia had not yet achieved self-government, that is, an elected Mayor and City Council. The President thus retained the power of appointment. The Chairman was John (Jack) Nevius, a Republican native of the District, who prided himself on being a "WASP Republican." The remainder of the Council, I think twelve in all, consisted of an impressive African American, Sterling Tucker, Vice Chairman, who served as the first Chairman in the first Home Rule DC government, and the others about equally divided as to political party and race, including a White House fellow.

Jack Nevius had taken it upon himself to try to organize a "retreat" for all the Department heads of the District of Columbia Government, police, transportation, water and sewer, sanitation, corrections, etc. on the theory that such an event would facilitate intra-

governmental communication, always a problem. He had the passive support of Walter Washington, the appointed Mayor. However the various department heads were unenthusiastic.

It turned out to be my job to try to put something together. With the help of the Urban Institute, a national non-governmental organization headquartered in Washington, and the assistance of the staffers of a few of the Council members and of the Mayor's staff, we found a suitable venue and persuaded the Mayor actively to endorse the "retreat." The Department heads turned up with aides for a daylong "open-ended" discussion. Whether DC government improved as a result, I cannot say. I think I worked on the issue for several weeks, possibly around the time Nixon was re-elected in November.

I had received a posting to the Bureau of Public Affairs at State, again, I thought, inappropriate. Nevertheless I showed up for a few weeks. However I got a call from Jack Nevius's small office staff, where I had jockeyed a desk, asking me to return there. Jack's "Executive Assistant" had departed about the same time to serve as a Public Service Commissioner for the District. Jack's secretary told me that without him the office was falling apart.

Seeking Nevius's view, I can remember that he welcomed the initiative. Indeed I can remember how the situation worked out. Nevius had a telephone in his chauffeured vehicle, quite a perk at that time. While he and I were riding in the car he telephoned John Irwin, the Deputy Secretary of State (who, I am certain, didn't know anything about me) and received a commitment to allow me to continue at the DC Government as Nevius's Executive Assistant. At one point I sported a low number DC tag on our old car, I think "163."

This must have been at the beginning of 1973 and I know that I held that job at least long enough into 1974 (June I believe) to see and hear the House Judiciary Committee vote on Nixon's impeachment. Barbara Jordan's "aye" vote still rings in my ears.

Nixon's re-election in 1972 accompanied by the ongoing Watergate investigation as the backdrop for everybody in Washington. My job as Executive Assistant proved interesting and sometimes difficult politically as Jack Nevius thought of himself as the representative of the Northwest of Washington and especially Georgetown, a political position sometimes questioned by members of the Council with roots in other parts of the District of Columbia.

I remember quite well being involved in the ceremonial naming of a Rock Creek Park overpass for Edward "Duke" Ellington. The Washington metro project was the source of much complaint and negotiation.

As a response to complaints from the Georgetown Neighborhood Association, I was instrumental in the drafting and gaining approval by the Council, in a close vote, of a city ordinance limiting the access of "street vendors" on Wisconsin Avenue in Georgetown. As a footnote, the Chairman of the Georgetown Neighborhood Association invited me to

lunch at the Metropolitan Club to thank me for my help. I was astonished when he asked me as we concluded the meal how I could work with “those people.” I remind the reader that outside of Georgetown and the Northwest, the District of Columbia is overwhelmingly African American.

Congress passed in 1973 the District of Columbia Home Rule bill so the appointed Council’s tenure was coming to an end. Jack Nevius and the office staff and I spent quite a lot of time during these waning days drafting, with frequent revisions, a new set of parliamentary procedures that Jack hoped would be adopted by the elected council. I think it improbable that they did.

Perhaps it would be best to add here that our home life became complex during these years. One of our sons was having difficulty in school. In 1973, Anna accepted a position as a Head of School in Rockville, Maryland. My father died in 1973 in California and his wife (not my mother) died shortly afterward. Our older sons took a dim view of the US involvement in Vietnam and participated in some of many demonstrations in Washington.

Moreover Anna’s elderly and frail Mother and Father came to live with us necessitating a move from one house to another, bigger one. Eventually we found that we had to place them both in a Society of Friends Nursing Home in Sandy Spring Maryland, a substantial drive from Washington. Anna also underwent two important surgical procedures during the seventies. We had purchased an old farmhouse in Pennsylvania, a good retreat but a fair distance away.

And, in addition, noting the handwriting on the wall concerning my career with State, I enrolled in the American University night Law School, having qualified with the LSAT in Denver.

Nevius, through Republican political connections, tried unsuccessfully to find me a job outside of State. After a good deal of bargaining at the Department, I was posted to the Pentagon in the Latin American (!) office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Security Assistance. Although my experience was entirely unsuited, so was the experience of the twelve or so Navy, Air Force and Army field grade officers, all of whom were sidelined getting their tickets punched for “policy” involvement.

Soon after I reported, an Infantry Major-General who had commanded a training detachment in Ahwaz, Iran about the time I was there so we had a little something in common replaced the Admiral in charge. The workload was insubstantial, giving me considerable time for study in the Pentagon Law Library. I often had to attend meetings of arms sales group, approving military sales to recipient countries, an education in military bureaucracy. Latin America was not in general at the top of the list for Security Assistance so the opportunity for decision-making was slight. The Office sent me on one junket to Venezuela to be their representative a drug interdiction conference of some sort. A good deal of redrafting landed on my desk.

I remember that a young man in the Politico-Military division of ARA in State repeatedly called me to ask me to get approval for the sale of jet fighters to various countries. A fixed Pentagon policy at the time of not providing warplanes to Latin America disappointed him each time. Of course my acquaintances in the Pentagon from my tour at the Air Force Academy were helpful and instructive.

Thinking back, I don't remember any mention of the "dirty war" in Argentina, which began to surface in 1976 while I was still in the Pentagon. Later of course when I was serving the Bureau of Human Rights in State, it became a looming issue

I do remember what can only be described as jubilation in the Pentagon on the news of the apparent recovery of the crew of the civilian freighter Mayaguez that had been seized by the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia. The morale of the US officer corps had suffered from the failure of the Vietnam War and this seemed at last to be a sort of victory. Unfortunately the atmosphere calmed on the revelation that a Marine task force had lost twelve men in a helicopter crash and had left three Marines behind who were later executed. Further the Marine assault took place after it became clear that the Cambodians had already released the crew of the Mayaguez.

Late in my stay at the Pentagon, Brigadier General Richard Cavazos took command of my office. He later rose, in 1982, to be the first (and only) Mexican American to attain the rank of four star General in the US Army. I encountered him again when I was in the Bureau of Human Rights over the issue of arms to Argentina then beset by the "dirty war." I also visited him in Fort Lewis Washington later when he was Commander of the Ninth Infantry Division.

I believe my stay in Arlington lasted from mid 1974 until mid 1976. I again turned down an invitation to remain for a third year, returning to State to be assigned in the three person Public Affairs Office in the Bureau of Near Eastern Affairs (NEA), headed by an ex-newspaperman, George Sherman and staffed by Tip O'Neill's daughter Rosemary, a civil servant more or less permanently installed. The Office was responsible for feeding the Department spokesman, at that time, under Kissinger, Bob Funseth, with responses to items that might arise in the daily press briefing.

Drafting responses, getting approval from the appropriate desk officer and NEA Assistant Secretary and then seeking clearance with the involved functional bureaus and Legal, all to be available for the Spokesman prior to the noon briefing. The job involved frantic activity in the morning prior to the noon daily briefing followed by fallow afternoons. Sherman was a secretive boss and Rosemary O'Neill did most of the routine work. Although I wasn't a good fit, it was the first and only time I got a taste of regional bureau work.

Jimmy Carter was elected in 1976, partly on a platform of stressing human rights in foreign policy. Following the election in November of 1976, Patt [Patricia] Derian, a civil rights activist, was appointed Assistant Secretary heading a new seventh floor "Bureau of Human Rights" created by amendments to the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961. A search

was on for foreign service officers to supplement the staff of the Bureau. I volunteered. Most of the staff were political appointees from the ranks of civil rights and human rights activists. Four or five foreign service people joined me as volunteers.

It was obvious from the get-go that Ms. Derian and her principal deputy, a former Ted Kennedy staffer, Mark Schneider, were determined aggressively and relentlessly to alter the entire State Department and Foreign Service policy environment. The principal weapons they deployed were to be Sections 502B and 116 of the amendments to the Act and the requirement that an annual report of world-wide, country by country human rights record be submitted to Congress. Section 502B forbade “security assistance,” *i.e.* military aid, to countries found to be engaging in a “consistent pattern of gross violations of internationally recognized human rights.” Section 116 applied more or less the same standard with respect to economic and foreign aid assistance.

Roberta Cohen, one of the senior political appointees to the Bureau, a still activist proponent of Human Rights with the Brookings Institution, has described the relationship between Congress and the Executive Branch, far from merely adversarial, as an “out and out war.”

“The term 'clientism' toward foreign governments came to describe the over-identification with foreign governments accused of human rights abuses.” Prior to Carter’s election in November 1976, Kissinger as National Security Advisor in the Nixon Administration and Secretary of State in the Ford administration, for example, forbade the release of a 1975 State Department-prepared report to Congress on human rights conditions in aid recipient countries. ‘Neither the U.S. security interest nor the human rights cause would be served, Kissinger testified, by singling out individual states for public obloquy.’ ”

Although Congress in response strengthened the language in the Foreign Assistance Act to compel State to submit human rights reports, the response of the State Department and Foreign Service bureaucracy to Patt Derian’s efforts remained entirely hostile even after Carter’s election. A memorable example: In early 1977 after Cyrus Vance became Secretary of State Carter’s Ambassador designate to Algeria, a distinguished Vice President of Cummins Engine with a background in foreign affairs, African American Ulric Haynes undergoing a pre-departure briefing, summoned me to his temporary office to ask me about the new Human Rights policy. I explained briefly. He countered by telling me that he had just left Under-Secretary Phil Habib’s office. He said Habib’s response to his query was “Forget that; it’s a crock of shit.” Yes, I promptly reported that conversation to Derian.

The damning Kissinger attitude is best reflected in the following excerpt from a memorandum of conversation with General Videla of Argentina in October of 1976:

“Look, our basic attitude is that we would like you to succeed. I have an old-fashioned view that friends ought to be supported. What is not understood in the United States is that you have a civil war. We read about human rights problems

but not the context. The quicker you succeed the better... The human rights problem is a growing one. Your Ambassador can apprise you. We want a stable situation. We won't cause you unnecessary difficulties. If you can finish before Congress gets back, the better. Whatever freedoms you could restore would help."

One day earlier, on October 6, 1976, Admiral Guzzetti had been told by Acting Secretary of State Charles W. Robinson ". . . that it is possible to understand the requirement to be tough." But Robinson also remarked on the "question of timing of the relaxation of extreme counter subversion measures" before Congress voted sanctions on Argentina. The memcon with Robinson goes on to note that "[t]he Acting Secretary said... The problem is that the United States is an idealistic and moral country and its citizens have great difficulty in comprehending the kinds of problems faced by Argentina today. There is a tendency to apply our moral standards abroad and Argentina must understand the reaction of Congress with regard to loans and military assistance. [italics added] '*The American people, right or wrong, have the perception that today there exists in Argentina a pattern of gross violations of human rights*'"

From then on deep into 1977 the Argentine generals dismissed Ambassador Hill's frequent demarches about human rights violations and alluded to an understanding with high ranking U.S. officials "*that the USG's overriding concern was not human rights but rather that GOA 'get it over quickly.'*"

More or less by default, I accepted, for a time, responsibility for the implementation of Section 502B, limiting security assistance and military sales.

It is . . . the policy of the United States that, except under circumstances specified in this section, no security assistance may be provided to any country the government of which engages in a consistent pattern of gross violations of internationally recognized human rights.

In furtherance of the foregoing policy the President is directed to formulate and conduct international security assistance programs of the United States in a manner which will promote and advance human rights and avoid identification of the United States, through such programs, with governments which deny to their people internationally recognized human rights and fundamental freedoms, in violation of international law or in contravention of the policy of the United States as expressed in this section or otherwise.

I met, on behalf of Derian, once every couple of weeks, together with representatives from other Bureaus, with the Under Secretary of State for Security Assistance, Lucy Wilson Benson, a political appointee, formerly president of the National League of Women Voters, and Massachusetts Secretary of Human Services.

The job also required attending Regional Bureau and Political-Military meetings discussing arms sales and security assistance to various countries, at which I was usually the only dissenting official. I found it politic to refer almost all of these decisions to Schneider. I also was called upon to speak to audiences of officers from all the services

describing the Human Rights requirements of Section 502B. I spoke, for example, at the Joint Forces Staff College in Norfolk, The Army War College in Carlisle and to smaller audiences. I was even asked, after I retired in 1979, to speak to classes at the National War College. Evidently I had succeeded in developing a mildly favorable reputation among military officers. However, to be sure, I never detected enthusiasm for the Human Rights policy.

I also was last on a list of required clearances for any public or private exports of arms and military equipment along with the Bureau of Political Military affairs, the Commerce Department, the Legal Division and the relevant regional bureau. All of the activities of the Human Rights Bureau soon began receiving close and amused scrutiny by the press, including the *Wall Street Journal*.

It often fell to me to field telephone calls from the press on aspects of the policy. On one occasion I was asked to clear a shipment of military “jock straps” to the Indonesian armed forces. I didn’t object but soon heard from Schneider that I should reverse myself. Under protest I did so. The next morning in the *Journal*’s daily front page list of small news items reported State’s rejection of the export permit, eliciting great amusement. On another occasion, I fielded a telephone call from the President of the Louisiana Rice Growers Association who berated me angrily and profanely for nearly a half hour about the blocking of a shipment of rice to Indonesia (about which up that moment I knew nothing).

In the first months of her tenure, the “Dirty War” in Argentina, under the infamous military government established by a 1976 coup headed by the Army commander Jorge Videla had properly occupied much of Patt Derian’s attention. The incumbent Ambassador was a political appointee, Robert Hill, to be succeeded in 1977 by a second political appointee Raul Castro who in turn to be succeeded, finally, by Harry Shlaudeman, a career foreign service officer. Before Carter’s inauguration, according to secret official documents released in 2002 when Madeleine Albright was Secretary of State, Kissinger in conference with Videla had clearly encouraged Videla to believe that his government had United States approval for the slaughter in Argentina where all dissenters were “Marxists.” Derian, aligning herself with some of the junior Embassy Foreign Service officers and with some, but not enough, ambiguous support in the State Department failed despite herculean efforts to reverse American policy sufficiently to stop the mayhem. The *Guerra Sucia* didn’t end until 1983 after the departure of Videla and his successor Roberto Viola.

I had been routinely and successfully blocking exports to Argentina of military hardware, mainly replacement parts, during this period, usually eliciting anguished objections from one quarter or another. On one occasion I found myself in a State Department Latin American Bureau meeting discussing the transfer of military equipment hardware to Argentina. One of the participants was General Cavazos, my boss from the Pentagon. As the only dissenter in the meeting, I found myself objecting to a Cavazos remark that the United States shouldn’t be treating its “friends” this way. Said Jones, “These people are

no friends of ours.” I later visited him at his warm request when he became commander of the Ninth Division at Fort Lewis Washington.

In late 1978 I learned to my surprise that an export permit for the shipment of military spare parts to Argentina that I had disapproved had been released over the Bureau’s objection. It may have been the result of the sad ending to any effort to incorporate human rights policy into our Argentine policy. Ms. Derian had valiantly succeeded in overcoming the opposition of State and the Washington bureaucracy to prevent, on human rights grounds, the provision of substantial credits to Argentina as part of the financing of the Yacyreta dam projects.

Among the secret documents unclassified by State in 2002 is a September 8, 1978 Secret, “Eyes Only” cable from US Ambassador Raul Castro to Secretary of State Vance recounting an early September 1978, Vice-President Walter Mondale conversation with Argentine Junta President Videla meeting privately in Rome. Castro noted in the cable that

“[Mondale and Videla] reached a new agreement whereby Argentina would make substantial steps toward decreasing the number of prisoners held without charge (then at almost 3,000), stopping the disappearances and allowing an inspection visit by the Inter-American Commission of Human Rights in 1979.”

“For its part, the U.S. agreed to release hundreds of millions of dollars in credits to finance the Yacyreta dam project and ease its embargo on military transfers to the Argentine military.”

U.S. Ambassador Raul Castro also reported on his exchange of impressions on the Rome meeting with Argentine Army Chief Roberto Viola:

“General Viola received me smiling broadly and immediately volunteered the observation that he believed the Rome meeting [with Mondale] had gone very well and that he now believed that the US does value its relations with Argentina. I assured him that this has always been the case but that our efforts had not always been well understood. I assured him that we also were delighted with the Rome meeting.”

Castro goes on to say that Viola clearly indicated he had received some positive signals from the USG [U.S. government] referring to the release of FMS [Foreign Military Sales] purchases. He said that this was some indication that the US was serious about wishing better ties with Argentina. He then observed that we would definitely see changes and improvements in the human rights field soon.

In fact the Human Rights violations by the Argentine government and armed forces continued unabated until 1983, long after Carter, Vance, Zbigniew Brzezinski and Derian departed.

The Argentinean affair is a principal tragedy of Carter's failed attempt decisively to incorporate human rights issues into American foreign policy.

Aside from attempting to enforce the denial of military and economics aid to nations in violation of the Sections 502B and 12126 of the Foreign Assistance Act as amended, the Bureau was charged with follow through on the requirement that annual reports be submitted to Congress on the degree to which recipient countries were "... in observance of and respect for internationally recognized human rights."

The Secretary of State shall transmit to the Congress, as part of the presentation materials for security assistance programs proposed for each fiscal year a full and complete report, prepared with the assistance of the Coordinator for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs, with respect to practices regarding the observance of and respect for internationally recognized human rights in each country proposed as a recipient of security assistance. In determining whether a government falls within the provisions of subsection (a)(3) and in the preparation of any report or statement required under this section, consideration shall be given to --

- (1) the relevant findings of appropriate international organizations, including nongovernmental organizations, such as the International Committee of the Red Cross; and
- (2) the extent of cooperation by such government in permitting an unimpeded investigation by any such organization of alleged violations of internationally recognized human rights.

This turned out to be the hardest and most burdensome task of all. And also, paradoxically, the most successful. The deadline was early in 1977. Each regional bureau instructed each relevant Embassy to appoint from among its staff a "human rights" officer, charged with preparing this initial report. After clearance at the Embassy the reports were to be forwarded to the country desk officers who then cleared them with the appropriate Assistant Secretaries, their deputies and functional Bureaus and, in some case, Legal. Finally it was our job to accept or reject the language in each of these reports and clear the resulting drafts with our principals or attempt to renegotiate the offending language with the regional bureaus and desk officers.

It was a bureaucratic nightmare.

The Foreign Service reputation for "clientism" sympathizing with the governments to which they are accredited, survives to this day. It emerged in 1977 in its full fury. Virtually every "country report" had to be revised and revised again to incorporate a modicum of reality. The principal sources of "reality" were the country reports on Human Rights violations published by "Amnesty International" and other non-governmental organizations. The staff of the Bureau including yours truly became virtual "desk officers to the world" as we ferried various versions of these draft reports back and forth, sometimes contributing to the drafting ourselves as we negotiated with the desk officers.

Sometimes the Bureaus insisted on sending departmental redrafts of a report back abroad for further emendation and clearance by the Ambassador and his staff.

Nevertheless, I believe we came close to meeting a publication deadline. Since that first submission to Congress, I am told that the process has gradually become rather routine as both the Regional Bureaus and the foreign governments involved have accustomed themselves to the problem.

Getting back to the sad failure of the aggressive Human Rights policy to put a stop to the dirty war in Argentina. The case of Iran made it abundantly clear from the very beginning of the Carter administration that the Human Rights policy would be applied selectively, in the end negating much of the aggressive approach of the new Bureau. The Ford administration and Kissinger had already been considering favorably the Shah's pending request for the delivery of ten (10) expensive Boeing AWACS surveillance aircraft and 160 (one hundred and sixty), originally 250, F-16 fighters. Moreover there was already a locally much resented American community established near Isfahan of the families of civilian and military technicians working on a previous large delivery of Bell helicopters. There were two highly classified American listening stations on the northeastern border trained on the Soviet Kazakhstan nuclear testing site.

The delivery of military aid was briefly suspended (and the AWACS request reduced from ten to seven) while the Shah, at the urging of Carter, Vance and Zbigniew Brzezinski, the newly appointed National Security Advisor, made a few cosmetic domestic policy adjustments, such as, for example, releasing some political prisoners and pledging to end torture.

In May 1977 Secretary Vance, during a trip to Tehran agreed to provide the Shah with the fighter aircraft and, acceding to the Shah's angry protests about delay, agreed, pending Congressional approval, to the delivery of seven AWACS aircraft. Of course the Shah had the leverage of strong Boeing lobbying in Washington. Congress compliantly approved the sale in November of 1977 on the occasion of the Shah's state visit to Washington pursuant to a Vance invitation.

The visit was marred by anti Shah demonstrations by Iranian students at the White House that had to be dispelled with tear gas. Nevertheless Carter reciprocated with a visit to Tehran after Christmas. At a state dinner hosted by the Shah on New Year's Eve 1977, he offered the fateful toast that foretold the collapse of the American relationship with Tehran, the collapse of the Shah's rule and the emptiness of "human rights" as a policy, at least as far as Iran was concerned.

"Iran under the leadership of the Shah is an island of stability in one of the more troubled areas of the world. This is a great tribute to you, Your Majesty, and to your leadership, and to the respect, and admiration and love which your people give to you."

[Italics and bold supplied]

Why do I discuss all this? Almost the first task I was given on reporting to the Bureau of Human Rights was drafting a reply to a one line letter addressed to the new Secretary of State from a coalition of Human Rights advocates in Chicago asking what the Carter administration policy would be concerning the pending AWACS sale to the Shah. Drafting and redrafting, I was unable to get anybody to address the issue. Our correspondents never received a reply.

Various attempts to highlight alleged Human Rights violations by Israel gained no traction but received a fair amount of media attention.

It is worth mentioning that in addition to continuous unhelpful media attention and hostile Foreign Service, State Department and American business enmity, the bureau also came under fire from various domestic American groups for advocating human rights penalties for foreign governments while ignoring human rights at home. For one of many examples, Native Americans who had long made a regular practice of lobbying the Interior Department turned some of their attention to the State's Bureau of Human Rights.

Fortunately, for all of my time in military assignments and for the periods I worked outside State I had written all my own fitness reports and achieved my final promotion, to "FSO-3" ten years after Khorramshahr.

During all of my time in Human Rights, I continued my night school law studies at American University. I turned fifty in 1978. I retired in January of 1979. Anna had completed five years of school Headship at Greenacres School in Rockville, Maryland and had landed a job beginning in July 1978 as Head of Charles River School in Dover, Massachusetts. Of a couple of offers, I chose a job at the venerable Bank of Boston, now absorbed into the Bank of America, as part of a division attempting to establish branches in the Near East and Africa. At Suffolk University in Boston, I finished off the course requirements for graduation from law school and passed the Massachusetts bar examination.

Q: Well yeah, talk about the Turkish thing with the bank.

JONES: Bank of Boston already had a small going concern in Lagos, Nigeria. They were sniffing around South Africa, Egypt and Turkey. The Turkish military had mounted one of their frequent coups in 1980. The Turkish government again had been in deep economic trouble, rampant inflation and the perpetuation of a Statist investment policy that discouraged foreign investment. On the other hand many Turks, especially businessmen, were intent on achieving official status of some kind with the European Union. The new government appointed a prominent widely admired Turkish economist, Turgut Ozal as prime minister and he was in the process of trying to attack these problems. Turkey seemed a pretty good candidate for a branch bank. Of course Citibank had long had a branch operation in Turkey as part of their vast international operation.

In any event I took on the task of doing a feasibility study. After quite a lot of work in New York and Washington with Turkish American business organizations and the like, including a limited mastery of computer spreadsheet technology on an Apple II computer designing balance sheet projections under various assumptions, I traveled to Turkey, visiting Istanbul, Ankara, Izmir Adana and Erzurum. I discovered that one of the best ways to gain appointments with important Turks was to cultivate their secretaries. Most prominent Turkish technocrats and businessmen had equipped themselves with secretaries educated in English at the old, established branch for women of Robert College, *Kizkoleji*.

Most of the officials and businessmen I visited warmly welcomed the idea of a new American branch bank. However the Turkish Central Bank required an up-front hefty capital investment, risking relatively fast erosion if inflation couldn't be brought under control. The climax of my visit was a luncheon I was able to arrange in Ankara, including as guests the German speaking Chairman of the Turkish Chamber of Commerce and Industry, the Director General of the Finance Ministry, the Head of the Central Bank and the Austrian born superannuated academic geo-political scholar American Ambassador Robert Strausz-Hupé who, incidentally, had never before met the Chamber chairman. They enjoyed a luncheon with a strong German language flavor.

The upside was the encouragement I received from Turkish businessmen and most technocrats. The downside was the ever-present threat that persistent inflation would not be effectively controlled and that the bloated and lethargic Turkish bureaucracy would prevent innovation. In addition, Turkey hosts numerous indigenous banks, mostly related to sectors of the economy or trades unions. There is a "Cotton Bank", A "Workers Bank", a large government owned agricultural bank subsidizing crops and so on. In the end my recommendation was ambiguous. Bank of Boston went ahead with its branch after I left. I guess it lasted a couple of years

I also took two or three long trips throughout the Middle East and mostly the Horn and West Africa. I visited Aleppo, Beirut, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Dubai, Abu Dhabi and Bahrain a couple of times, I also went to Oman including a visit to Salalah on the coast of the Arabian sea at the border with the Hadhramaut in present day Yemen, Djibouti, Addis Ababa, Somalia, Cameroon (where another effort was afoot to establish a branch) and Nigeria several times. These voyages provided opportunities to have another look at Taiz and to experience the almost totally corrupt atmosphere in Nigeria.

In response to one of your questions, acting in my new capacity as a traveling businessman, I sometimes visited Embassies. People I knew or who knew me at the Consulates and Embassies I visited were always welcoming and sometimes helpful. Dan Newberry for example was the Consul General in Istanbul and had been there when I was in 1955. The chargé in Addis Ababa provided a refuge for a weary traveler.

On the other hand as often as not I found only token cooperation. My worst experience was at our Embassy in Ankara. I made a cold call to the Economic section and was brushed off by the Economic Officer who told me he didn't deal with businessmen, that I

should call the Commercial officer (who was in a separate building). She said that she was busy but that she might find some time if I was going to be town for a few days. Because I wanted to meet the Ambassador and invite him to lunch, I somehow found out the name of his secretary, made a call to her personally. She immediately went to Strausz-Hupé returning to tell me he would be charmed. The coda to this story the Economic officer who had brushed me off turned up even though he hadn't been invited and there was no place for him at the table, quite rude wouldn't you agree?

And then there was the time in Egypt when I called in person at the Embassy and asked for the Economic Officer. I was ushered into a palatial office. The occupant started the conversation by saying he didn't know anything about Egypt. He had just transferred from Finland

I also spent a week or two in Egypt on Bank business where conditions for entry into the financial markets were exactly like those in Turkey without any of the advantages. But I did get to visit the Lake Nasser and the magnificent German reconstruction of the famed Abu Simbel temple.

Many adventures!

Q: Well, did you, in this banking thing, see that, you know, there was this big banking scam going on from the Gulf States.

JONES: No. Later on, the subject of an important scam that involved Washington was the Bank of Commerce and Credit International, a Pakistani bank with branches throughout most of Europe, the Middle East and South Asia. Those Pakistani bank managers were all Muslims, and well connected in the countries where they were working. They always knew quite a lot about internal workings of the banking systems. They were useful to me and welcoming but I was never aware of wrongdoing.

Q: Well, what was your feeling towards the Foreign Service after you --

JONES: Albert Einstein once famously remarked that biography is the worst kind of fiction. After tossing this oral history around, I think that autobiography trumps that. I have been trying to suppress giggles watching this strange character I have created myopically stumbling along for twenty-five years through some of the thickets of mid-century American foreign policy. The very act of recounting the journey has eroded a little my deep cynicism. At first I was a great advocate for foreign aid. But I gradually learned that our foreign aid was typically unsuccessful in what it tried to do. Any latent idealism wasn't enhanced by the Yemen experience.

So that's a long answer, but, but at this moment at age 86 and my foreign career having been a fiery comet that disappeared rapidly over the horizon, I can still look back on it, in more thoughtful moments, as 25 years far from wasted.

Q: Yeah. Well, we've all got a piece of the action. I, I was a consular officer and I just

kind of went on and did my job and nothing, nothing fancy.

JONES: Yeah. Well, I was thrown into these situations and I tried to help as much as I could. And sometimes I failed and sometimes I succeeded. But as you say, I had a piece of the action. I guess some of the work I was trying to do was important. As I share these experiences with our sons, they find it important and useful. That's heartening

When Secretary of State Christopher's portrait was unveiled at the State Department in 1999, he quipped:

"To anyone who has served in Washington, there is something oddly familiar about (having your portrait painted). First, you're painted into a corner, then you're hung out to dry and, finally, you're framed."

So, I guess it can happen to anybody.

Q: Well, I just -- for my own curiosity, what schools was your wife associated with?

JONES: So glad you asked. For Anna to have spent her most productive professional years juggling place cards in some third world diplomatic bubble would have deprived the teachers she mentored and the children she taught of an abundance of wisdom and love. It would not have been a trade-off worth making. After four years at Sidwell Friends as a teacher and administrator and five years as Head of the Greenacres School in Rockville Maryland, she went on to serve for fifteen years as Head of the Charles River School in Dover, Massachusetts. During all this she served on many regional and national independent school committees and organizations. After her "retirement" in 1993 she served three more schools as an interim Head and consulted on Long Island and at Cooperstown New York, finally reluctantly surrendering in 1999 just short her seventy-first birthday.

End of interview