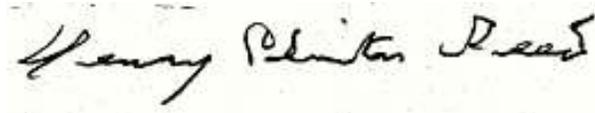


The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training
Foreign Affairs Oral History Project

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A MEMOIR
FOR MY FAMILY

A handwritten signature in black ink on a light-colored background. The signature reads "Henry Clinton Reed" in a cursive script.

La Fornace
Lucignano, Italy

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CHAPTER I FOREWARD

In the narrative "Viracocha" about my adventures among savages of the upper Amazonian jungle and travel down the Amazon to Para, Brazil when I was nineteen, I touched on my background and said this experience had had a profound effect on my outlook on life.

My wife Frances has urged me to continue with a narrative of the rest of my life as a family record. I do so because I would like to have a similar account of the lives of my Puritan and pioneer ancestors.

I'm aware that anyone writing a personal piece of this kind is bound to try to present himself in the most favorable light. In order to try to offset this tendency, I have given as truthful an account of my life as I can. I have also quoted the views of State Department officials in controversial phases of my career. Readers can judge for themselves.

It is evident that a person with my background and lack of formal training could not easily fit into an ideal, conventional, well disciplined Foreign Service. I believe I was an asset to the Service but recognize that if there were many people like me, it would tend to disrupt rather than improve the system. That I reached the top had to be in spite of and not because of my nature. I believe no one else could have done my job and enjoyed it more and as a result had a happier diplomatic career. Perhaps the fact I was not burdened with the pains of ambition had something to do with it.

As these notes will show, I agree with the sense of the Ramayana that there are three things which are real: God, human folly, and laughter. Since God and human folly are beyond comprehension, we must make the best of laughter.

On my return to Guayaquil from the Amazon, my parents received me with joy, as if it were the miraculous reappearance of a beloved son. For the rest of their lives, they gave me all the love and tenderness that parents sometimes feel towards a wayward son.

In Guayaquil, I was appointed Honorary Norwegian Vice Consul for the few months I had before going back to school. Aside from lost passports and getting drunks out of jail, my duties were mainly related to problems of the Norwegian colony in the Galapagos Islands where their fishing and canning enterprise was falling apart. They were a rough, disgruntled lot, anxious to get back home after their dreams of riches had vanished. This colony had a two-masted schooner that shuttled between the islands and the mainland under the command of Captain Bruun, a ruddy, heavysset, crude man in his late fifties. Everytime he was in port, he regaled me with reminiscences of the great life in Norway and cursed the day he joined the disastrous Galapagos colony and was forced to deal with incomprehensible and despicable people like the Ecuadoreans. His parting, words were usually, "It ain't no fun anymore."

In this work, I ran on to only one worthy man. His name was Worm-Mullet, a former diplomat who had somehow become involved in the original project of the Galapagos

venture. He lived in a cheap hotel and often came in to chat with me; he had only one suit, blue serge, worn in the seat, yet he always looked impeccably dressed and well groomed. I liked talking with him; he never complained about anything or anyone. Yet I found it depressing to see such a fine man in such a hopeless situation. He had no relations with the colonists; his function seemed to be to try to salvage what he could in the final debacle.

One day Count Augusta Thun, Director of the Bank of Italy and South America, came to see me. He planned to be in town for a couple of months and wondered whether I would be willing to accompany him a few times a week during his usual evening stroll along the waterfront and main boulevard so that he could practice his English. I had no friends in Guayaquil and was happy with the suggestion. Thun was an attractive man with a sense of humor, born in a twelfth century castle on the Austrian-Italian border. He attended the military academy and university in Rome, then was assigned as aide to the Italian Military Attaché at the Kaiser's Court. He gave me a vivid account of the Kaiser and the pomp of his Court as well as of the vulgarity of Mussolini and his regime.

After the evening stroll, we would stop at a sidewalk cafe for a drink. One night at a table next to us sat a girl from an Italian operetta company that was in town. Thun asked her where the company was going next. She thought for a moment and said, "I don't remember, but it is a place far away." Thun said, "Colombia?" "No." "Mexico?" "No, ah I remember, it is the place where they make the hats."

I mention these insignificant events because the job foreshadowed my future, and Worm-Mullet and Thun, together with the few people I met at the end of my Amazon voyage, belonged to what was to be my world the rest of my life.

On the boat from Guayaquil to Panama, I met some young Colombians. It was at the time the Sacco-Venzetti trial attracted world attention. They were indignant about the case. I had paid little attention to press reports but instinctively thought the United States Courts should be right. I was a fool to get into an argument about which I knew nothing. I swore to myself not to argue again if I could help it. Throughout my life I have stuck to this rule except for the inevitable argumentations of college life. I have thus avoided countless disagreeable and useless moments even though it often irritates people who like it.

On the voyage from Panama to New York, I met a Chinese boy who, like myself, was on his way to Dartmouth College. He was the son of a Hong Kong banker who had sent him to English public schools but decided an American college education would be more useful in the present day banking world. Leong was a delicate, sensitive boy, and in New York he was terrified. He stayed close to me; we traveled to Hanover together; and I helped him get settled in a boarding house where he had been assigned a room. He was so unhappy, he slept in my dormitory room until my roommate arrived.

I had brought my Amazon trophies and decorated my end of the room with them. When my roommate arrived a few days later, I was talking to Leong. After glancing around the room, he looked as if he had walked into a chamber of horrors. He asked what was "that thing" on my desk. I said it was a shrunken human head. He grabbed his bags and rushed out in terror. A few days later he came back and said he had tried to get assigned to another room without success - he was sleeping on the floor in a friend's room. He asked for a copy of my class schedule so he could come into the room to study when I was not there - he would only come into the room if I put "that thing" in the cellar storeroom. As the days went by, I would often return before he had finished his studies. Soon he moved into the room with me.

My roommate was called Plato by his friends. Events had forced him to put up with me, but this did not include Leong. He came from a small New England town and had not seen a Chinese before. Like many Americans, he looked on Chinese as laundrymen or coolies. That Leong's schooling was better than ours meant nothing to him. At this time, Dartmouth was predominantly WASP. There must have been a few black students, but there were none in the class of '31. The only two Asians in the college were a Japanese upperclassman and Leong. Dartmouth was founded as an Indian school, so there was much ado about the two or three Indians still on the rolls.

Once I was out of the Amazon alive, I thought I would integrate into American society like any other normal person. But at Dartmouth I found out differently. The excruciating experiences I had undergone had not only matured me but carried me far beyond. I felt older than my classmates. Who would want to be a big man on the campus? School activities and sports seemed vapid.

I had one peculiar incident the first year. Dartmouth prided itself on its liberalism and advanced educational methods. It was one of the first colleges to give students intelligence tests. I was baffled by the questionnaire. About mid-term, I discovered the class was divided into two parts on the basis of the test. My roommate was in the higher half. I was so angry I went to the Dean's office, the dreaded Dean Bill, and said I had just discovered the intelligence test classification and that I refused to be branded by an inaccurate measure. His big, fat face flushed in rage. "I can't believe a student would walk in here and fly off the handle like that. These tests have been found accurate." I said, "It is a foolish conclusion because I can prove they are not accurate! The tests are for persons brought up in a typical American environment. I was not. One or two of the questions had to do with a popular American comic strip. I have not read a comic strip in my life. Furthermore, in the two semesters of the year, my grades have been higher than my roommate's." He said, "You probably worked harder." "I worked less. I spend most of my time in the library reading things that have nothing to do with my studies." (Many years later, I read an article describing why the old intelligence test technique had been discarded - among other things, its failure to eliminate the environmental aspects.)

The day regular classes began, Leong disappeared. I could find out nothing about him. A few weeks later, I received a letter written on board a ship bound for Hong Kong.

"This will serve to explain my sudden disappearance from Dartmouth. I did not find the time to bid you farewell and for this, I hope you will accept my apology.... My family needs me most at present.... I sincerely wish you would take great care of your health; for truth to say, 'Health is the Wealth of Wealth'. I shall return to Dartmouth next fall, and it is my desire to room with you. The room that you occupy is the one that I wish to be a member...."

I wrote him I was committed to continue with my roommate but that I had found nearby the kind of room he wanted. He replied, "I shall endeavor to acknowledge my debt to you by something Chinese in quality and that I shall present to you personally upon arrival in Hanover in September." He brought me a beautiful piece of jade. Soon he again disappeared from Hanover, and I never heard what happened or what became of him.

During my sophomore year, I took a course in Hindu philosophy. The professor was an Indian scholar who lectured in a droning voice reciting Hindu philosophic terms in quick succession with no explanation. He seemed drugged or half asleep throughout the lectures. I took copious notes and studied the text books. He gave frequent tests and about once a month a comprehensive exam. My grades were erratic, sometimes good and sometimes poor. When we took an important exam, my grade was C. I called on the professor and said I liked his course and had studied hard. I did not know why I had done so poorly in the exam. He looked at me, smiled, and said in a kindly tone, "Young man, the college has informed me that the usual practice is to give so many A's, so many B's, and so on. I don't have the patience to go through these papers so I mark the right number of grades at random. What grade do you think you should have had?" I said, "I deserved an A." He said, "All right, I'll change it to A. I will write down your name, and from now on all your grades will be A."

At one time, a professor organized a seminar for students to discuss subjects of political, economic and social interest. I was asked to be one of the speakers. It was the time when the "Russian experiment" was popular in American colleges. Dartmouth even had a campus communist party - and Fascism was flourishing in Europe. With the Wall Street stock market crash a few months before, the future of the American economy was a matter of vital interest to everyone. I spoke on "Spanish Feudalism and Incan Serfdom in the Ecuadorean Andes". I described the system in glowing terms and went on to say that some day I hoped to become a large landowner in the Andes with several hundred Indian serfs. My talk was about the same as extolling the occult practices of the Knight Templars during the Middle Ages before a group of New York stockbrokers. I expected to be jeered off the rostrum, but to my astonishment, the audience seemed fascinated and after the talk wanted to hear much more about it.

With some effort, I had suppressed my original feelings of greater maturity and disdain for the normal youthful pleasures of college life. In my way, I enjoyed the bull sessions, smut sessions, horse play, and especially the informal New England winter sports such as skiing and tobogganing and the pleasure of riding sleighs with tinkling bells. I made friends easily among classmates I liked - sadly not many. I often craved solitude and kept to myself for days at a time buried in the cosy reading cubby holes of the splendid new

Baker Library reading about the wonders of the world and dreaming of what I wanted in life - pipe dreams, no doubt along the lines I had spoken as my ambition in the seminar.

In summary, my college days were a perfect sequel to the Amazon adventure - the one hurled me into reality, the other gave me assurance in facing whatever fortune held in store for me.

CHAPTER II

ECUADOR

In 1930 Quito was still a sleepy colonial city almost untouched by modern life. It was not easy to get there - the ship to Guayaquil anchored in the middle of the Guayas River, one had to take a motor launch or canoe to go ashore, early next morning cross to Duran by river boat, take a train and travel two days up the Andes with an overnight stop in Riobamba.

Automobiles bumped along the narrow cobblestone streets and dirt roads; an unwritten sliding scale determined the fine for running over a white man, a half-breed or an Indian. On market days, hundreds of llamas loaded with products streamed into the city along with Indians driving cattle, horses, donkeys, sheep and pigs. Half-naked jungle Indians came in shivering with one or two parrots or a monkey on their shoulders and carrying orchid plants in flower. The city had only recently started to extend beyond the great Ejido park that was the city's northern boundary during colonial times.

The decade before the war was a time when Quito became the favorite spot of adventurers, imposters, remittance men, beachcombers, explorers, writers and scientists. It was one of the few relatively accessible, colorful, little-known, unexploited and cheap places left in a world suffering from economic depression. With a year-round temperate climate, spectacular mountains, nearby savage tribes of the Amazonian jungles, carefree, tolerant, pleasant people and laissez faire governments, it is no wonder that so many hurried to get there before it was squeezed dry.

The gathering place of the city was the Plaza Mayor. Here at noon and early evening, hacendados coming into town would be sure to find their friends, old cronies met, young men watched the girls go by on their shopping trips, and the town wits circulated their jokes and gossip. The stone bench surrounding the park of the plaza was called "El Mentidero" - it was there that all the "lies" of gossip originated. The Hotel Metropolitano bar on the corner was like an extension of the stone bench preferred by the elite and foreigners who could sit and watch the passersby through the picture windows with a drink in their hand – the public heart of the town.

It was at this time I drifted into what was to become my life's work. William Dawson, the American Minister, suggested I take a clerk's job on his staff and under his tutelage prepare to take the Foreign Service examinations in a year or two. The Foreign Service had always appealed to me, and I was glad of the opportunity to begin under such good auspices.

At first we had few important visitors, but occasionally venturesome travellers or those with a special purpose arrived. We dreaded these visits because they usually brought complaints about poor hotel accommodations, poor food, no central heating during the cold Andean nights, vermin, dysentery, and particularly the effects of the altitude at ten thousand feet.

Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes came to Quito with her teenage son during a tour of South America for the purpose of gathering material for her novels. She was a stout, imperious woman. Her husband, Senator Keyes, had requested courtesies at the capitals she visited, and she was received with the deference due a person of her standing. Fortunately for me, no matter how badly things went in Quito, they were not likely to upset her as much as what had happened in Lima. In fact, her visit to Quito was made easier by listening to her tell with indignation the humiliating experience she had had in Lima. The American Ambassador had taken her to the theater and during an intermission went to the Presidential box to introduce her to President Leguia. It was during the carnival season which the President and his party were celebrating. When Mrs. Keyes went into his box, the President bent down and started squirting ether on her ankles from a rubber syringe. (This and throwing small perfumed water balloons are common features of the South American carnival festivities.) Mrs. Keyes looked on this as an outrageous insult and walked out of the box in anger. The President cared nothing about who Mrs. Keyes was, and he would have done the same thing to any lady of Lima.

Things did not come off as smoothly as the Minister had imagined. These were the years of the great post-1929 depression; examinations for the Foreign Service were suspended indefinitely; what seemed like an eternity went by, and I was still marking time in Quito. Within my narrow, small world, however, I was gaining valuable experience and preparing myself for a Foreign Service career. I was commissioned a Vice Consul, was accorded diplomatic status as an Attaché, and as the person on the staff best acquainted with the people and the country, became a political reporting officer.

When I first arrived in Quito, I took a small furnished apartment in the Calle Marti by the Alameda and was soon comfortably settled with a cook and a houseboy called Juan Jose. I was pleased with Juan Jose because he seemed to know how to do everything well. He was a stolid, middle-aged Indian who looked impressive in the white gloves, black coat and striped trousers he had used during his former employ at the British Legation.

The first people I invited to my apartment were the Minister and Mrs. Dawson for tea. At the proper time, Juan Jose announced it was ready, and we went into the dining room where he had placed the teapot in front of Mrs. Dawson. As she started pouring, my eyes almost popped when I saw water and green peas coming out. Juan Jose was looking on unperturbed until I pointed out what was happening. I went with him to the kitchen. Only then did I notice that although Juan Jose was walking straight, he was completely drunk; I could tell by the dazed look in his eyes. The cook said Juan Jose had mistaken her pot of pea soup for hot water. In a moment this initial disaster had been repaired. The Dawsons sat patiently at the table but much to my dismay did not laugh. They were inclined to be rather stiff and formal. But my troubles were not over. When Mrs. Dawson finished pouring the tea, I noticed Juan Jose hovering around the back of her chair and watched him with apprehension. As soon as Mrs. Dawson had stirred her tea, I saw him do a sleight of hand and come around to my place with a teaspoon. Apparently my furnished apartment came with only two teaspoons. Juan Jose, instead of telling me about it, had resolved the problem in his own unique way. I, of course, should have checked the table

before my guests arrived, but I was inexperienced and had complete confidence in Juan Jose. Needless to say, I did not want to know what the Dawson's kindest thoughts might be.

Juan Jose, in the future, was to take leave when he planned to get drunk. It was not long before he appeared with a fine looking young man. He was going to celebrate his saint's day and would leave in his place his son who was well trained; since they were the same size, he could use his black coat and striped trousers. I asked what the boy's name was. He said, "Senor, I could not ask you to learn another name. Just call him Juan Jose."

I began at the age of twenty-two, for the first time, to move in social and diplomatic circles - most of the people were older; unmarried girls did not attend social functions, but the dowagers seemed to like me. One of them lived with her ancient mother in her ancestral Conquistador house near the central plaza. She sometimes asked me and Alfredo, a young relative, for a drink. She served only champagne. Her part of the old house was furnished in a hodge-podge of styles from colonial to French 19th century and recent Italian alabaster columns with little fountains and doves.

Once after too much champagne, Alfredo said, Amparo keeps every hat she ever had, I'll show you." In her enormous bedroom he opened a wardrobe that lined one side of the room, and the entire top shelf was crammed with hats she had worn in the past fifty years. He threw out a half dozen and said, "That side is your goal; this side is mine", and we started playing football - ostrich plumes, stuffed birds, long feathers, artificial flowers and fruit started flying in every direction and floating to the ceiling. The only casualty was a toppled alabaster column with its shattered doves. Amparo stood by laughing.

I was soon engulfed in the Quitonian way of life. At the time, it seemed to me like wine, women and song. It was nothing of the kind. The weekend binges, "farras", took two forms: at my or other young diplomats' houses or bars, and taking drinks, music and song to the houses of two or three sisters and friends who entertained us with dancing and fun for a few hours, then on to another house. It was the Quitonian world of "chullas". They were poor white girls who put on airs and used words without knowing their meaning - often pretty, witty and amusing. To the Quitonians, they were objects of pleasure and derision. I found it sad. I continued in the weekend all-night "farras" and serenades but never joined the world of "chullas".

One time I was on a "farra" with Galo and Leonides Plaza, Camilo Ponce and several others. After the nightclub closed, I invited them to continue the party at my house which was nearby. Everyone was high and continued drinking at my place. I brought out bread, cheese and a knife. It was already after two in the morning, and while everyone was helping themselves, Camilo Ponce sort of went berserk. He started expostulating about what a he-man he was. He finally said, "I'll show all of you what a macho I am. I don't even need two balls, and to prove I mean what I say, I'm going to cut one off." He took off his pants and grabbed the knife. I went over to him, snatched away the knife and said that no one cared how many balls he needed.

Both Galo Plaza and Camilo Ponce became Presidents of Ecuador with the great distinction of lasting out their full term of office.

At first I had no idea who my "farras" friends were - high or low. One thing was clear - none had asked me to their homes nor to meet their fiancées. The only time I entered a Quito house as a guest - aside from the old dowager - was when a young couple I had met at some social function invited me to tea. They lived with the wife's family. Her father had a collection of pre-Columbian artifacts, colonial furniture, paintings and statuettes. There were a number of people at the tea, and I wandered off on my own from room to room looking at the collection. Finally I was confused and could not find my way out of the labyrinth. I stepped into a corridor and caught sight of a girl in the distance. I called out to ask how to get back. She pointed to the right and vanished.

I asked the wife who the girl was. She said she was her younger sister. "Why don't you introduce me?" "I would have to ask my mother. "Ask her." She seemed embarrassed but went out of the room.

When she came back, she took me upstairs and introduced me to her mother and left me there. She was a woman in her fifties, plainly dressed, her hair combed straight back, without makeup or a piece of jewelry, and in bedroom slippers. She had a face of suffering - yet under this mask were the features and eyes of a beautiful woman. My daughter tells me you have seen and want to meet Germana. She is now engaged to a fine young man who is studying law, and they will be married when he gets his degree. She is eighteen." She then said she of course had no objection to my meeting the girl.

I met Germana before I left that afternoon; she had not talked to a foreigner before - she had lovely manners. I asked her if I could come back to see her, and much to my surprise she said "Yes". This went on for a few months, and finally her mother asked to see me.

She said, "Germana tells me you have asked her to marry you and that she is in love with you." Then she went into a dissertation on why she opposed the marriage and strongly warned me against it. She knew I intended to pursue a diplomatic career - she also knew there was no person less qualified to be a diplomat's wife than Germana. The girl had only once participated in a social function. She was asked to attend a beauty contest in Venetian costume in the "hacendado" resort valley of Chillo and was acclaimed the most beautiful. She thought it was all a stupid show. She would never adjust to places or people she didn't like. She had an inadequate few years of convent education; she had no interest in learning another language; she loathed social life. She went on and said she knew it was useless to talk to a young man my age but that she too had been young and beautiful and had fallen in love and that now much to her sorrow knew that beauty and love do not last forever.

My best friend was Charley Page, the only FSO on the Legation staff aside from the Minister. Charley was a good example of many young FSO's of that time, rich, educated at Harvard and the Sorbonne and inclined to be a playboy. He arrived in Quito with a new dark maroon Packard roadster that was a sensation. He joined our weekend farras and on the way home would take me and a friend who sang and

played the guitar to serenade Germana. I used a tiny four-barrel, twenty-two caliber pistol to wake her up. Germana would come to the window for a few minutes, then wave goodbye.

Our courtship was marred by the refusal of her ex-fiancé to give her up; he pestered her by phone, followed her on the street and wrote her tragic notes. When a young people's dance was held at the Tennis Club, my friend the dowager chaperoned Germana to the dance. The ex-fiancé came up to me and said "You cannot dance with her." A few nights later he came to my house to see me. He said he was in despair and wanted to end this by challenging me to a duel. I said I was willing to accept the challenge, but if I were he I would not do it. It was a lack of consideration for Germana since it would give her ugly publicity in a gossipy community like Quito, and furthermore it would solve nothing. I would choose pistols; we would name our seconds; and following the well established Quito custom, they would get together and reach agreement on settling the matter by having us fire into the air and end up shaking hands. He would still lose her and in addition leave himself open to ridicule. He thought a moment, then surprisingly said he had tried unsuccessfully to find someone who disliked me. If he had to give her up, it was best that it should be to me. This excellent young man had good reason to suffer despair - I had respect and sympathy for him.

One year after I arrived in Quito I was married to Germana. I had known her less than six months. I had no assurance of a career in the Foreign Service. My only income was \$1,800 a year. Germana could expect nothing from her mother since her father had squandered all of her latest inheritance. He would not consent to her marriage to me. On the third of February, we decided to get married on February 7th. Her father was to arrive in Quito in the middle of the month. I had to overcome other difficulties. Leticia, Germana's mother, said that the marriage must have my father's approval. This was a ghastly thought. I knew what my father would think of my marrying a Roman Catholic and a "native". I was young but at least knew what to do about "love and war". I wrote the following letter to myself signed "father" and showed it to Leticia - she thought it was a most sensible letter since it echoed her own feelings about the marriage.

"Guayaquil

Dearest Harry,

This must necessarily be a brief note since I am still unable to write at any length.

John has talked to me regarding your desire to marry in Quito and I must confess that the news came as a surprise to mother and me.

I feel that you are too young to marry and that your present financial condition is not one that would justify taking such a step. Of course, I do not know the girl and do not feel that it would be proper to make inquiries; however, in that respect I

have confidence that you will be guided by your intelligence and common sense.

I understand your situation and leave it to you to decide what is best since it is my belief not to interfere in matters of the heart. I only pray to God that whatever you may decide will be for your future happiness.

With dearest love,"

Before the marriage, I called my father and told him I was getting married. He was in poor health, and I could feel how much he must have suffered; yet from his past experience with me, he must have always been prepared for the worst. He said only one thing, "I do hope you will respect my wish that you have a Protestant marriage ceremony. Rev. Christman is in Quito now, and I will write him to marry you." (He was the missionary who had written my father a letter five years before from Panama about a rumour of my behaviour on board the ship between New York and Panama. He said that even the sailors were shocked. They must have been holy sailors to be shocked to see two teenagers kissing each other.) The civil ceremony required the consent of the father in the case of marriage of a minor - the authorities accepted the presence of the father's younger brother as a witness. Then there was the problem that I was not a Catholic, and Leticia wanted the marriage to take place in the Belem Chapel, the first one built by the Spaniards and next to the family house. Leticia said, "I'll write a note to the Archbishop, and you discuss it with him." He said, "I don't know what I am to do; the rules are strict." I said I had heard that as a child my nursemaid felt sorry I was a heretic and secretly took me to a church and had me baptized. He was delighted. "Of course you are a Catholic!" I walked out with his written approval.

The civil ceremony was with champagne in the garden; the Rev. Christman married us in the house at four in the afternoon; and the Chapel ceremony was at nine at night with only the family, the Dawsons, and Charley Page. Minister Dawson gave the bride away, and Charley was best man.

No word of the marriage was given to anyone including the family's closest friends. Leticia ordered the doors of the chapel closed until our arrival and closed as soon as we entered. We found the street in front of the church and the courtyard crowded with hundreds of people, and as we entered the crowd swarmed in - Quito seemed to have gone wild with curiosity. To my delight the music was pagan Indian; best of all, the ceremony was brief - it was over in less than half an hour - the choir sang strange old Indian music as we went out with a feeling of the mystery of our unknown future. We changed clothes and left for the honeymoon at an hacienda loaned to us by the old dowager. I will quote a few passages from my diary.

"The night was misty moonlight. It was the first time we had been alone. She was a different person - she was now my beautiful slave. It was almost one o'clock in the morning when we reached Puchalitola. The

majordomo greeted us and showed us to our quarters which opened out onto a terrace facing the parks....

We had our breakfast in bed and a half dozen Indian servants and the majordomo came into the bedroom to wait on us. The majordomo brought me a glass of fresh milk and a shot of brandy - he said it was customary on a honeymoon. The Indians looked agape at Germana and me in bright silk pajamas. She knew these Indians had never seen a woman smoke, and although she didn't smoke, she liked to shock them at breakfast time and in the evenings when we played Indian Music on the gramophone on the terrace. The Indians, the majordomo and their families would congregate to enjoy the music, sing and dance....

When we were ready to leave, the Indians who had waited on us began to cry; Germana went around and gave them each some money - then many who had not waited on us began to cry."

When Germana moved into my apartment, she came with everything she possessed in an eighteenth century, Chinese, red camphor chest.

Germana had not been separated from her mother one day of her cloistered life; yet on marriage she transferred herself to me body and soul with the greatest of ease. She was never homesick and visited her mother once or twice a week; I do not remember her mother coming to our house during the first year. This is all the more extraordinary because we were complete strangers to each other - she had no more conception of my background than what could be expected of a Spanish girl in the Middle Ages.

At first, Germana was her father's favorite child. When her mother came to the breaking point with her husband, Germana was the only one of the children who took her side. Her father was incensed. He would come into her room at night, turn on the light and stare at her - she believed he would kill her. This nightmare haunted her the rest of her life. Leticia left her husband, and Germana went with her to live with her grandmother. Her father declared that a child who acted that way could not be his daughter and disinherited her. When I met Germana and her mother, they were living in the family house while her father lived in Paris.

After marriage, Germana for the first time felt free and was able to choose the few things she wanted in life. All of a sudden life had become laughter and joy, something she had never known before. She would invite her friends to show me off - these girls would stare at me as if I were a creature from another planet.

Germana had not been out of Quito. She was always perfectly groomed, she used no makeup, she had good taste, but she had not had occasion to bother much about clothing; she was amusing and witty. Her one gift was music; she played the piano by ear. She could read a score and pick out a tune with one finger, then discard the score and play the music complete with both hands. Whatever music she heard, she could play by ear. I bought her a piano, and she entertained herself for hours of the day. She would play the

soundtrack music of the movies she liked. She did nothing aside from giving orders to the servants; she never went into the kitchen; if she wanted a glass of water, it was brought to her.

We soon started our social life - she was as calm and at ease as if she were at home. Since she was not vain, ambitious or insinuating, no one looked on her as a rival, and women admired her as much or more than men. When she started learning English and made mistakes, everyone thought she was so sweet, and so it was with whatever she did or said.

Before we had been married a year, an unfortunate thing happened. The girls she had been with in the beauty contest decided to go to a masked ball in their Venetian dresses. It was the only time I had seen Germana show the slightest interest in a social event - she seemed delighted. She was dressed, and we were getting ready to leave when the Minister called and said that we could not go to the ball because he had just received a telegram saying that several days of mourning had been decreed on the death of ex-President Calvin Coolidge. This idiotic bombshell was enough to put an end to whatever interest she might have had in diplomatic life. I believe most girls would have cried, but Germana did not cry. Sometime later, I asked her what she had done with her Venetian dress - she said, "I gave it away."

It was not long before Germana reached her conclusion about the diplomatic service: it was an ideal profession for people who wanted an easy entree to social climbing. Our life soon formed the pattern it was to take in the future - she would go to no diplomatic functions except on rare occasions.

From the start, I took charge of her clothing needs. There was a French woman who had a boutique and supplied the needs of the Diplomatic and Quito society. The woman would go to Paris once or twice a year to choose the clothing. Quito is an easy place for clothing since there is only one season. I would tell her what I thought were Germana's needs and she would bring back clothing personally chosen in Paris for her. Germana became her best model. In those days, haute couture dresses had dozens of hooks. The maid would help her get dressed, and it took me what seemed ages to unhook them when we came back at night.

The only social functions of Quito society she liked to attend were occasional weekend parties at some of the great haciendas in the vicinity of Quito. Therefore, as the importance of my diplomatic duties increased, I went to almost all social functions alone. The great embarrassment was that I could not say simply that Germana did not want to go. We soon made up a half-truth - Germana suffered from fainting spells. She went through life with people thinking she was almost an invalid when in fact she was very healthy. It eventually reached the point that the one public appearance she enjoyed was to attend the Sunday noon Mass at the Cathedral. The girls showed off their dresses, and the young men crowded the entrance to see them come out. After Mass, we would meet at the Metropolitan bar and have ceviche (fish cooked in lemon juice, onions and hot pepper). It then seemed as if the most important clothing I had to buy her was what to wear to the Cathedral. It was at least an incentive for me to try to have her the best dressed in this typically Quitonian fashion parade. I would bring Germana samples of

cloth for house dresses and other needs. She would call her maid and ask her which she liked best. I asked why she did this; she said that this way she could be sure not to choose the ones the maid liked.

I was thankful that Germana spoke a soft Andalusian Spanish. The aristocratic girls of Quito spoke poor Spanish. They had been brought up in a secluded life with Indian nursemaids who spoke a mixture of Quichua and Spanish. The result was an unpleasant lisping Spanish accent which characterized the Spanish spoken by the Andean population as a whole. The only explanation I have is that Germana learned to speak through close association with her mother - where her mother got it, I don't know.

I will not go into the skeletons of the Borja family closets. The father was a dreadful man, and his sons had little to recommend them - the youngest was a scoundrel. He was in his teens at the time of our marriage. One day I found that my newest suit and best ties were gone. A servant said that the boy had come in that morning while we were away. A few years later he was killed in a whorehouse brawl.

The more I learned about the family the more surprised I was that one could find in it such admirable, honest and fine people as Germana and her mother. They both had the same strong character. Nevertheless they both had weaknesses of the Quito society into which they were born. For instance, Leticia believed her children were above reproach. For example, her youngest son was particularly insolent. A professor one day delivered a lengthy reprimand before the entire class on the boy's incorrigible behavior. The boy listened attentively, and when he had finished, he said, "All you've said may be true, but your wife beats you." The class burst out laughing. When Leticia heard this, she seemed to think the professor deserved it for having rebuked the boy in public.

I do not blame Germana for her dislike of diplomatic life. Her mother had warned me honestly of what I could expect. The only weakness in Germana's character depended on a point of view. She was brought up in the belief that there was no family heritage better than hers. This transpired in her attitude towards other people. Her attitude was complicated by the fact that the old Quito families looked on the Indian very much like our Southern gentry looked on blacks. In a city like Quito in 1930, there were probably not more than a few dozen families that could boast of not having Indian blood.

I have often wondered how a boy brought up in the circumstances of my youth was not plagued with inhibitions and complexes of some kind. My parents' attitude may have had something to do with it. Since birth I was told we belonged to the best in American life - we were above the "natives" and the American and foreign community who did not have our religious, educational and social values.

We lived in a tropical style, frame house in the midst of large grounds with gardens, palms and fruit trees and a high bamboo fence. My brothers went to school and had friends; I was not allowed out of our "fortress" type compound for fear I might be influenced by the "natives." My father supervised my solitary studies, and I also had an educated beachcomber as a tutor - Mr. Adams taught me little since he sensed at once that I preferred to listen to accounts of his vagabond life than bother about arithmetic.

Our house was built by a man who loved the sea, and two of its bedrooms had lower and upper bunks. I had a lower bunk. My father believed in the old adage of spare the rod, spoil the child. Once after a thrashing, I waited until everyone was out of the way; then I climbed into an upper bunk and got under the mattress. At noontime everyone asked where I was. They looked everywhere, especially outside; finally when lunch time came, my mother was crying, my father was going mad, and my brothers thought something terrible had happened to me. When I felt everyone was thoroughly scared and that my father must be sorry he had spanked me, I came out and said I only wanted to take a nap in peace.

Every detail had an effect on me. As a child I once said to my mother that I wished I had bushy black hair like the "natives". My mother was shocked but dismissed this with a laugh; she assured me that my bobbed, silken brown locks were far more desirable.

A quaint practice of our home was that servants, employees and members of my father's congregation addressed us in the Spanish term respect, "Don". Since I was eight years old, I was known as Don Enrique by all persons within our restricted circle. We, in turn, called them by their first names or simply their surnames.

It is odd that backgrounds and upbringing the extreme opposite of each other should produce two people whose attitude towards themselves was similar. This could almost be reduced to an equation.

Half a year after our marriage, Leticia inherited what was for Quito a large fortune in land. Her cousin Gabrielito, the only child of the nineteenth century dictator Gabriel Garcia Moreno, died intestate. Garcia Moreno had married one of Leticia's great aunts, and when she died, he married her sister. These two women possessed vast colonial grants. Gabrielito was in his early sixties. He had been brought up by his mother and after her death, other female relatives in an atmosphere of religious fanaticism. His life had been one of monastic seclusion without friends. Leticia was the only relative whom he visited regularly. He always brought a box of chocolates or pastries. Before Germana and I were married, I met him several times during his visits to Leticia. I was interested in him only because he was the son of Garcia Moreno, who to me is the most extraordinary and fascinating man in Ecuador's political history. Gabrielito was a freak - medium height, over weight, with an apoplectic look, unhealthy ruddy complexion with visible veins, tiny light eyes, a rather mellifluous clerical manner and speech. He wore new clothing everytime he came. He loved to be complimented by Leticia on his impeccable attire. I found him an ignorant non-entity with no taste, no personality.

It is hard to believe this creature was the son of Gabriel Garcia Moreno, the fanatic statesman, whom the world called a Jesuit. He was stabbed and hacked to death with a machete by hired assassins on the steps of the Capitol at Quito. The secrets and mysteries connected with this murder are yet to be known. He could transform the Government of his country, fight and win land and naval battles with the ease and self-confidence which he employed when he wrote a scientific treatise or translated a Hebrew psalm into Spanish verse. He would sentence men to die within an hour; would not listen to his own mother's plea for mercy; then he would spend hours on his knees praying to the Virgin

for the souls of his victims. He was a tyrant who ruled for fifteen years and caused his country to prosper as it never has before or since; a genius who to avoid society shaved his eyebrows and to conquer sleep read with his feet in a pan of ice water. This man undertook to stamp out lawlessness and political as well as social immorality from his benighted country by the use of the Church as his all-powerful weapon. The Church, thankful for its greatly enhanced position, proposed to canonize its hero who had formally dedicated the Republic of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The proposed canonization ended with the Vatican's decision that a martyr cannot use a weapon in self-defense - Garcia Moreno died with a pistol in his hand. His body still remains hidden in the vaults of some unknown monastery. I saw Garcia Moreno's blood stained clothes in a vitrine in the Vatican Museum while the process for canonization was still hopefully in progress.

One of Germana's cynical sisters told me Gabrielito had taken a shine to Germana in the last year and that he always asked to have her come out and had started to give her his confectionary presents. The sister had advised Germana to encourage him with a smile and marry him because the old fool could not possibly survive the first day of marriage and she would be the richest girl in Quito.

One afternoon, Mariana, Germana's sister, called the Legation and asked me to come immediately because Gabrielito had died and it was important that we get to his house as soon as possible. When we arrived, we had a glacial reception by the majordomo and his housekeeper wife. Mariana brushed them aside and asked if the authorities had been informed - they had not. Mariana called for them to come at once. She then asked where the money and jewels were. The majordomo said there were none. There was nothing that could be done about money, but Mariana said we must go down to the garden. She and I poked around the garden and found the spot where the majordomo had buried the jewels. We reported this to the police who had arrived by then, and we made an inventory.

Leticia asked me to go to the Garcia Moreno house and choose whatever I wanted. I went through the many rooms and saw nothing I liked. I had been anxious to see his library. The library was spacious and well arranged, but to my surprise and disappointment, it consisted of nothing but worthless religious books, tracts and publications; the library belonged to Gabrielito. His father had obviously used the superb Jesuit library of the Compania Church. I found one vellum quarto copy of the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega's Royal Commentaries on the History of the Incas signed on the cover by Garcia Moreno. I also asked for Gabrielito's crib which was a gilded, regal crowned structure that is now on its third generation of Reeds.

Leticia asked me to pick out what jewels I wanted for Germana. I chose a two-strand heavy gold necklace with pendants, an enameled gold bracelet with covered watch, a three-diamond ring in a colonial design and two pairs of earrings - the rest was divided among Germany's four sisters and two cousins.

Leticia divided the land into haciendas for each of her children. Germana was to have the most because her father had disinherited her, and his property would be divided among the others. Germana's portion was an hacienda that began in the inter-Andean valley next

to the volcano Cotopaxi and extended over the cordillera "east to Brazil". According to Ecuadorean law, a husband is sole heir to his wife's fortune. (Fortunately, when Leticia separated from her husband, she obtained a court ruling that her husband would have no right to any future inheritance of hers.) Thus, five years after I had left Texas for the Amazon in despondence, I found myself heir to a far greater property than I had ever dreamed of, including the "hundreds of serfs".

An outspoken enemy of the Garcia Moreno tyranny was the head of the Borja family who held advanced liberal views. Borja's closest collaborator was a General Maldonado. Garcia Moreno had both of them put in prison in chains. Maldonado was sentenced to death, and Borja was forced to witness the execution; soon after, Borja died in prison from torture.

It is the transient nature of life that the final heirs of Garcia Moreno's family fortune, grand mansions and estates were Borjas and that in the present generation, the largest portion went to the son of the first Protestant missionary in Ecuador. If there had been signs of Protestantism in Garcia Moreno's day, he would have reopened the House of the Inquisition with the zeal of a Torquemada, and Quito would have been entertained by the auto-da-fe and burning at the stake in addition to the execution by gun fire. To crown the irony, Gabrielito was one of Germana's witnesses at our wedding!

Lincoln appointed Frederick Hassaurek Minister Resident to Ecuador. After reading his delightful book on his life in Quito, I tried to find someone whose family had known him. I discovered that Leticia's brother had heard his parents talk about him. He told me that they lived on the main square. One Sunday, Hassaurek came to luncheon. From the table, they went to the balcony overlooking the park. A drunken Indian staggered by and stopped in front of the balcony to pee against the railing. Hassaurek picked up an apple and threw it at the Indian who turned around still exposed - the ladies ran inside shrieking and laughing.

The first day after our son Francis was born, I went back to the clinic at noon. I saw a crowd of people standing in the corridor before Germana's room. I went in, and the room was full of people, relatives and friends I didn't know. I said to one of Germana's sisters that I thought it was terrible that Germana couldn't be in peace for at least a few days. I said, "This is as bad as the Queen of France." Awhile later one of the onlookers came to me and said, "What happened to the Queen of France?"

In 1932 Neptali Bonifaz was elected President of Ecuador. In the campaign, he was smeared with scandal which he dismissed as incidents of his "carefree youth" - at the age of fifty-six. He was now eighty, one of the richest landowners in the Andes, an aristocrat and member of the Conservative Party, not in power since Eloy Alfaro was elected

Liberal President in 1895. Liberals of the coast refused to accept his victory and started a revolution, not the factional or coup d'état kind, but a savage anarchic struggle that reached deep into the political roots of the nation. It became known as the "War of the Four Days". The country was in chaos, with no police, military or other authority to maintain law, and order; hundreds of people were killed on the streets of Quito. Respectable citizens sniped from their windows at anyone they suspected of being on the wrong side.

Bonifaz was given asylum in the American Legation to save his life. The revolutionists suspected this and started bombing the Legation from the Pichincha hillside. We lived in a neighboring villa that could be demolished if hit by a bomb or even a cannon ball. The bedroom window was shattered by a rifle shot that hit the opposite wall and dropped on the bed a few feet away from our new-born baby's crib. I picked up the baby, and we fled to the Legation amidst falling shell fire and bombs. We were installed under the great stairway, the safest place in the building.

The revolutionists had brought in a band of desperados called Pupos from the Colombian border - they were gypsy-like brigands who murdered on the slightest provocation and had camped on the opposite side of the park from the Legation. I ventured out and talked to them. They said they hoped to kill Bonifaz who was supposed to be hiding in the vicinity.

The second day of the revolution raged on, and Bolivar Avilez, a friend of mine, came to the Legation to see if all was well with me. While we were talking in the vestibule, Bonifaz walked by along the inside corridor. Avilez gasped and said, "So this is where he is!" Bolivar was not allowed to leave the Legation; a grandson of Eloy Alfaro, he was a faithful supporter of the revolution, and if word got out, the Legation would be stormed.

The next two days were long and agonizing. A President in asylum and his greatest enemy living as honored guests of the American Legation' and eating together at the same table, a party of seven - the Minister, his wife, Bonifaz, Avilez, Page, my wife and I. Bonifaz, suave and worldly, seemed unaware of Avilez' existence; Avilez, a hot-headed young man, scowled in silent anger.

My landlord in Quito sold the house, and I had to move. Caton Cardenas was a local lawyer who was a close friend of the Minister and Charley Page. I didn't like him because I felt he was unctuous, devious and fawning. He in turn paid no attention to me since I was the least important officer at the Legation. He heard I was looking for a house and called me to say his brother-in-law had a house for rent not far from where I lived. I looked at it, and although it was not what I wanted, I decided it was the best I could do for the moment. After I moved in, I found it was an unlivable place. I called Cardenas and told him that I had found the place completely unsatisfactory and was giving two months' notice before moving out. He acted as if he understood and made no remarks about my leaving. A few days later I received a letter from him saying that since I had broken a binding verbal contract he had no recourse but to defend his brother-in-law's legal rights by suing me for two years rent. I received the court summons soon after.

The Legation residence and offices were housed in a large villa owned by a notorious lawyer. He was the son of a French convict who had escaped from Devil's Island and settled in Quito. Each month I called on him to pay the rent. Before long we were good friends, and I would stay and talk with him. I was intrigued to know a man of his reputation and who looked exactly like a sinister version of a Gauguin self-portrait. Dr. Romo Leroux had made a fortune in his profession because he was brilliant and ruthless, and everyone dreaded to confront him in a legal case. I went to him and told him what had happened and asked him what I should do. He smiled and said "Don't worry. Give me the Court summons. I'll take care of it." Within a week I received a call from Cardenas who said he had been thinking things over and decided he didn't want to lose my friendship and it was best for us to settle it in an amicable way. I told him that unfortunately I had already turned it over to my lawyer, and the problem was out of my hands.

When Senator Reynolds visited Quito we discussed his schedule. He said, "I am a man interested in social conditions; I have traveled the world over and learned a great deal about social problems in each country. I have found that one of the most valuable sources of information is among the girls in red light districts. I, therefore, want to visit such places here." The following morning the Minister called me while he was talking to the Senator. The Senator had upset him by saying that the night before in his rounds of the Quito brothels, he found one that used an upside-down American flag as a curtain between the parlour and the bedroom. The Minister wanted me to go to the brothel and say this was an insult to the flag and that it must be taken down. I said that the Madam, if she accepted our protest at all, would at least want money to buy a new curtain and suggested that we buy the flag instead. The Madam, a pleasant, happy-go-lucky woman, said an American sailor had paid for her services with the flag. It had acquired sort of a trademark value because people recommended her house by word of mouth as "the place with the flag". This raised the price, but the Minister heaved a sigh of relief as he ordered the flag burned "in accordance with regulations".

This was not my first encounter with the amiable Madam. A year before, after a "good will" Naval visit, she came to me with a pack of American dollar notes that the bank refused to accept - Confederate currency in mint condition.

In diplomatic life one finds eccentric people who are either attracted to this life or become peculiar from living abroad in strange places, often under difficult circumstances. From my later experience, it could be said with some justice that the weirdest diplomats I encountered in Quito were those in our own Mission - I suppose some people could throw me in among the rest.

The Spanish Minister was an attractive man who had an exotic Egyptian-French wife. They had two children. The wife was inclined to have a roving eye, and she and her husband were not on speaking terms most of the time. She came to see Minister Dawson and asked if she and her children could move into the Legation until she could arrange her return passage to Spain. Dawson asked her husband if he approved of this, and he said he was delighted to get rid of her.

An American girl came to the Legation and told me she and her boyfriend had walked all the way from Buenos Aires to Quito and wanted to continue on foot until they reached the States. They were leading a gypsy's life. She was quite a pretty, wholesome girl in her mid-twenties. I did not see the girl again, but one morning the Minister called me to his office - he seemed upset. He said the previous night he and his wife had attended a dinner party at the Spanish Legation, and to his astonishment, the Spanish Minister announced that he was giving the party to introduce his fiancée and celebrate his engagement to an American girl - the girl was the one I've mentioned. Dawson, as the ranking guest, was seated to the right of the hostess-fiancée, whom he of course looked on as a tramp. The Dawsons, austere people of their day, felt insulted. The Spanish Minister, a playboy, elegant, flamboyant man, had made sure the girl was properly dressed, and her boyfriend was employed as the Minister's chauffeur and porter and decked out in a gold-braided uniform. What bothered Dawson most was that he could not reciprocate a diplomatic function and have as an honored guest a girl who was casually living in sin with a colleague.

As part of the Spaniard's dramatic taste, he had half a dozen long-haired Indians as random footmen standing around, dressed in their calf-length white cotton muslim pants and a royal blue wool poncho with the Arms of Spain embroidered in front in gold. The first time I saw this show, I recognized an Indian gardener I had had and said to him, "What are you doing here?" He said, "Here I am as a Spaniard."

The Spanish Minister left Quito with his fiancée for his new post. Dawson, who could not get over his shock, wrote our Legation there to ask about him. The Legation replied that he had arrived with an attractive Italian wife.

A new British Minister, Hughes-Hallet, arrived in Quito with over thirty snakes his wife had collected in Central America. She was not a collector but had a snake fetish. She wore them as necklaces, and when in evening dress, she had a snake around her neck with the rest of the body snuggled in her bosom.

When a Minister arrived, his wife would call on all Chiefs of Mission wives, and junior officers' wives would call on her. Germana was repelled by snakes and refused to make her call. At dinner parties and other social functions, many people tried to get as far away from her as possible. I was even worse than Germana and kept away from her. The woman asked for the help of the Diplomatic Corps to have their gardeners find small frogs to feed her snakes. She was soon in a panic because the snakes could not stand the altitude and began to die. When she finally left Quito two years later, she still had a few

left to wear as ornaments. I once asked the Minister if his wife slept with her snakes. He said she did, but that he had his own bedroom.

When the inevitable day came and Minister Dawson left, I was still marking time - marking time happily.

The next two years at the Legation were a comic nightmare. Roosevelt appointed a second generation Cuban New York lawyer as Minister. Before coming to Quito, he already had six months "diplomatic" experience. He was sent as Minister to Panama. Shortly after arrival, he went to a honky-tonk cabaret and was dancing with a chorus girl when a sailor tapped him and said, "Sorry, butch, this is my dance." Gonzalez asked the sailor his name and next day requested the Commandant to have him court martialed. In his testimony, the sailor said, "I thought he was a Panamanian barber." It did not take the Navy long to get rid of Gonzalez.

Gonzalez arrived in Quito with many vans of personal belongings; the contents were stacked up from floor to ceiling in the downstairs rooms of the Legation and in a twenty-yard-long glassed-in gallery facing the garden in the back. A few nights later, thieves broke in and stole countless small articles scattered on the gallery floor. Gonzalez' first official act was to dispatch an urgent and indignant note to the Foreign Office protesting the outrage and listing dozens of missing items. He suffered from insomnia, and for many months afterwards he would call the Foreign Minister at all hours of the night reporting other missing items and saying a note would follow in the morning. Gonzalez gloated over this God-given opportunity to show how the representative of an honest country felt about being accredited to a den of thieves.

The robbery had lamentable side effects. On arrival at his first dinner party at the French Legation, Gonzalez saw a mahjong box on a table; he ran up to it and announced to all "This is my mahjong box that was stolen." The French Minister, a bizarre, excitable man, lost his temper, and a most undiplomatic scene ensued. Relations between the two Legations were suspended during the two-year Gonzalez tour of duty in Quito.

Gonzalez had no knowledge of diplomacy. His sole ambition was to attain the prestige and power of a second-generation Cuban representative of the United States in Latin America. This was handed to him on a silver platter as a plum given to his wife, a Tammany Hall politician whose activities had helped win Roosevelt the New York Puerto Rican vote. The abuse of this position went on until the end of his diplomatic career. He was a small, swarthy, bright-eyed man with an affected and pompous manner. His wife, a big, fat, pleasant woman, was the dominant character and treated him as a child. They both seemed genuinely fond of each other. She controlled the purse but allowed him his \$10,000 Minister's salary as pocket money. This was the only source of friction I observed. She objected to his mania for buying gadgets, tools, and hunting and fishing equipment of which he already had two rooms full. He trifled with his tools, especially during his sleepless nights, but the hunting and fishing equipment was never used; it was only a collector's hobby - his wife did not let him have ammunition.

One Sunday morning, I went to the Legation and found him in the garden wearing a duck shooting outfit. He had on boots up to his waist, a waterproof jacket and a cap with a beak in front and back. He was walking back and forth while three Indians were shooting water at him from all angles. As I watched him, he seemed extremely pleased; the outfit had stood up well; he was completely dry; the Indians stared at him in wonder.

The Swedish Consul was an enthusiastic hunter, and when he said Gonzalez' collection of guns, he invited him to go on a day's shooting. Gonzalez and his wife particularly had many excuses, but the Swede insisted until there was no way out. Gonzalez went out in his splendid new attire. By sunset he had not shot a bird. On his way back to the car, a crow hopped onto the road a few yards ahead; he raised his shotgun and shattered the poor thing. He brought back this mangled mess and asked that it be stuffed so that he could keep it as a memento of his hunting excursion. There was no taxidermist in town so it was taken to a tannery and returned a misshapen lump of leather with little bones sticking out all over. Gonzalez said, "So, this is all I get? I shot that bird at the top of the highest eucalyptus tree I ever saw."

In Quito, the people the Gonzalez enjoyed most were visiting Congressmen. These were the people with whom they felt most at home. Congressman Rabou was a favorite, wined and dined and shown all the sights. I was asked to take him to the equatorial line a few miles north of Quito. Quite understandably, he was unimpressed by the imaginary line and preferred to lecture me in his condescending way about important events. Along the road we passed some Indians driving donkeys loaded with goods for the market. He interrupted his lecture and gave me this gem: "Young man, whenever I see the lowly donkey, my heart is fill with humility because I cannot forget that it was on a donkey that the Blessed Virgin Mary traveled on her flight to Egypt."

On another occasion, Gonzalez asked me to accompany him and a visiting Congressman for a ride in the countryside. We came to a stone bridge over a ravine, and Gonzalez said, "This is the Bridge of San Luis Rey." The Congressman mildly remarked that he had thought it was a hanging bridge in Peru. Gonzalez said, "No sir, this is it." On the road we passed an Indian woman carrying a big stone on her head. Gonzalez said, "Do you know what that woman is doing carrying that stone?" The Congressman said, "I suppose she is taking it for some construction." "No, these women are so used to carrying heavy loads that when they have delivered a load, they pick up a rock and put it on their head so they can walk home in comfort."

In due course, the Minister gave the customary dinner party in honor of the President and his Cabinet with their wives. It was a formal, gala affair with a six-piece orchestra. Everything started off smoothly, and after dinner we moved to the library for coffee. The guests all sat at one end, and the Minister who had had too much to drink moved over to the opposite corner where he had displayed a collection of small musical instruments. He picked up a jews harp, started playing, breaking into cackling laughter, dancing around and completely ignoring the President until he got up to leave. It was not a happy evening for the President. When I went to ask for his coat and hat, I discovered that someone (a member of the orchestra) had carved out the top of his silk hat - it was a hollow cylinder.

There was a moment of tension when the solemn old President, who had had his fill of American hospitality, was handed his mutilated hat.

Gonzalez' chauffeur drove him downtown where the streets are so narrow that two cars can barely pass each other, and no parking is allowed. He stopped at a store and asked the driver to wait. When he returned, a policeman was urging the driver to move on because the traffic was blocked. Gonzalez said to the policeman, "Get in the car." The poor Indian policeman didn't know what was going on and got in. Gonzalez said, "You are now my prisoner on United States territory." He took him to police headquarters and asked that he be fired for lack of courtesy to the American Minister. The policeman pleaded that he had a wife and four children. The salary of a policeman at that time was six dollars a month.

It annoyed Gonzalez that diplomats of most other nations wore colorful decorations on formal occasions. He was not disturbed that American diplomats are forbidden to accept or wear foreign decorations. It did not take him long to get the highest decorations given diplomats; then he started wheedling and pressing the Government to confer on him its highest military decoration even though he had never held military rank; it also was eventually given to him - not without ulterior motives of military aid. His crowning glory came when, in recognition of his and Mrs. Gonzalez' activities in New York Catholic circles and his active interest in the recent negotiations of the Vatican Concordat with Ecuador, he received the Papal decoration of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. There was a Te Deum in the La Compania church and a garden party and buffet luncheon at the Legation to celebrate the occasion. He wore white tie and the resplendent decoration. At the end of the luncheon, he suddenly dropped to the floor with twisted mouth and a peculiar look - I thought he was dead. Four of us carried him upstairs, placed him on his bed where he woke up six hours later still in his white tie and Papal paraphernalia. He had simply passed out from too much champagne.

In those days a few of the more cosmopolitan old Quito families included members of the Diplomatic Corps in their social activities. They were a part of the "nobles" and displayed coats-of-arms in their houses. The Gonzalez were extremely sensitive to anything that implied social distinction.

One day the Minister said to me in his deep voice, "Mr. Reed, my wife and I have been looking through some documents which belonged to my grandfather who was a lawyer in Havana and have found my coat of arms. We do not know anything about the subject and would like to have someone study these documents and draw our coat-of-arms." - he wondered whether I could do it. I said my knowledge of heraldry was superficial but that I would study the documents and let him know. They were property deeds that had been filed with a notary by two litigants; their arms were described as a means of identification. The names of the litigants had nothing to do with Gonzalez. To make my work easier, I drew a completely new coat-of-arms combining quarterings with geometric charges described in the two documents. The next day I showed them a rough water color sketch. I said I could not vouch for its authenticity, but as a basis, had used the two documents they gave me. They at once said there was no question these were the arms of Gonzalez. To the final version I added the lambrequin and helmet with ostrich plumes as a crest in the Spanish manner.

The day I brought my finished work, the Minister received it solemnly, then rushed upstairs to show it to his wife. For days he would bring it down with him to the office in the morning and take it back up at night.

Not long after, he summoned me to his office and snapped at me, "Mr. Reed, my wife and I are very upset. You have not drawn my coat-of-arms right." "What is wrong?" "Yesterday at the Chiriboga's, we saw his coat-of-arms had five feathers; you put only three on mine." I said the Spanish used both three and five "feathers". (Actually, when I was drawing the sketch, I thought that even they must have seen the three-plume badge of the Prince of Wales and that that would please them.) He said, "I want five!" During the noon hour I added the two plumes. For over a year, Quito silversmiths were kept busy engraving the "Gonzalez" arms and convents embroidering it on linen.

Gonzalez loved to celebrate his birthday and always gave a dinner party. The small staff felt it had to give a present. I bought a cheap, medium-sized, second-hand, low-silver-content platter and had the "Gonzalez" arms engraved so as to splash over the whole thing. In the package, I enclosed a history of it. I said it was a colonial piece from the remote province of Loja famous for its silver and had been discovered by a Quito antique dealer. He hung the platter over a sideboard in the dining room and never failed to tell his guests its history.

Ten years later, while I was posted in Dublin, Gonzalez wrote me to say that his wife was a descendant of the Great O'Neil and could I send him the arms. I did so, and when I visited them in New York, they beamed as they pointed out their coats-of-arms in the drawing room. I could not restrain a smile at the incongruity of my ingenious concoction on parchment and gold leaf frame next to the cheap color print set in black tape passe-par-tout representing the Great O'Neil.

I have given a few of the high points of Gonzalez's incumbency as Minister to Ecuador all lumped together in order to simplify my story. Matters were greatly complicated because along with this clown of a Minister, the Department assigned a rare bird for his day - a self-made Foreign Service Officer as Secretary of the Legation. This was a disaster. He could not get his work done during office hours - with only one stenographer on the staff - the Minister with his orders for gadgets and the Secretary trying to impress the Department with his slowly ground-out reports meant keeping the poor clerk up until after midnight. The clerk finally had a nervous breakdown. He disappeared; his wife called in the morning to say he had not come home. A few days later the police found him in a neighboring town living it up with the girls in the local brothel. A naturally nervous youth, aggravated by the altitude, he was driven off his rocker by inconsiderate treatment. I brought him home, and an hour later his wife called to say he had locked himself in the bathroom and would not answer her calls. I rushed over, knocked down the door and found him unconscious on the floor clutching an empty bottle of iodine.

Weeks went by before a replacement arrived. The Minister's gadget orders could wait, but the Secretary was panic stricken with the interruption of his laborious reports which were keeping relations between the two countries on an even keel. Strange to say that this man who had worked for years as a clerk in the Military Attache's office in Santiago

treated clerks in the most abusive way of any FSO I ever met. He knew very well how to type out his own reports, but it took him from three to five drafts before they were in shape. He and especially his wife were the perfect example of Germana's dictum on why some people enter the Diplomatic Service.

Most Americans came to the Legation when in trouble or need of help. One day a man walked into my office with a bulging canvas bag. He was a cocky little man, about sixty, strongly built, burning blue eyes, with the air and self-assurance of someone on important business. He came straight to the point. During thirty years as a Ford Motor Company chauffeur, he had wondered what to do when he retired. He finally decided he wanted to fight a lion and for that reason had come to Ecuador. It was at the time of the Abyssinian War, and he showed me a newspaper photograph of the Emperor Haile Selassie and the Conquering Lion of Judah in a menacing stance. He then opened his bag and pull out what looked like a diver's rubber suit with sharp iron spikes on the sleeves and across the chest. A friend at the Ford Company had made it for him. His plan was to put on the suit when he sighted the lion, approach slowly until the lion charged, brace himself, fend off the paws and embrace his neck driving in the spikes with all his might and hold on for dear life. All would be well if he could hold on long enough for the lion to suffocate and bleed to death from the spikes that pierced his throat on every side.

All he wanted to know from me was the best route into the lion country. I said I hated to disappoint him, but there were no lions in Ecuador. The man was crushed. He slumped in his chair and finally said, "What! No lions in all them jungles!" For awhile he sat in a state of shock - life had lost its purpose. He got up slowly, packed the suit in the bag, and as he turned to leave, said, "Well, if I can't fight a lion, I guess I'll have to go to the Coronation." (George VI)

The Embassy received a letter from a man in Texas saying he was preparing a paper on the effects of cosmic forces on nature and the human mind. He knew that in the northern hemisphere vines entwined clockwise and in the southern hemisphere counter clockwise. He needed to know what happened to vines on the equator. He believed his theory would throw light on such phenomena as the rise of Hitler and Nazism.

I called on a German Professor of Botany at Quito University and asked him about vines. He said he did not know the answer but it was an interesting question. He would send out two teams of students to study it and would let me know what they reported. He eventually called me to say that vines on the equator went crazy; they entwined in any and all directions.

Six years went by before Foreign Service examinations were resumed and I was called to Washington. A few days after arrival, I was walking down the street and heard newsboys shouting the afternoon headlines, "Roosevelt Bans Cookie Pushers' Foreign Wives". Next day I was notified I was no longer eligible to take the examination.

It was the first bitter blow of my life. I looked on the Foreign Service as my career, my way of life, the work I could do best, the one in which I was happy. Overnight the Quito Legation was dead end. I could not go ahead and hold the highest positions in the Service.

At the thought of living in Quito forever, my imagination ran wild. For weeks I combed the countryside on horseback looking for a place before I discovered what I wanted - it was a piece of wasteland a mile out of town on the edge of the Quito plain overlooking the Cayambe valley as far as the eye could see. Towards the valley, the land sloped down gradually for two hundred yards until it came to a precipice and then a half-mile drop to the Sanctuary of the Virgin of Guapulo. There, in colonial times, as in Guadalupe, the image of the Virgin had appeared on an Indian's poncho, and the shrine that was built for her attracted many thousands of pilgrims every year. The Virgin of Guapulo was rich. Aside from a well stocked wardrobe of jeweled garments, hats, shoes, she owned precious stones, gold, silver and property. The surrounding hillsides belonged to the Virgin, and I bought my land from her, who, the deed said, had owned it since time immemorial.

A deep cobblestone road leading down to the Sanctuary wound around the side and front of the property. Off it, I dug a short tunnel and built a road that led to the upper level where a whole new world suddenly burst into sight, Cayambe towering above the snow-covered ridge of the eastern cordillera. My land was in its primeval state except for some eucalyptus and pine trees which had grown from seeds brought by the wind.

I put Indians to work filling gullies and building terraced walls. I would get up at dawn and ride out to the property to see what the Indians had done and plan their work for the day. The metamorphosis that took place during the first three years of work was like that of cocoon to butterfly. What was a dead, scrubby piece of wasteland became a place alive, the graceful contours of the land covered by dense turf with flat gem-like blue, yellow, pink and purple flowers and all the wild flowering bushes, plants and vines I could find in the surrounding hills as well as masses of ground orchids with crimson blossoms to shore up the precipice and walls of the terraces - all growing together as if they were some happy accident of nature.

The sweet smelling flowers attracted the humming birds that abound in the Quito and Cayambe valleys - they looked like precious stones shimmering in the sunlight. I took features of the medieval European garden to add fantasy to the place. I built circular seats, turf-topped with flowers around trees. I planted a small fruit orchard, a herbarium and made one small enclosed garden with seats against the walls and a few feet away railings for monkeys and parrots. It was a secret spot that could not be seen from anywhere.

After our Sunday polo matches, I would ride to the property to meet my wife and a few friends for drinks. It soon became common knowledge that in the outskirts of the city existed a hidden garden spot covered with wild flowering vegetation and a view not known in Quito.

I started designing a house that would blend into the landscape and have the simple charm of the hacienda houses of the Spaniards. A wide terrace with balustrades facing the valley would rest on a high rampart reinforced by buttresses along the sloping terrain.

The first city built by the Spaniards in the Kingdom of Quito was Riobamba, and it was destroyed in 1797 by a cataclysm. Once, while going by Cajabamba and Cicalpa, villages built over the ruins, I saw carved stones recovered from outcroppings of the disaster. Judging from these stones, Riobamba must have been of a magnificence unknown in present-day Ecuador aside from a few of the old Quito churches. I began excavation on a small scale, and in two years I accumulated hundreds of stones: an entire doorway of stylized roses, a lion fountain, a crowned monkey-faced lion on a column at the foot of a stairway, two lions, a leopard, a basin six feet in diameter, cornices, heads of saints, kings, Indians and a number of heraldic keystones showing the influence of the New World with charges of llamas, armadillos, parrots, monkeys and the plumed helmets of the Conquistadors. Some of these stones could be used to break the monotony of the otherwise severe adobe walls. Many of them would be placed in the gardens and terraces.

At nightfall clouds moved down the valley until they crashed on the promontory of my land in the early hours of the morning. The cloud rested there until dawn, then vanished with the first rays of sunlight. It is thrilling at night in a freshly blown heavy mist that caresses one's face with the fragrance of flowers.

A great storm came up and blew down a eucalyptus tree over the corner of the Guapulo road. The tree carried away tons of earth and left a deep crevasse on the embankment. To prevent more damage, I had the upper part fortified with a stone wall and planted turf on the lower part down to the road. Even so, there was an ugly scar at the turn of the road. I had already thought that I would like to put up a cross somewhere on the road where the Indians could throw in a pebble hoping for God's blessing on the purpose of their journey - as one often sees in the Andes. I found a stone cross six feet high in an abandoned spot near the Indian village of Guangopolo on the other side of the Chillo valley. I bought it and had it placed on a pedestal at the end of the crevasse. The cross had holes where a tin roof could be hooked on to protect a figure of Christ crucified. I bought a gory Christ about a foot and a half long with human hair and fingernails cut down to scale and rigged it up with a purple velvet curtain that could be drawn on festive occasions. I had my mother-in-law's majordomo go down the road and tell every Indian that came along that they must throw a pebble on the pedestal of the cross in order to reap the blessings of a pious act. Most of the Indians accepted this as a common practice on other roads. My cross had no miraculous tradition. I knew it was only a matter of time until it made a reputation for itself and before Indians would come from faraway places to throw the pebble. This may seem silly, but I thought that as time went by, the gap in the embankment would be filled and that it would be satisfying to know that each pebble represented at least a hope for something better in life.

Not long after the traffic on the Guapulo road began to run smoothly, my whole strategem almost fell apart. The Parish priest of Guapulo came to see me. He said he did not know what I had in mind but was afraid some ill might come of this. The Indians were putting their faith into a cross not even blessed by Mother Church.

I told him I agreed I had made a serious mistake. I should have discussed the matter with him before I did anything. Fortunately his fears were unfounded. The cross came from Guangopolo where it had been venerated for centuries. The only reason I had it was it had been on a mule trail no longer used. Now I had placed it where it could continue to be a source of comfort to the faithful.

I told him I had wanted to talk to him long before. As he knew, my land had belonged to the Virgin of Guapulo since time immemorial. I said I had a gold chain and cross I wanted to give the Virgin as a gesture of gratefulness for having kept this land until I could enjoy it.

The Legation in Quito was raised to an Embassy, and the new Ambassador was a man who started in his teens as an itinerant peddler of calendars in Central America and made a small fortune. Ambitious, he contributed to his political party and was named head of the one-man Latin American section of the State Department, then briefly Minister to El Salvador. He was back in the calendar business until Roosevelt came in and appointed him to Ecuador in recognition of his loyalty to the party. A restrained man in his late sixties, of good appearance, soberly dressed, self-assured and an uncanny ability to avoid exposing his ignorance, he also possessed the admirable quality of not having a complex about his illiteracy. He was an old political pro and knew he could report anything he wanted to the Department in his own way and it would make no difference. To me, he was a harmless, agreeable Chief of Mission who in comparison to his predecessor was a Talleyrand.

The Ambassador feared earthquakes and sent frequent seismic reports including one about one night when he and his wife went to bed, put out the light, and he felt a slight tremor. But his one passion in Quito was a project to revive the colonial prayer rug industry. He would send in voluminous progress reports. Late at night, dictating a report, he said, "But this will be the subject of another report." The exasperated clerk added in parenthesis, "Not tonight I hope." The signed report went out next day. When he discovered this, he wrote the Chief of Foreign Service Personnel recommending disciplinary action. The Chief replied his job was generally dull, but on reading the Ambassador's complaint, he laughed so much it would be best to forget it.

The self-made Secretary was succeeded by Gerhard Gade, his exact opposite, brilliant, considerate and likeable. Sadly he drank too much, and during the periods he acted as Charge d'Affaires, lamentable incidents occurred.

At a stag party given by the Spanish Charge, after much drinking and dinner, Gade went upstairs to bed while the party went on. About midnight we woke him up and went to a nightclub. As we entered the room and took off our hats and topcoats, a great commotion broke out. We saw Gade standing in the middle of the dance floor in his undershorts, shirt, tie and coat - he had forgotten to put on his pants. The police were called, and when they started to lay hands on him, they were told he had diplomatic immunity. The police looked around and tried to arrest one of our group, but all the rest of us were likewise

immune. The young director of the leading newspaper had joined us at the nightclub, and the police arrested him. We protested that he had not been with us when we entered and was in no way responsible. They said a disturbance had been created and someone had to be taken to jail.

Another time the consequences were more serious. On New Year's Day, the President received the Diplomatic Corps at noon. Gade had been up all night at a New Year's Eve party and had another drink before we left. At the palace, the Papal Nuncio was the first in the line of Chiefs of Mission and as Gade reached out to shake his hand, he stumbled and fell against the Nuncio who with great difficulty managed to regain his balance but not before having bumped his colleague next in line. For a moment I thought the entire row of Ambassadors would topple over like tenpins. The President came in at that moment and saw the confusion. The following day we heard the President would ask for Gade's recall.

It puzzled me that Gade did not seem to be aware when he was sober of the things he had done while drunk. The nightclub incident was water off a duck's back, and aside from the slight scandal, he could ignore it. The incident at the President's reception could not be brushed off. I am sure it never occurred to him to do anything about it. He has a rich man and would not be unduly upset if he were dismissed from the Service. I told him what had occurred at the reception and said that he must call on the Papal Nuncio the next day and apologize for his conduct. He did this, and the Nuncio told him not to worry because he would smooth things over with the President.

Thirty years later I had retired in Rome and went to a reception at the Spanish Embassy to the Vatican. There were a few Cardinals among the guests, and I saw one that looked vaguely familiar. I asked who he was and was told he was Cardinal Cento, the third highest ranking Cardinal in the Vatican. Cento was the Nuncio in Quito that had saved Gade's career for a few years. I went up to him and said that I had met him when he was in Quito negotiating a Concordat with Ecuador. He was now very old and frail, but his face beamed as if a former life had flashed through his mind.

What complexes bothered Gade I never knew. He talked about women very much as other men do and always said that at some time he would marry. He was then forty-three. He was obsessed by women's breasts. He collected photographs of beautiful breasts. At dinner parties, he usually had too much to drink and in the course of the evening would end up on a sofa with some large bosomed dowager and could not restrain himself from touching her. I asked him if the women weren't offended. He said, "Oh, no, they like it." The most curious example of this peculiarity came one time when he had been asked to lunch by the Ambassador and his wife. Although the Ambassador frowned on Gade's drinking habits, both he and his wife, as everyone else, could not help but like him. Mrs. Long was a priggish woman in her sixties, forever leering austerely from under her pince-nez and had a formidable bosom. The Ambassador came back to the office early and left Gade talking with his wife. When Gade finally staggered into the office around four thirty, he was laughing. "I did it. I did it. I did it," he said. "I pulled Elinor's tits." "What on earth did she say?" He laughed, "Oh, she liked it. She giggled."

Since my arrival in Quito I collected pieces of colonial art. Gade traveled with his extraordinary collection of art of the Middle Ages as well as a collection of prints from the fifteenth century to the present day worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. I was surprised to see the similarity between the European art and the Quito things I had. He was equally impressed because medieval art was two or more centuries older. When the Spaniards came to America, their domestic architecture and furnishings showed little Renaissance influence and stuck to the simplest functional medieval tradition. Gade wanted some of the things I had - since he couldn't buy them, he offered to trade pieces of his collection. I had no interest in collecting European art, yet I liked the idea of enriching my small collection with a few pieces that blended well with it. Thus, I acquired a set of six plates of Goya's Caprichos, a Gauguin Tahitian woodcut bought by Gade's father at the pre-World War I Gauguin exhibition in San Francisco and a few other pieces. I gave Gade an amusing polychrome figurine of Adam and Eve, the serpent had a crowned head of a blond girl holding out an apple. He in turn gave Germana a contemporary portrait of Pope Alexander VI that had been in one of the royal palaces in Rio de Janeiro for four hundred years. When the Monarchy fell, the palaces were sacked, and Gade's father, who was Norwegian Minister to Brazil, bought it. He gave it to Germana because she descended from the Borgia pope's great grandson, the fourth Duke of Gandia who became St. Francis of Borja.

Gade is a mystery. I knew him as well as I have known any man - for two years we lived as if it were in the same house. He had every fine quality one could want in a friend; in his background, intellect and personality, there was nothing lacking. He is a mystery because in a man of his superior qualities and distinction, he had no goal in life, no ambition; he looked on his profession as one that allowed him time to engage in his artistic pursuits. How it was possible for a sociable man with his fascinating conversational ability to go for two years with only me as his audience is beyond comprehension - he simply did not care to bother about having friends, and more, he did not care how other people might react or contribute to his own vast knowledge.

I learned a great deal from him - we had the same taste, interest in art and literature - we even shared an interest in heraldry as a science that was able to convert its humorous aspects into works of art.

Gade lasted a few more years in the Service, but something must have happened for the Department to assign him to Jidda. He retired and lived at the Knickerbocker Club in New York where I called on him whenever I was passing through. Our friendship lasted until his premature death.

In the mid-thirties, two middle-aged women arrived in Quito, rented a colonial house in the heart of town and opened a small restaurant, l'Ermitage, on the ground floor. One was French, the other Polish. The place was modest and cosy, of a kind unknown in Quito before. The walls were whitewashed and the simple tables and chairs painted blue - table cloths and everything in excellent taste. A five-piece orchestra played during lunch and at night until two or three in the morning by a tiny dance floor - Quito's first introduction to

a nightclub. It was an instant success, always crowded. In time the identity of the women became known. In their younger days, they had gone to Buenos Aires in the white slave traffic. They had later moved to a new way of earning a living. L'Ermitage was revolutionary in the sense that it was respectable and run by two women who knew what makes a restaurant-nightclub a success. What bothered the upper class wives most was that their husbands could now meet their amours casually in a socially acceptable place. Soon sermons were thundering in Quito churches about the corruption of foreign influence; families forbade their daughters to go there. All to no avail. Men loved the place, and it prospered.

It was at L'Ermitage that I met Richard d'Orsay who had come to look for the legendary Inca treasure in the Llanganati mountains. He was a Hungarian who emigrated to America when his parents were killed after the World War. In New York, he became a bookie at the race tracks and lived extravagantly until they were outlawed. Down and out, he persuaded a Hungarian restaurateur to sponsor his treasure hunt. After three years of fruitless search, the sponsor went bankrupt. d'Orsay moved into my apartment penthouse until he could find something else to do.

In the six months he was there, a Hungarian who went by the name of Dr. Alfredo Cuhne dropped in to see him once in awhile. I was intrigued by the man. He was perhaps the weirdest person I've ever known, a soldier of fortune, a man of mystery. Non-descript, self-effacing, moving in shadows, ringing the doorbell at dusk, when he walked into the room I felt as if I were looking at a bat that had been caught by daylight. He was the closest to being invisible one can get. I can't remember anything he ever wore. There was one small moviehouse in town where I would take my wife every week. He told me he never missed a new movie and that he had always seen us there. The place could hold no more than a hundred people, and a foreigner stands out - I never saw Cuhne. He had come to Ecuador after the rise of Hitler and posed as a veterinarian, hog breeding expert, an explorer of the Upper Amazon. When Adolfo Paoz was elected President, Cuhne became his personal adviser. He organized a secret service and gained ascendancy over the President. He stood behind a curtain during cabinet meetings - for a period of two years, he was the power behind the throne. A revolution broke out. Paez fled the country, and Cuhne was put in jail. He was soon free, and as the war drew near, he openly moved in as head of the Nazi nucleus engaged in propaganda, subversive activity and sabotage under the direction of the German Embassy.

Sometime later I met the man who took over the Ecuadorean secret service after Cuhne. He said he had wanted to meet me because he had a thick dossier on me prepared by Dr. Cuhne. He let me see it. It was a remarkable document that read like a spy thriller, built up suspense, had continuity and rang true. Everytime he had come to my house to see d'Orsay, he wrote a four or five page memorandum of conversation with me for the President giving the alleged contents of secret telegrams exchanged between the Legation and the Department of State on matters of political interest to Ecuador. At the time the Galapagos Islands were of strategic importance for the protection of the Panama Canal. He rarely missed a chance to mention our interest and speculate on how much the penniless Ecuadorean Government could hold us up for a lease. He always had something to say about the intimate private life of the Gonzalez.

One of our first moves in Latin America after the outbreak of war was to round up the leading Nazis and ship them to concentration camps in the States on the SS Gripsholm. I was in charge of the Ecuadorean operation, and Cuhne was at the top of my list and the first one arrested. When I saw the contingent off at the station under American military custody, Cuhne looked as cool and inscrutable as he had when we were having a drink with d'Orsay in my house. The Army Intelligence Officer in charge of the Nazi roundup was a Colonel Campagnoli who had been brought back from retirement. He was the American Intelligence Officer at the trial of Mata Hari. Later, he played a role in my future plans.

In 1940 we knew our entry into the war was drawing near. The Commander of the Special Service Squadron in Panama, Admiral Henry Kent Hewitt, was ordered to make a survey of the Galapagos Islands to find where a base could be established for the protection of the Panama Canal. The entire Ecuadorean General Staff was invited to go on the cruise. The State Department named me to act as the Admiral's Liaison Officer. We made the voyage on his Flagship, the Cruiser USS Erie.

I bunked in the Admiral's quarters which were independent of the rest of the ship. An Admiral's life at sea is a lonely one. He had his personal kitchen and staff and ate alone in a dining space at one side of his quarters overlooking the deck. An orchestra played chamber music near his window during lunch and dinner. No wonder he was pleased to have my company. I was the one person on board with whom he could indulge in small talk. His relations with the Captain and officers of the ship were cordial, distant and formal. During the evening movies on deck, he and I sat in the front row alone. The ship's officers and Ecuadorean General Staff sat behind. We were on the Equator, but the Humboldt current keeps the temperature cool at night. The Admiral wrapped in his great red-lined Navy cape, was an imposing figure. I had brought no warm clothing so he had me fitted with a Navy cape. I confess I felt strange, the two of us taking a stroll after the movies in deep conversation, two bundles of blue ignoring the officers on deck with whom I had been exploring the islands during the day, as if they were metal fixtures on the wall.

One morning while we were having breakfast, the Captain's aide came in and delivered two envelopes. It was a formal, engraved invitation to dinner from the Captain. The Admiral said, "How very good of him. We must reply before going ashore." The Captain had our acceptances in less than half an hour. The Captain's quarters were not more than fifty feet away.

The Admiral gave a cocktail party for the Ecuadorean General Staff and the senior officers of the ship. I wondered what it would be like since alcoholic drinks are forbidden on American Navy ships. Cocktails and canapes were passed around, and awhile later the Admiral went around personally refilling glasses as if he were pouring the best stirred martinis instead of fruit juice.

I'll not forget the sight of the Admiral in a broad-brimmed hat and rubber poncho flying in the wind and rain as we galloped on wild Galapagos horses up and down the mountain

sides and for miles on the beaches of San Cristobal Island. Riding on rough hewn wooden saddles is the most sore making exercise I ever had.

After the first two days on an American Man-Of-War, I noticed that officers with whom I had not spoken to the day before knew every word I had said the previous day to other officers. I had to exercise extreme caution since I was the only person on board who had normal social relations with the Admiral and the only person who could communicate with the Ecuadorean General Staff. When I knew some of the officers better it was evident that there was curiosity about my conversations with the Admiral and to a lesser degree what I talked and joked about with the Ecuadoreans.

During the visits to the islands, I made a census of the total population. With the Ecuadorean military detachments and few colonists and stray foreigners, the total population of the entire archipelago hardly exceeded two hundred people.

William Beebe's book Galapagos: World's End, published in 1924 - just about the time the ill-fated Norwegians experiment of colonization began - attracted the world's attention to this fantastic archipelago. The Germans, especially, seemed to have a mania for the Robinson Crusoe tradition of a desert island paradise.

The tragic events that took place among these paradise-islanders before I visited the Galapagos has best been told by John Treherne in his book The Galapagos Affair, 1983. As background for the few things I have to say about my conversations with the survivors of the German paradise-islanders, I will quote part of the blurb on the jacket of Treherne's book.

"The strange calamities that took place on the Galapagos island of Floreana half a century ago have teased and mystified investigators ever since. In their various ways, the surviving actors in this bizarre drama have thrown the facts into confusion. He John Treherne vividly reveals, the dramatis personae Were deeply eccentric in the first place,

It was a dark, Nietzschean romanticism which inspired the German doctor Friedrich Ritter to enact his role as philosopher-superman in the remote Pacific haunts of Charles Darwin. Ritter's fellow pilgrim on the way to final, wisdom, Dore Strauch, wasn't to learn of his orthodox Nietzschean contempt for women until the couple were already scrabbling over the volcanic slopes in search of a dwelling amidst the wild boars. Even Dore's lyrical accounts of their grand experiment cannot conceal the fact that Friedrich was a fierce and selfish bully.

What was Olympian in theory turned out more ramshackle in fact, but romantic magazine articles filtered back to Germany about the Ritters' 'idyll' and enticed the comparatively prosaic Heinz Wittmer, his wife Margret and their ailing son. As if this wasn't intrusion enough for the Ritters, next to arrive (brandishing a pearl-handled pistol) was a platinum-blond, sex-mad 'Baroness' with a retinue of adoring young men. Having

washed her feet in Margret's drinking water, the Baroness announced that the island was hers and she planned to transform it into something like Miami, though her luxury hotel for American millionaires, the Hacienda Paradiso, conspicuously remained a corrugated-iron hut. The scene was set for trouble."

In its review of this book, the London Times Literary Supplement stated "The 'Galapagos affair', when it erupted, was both short and shabby. Within the space of a year, 1934, the Baroness and one of her lovers disappeared without trace; the other man was found dead of exposure on a neighbouring island; Friedrich Ritter was also dead, of food poisoning. Two of the three competing idylls were indubitably over. Dore Strauch returned to Hitler's Germany, but the Wittmers stayed on. Half a century later Margret is still there - and refusing to talk. Mysteries remain."

Two years before we explored the islands, the Cruiser SS Houston anchored off Black Beach with President Roosevelt on board. The 8th August issue of Time magazine said that "the official news report from the Houston announced that the landing parties tried to pump the settlers about the Baroness, the queer German woman who, wearing silk panties, sought to rule the island several years ago until she and her retinue of young men came to mysterious ends. The settlers would not tell, and the whereabouts of the Baroness have been unknown for four years." But she still stole the news, for dominating the President's column of Time magazine was a picture of the Baroness showing the familiar buck teeth and sagging bosom.

"My Diary

"Off the Coast of Hood Island, August 22, 1940

"We arrived at Post Office Bay last evening at six o'clock. A sergeant who had ten soldiers in his garrison came aboard, and we discussed the plans for today. We wanted to visit the pirate caves in the interior of the island and see the houses of the 'Baroness', the Ritters, the Wittmers and Conways, later American arrivals, but unfortunately it is a five to six hour roundtrip walk to the interior and since our schedule only permitted us to stay at Post Office Bay until 1 p.m., we gave up the idea of going to the interior. We sent word, however, by courier that we would like to see the Conways and Wittmers.

"At 8 a.m., we went ashore and deposited a few letters in the barrel at the Bay. This barrel had been put up as a post office box at the end of the eighteenth century by sailors of whaling vessels. Letters deposited in the barrel are picked up by the following ship bound for the mainland. The barrel is always kept in repair by visiting ships and has a little roof on it at present. A window is cut into the side of the barrel for putting in the mail.

"Lt. Fields and I decided to start right away towards the pirate caves to see how far we could go in the time at our disposal. At a clearing where a delapidated government house stands about twenty yards back of the barrel post office, there are two large iron tanks, rusted and abandoned, that must have belonged to some wrecked ships. On one of the

tanks to the right facing the house, there was a sign in red paint pointing to a road which read 'Hacienda Paradiso'. Then there was a sign on the crude road which read 'To the Conways and Wittmers - 2 1/2 hours walk from Post Office Bay - Follow the red marks - 1 1/2 hour from Black Beach'.

"Fields and I walked for about an hour and a half through a good road to start with, then there was a terrible section that seemed to follow the course of a rainy season watercourse over a lava flow, then we came on to a higher region where the vegetation was sparse and the land perfectly flat and smooth - a landing field could be easily made by clearing a few trees. We were walking glibly along the trail when we heard voices and soon came on to the Conways and Wittmers who were on their way down to Post Office Bay to visit the ship.

"Elmer Ainsworth Conway and his wife came to the Galapagos in 1937 to live and settle on one of the islands. They first went to James and planned to stay there, but the Ecuadorean territorial chief found it necessary to take the one Ecuadorean family living on the island away and insisted that the Conways leave also. They then came to Charles or Floreana where they have lived ever since. They have a farm close to the Wittmers and are importing many seeds and plants to grow on their plot. They told me that they had twenty-four varieties of fruits and that every kind of fruit, vegetable and flower planted had grown successfully with the exception of onions which sprout but do not produce onions. They carry on a correspondence throughout the world asking for, trading, and buying seeds from Brazil to India. It takes anywhere from eight months to a year to receive a reply, but they say that a surprisingly high percentage of people answer their letters.

"Mrs. Conway is a woman about 5'5" tall and very strongly built; she has stringy light brown hair, blue eyes, pug nose and is very plain in appearance. She was a school teacher in California. She impressed me as being bitter about something. She was upset because we had sent word for them to come down to Post Office Bay instead of to Black Beach which is a one-hour shorter walk. (I don't blame her.) When I introduced myself to the Conways and Wittmers, I walked along ahead with Mrs. Conway.

"From the start I noticed she was afraid I would start asking personal questions the way most people probably do, so I avoided bringing up any subject that might cause offense. I tried to keep the conversation going and hoped to learn something from what she volunteered to say. She was dressed in a plain navy blue jersey woolen dress with a red and white checkered tie of the same material. She carried a handbag wrapped in a piece of newspaper, and when we got on the ship, she threw the newspaper away. She looked healthy and tanned. Her bobbed hair was cut just about normal except that on the back of her head she had a bunch of hair tied into a sort of pigtail which stuck up but hung down no further than the rest of her bobbed hair.

"When I told Mrs. Conway that I was the American Consul in Quito, she almost hugged me and repeated several times how glad she was to meet me and stopped until her husband caught up to tell him who I was. He then said, 'We certainly are glad to know you', which made me think that they had some trouble or needed help of some kind.

"Mr. Conway is a clean-cut, tall, strong man. He was burned to a dark brown and has powerful arms and legs. He wore a yellow jersey polo shirt and yellow shorts, white socks and sneakers. When he took off the sneakers to wade to the whale boat (on our way to the ship), I saw that his feet had been accustomed to go without shoes. He seemed to be a well-bred, educated, well-balanced person - in fact, he was in every respect more prepossessing than his wife and did not have her sarcastic attitude. Both the Conways smoked their cigarettes until their fingers burned. This was quite pitiful.

"We then met the Admiral and a few of his officers who had started to walk inland shortly after we did. I introduced him to the various people, and we all continued back towards Post Office Bay. Mrs. Wittmer speaks fair English, her husband only poor Spanish.

"Heinz Wittmer is a man of about fifty years of age - uncouth and gruff in manner, sloppily dressed, and appears to be a man of scant education. He wore the crudest shoes - probably made by himself. One could see the hair on the dried leather.

"He gave me a long dissertation on how a person, to live on the island, must work and how Dr. Ritter had lived close to the sea so that no passing ship would escape his eye. He literally lived off the gifts of visiting ships. Mr. Wittmer said that he had heard I was the Consul in Quito and would I do him a favor. A Mrs. G. S. Johnson, a German, naturalized American, came to Ecuador and took the Government boat for the Galapagos Islands with her Pekinese dog. She turned up at Black Beach and walked up with her dog to the Wittmer and Conway farms and told them she had come to live there. They told her that it was impossible since one must clear the land and do extremely strenuous work to eke out a living from the soil. She of course was unable to do anything and just stayed on with the Wittmers. He said she was a great burden and crazy.

"The woman will probably remain with the Wittmers until they can bear it no more and Wittmer will kill her. There are serious suspicions that he has killed other people before. On a desert island, life is such a struggle the easiest way to get rid of a useless, insane, old woman is to kill her.

"Mrs. Wittmer is very white with blue eyes - not even slightly tanned after eight years on Floreana. She is rather good looking. I did not like her - she seemed to be petty, fussy - I suppose it would be difficult to be otherwise under the circumstances. She carried a large red bag and wore a white sailor's cap turned down all around. She had on a white and blue blouse and a pair of shorts - she brought a white knit silk skirt which she pulled on over her shorts after she got on the ship. While she was walking along in front of the Admiral, the party came to section of the trail where a large tree had fallen across the path. The Admiral offered to help her over the fallen tree, but her husband hastened to tell the Admiral in halting Spanish that he needn't bother because she was not used to such attentions since there were no gentlemen on the island.

"The Admiral invited them to have buffet luncheon. Later they went down to the ship's store and were given cigarettes, candy, matches and other odds and ends, but Mrs. Wittmer bought \$1.88 worth of goods. I wondered where she got the money since they do

no trading outside the island, but shortly afterwards Mr. Wittmer told me that some months ago, Liberty magazine sent a man out to interview him and 'paid him \$1,000 for his story'. Since an American Man-Of-War does not visit the Galapagos more than once a year and private yachts would probably give them all they take ashore, that money will last many years.

"Before they left, we took them on the Erie from Post Office Bay to Black Beach point."

In 1937, Germany and Japan were increasing their activities in South America. Ecuador had a small, economically strong German colony, almost solidly Nazi. The Good Neighbor Policy was in full swing, and the responsibilities of the Embassy began to grow. Cultural, political, military and economic relations were to be strengthened in the hemisphere. As these new activities began, before specialized staff arrived, I handled the cultural and politico-military aspects in addition to my political work.

Thornton Wilder came to Quito under the auspices of the State Department. A typical American college professor in appearance, quiet and modest, he possessed a vigorous, complex, creative mind that greatly appealed to the Ecuadorean intellectual clique among whom his work was well known and admired.

Before he left Quito, I took him to dinner in the country to a place called "El Caballo Negro" owned by an Austrian Jewish refugee couple who had converted an old farmhouse into a pleasant restaurant. Thornton Wilder spoke in German with the refugee, and halfway through dinner, he suddenly got up, and they went out of the room. Fifteen minutes later he returned visibly touched and said, as if talking to himself, "I can't believe it." He had discovered that the wife was Lily Strumer, whom he had known twenty years before when she was the toast of Vienna, the loveliest light opera singer on the stage. Before we left, he took me to the kitchen to say goodbye. She said that after all the suffering she had been through, she was happy as a cook and rarely thought of her lost beauty and fleeting glory on the stage.

The case of Guayasamin was my favorite experience in the Quito cultural work. I was asked to select a promising young Ecuadorean artist for a fellowship offered by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I chose Guayasamin, a nineteen year old, full-blooded Andean Indian who had recently begun to paint in Quito. I based my judgment on the fact that Quito painters at that time were divided into three categories: portrait painters - wooden, lifeless; landscape painters - stereotyped volcanoes, snow-capped cordilleras, pastoral scenes; and "costume" painters - typical dress of Quitonians and Indians. Guayasamin painted original Indian studies. His approach was clearly revolutionary among Quito painters. He was in the category of a potential good Mexican painter.

Guayasamin wanted to show his gratitude to me and painted a portrait of my two sons. They were ten and two years old and fought all the time while posing; we took a

photograph of them, and the final result was a true portrait of the older boy and a copy of the photograph of the younger one. Guayasamin said that after the month-long ordeal of painting the two boys he wanted to have the pleasure of doing a portrait of my father who was staying with us. It took him little over an hour to paint an excellent portrait.

Through the years Guayasamin's fortunes prospered. He has become Ecuador's most famous painter and achieved an international reputation and wealth. The Indian boy who could hardly have aspired to be a household servant is today a celebrity of whom the whole nation is proud. In 1972, I was in Paris and went to the Museum of Modern Art where Guayasamin was having an exhibition that covered the lower floor of one whole wing of the museum.

From the early years of the war, German submarines along the west coast of South America were used not only to harass allied shipping but to coordinate Nazi intelligence on the mainland. The Navy Department sent a team of cryptographic experts to Quito to try to break the German submarine code - they did. The Embassy began to receive invaluable information from the intercepted messages. One day's batch said "Clark instructed get in touch with daughter, secretary at American Embassy Quito to get access to codes." Isabel Clark was the daughter of a retired Canadian banker who lived in Ecuador but had gone to live alone in Chile on the outbreak of war. He had become an agent of the powerful Nazi cell in Santiago. I employed Isabel as a bilingual stenographer in my Acting Cultural Attaché work. She was a splendid, serious, able girl who, of course, had no possibility of access to the code room. Furthermore, I am sure that if her father ever suggested such a thing to her, she would have been indignant. I believe neither she nor her family had any suspicion of what her father was doing in Chile.

Immediately after Pearl Harbor, the Ambassador panicked. He sent a telegram to Washington asking for a supply of formaldehyde large enough to preserve the bodies of the entire Embassy staff. He said we were in imminent danger of mass murder by the Quito agents of the Gestapo. This document now rests in the National Archives Building awaiting research by future scholars of American diplomatic history.

At the time of the expulsion of the Nazi leaders in Ecuador, I became a friend of Colonel Campagnoli. He loved the aura of his part in the Mata Hari trial. Before leaving Quito, he said, "I have arranged to get you a Captain's commission as Chief of Military Intelligence for the west coast of South America, stationed in Lima." I said I would take it and sent in my resignation to the State Department. The Department of State reacted by transferring me to Washington where my wife, under a new law, became an American citizen in one month, and I came into the career Foreign Service through examination. (In hindsight, this was a mistake. If I had insisted on my resignation, I could have come into the career service at a higher classification and saved myself more than ten years going up the career ladder.)

During my last six months in Ecuador I had come to know the Ecuadorian President Carlos Arroyo del Rio. He frequently invited me to the palace. One day he said, "I hear you have a beautiful property and that you have parties there Sundays at noon. Why don't you invite me?" I said my rank in the Embassy did not allow it. He said, "But if I go there, you can't throw me out." The following Sunday he and his wife appeared, striped pants, picture hat and all. He hadn't dreamed there was such an idyllic spot anywhere near Quito, and the more he looked at it, the more ecstatic he became. He was so carried away that he picked up my infant son and paced up and down improvising sonnets to the place. The Riobamba stones prompted him to improvise a poem on the fate of Riobamba and Pompeii.

Shortly before leaving Quito, I was at the palace, and the President asked me about a party at a night club some days before. I told him I had been sitting at a table with friends and that as we got up to leave I was called to another table where they were celebrating Galo Plaza's birthday. At this point, someone proposed a toast "To the Future President of Ecuador". Galo Plaza was the President's political enemy, and I could see that my explanation only confirmed what he had heard and that he did not like it. Nothing more was said about the incident, and we parted in the usual friendly way. When I reached Washington, I found a telegram saying that the day after I left Quito, the President issued a decree expropriating my property to be used as the site for a new Presidential palace. Moreover, the Embassy had been told informally that I was no longer persona grata in Ecuador. I much regret that President Arroyo del Rio was thrown out of office before he was able to start building the palace. It would have preserved some of what I had put so much of my heart into. Instead, after twenty years of neglect and devastation, it was leased to an international hotel chain. Today I recognize nothing there except the half-mile drop to Guapulo.

This was not all. A few days before my examination was to take place, the Chief of Personnel sent for me and showed me a memorandum of conversation prepared by Under Secretary Sumner Welles.

"The Ambassador of Ecuador called to see me this morning upon his return from his visit last week to Quito. The Ambassador said that he personally and the President of the Republic had been greatly gratified by the removal of Long from our Embassy in Quito. He was sorry to have to add, however, that with the exception of the Ambassador himself, public opinion generally labored under the belief that the subordinate personnel of the mission had been in very close contact with the leaders in the conspiracy to assassinate the President last month. The Ambassador specifically requested that Mr. Harry Reed, until recently a clerk in the Embassy and now in the Department to take his examinations to enter the Foreign Service, should not be sent back to Quito. The Ambassador said that he had no charges to make against Mr. Reed and naturally had not the slightest desire to do him injury. He said, however, the fact was that Mr. Reed was married to a sister of Luis Felipe Borja, the assassin hired to kill the President by the leaders of the recent conspiracy. The Ambassador said that obviously Mr. Reed, however innocent he was of any connection with

the conspiracy, would inevitably be regarded by public opinion as closely connected therewith. I told the Ambassador that Mr. Reed would certainly not be sent back to Quito."

It may be splitting hairs about crime, but Luis Felipe Borja was not a hired assassin. However, he was part of the conspiracy to assassinate the President.

Ten days after I was shown Under Secretary Welles' memorandum of conversation with the Ecuadorean Ambassador, I appeared before the Board of Foreign Service Personnel to take my oral examination for entry into the career Foreign Service. Who could have worse credentials? I was persona non grata before I was in the Service. As a crucial document in my career, I quote the Board's Special Memorandum.

"August 11, 1942

SPECIAL MEMORANDUM REGARDING MR. HARRY C. REED'S
APPEARANCE BEFORE THE BOARD OF FOREIGN SERVICE
PERSONNEL

He came up for the oral examination before a Board composed of Messrs. Shaw, Wythe, Michael, Geist, Monnett Davis, and Erhardt. He passed with a mark of 85.

He gave a brilliant and scintillating performance on all matters with which his experience had made him familiar, but on the other hand it was obvious all his thoughts and energies had been devoted to problems in Latin America and he could not, for example, answer as to whether the Congress of the United States had ratified the treaty in World War I. Likewise he had only a cursory knowledge of the Nazi leaders. He was unable, for example, to give the name of the present foreign minister.

Mr. Reed was educated principally by his father, a missionary in Ecuador, who had had a classical education and who undoubtedly possessed sound instincts of teaching. He had therefore had practically no formal education excepting two years at Dartmouth College and a six months' period in a secondary school in Cleveland, Ohio, and he admitted that even in college where he had taken the regular curriculum he had been not particularly interested in his class subjects but had been an omnivorous reader in the library of subjects that interested him. Therefore, for example, he had become interested in medieval history and later when in Ecuador his trend in that direction had led him to an archaeological excavation of a colonial Ecuadorean site which is still under way.

It was evident that the Board felt that his experience in Ecuador, which had been highly interesting and therefore congenial to him, might not be sufficient indication that Mr. Reed would be as well qualified elsewhere. Several members of the Board brought this to Mr. Reed's attention in inquiries and his view was that no matter how difficult the post or how routine the service, his

interest would not flag since he had definitely decided that of all sorts of work open to him the Foreign Service offered him personally the greatest opportunity. He explained this point by saying that he had gone through a terrible ordeal in one Mission where there was conflict between the chief of mission and the first secretary and for two years had suffered because of this misalliance in human relations and had been the butt of each one's ambitions. He had weathered the experience successfully and he did not think any other experience in the Foreign Service would from now on deter him.

In a discussion after the examination the Board unanimously agreed that Mr. Reed had a brilliant, eager, and curious mind, that he was intellectually superior and possessed a personality of magnetism, but they did stress that there was a grave suspicion that because he had educated himself as he pleased and occupied himself up to this time of his life only in those things that he liked, that he might not be able to perform as well under conditions which were distasteful to him or in work which did not suit him.

The Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Personnel was therefore directed to bring this matter to Mr. Reed's attention as sympathetically as possible and to endeavor to instill in him an attitude that would bring forth his best qualities and performance in surroundings which were uncongenial if such a situation should ever arise."

CHAPTER III

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

The State Department officer in charge of picking up the Nazis' rounded up in Bolivia and Ecuador for transport to U.S. concentration camps on the SS Gripsholm was Avra Warren. When he came to Quito, he dealt with me since I had handled the Quito part. Before he left, he said that he was to be named Ambassador to the Dominican Republic and that as soon as I took my examinations, he would ask that I be assigned to his staff.

In Ciudad Trujillo, no one was happier to see me than Ted Anderson whom I was to replace and who could not wait to get away from a living hell. Anderson apologized for his tattered shirt. Through experience at places like Singapore and Port Said, he knew how long a supply of shirts would last, and when he came to an unsavory place like Ciudad Trujillo, he brought the minimum and refused to replace it until he was transferred. His transfer was now overdue. He was high strung, suspicious and suffered from a persecution complex. To have sent him to Ciudad Trujillo was like an assignment to Hitler's Germany with the additional inconvenience of the tropical climate. Anderson kindly let me know the things that had contributed towards making him a nervous wreck during his two-year tour. Basically, the trouble was a conspiracy of evil forces in and outside the Embassy working against him.

He lived with his old mother who doted on him. She believed he was attractive to women and told of a near romance on board a ship between Ted and the actress Loretta Young. Such is mother love. Ted had a wild look in his eye, a weak chin, a premature paunch; he spit when he talked and seemed enveloped in a malodorous mist; he was opinionated, argumentative, and irrational in conversation; he was an unbearable bore.

My indoctrination continued. He warned me against the secretary I would inherit. She was insubordinate - I later learned she had thrown her dictation pad on the floor after she had taken down forty pages, and he said, "All this is over simplification. Now I will put things in the right perspective." The secretary said she knew that meant eighty more pages of dribble.

What obsessed him most was an incident that occurred about a year before and accounted for his bitterness. He had bought a horse that kept in his backyard where he had driven a rail for use as a hitching post. One morning he walked out for his daily ride and found the poor animal impaled on the rail - it had gone right through his body. He never wavered in his original conviction that his enemies had somehow managed to lift the horse and drop him on the rail. The Dominicans had a more plausible, readily-accepted theory of the tragedy. Sensing his master's manic behavior, the horse had been driven mad and not being able to stand it any longer, deliberately chose, through the only means at his disposal, to commit suicide.

Among my various duties at the Embassy was personnel matters. One of our serious problems was the turnover in clerical personnel. Wartime conditions made recruitment of good secretaries difficult, and life in the Dominican Republic for a single girl was dreary.

There were few young people in the foreign community, and the Trujillo police state restricted their activities and the Dominicans with whom they could associate.

Miss Hillyer, one of the new girls, was a tall, striking blonde who arrived dressed in a tight fitting, black satin, lowcut dress. She looked as if she belonged among chorus girls or bathing beauties. I asked her how she happened to get into the Foreign Service. She was chewing gum and said in a twangy voice, "I don't know. I wanted to go to Cay ee ROH and here I am." I assigned her to Andy Donovan, the political officer, who although different than my predecessor, had problems of his own. He suffered from chronic eczema of the hands from which he nervously kept peeling off the skin. This affliction made him irritable and not easy to get along with, especially since he was inclined to be a perfectionist and to fuss unduly over his work. He was a bachelor in his late thirties, cynical and supercilious. He and his new secretary did not get along. He called her the most stupid, useless, unbearable female he had encountered in his career.

The Diplomatic Corps in Ciudad Trujillo was a closely-knit body living in a hostile atmosphere where the regime persecuted Dominicans who dared become friendly with its members. Social life, aside from the occasional Trujillo command performance, consisted almost entirely of entertaining among the dozen diplomatic missions. The Brazilian Ambassador was a tall, handsome man who lived a bachelor's life because his wife refused to go to the Dominican Republic. The first time he laid eyes on Miss Hillyer, he lost his head. As fate would have it, Andy Donovan and the Ambassador were old friends, having known each other years before in Bolivia. In Ciudad Trujillo, they played gin rummy several times a week, and with the advent of Miss Hillyer, they formed a threesome. The man who couldn't bear the girl in his office now had to put up with her outside as well. And yet it was not that way. Andy said he could not explain it, but at the Brazilian's Miss Hillyer would keep her mouth shut, serve drinks, smile, play fair gin rummy, and act with surprising grace. Miss Hillyer resigned after a few months and moved into the Brazilian Embassy.

There was a moment of excitement in the Corps when the Ambassador's wife arrived at the Ciudad Trujillo airport without warning. A storm was avoided with all our help by whisking Miss Hillyer to a hotel in the nick of time and thence to Miami. The wife soon became bored and returned to Rio. The Ambassador henceforth spent weekends in Miami, and when he was transferred to China, Miss Hillyer went with him.

After the war, I ran on to Miss Hillyer at the London Embassy where she was then working in the Naval Attache's office. We were both glad to see each other. Although she had lost some of her glamour, she was still a good-looking woman. Mr. Nelson, a Public Buildings officer who was in Ciudad Trujillo at the height of the Hillyer episode, was now assigned to London and Dublin. When he visited Dublin, he told me that in view of Miss Hillyer's past, he had reported her as a security risk and she had been fired. Nelson, partially crippled, had impressed me as a man who had known sorrow, gentle, of a sensitive nature and full of human kindness. He was about to retire. There was a trace of triumphant pride in his voice when he spoke of what he had done - it was as if he had contributed something important to the security of the nation.

Ambassador Warren was an extraordinarily tough and difficult man. He demanded superior work and easily lost his temper. The Ambassador was personally responsible for the security of codes, a responsibility delegated to me among my other duties. Each month I would check the new strips which came in and witness the burning of the old ones. One month I had to report to the Ambassador that three of the strips being replaced could not be found. He said, "Draft a report and make it good. If the codes are compromised, I'm finished, but you can be sure that if I go, you are coming along with me." After two or three drafts, I finally produced one he approved. The Department came back with a reprimand and quoted the statutory penalty. For weeks the Ambassador did not miss a chance to rub in my incompetence and our imminent dismissals. As the months went by and nothing happened, the nightmare slowly faded away.

I learned many things from Avra Warren - things of a cynical nature but illustrative of how he dealt with the bureaucratic workings of the State Department. He had one able secretary whom I despised. She had an ugly, depraved look, was surly and slept around with every American sailor she could ensnare. She always looked in poor condition when she came to the office in the morning. Finally the Ambassador was fed up and asked me to draft a telegram recommending her transfer. I wrote that Ciudad Trujillo was a difficult post for single girls and that even though her tour of duty was not up yet, she should be transferred to a nearby post. He said he would show me how to write that kind of telegram. He wrote that the girl was one of the best secretaries he ever had. She would be an asset to any post, but in view of the hardships of Ciudad Trujillo, he recommended that she be transferred to a larger post such as Bogota, Colombia. The Department replied with her immediate transfer to Bogota.

Another example: I wrote a report critical of Trujillo. He said, "You want to get me into trouble. If I sent in your report, the Department would ask me for a great deal more about the situation, and I am not prepared to stir a hornets' nest."

When I was fifteen years old and was on my way to school in Texas, my boat stopped in Port-au-Prince for a day. It was during the Marine occupation. There I met a Marine doctor who showed me the town and suburbs. I was fascinated with the place, and therefore, when I was assigned to the Dominican Republic but had to stop for a week in Port-au-Prince before overland transportation could be arranged, I was glad to have the opportunity of learning more about Haiti. I had heard a lawyer in Petionville owned Christophe's nobiliare. It was the work of a French heraldic expert brought over by Christophe to design the royal coat of arms and those of his court. Each of the folio sized parchment pages had a hand painted heraldic achievement with the title of nobility and the name of the person on whom it was conferred. The heraldic charges were not as might have been expected, birds, lizards, flowers, palms, drums or other Caribbean motifs. Instead, they tended to be things as remote as polar bears and depended heavily on ermine and other motifs used by the great French families. At the time, the Haitian

asked \$10,000 for it. I wrote the Hispanic Foundation of the Library Congress, and it replied there were no funds for purchases of this kind.

The brutality of the regime made Ciudad Trujillo one of the least desirable posts in the Americas - yet the Diplomatic Corps included some of the most pleasant people I met during my career. To survive, one needed the ability to conceal one's feelings about the plight of the Dominican people and a never-flagging sense of humor.

I was happy that now I would at last get to know a Haitian diplomat. The Ambassador was Andre Chevallier. Haiti and the Dominican Republic were at daggers' point in the aftermath of the 1937 Dominican massacre of Haitian sugar workers. He was the best man Haiti could have sent. To begin with, both he and Trujillo were U.S. Marine "trained". Trujillo literally learned everything he knew and what enabled him to establish his efficient dictatorship from them, and Chevallier was a close civilian advisor and aide to them. Equally important, he was distantly related to Trujillo's mother. Trujillo cursed his negro-blood, but at least this tenuous relationship with the Haitian elite was far better than the Dominican cattle thief side of his father. Chevallier was a descendant of a French nobleman, the Chevallier de Puylboreau and a slave girl. All five generations of his Haitian forebears were men who made their mark in the history of their time. Chevallier, a suave, intelligent man used to dealing with tough situations was able to face Trujillo with equanimity.

He was an enormous man with a fluent knowledge of American English and slang and our sense of humor. We took a liking to each other even though by the time I knew him he was an old man. I would sometimes drop by after work for a drink. Once I walked into his house and found him taking a late siesta, naked on the tile floor. He apologized and said it was the coolest spot he had.

We never discussed the pros and cons of the American occupation of Haiti - many years had gone by, and he was far too superior a man to go around with a chip on his shoulder. On the contrary, what I liked most of our conversations was his humorous accounts of the comic opera side of the occupation. He was chosen by the notorious Colonel Smidley Butler when the Marines arrived to act as interpreter and aide. When the puppet Haitian government did something Butler didn't like, he would dismiss the entire Cabinet and form a new one. On one occasion, he called Chevallier and said, "Chevallier, bring me the men I need to form a new Government." A few days later, Chevallier appeared with the candidates for the new Cabinet. Butler looked at the men lined up before him, turned and said, "Chevallier, what a good looking Cabinet you've brought me!" Without knowing the names of the men or having tried to speak a word with them, Butler started at one end and went down the line reading out the Cabinet posts. "You are the Minister of the Interior, Foreign Affairs, Treasury, War, Education" and so on. Chevallier said the criterion he had used in selecting the men was that they possess a cutaway and top hat.

The Peruvian Embassy, as well as half the others, was headed by a Charge d'Affaires. Peru, for no good reason except patronage, decided to send an Ambassador. Don Juan de

Osma, member of one of the old Peruvian families, was in his seventies and even under the restricted wartime conditions, traveled with his colonial family silver. His dining room service was a silver connoisseur's dream. Six months after his arrival, he was entertaining a lady friend and died of a heart attack.

An Ambassador cannot be buried except in his own country. In wartime, Peru had no means of transporting the body home. Peru asked the State Department to do so by military plane. With our aircraft engaged in crucial military activity at the height of the war, this was difficult. A further complication was bumping a passenger from a Pan American flight to bring a sister to accompany the corpse in accordance with our regulations. It so happened I was leaving for Washington for a few days consultation and was able to personally take care of the endless details of finally getting approval for the use of a military aircraft for this purpose.

The family silver was to be sold locally, and the Charge asked whether I wanted any of it. The Ambassador had a silver bell with a heavy chain that he used at the table to call the servants. I said, "I want only that bell." "It's yours." When I asked, "Where is my bell and how much must I pay?" "Oh, before boarding the plane, the sister said, 'This is all I'm taking!'"

Mexico has an excellent Diplomatic Service, and the Ambassador to Ciudad Trujillo was a quiet, able man of Spanish descent who, although not of the younger fun-loving group, was respected and liked by all of us. He was married to a homely, pure-blooded, insignificant little Indian woman - it was touching to see a couple apparently ill suited to each other so obviously in love and happy. Suddenly the Ambassador died. This was not long after the death of the Peruvian Ambassador. The wife was of course distraught. Her appeals to the Mexican Government to transport the body met with a cool response; it was the middle of December, and the Mexican Air Force was on holiday. Finally, she appealed to us, but we were less than enthusiastic about pulling military aircraft out of war duty to allow the well-equipped Mexican Air Force to continue its holiday.

In the meantime, the body had been sealed in a tin coffin and placed in the central aisle of a chapel in a Nunnery. Shortly, we were all involved. In the middle of the night, the coffin exploded, and parts of the decayed body scattered all over. The open, tropical architecture of the Nunnery was permeated by the disaster, and the horrified Nuns fled into the street. We requisitioned a metal casket from the American sugar refining company at La Romana, and the damage was repaired as best it could until a Mexican plane should arrive to return what was left of the Ambassador's body to his native land.

In early January, a Mexican plane finally came, and we all went out to see the body off. This event strained Mexican-Dominican relations because one of Trujillo's enemies stowed away in the midst of the funeral farewell, and the Mexican Government gave him political asylum.

The Chinese Charge whose name was Hoo Che-Shy and his pretty wife were loved by everyone. She prided herself on her Chinese cuisine. At a cocktail party, she served old Chinese green eggs as one of the delicacies. The British Ambassador's wife, a most amusing woman called Dolly, asked me what they were. I said, "Dragon's eggs." She went around the room and passed on this tidbit. The next morning poor Madame Hoo must have been perplexed to find her priceless eggs hidden behind every knick knack in her living room.

Madame Hoo gave a thirty-two course shrimp dinner party; each course was one shrimp cooked in a different way. When the dessert was served, she whispered to Dolly that the sweet was made of a Chinese root that was good for men. Dolly shrilled across to her husband, "Cyr-ri! eat plenty of this because Madame Hoo says it's good for men!"

Hoo said that when he first arrived, Dolly called, and the conversation was, "Who is it?" "It is Hoo." "Who?" "Yes, Hoo."

At Ciudad Trujillo I was initiated into the petty rivalries I suppose exist in every profession. As the most junior officer on the staff, I had been given miscellaneous duties that no one else would want. One of my junior colleagues was an able, hardworking economic officer who had won the Ambassador's respect. In spite of his excellent position on the staff, he was a bitter man. He had a poorly fitted glass eye, a sallow face of gloom. Surprisingly he thought my duties more rewarding than his specialty. I was soon to discover he was little by little persuading the Ambassador to turn over to him first one then another and another of my duties. I believe it was the Ambassador's mischievous sense of humor to see what would happen when an ambitious young officer set out to destroy one who did not lift a finger to defend himself from the clear implication that his duties were being turned over to someone who could do them better. Eventually, the Ambassador told me he was transferring me to the Consular Section "to complete my training". The Ambassador's career was mostly in consular work, and Ciudad Trujillo was his first diplomatic mission. On his arrival, he expelled the Consular Section from the new Embassy quarters to a ramshackle house in malaria-ridden swamp a few blocks away and never went near it. I said it was true I should have consular experience, but knowing his disdain for the Consular Section, I could only assume this move was a doghouse assignment, and since I had done nothing to deserve being put in the doghouse, I would rather be transferred to another post. The Ambassador was a frightening man, yet I sensed that his bark was worse than his bite. Red in the face, he said, "Say it again." I repeated what I had said. He then began to back down. He said this would only be temporary assignment and that after six months he would bring me back. I was wary of this and made a counter proposal.

The Dominican centennial celebration was taking place in a few months, and the United States appointed a delegation of four special Ambassadors. I said the Embassy would have a great deal of work making the arrangements for the event and that I wanted him to ask the Department to name me secretary of our delegation. He hemmed and hawed but had to admit I should do well in this work. Furthermore, with little for me to do, I had the time. When he still insisted I go to the Consulate, I said, "Let me take care of the pending

centennial celebration matters before setting a date for the Consulate." With the Department's immediate approval of my appointment, the Consulate was forgotten. This incident created a long-lasting relationship with the Ambassador which played an important part in channeling my career along the lines of my natural bent.

My jealous colleague was visibly upset. Instead of turning me into an outcast, his machinations catapulted me into the limelight of the Embassy's most glamorous activity. In his ill-fitting cutaway, he looked like a forlorn crow with scraggly black hair and wings dragging on the ground. My heart did not bleed for him. It was he who, aside from his own heavy burden of economic work, saddled himself with my former dreary duties - worse, he was to discover there were no rewards.

For years Trujillo had been beautifying the city and constructing impressive government buildings and hotels, restoring old monuments, building a hippodrome for the representatives of the nations of the world to see with their own eyes the wonders he had accomplished in turning the old, delapidated city of Santo Domingo into a showpiece of tropical architecture with the progressive advantages of a modern state.

Our delegation consisted of five people - four special Ambassadors, a civilian, a general, an Admiral, our Ambassador to Santo Domingo and myself. Early in the arrangements for this two-week ceremonial occasion, complications arose. It was February 1944, and the war was in full swing. When the State Department heard the delegates to the celebration would be required to appear in formal day and evening attire, including grey morning coat and top hat for the races, it was suggested that the Dominicans adhere to the agreement of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill not to wear anything more formal than black tie for the duration of the war. Trujillo, whose love for ostentatious uniforms, decorations and ceremony was unsurpassed, categorically rejected the suggestion with the excuse that to change the prescribed attire would require an amendment to the constitution. As a conciliatory gesture, he was willing to cancel the requirement of grey morning coat and top hat for the races. Our civilian special envoy resigned from the delegation and had to be replaced by someone willing to submit to Trujillo's whims.

Forty-one nations, including the Vatican, sent special diplomatic missions for the occasion. The Papal Nuncio headed the delegations as Dean, and I was elected secretary at our first meeting which also appointed a committee made up of the British, Spanish, and Cuban Ambassadors and me to invite President Trujillo and his government to a banquet given by the special missions: the Cuban Ambassador and I were to act as a subcommittee to make all the arrangements.

Each morning I met with the Nuncio to discuss the program of the day. He laid stress on matters of protocol. The purpose of protocol is to avoid confusion; where there is confusion, it is impossible to act with the dignity and grace so important in diplomacy. The Nuncio was an artist trying to foresee what might go wrong and what we should do about it. There could not be a greater contrast than this polished man, soon to become a Cardinal, and the Cuban Ambassador, Sanchez Arcilla, with whom I spent long hours in the preparations for the banquet. Sanchez Arcilla, as editor of a Havana scandal sheet,

had obtained his Ambassadorial appointment by blackmailing high government officials. He was a vulgar man. The first day we began to work on the banquet, he made some stupid mistakes. The next day, I said something about it. He became indignant and said, "That is past (Eso ya paso); never speak to me about the past." In his common ignorant way, he had a point.

A member of the Cuban delegation always sat next to me at official functions. There being few ladies among the delegates, the lowest ranking half of the men at any dinner or luncheon were seated next to each other. He was a slim, well-dressed, rather good looking man. He had only a few months previously entered the Cuban Diplomatic Service at the age of fifty-six and was starting out at the bottom of the ladder as an attaché. This special mission was his first diplomatic assignment. He had no idea when, if ever, he would be posted abroad because salaries were so low most Cuban diplomatic personnel preferred to live and work at their various professions in Havana and pocket their diplomatic salaries rather than live like a pauper abroad. In more than forty countries with which Cuba had diplomatic relations, not more than a dozen Cuban Chiefs of Mission actually lived at their post - the Cuban Minister to Bulgaria was a well known gynaecologist in Santiago Province. For no reason I could see, my colleague said he wanted to call on me at my office where he appeared next day with a fat man carrying a bulging briefcase. After a few introductory words, the Attaché said that he had brought along his partner with whom for the past thirty years he had run a tailor shop in Havana. They had brought samples of materials so that I might choose the suits I wanted them to make. In spite of my protests, he insisted that I could always use an extra one or two suits and pulled out his tape measure. The Attaché read out the figures as he measured me, and his partner took them down in his notebook. When we next met at a banquet, he said, "I told you that in Cuba we diplomats must continue in our old professions."

One Sunday I took my wife to Mass at the Cathedral and was impressed by the eloquent sermon. After Mass, I went up to the priest, introduced myself and invited him to lunch. He was about my age, of Portuguese Saphardic Jewish black Dominican descent, trained in the Gregorian University of Rome and a College in Jerusalem - a brilliant man, he was the assistant to the Archbishop. We became close friends - the only period I enjoyed going to Church in my life. He came for lunch every Sunday. He enjoyed his drinks as well as I did and stayed until late in the afternoon. Unwittingly, I had hit the jackpot. Father Robles Toledano was in the secret underground subversive movement. He kept his papers in a trap panel under the Sacrament on the altar. I was soon getting the rare bits of subversive intelligence available under the Trujillo regime. This lasted only a few months. I then received a large package and a note from him. The package was a quarto edition of a book on Spanish sixteenth century furniture - the note thanked me for the pleasure he had had coming to my house and said he had been ordered by the secret police not to see me anymore. Whenever I was with Trujillo at the Embassy or in the Palace, he seemed unable to stop staring at me. Later, he let the Ambassador know the sooner I was out of there, the better. In a dictatorship, any casual friendship with a foreign diplomat is suspect. I was glad that Father Rables Toledano never was caught. To end up as persona non grata at my two first Foreign Service posts was an ominous start.

As a child I remember the pleasure I had each New Year's Eve roaming around the poor neighborhood of our "fortress" looking at the fantastic effigies that had been concocted to burn the old year out. They were life-size straw-stuffed figures of old characters of the place dressed in ragged clothes and filled with firecrackers. At midnight, they would be burned, and the fireworks could be heard throughout the town. Then the will would be read, bequeathing the possessions of the old year and the New Year celebrations went on. Guayaquil is the only place I know of with this novel custom.

The last year I was in Ciudad Trujillo, I decided to have a New Year's Eve party a la Guayaquil. I made an Ano Viejo to be burned at midnight, and I invited a group of friends, and following the tradition, a will was drawn up by Bob Newbegin and myself under the encouragement and approval of Carlos Ortiz de Zevallos, the Peruvian Charge.

"EMBAJADA DEL PERIL

Santo Domingo

January 1, 1945

Be it remembered that I, Battered 44, of unsound mind and practically deprived of my faculties, do make this my last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills heretofore made by me.

Having learned from bitter experience that life is at best nothing but a sucked lemon, I make the following dispositions:

To my unlamented widow that old witch, I leave nothing - she having sucked my life dry, obtains full benefits from my demise.

I give and bequeath to Ellis Briggs, upon whom the gods have smiled and who I believe most capable to cope with this emergency, my mountain of mortgages and bad debts.

To Everett Barnard, that noble sportsman, those few nags the Perla Antillana in which the royal family has no interest.

To Cyril Andrews, another and consummated kiss from his most affectionate friend Angela Ferrari.

To Robert Newbegin, my one and only stuffed shirt.

To Carlos Zevallos, the black circles under my eyes for use whenever he needs a substitute for his own ample diplomatic pouches.

To the Padre, my hat in which he may hatch the egg of his prodigious learning.

To Rodge Willack, my atrophied sense of propriety.

To Andy Wardlaw, in Santo Domingo let my conscience be your guide.

To Mike Wagner, all the shocking current which I stole.

To Johnnie Johnston, my red and bulbous nose.

To Harry Reed, my ability for fraudulent exaggeration.

To Bob McArde, the non surplus rice at twenty cents per pound.

And now to the so-called ladies -- I have always had a weakness for the ladies!!! (With apologies to that old witch who has made my life a misery.)

To dear darling Dolita, my favorite rabbit Sam.

To Lucy Briggs, that charming lady - I could have fallen for her in my day - all those furtive glances I wasted on less deserving fry.

To Germana, the haughty Princess, I leave her what little is left of my pride.

To Katharine, the queenly, full sway domain, may her spouse live up to his mission or else.

To Rosita, I give my fortitude, poor darling, God knows she will need it soon and with the assurance that she will need it next year too.

To that admirable lady, Mrs. Barnard, a more manageable son-in-law.

To Lynn, that juicy morcel, my craving for champagne.

To Pattie, the golden haired, my ball and chain to hold down Johnny.

To Frances, the lady of the chair, my technique.

To the charming Marjorie and Jean, what is left of my patience.

To that gang of unmitigated little brats, the silence of my present state.

'Battered 44''

Reading this document after so many years, I was surprised to see that Padre Robles Toledano attended the party. It must have been because I was leaving in a few weeks, and the Padre felt he was not contravening the ban on our friendship by attending a large party of this kind.

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Johnny Johnston, the Assistant Naval Attaché, was given his sinecure appointment for heroic action and disability in the Aleutians. Everytime I had a few days leave, we would fly in his amphibian plane all over the West Indies and even to Florida. With the war coming to an end, he decided to enter into a partnership with a Dominican shipbuilder. They started to build a solid mahogany sailing vessel for use in the post-war inter-island trade. They were sure they could make a pile of money by having a six month to a year headstart. I had just received \$3,000 as part of the payment on the expropriation of my Quito property. He begged me to give him this money which he needed to finish the boat and offered me some share in his project. I knew he was an adventurer but gave him the money anyhow. Months later, he wrote me an enthusiastic note saying the vessel was launched and christened "Clara Carmen" - the first names of each of their wives. A year later, having no word about the "Clara Carmen", I wrote him. It was a long time before I received a brief note saying, "Funny thing happened. 'Clara Carmen' took load of coconuts to San Juan and loaded cement. On return voyage hit storm and 'Clara Carmen'

now at bottom of Mona Passage." That was the end of the "Clara Carmen" and the end of the venture.

I did not hear from him again, but in a year or so, I wrote to ask whether the "Clara Carmen" had been insured. I had a letter from his wife who had opened my letter. She said the boat was insured. Johnny collected the money, bought a restaurant, sold it, and ran off with a waitress. She had no idea where he was.

When I was in Washington on home leave six years later, I ran on to Johnny in the halls of the State Department. He stopped in his tracks and burst out laughing. "No! Not Harry Clinton Reed! Christ, I'm glad to see you!" He was on top of the world; he had just come back from the Dominican Republic where he had swindled Trujillo in the sale of a surplus property ship. We went to the Statler where he was staying, and he pulled out \$40,000 in bills and threw them on the bed. He picked up and gave me \$3,600 for loan and interest. "You're lucky! If I hadn't run on to you, I'd never thought of it. Tomorrow it'll be gone."

We went down to Trader Vic's to celebrate. For a long time we laughed and talked about our adventures in the Caribbean; then he said, "Harry, I can't make you out. After all that happened, you never goddamned me, never dunned me, never brought in the law." "It wouldn't enter my mind. At the time, I knew what I was doing. I gambled and lost." I didn't ask him about his personal life. I could tell he was still chasing every pretty girl he laid eyes on; what he did or where he lived was left vague. I still had my old friend, and best of all, the meeting would restore whatever trace of pride he had. No matter how one judged his behavior, I knew he didn't want me to think badly of him. Our paths led to worlds apart, and we knew it was the last time we would see each other.

Trujillo tried to create the image of being a humanitarian, a benefactor of persecuted peoples, and liberal statesman. He invited Jews fleeing from Naziism and Spaniards fleeing from Franco to settle in the Dominican Republic. In fact, his reason was to impress on his countrymen the example of an industrious people and above all to bring in as many white people as possible to eventually strengthen the Dominican contention that it was a white nation.

The Spanish refugees were predominantly intellectuals with political ideas ranging from anarchism to Trotskyism - most were in the middle range. I once tried to analyze what political structure could be made of the group as a whole. The result was that of the several hundred refugees they would have to be divided into at least a hundred groups, none of which had any cohesion or attraction for others. It could be said without too much exaggeration that every Spaniard was a political unit of his own. Individually there were a number of impressive people. Among these was Jesus Galindez, a young moderate political thinker and a man of erudition. He was selected to act as tutor to Ramfis, Trujillo's eldest son and heir. Galindez was instructed to give the boy the education prescribed for a Prince of Asturias, heir to the Spanish throne.

Carlos Ortiz de Zevallos and I had Spanish poetry sessions with the brilliant Galindez as our guide. I'm grateful to Galindez for having introduced me to the beauty of Garcia Lorca's haunting poetry. He was a contemporary and admirer of Lorca. Lorca seemed to me like a figure out of the Spanish literary past, when in fact he was killed at the age of thirty-eight only a few years before. Verses from Lorca's *Romancero Gitano* and *Poema del Cante Jondo* are still fresh in my mind. His impact on world literature was such that when I was in Dublin only twelve years after his death, the Abby Theatre was putting on "Blood Wedding". Spain, on the other hand, had to wait forty years until after Franco's death before it could rejoice in this extraordinary poet's work.

I last saw Galindez on the ship on my way to Ireland - he was going to Paris to confer with the Spanish Refugee headquarters there. When Galindez was returning on a Dominican ship that left New York for Ciudad Trujillo, he disappeared never to be seen again. Investigations revealed that he had been thrown into the ship's boiler by Trujillo henchmen. It had been discovered that he had written a treatise on the Trujillo dictatorship. I have his book - it is an unreadable scientific political analysis of the regime without any sensationalism or stress on its crimes.

Forty-three years later, my wife and I were caught in Haiti in the midst of the overthrow of Baby Doc. We were able to flee to Santo Domingo a few hours before Duvalier left and the airport was closed. The first thing I thought about when we arrived there was my old friend Robles Toledano. I was not surprised to hear many years ago that he had left the Church. He was, as the Spanish say, a man of "flesh and bones", and it was natural that he should want to live a normal married life. I suspected he might have been defrocked.

He remembered me when I called to invite him to meet me for a drink in the hotel lounge. He said he was going through a busy period but would see me if I came to the San Antonio church that afternoon at five o'clock where he was to preside over a meeting. I was at the gate when a dilapidated car drew up and a stooped, white-haired old man stepped out and came over to speak to me. It was hard to imagine a likeness to the young man I had known. With a slight, sad smile, he shook hands perfunctorily, and we went into the dingy office of the church. I had expected. "abrazos", gleeful laughter and warm recollections of the old days.

I thought the one subject he might be interested in was my part in the fall of his old enemy Trujillo. He showed no interest. I then asked him to tell me about his life. After the assassination of Trujillo, he had served as Ambassador to the U. N. and then in Paris. His life work, however, was to try to improve the Dominican educational system and to write editorials for the leading papers, commenting on the course he believed should be followed in political developments. At the moment, he had taken over this church because his friend the Parish Priest had had a heart attack.

He had obviously left the Church in good standing since he was still allowed to perform ecclesiastical services. A man of his stature could have held the highest positions his country had to offer. He preferred to live in poverty and give his life to good works he

considered more important. He was the most highly respected political commentator in Santo Domingo.

I only stayed a few minutes since the parishioners were waiting for him. This visit depressed me – I felt unworthy - I admired his selfless devotion to his high convictions. I must have reminded him of the worldly nature of our brief friendship in his youth.

CHAPTER IV

MEXICO CITY - SAN FRANCISCO - CHILE

When Nelson Rockefeller was named Assistant Secretary for Latin American Affairs, he had Warren named his Special Advisor. It was at the time the Mexico City Conference on Problems of War and Peace met in February 1945 to draw up a blueprint for close cooperation between the American nations at the forthcoming San Francisco Conference on International Organizations to form the United Nations. Warren asked that I be included in the American delegation. Secretary of State Stettinius flew direct to Mexico City from the Yalta Conference.

In Mexico City, Jim Espy, Bob McGregor, and I roomed together in the Hotel Geneve. Bob had served several years in Mexico and had friends among the artists and intelligentsia. His first day off, he invited me to go with him to Covarubbias' house for lunch and then for drinks with Diego Rivera. We had dinner in a restaurant downtown, then started walking back along the Avenida de la Reforma to our hotel. It was three in the morning before we got back to our room because every block or so we would go into a bar, then sit on a sidewalk bench while Bob poured out his life history. Forty years old, he had been fighting alcoholism for fifteen years. In Mexico, Ambassador Messersmith took an interest in him and suggested religion as a cure. He took this advice seriously and stopped drinking. He fell in love with another woman, went through a messy divorce case, remarried, only to discover that he still loved his first wife. That day at Covarubbias' house, he had had his first drink in three years. Bob stayed in bed for a day, then disappeared. Two days later, Jim Espy said he had a case of small whiskey bottles in a closet and when he went to take one out, he found the bottles empty. Later we heard that when Bob did not show up for work the second day someone came to see him, found him dead drunk, and took him to a clinic. When he sobered up, he was suffering from a nervous breakdown. His job had been to prepare each day a brief telegram for the President summarizing the work of the Conference. He cracked up under this responsibility.

Bob was taken to a sanitarium in Virginia where I wrote him several notes and received appreciative acknowledgments. He got rid of his second wife, went back to the first, then served in several Foreign Service posts with success.

Ten or more years later, I ran on to him in the Foreign Service Lounge. He was returning from the Congo and I from Portugal. I greeted him as an old friend. He stared at me, taken aback and hesitatingly said, "I don't know you." I said, "Harry Reed, we roomed together at the Mexico City Conference." He looked confused and repeated in a low voice, "I don't know you" and turned away. What quirk of the mind would induce him to try to erase a sad experience in this way will forever be mystery to me.

At Mexico City, Avra Warren proved how completely I had won him over. He insisted I be given a "substantive" part in the drafting of the Conference's key document "The Act of Chapultepec" which provided for Reciprocal Assistance and American Solidarity.

The Secretary had a suite in the Hotel Reforma that he used for official entertaining. It had a dining room, kitchen, chef and staff. He gave several luncheons attended by seven or eight Latin American Foreign Ministers at a time. I went to these luncheons to record conversations and sometimes to interpret for him. Before the Secretary took over his suite, a team of electronic experts tested the security of the place. They discovered and tore out an entire network of listening devices between the double walls of the entire suite.

Everyone in our delegation had heard of a member of Mr. Stettinius' personal staff known as the "Historian". It was his job to keep a detailed account of Mr. Stettinius' activities each day. After we returned to Washington, the Historian asked me to write an account of the Secretary's lunches I had gone to in Mexico City. I prepared a paper for him giving the names of the Foreign Ministers at each luncheon as well as a list of the subjects discussed and what each participant had said and any comments or opinions Mr. Stettinius had expressed. Shortly after my paper reached the Historian, I received a disagreeable call. He said my paper was completely unsatisfactory. I asked why. He said it was not at all what Mr. Stettinius liked to have in the record. I asked how I could improve it. He said that my style was wrong. Instead of giving dull factual details, I should have from beginning to end enlivened it with colorful descriptive comments on the setting and progress of the luncheon. I asked him to give me an example, and he said, "Things like 'the chandelier looked like clusters of amber grapes reflected on the sumptuous silver centerpiece'." I said that unfortunately I did not possess that kind of literary ability and that since he had the basic facts about what took place, it should be easy for him to embellish it to suit the Secretary's tastes. Although we were both at the San Francisco Conference, and I was several times with the Secretary, the Historian did not seek further help from me. I wondered what he had had to say about the chandeliers at the Yalta Conference.

Back in Washington, we worked for a month preparing for the San Francisco Conference. President Roosevelt died suddenly a few days before we were to leave. Rockefeller chartered a private plane to go to San Francisco and invited all the Latin American Ambassadors to go with him. It was decided that the Diplomatic Corps should meet President Truman before we left Washington. A short reception was arranged for 2 p.m. which they would attend on the way to the airport. Therefore, they were to wear only business suits. I was asked to pick up the Nicaraguan Ambassador who was Dean of the Diplomatic Corps in a limousine and accompany him to the reception and airport. He came out in formal dress and top hat. I told him it was not necessary. He said, "When the Ambassador of Nicaragua goes to meet the President of the United State, he goes in formal attire." He looked silly greeting the President who was in a drab grey suit.

I wondered what he was going to wear on the plane. The moment he got into the limousine, he started undressing and pulled out a business suit from his bag.

In San Francisco, the American delegation stayed at the Hotel St. Francis. Rockefeller had a suite, Avra Warren a room next to his, and Jack Cabot and I an adjoining room. We

were the only FSO's on his staff. Staff meetings were held every morning at 8 a.m. Rockefeller's personal secretary, Susan Cable, attended these meetings. Jack was a high ranking officer and had the title of Political Liaison Officer along with a dozen other top Foreign Service experts on various parts of the world. I was a Class 8/Unclassified C Officer and had the title of "Aide" along with group of junior officers assigned to menial duties to assist the foreign delegations. As background for the staff meetings, Jack prepared memoranda of his conversations with leading members of the Latin American delegations. Before long, as I began to know them, I wrote similar memoranda about my conversations. I noticed nothing was ever said in staff meetings about any memoranda. I liked Susan, and sometimes we met for a drink in the bar. She was only nineteen and a remarkable, charming girl. She told me that NAR, as she called him, had dyslexia and did not read our memoranda - they were automatically thrown into the trash basket. Instead of writing memoranda, I should write four or five lines giving the high points of my conversations. She would type them on a file card, and early each morning when she met with NAR to go over his day's schedule, she would read him my notes. This worked like magic. From then on, almost every day at staff meetings NAR would ask about subjects mentioned in my notes. I, of course, was the only person who could answer what he wanted to know.

A few days after this new strategy began, Jack said to me, "You are doing more than I am in my job. Your title should be changed to Political Liaison Officer. I'm going to ask that it be done." A week or so later, my name was listed with the new title. It was a satisfaction for me, but I especially appreciated this unselfish gesture of friendship.

Everyday during the Conference, curious things happened - some took place in a fleeting moment. One Sunday morning as I was walking down to the dining room for breakfast, a man stopped me on the third floor and said that one of his colleagues on the Turkish delegation had been created a Pasha and that he was standing at the entrance of his room awaiting felicitations. "Do you mind coming with me to congratulate him?" I walked over to the new Pasha and told him how pleased I was to hear that his Government had conferred this deserved high honor upon him. He bowed and thanked me, and I continued on my way to breakfast.

One day I received a call from the Chinese delegation. Dr. Victor Hoo, Vice Minister for Foreign Affairs of China, whose brother was Charge d'Affaires in Ciudad Trujillo, wanted to see me. Dr. Hoo received me at his suite in the Mark Hopkins with profuse apologies, the rush of work gave us so little time. It was especially painful for him to plunge into a conversation about a delicate personal matter. "Does my brother's wife still have her jewels?" "She often wears beautiful pieces of jade." "Oh, then they haven't sold them yet. I must speak bluntly because I must know something about my brother. He is a gambler, and his wife is even worse. They both have squandered a good part of the family fortune in the casinos of the French Riviera. I sent them to the Dominican Republic because I heard they didn't have casinos there. I didn't know that half an hour

away by plane they could go to the casinos of Haiti. I hope that you who know South America can give me the names of the capitals furthest removed from casinos."

Of the names I gave him, he chose Bogota and had his brother transferred at once. Dr. Hoo was less distressed about discussing a personal family matter with a stranger than he was about having to forego the preliminary niceties of Chinese courtesy.

One night after dinner I was having a coffee with the Argentine Ambassador to Washington, Carlos Ibarra Garcia. The Dutch Foreign Minister Eelco van Kleffens spotted him as he was walking by and greeted him as an old friend. van Kleffens sat down, chatted for awhile and went on his way. Ibarra Garcia said, "I don't like that man." "Why?" "Year ago I was at the Hague - van Kleffens was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The Hague is the most boring post in the world - the place is dull and the people are dull. I finally heard there was a clandestine club where a few bon vivants gathered to have fun. I wanted to be sure I did the right thing and asked my friend van Kleffens if it would be all right if I joined it. van Kleffens said it would create a bad impression and that I certainly should not join it. After a few more months of boredom, I asked a friend to take me there. When I entered, I saw van Kleffens sitting at a table with one arm around a blond, and the other holding a glass of champagne. Needless to say, he is not my favorite person."

NAR gave several dinner parties at the St. Francis nightclub to which he invited a sprinkling of San Francisco matrons, debutantes, and his closest Latin friends. At these parties, there was the frequent presence of that horror Elsa Maxwell. He also invited a few of the more attractive FSO's. He was annoyed that the latter preferred to devote their attention to the debutantes instead of holding hands with the matrons. He had no help from me in entertaining Elsa who had made the tedious railway trip from New York to San Francisco to pretend to be the social arbiter of the 20th Century "Congress of Vienna". In wartime, her objective was not given "war effort" status to deserve air travel.

Towards the end of the Conference, Rockefeller gave a great banquet at the Yacht Club for the leading delegates. He had arranged to have Carmen Miranda fly up from Hollywood to entertain his guests that evening. In addition to preparing a staggering seating arrangement, I was responsible for greeting Carmen Miranda when she arrived. A special suite had been provided for her in our hotel which included accommodations for her mother and sister. I ordered flowers and made careful plans to be down in the lobby to greet her. About half an hour before the scheduled time, I had a desperate call from the porter saying that Miss Miranda had arrived. She was furious because no one was there to greet her and had stomped off in a fit of anger. I rushed to her suite. The door was opened by the mother, a tough old gypsy witch to whom I explained that I had been designated to greet Miss Miranda on arrival. Since she had arrived earlier than expected, I was not there, and I wished to apologize for having missed her. She started shrieking in a loud

voice saying her daughter, a great Hollywood star, was not used to being insulted like this. When I insisted on seeing Carmen, she said "No. " Her daughter, a sensitive and temperamental person, was so shattered by this lack of courtesy that she had simply collapsed. It was out of the question to expect her to put on the show that night. The woman would not let me in, but I finally pushed her aside and walked into the bedroom. Carmen had slipped off her shoes and stockings and thrown herself onto the bed. She was sobbing loudly, her eyes swollen. I sat down on the bed and took her hand. I cannot remember what I said. Whatever it was must have been inspired by the dark thoughts of the party without Carmen's show. My words soon seemed to soothe her a bit, the sobbing subsided, and I kept on talking. I noticed that she had the smallest feet I had ever seen; they looked like Chinese bound feet. I told her she had the most exquisite feet I had ever seen. Before long she was smiling and finally laughing. We were still talking about feet. Finally I said, "Tonight's party is going to be wonderful. The great statesmen of the world and the prettiest debutantes of San Francisco are going to be there, and you are going to be a smashing hit. At dinner, you will be sitting next to the Brazilian Foreign Minister." She said, "Oh, it is now too late because my face is all swollen, and I look terrible." I said, "I can fix that." I ordered ice, wrapped a piece in my handkerchief and rubbed it over her eyes. "In half an hour no one can tell you have been crying." All of a sudden she seemed as happy as a child.

The party was magnificent. It was amazing how Carmen's personality seemed to electrify everyone in the room. I am sure that for most of the weary statesmen, this was the first time in weeks they could relax. In the early hours of the morning, Mayor Lapham of San Francisco became so enthusiastic dancing to Carmen Miranda's music that he rolled up his trousers, took the maracas away from her, and beat them until they burst to pieces.

Twenty years later at a dinner party in Lagos, I sat at a table with the Nigerian Foreign Minister and his wife. In the course of the conversation, I told this story about Carmen Miranda. The Minister had been quiet all evening, but when I came to the part about Carmen's little feet, he burst into a fit of laughter and could not stop. He would laugh and laugh, then stop a moment and say "little feet" and laugh some more. When he came to say goodbye, he shook my hand with both his hands, said "little feet" and walked out in uncontrollable laughter.

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Delegates gave their country's positions at plenary sessions of the Conference. The Chairman of these meetings was rotated each week. When Anthony Eden was Chairman, he read out the routine schedule of the speakers for the next session with Ecuador at 6 p.m. The Ecuadorean Foreign Minister protested indignantly and said he refused to speak at that hour since no one stayed that late. He let it be known that this was a deliberate act of Great Britain to humiliate his country. Eden was, of course, annoyed because these schedules were drawn up by the Secretariat. He came to Rockefeller and asked that he try to straighten it out. I was called in, and I said I could take care of it right away. I had known the Minister for many years, and we were on a first name basis. When I went to see him, he was in bed with a fever - greatly depressed. I explained that the Chairman of these meetings had nothing to do with preparing schedules. He still believed it showed

that Ecuador was considered an unimportant country. His fever was ostensibly a bad cold - the nervous state he had worked himself into and the feeling of impotence to do anything about it probably had more to do with it. After an hour or so of conversation, I advised him not to make a big thing of it any more since I was sure it would put him and Ecuador in a bad light. After all, in every session other speakers were scheduled for 6 o'clock. He finally interpreted my visit as an apology and dropped the matter.

At the Rockefeller Yacht Club dinner party, Eden mentioned the Ecuadorean incident. I noticed that he, the most elegant of statesmen, inventor of the black homburg hat that was known by his name and worn by diplomats the world over, under war conditions wore a thread-bare, short black coat and striped trousers.

At the end of the Conference, NAR said he wanted me to work with him in Washington. I had foreseen this possibility and had had Avra Warren process my transfer to Santiago, Chile before we left Washington for San Francisco. I easily squirmed out of NAR's proposal by using my infallible excuse that I could not afford living in Washington. Although I had known NAR since we were at Dartmouth, I didn't like working with a man who owed his position and power to personal wealth.

Santiago was a new world without the terrors of Trujillo's Santo Domingo and as unlike Quito as the mountains of the moon. The Chileans are a vigorous race of Spanish and mixed European stock with no sign of the Indian strain common in other Andean countries. The nation has a strong, fun-loving personality, and the women are justly famous for their vivacity and beauty.

In Santiago, Hugh Millard, the Counselor, assigned me to work with him. He was being driven mad by a series of problems, beginning with the Ambassador who lived in a world apart and ignored the Embassy altogether. Millard was high strung, exclusive and a prima donna. He had no patience with those who did not follow the strict rule of his old school diplomatic background. He was blessed with a sense of humor that thrived on trouble and made our work for two years one amusing episode after another.

Our relationship extended beyond our work. The Naval Attache's amphibian plane was at Millard's disposal. We would use it on weekends to fly to the lakes in the Andean Cordillera to fish rainbow trout and down south to fish and shoot on the German plantations. Some weekends we went to fundos for barbecues and to shoot pigeons. Our activities aroused jealousy among the staff who criticized Millard for his use of the Navy plane, but the blame for organizing our far-flung excursions fell on me.

The Ambassador was Claude Bowers, journalist, historian and Ambassador to Spain at the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. He had no interest in the Embassy staff work. He could enter his office quarters direct from the entrance hall and to my knowledge never set foot in any other part of the Embassy. He envisaged his job as keeping the President personally informed of conditions in Chile as reflected in his conversations with the Chilean President and Foreign Minister. To President Roosevelt, who cared little for the

Department of State and even less for the Foreign Service, this was satisfactory. At first the Ambassador would show no one copies of his letters to the President, but later Millard gained his confidence, and in my time we saw most if not all of the Ambassador's letters. With that barrier overcome, Millard could enjoy running the Embassy with the stamp of his unique personality.

The Ambassador's greatest pride was his knowledge of Jefferson and his period. He had written so much about Jefferson that he had a proprietary feeling about him. Whenever a new book on Jefferson came out, he acted as if someone were infringing on his copyright privileges. One of the surprising things about him was that despite his reputation as a literary historian and crystal-clear style, his grammar was atrocious. He was popular with Chileans. They believed he was close to President Roosevelt and that they had a champion at the seat of power.

Ambassador Bowers had been living in a Spanish-speaking country for sixteen years when I knew him but had not bothered to learn the language. Biddle Garrison, his personal assistant whom he had brought to Chile with him, would give him daily newspaper summaries and act as his interpreter during conversations with the President and Foreign Minister. Towards the end, he would often ask me to interpret for him. He was a bird-like, frail man with a long, pale, solemn face and small piercing dark eyes. He had come up the hard way and shunned everyone except those in high places or socially prominent. He had trouble with his feet. He would receive the Foreign Minister at the Embassy residence and when seated would take his shoes off, put them into a wooden box, and pull out slippers.

During almost three years in Santiago, only one fitness report was sent in on me, and I was embarrassed when Millard showed it to me before sending it to the Ambassador for concurrence and forwarding. Nobody could be that good. In any case, I thought it might not do any harm. Years later, I had the opportunity to see my dossier in the Department of State. After a quick look, I could not find the Millard report. I looked carefully and found instead a small sheet of note paper on which Ambassador Bowers had scribbled two or three ominous sentences to the effect that I was a conceited young officer who had had several colorful assignments in political work and "should be given work that would bring him back to earth".

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One of Millard's problems had to do with George Anderson, the First Secretary, an Oxford educated Virginian who in middle life had become embittered, frustrated, and hopelessly eccentric. He was the officer designated to draft notes to the Foreign Office on the settlement of German, Italian, and Japanese Embassy properties which we had taken over during the war. Anderson loved his work. The war was over, but it offered an outlet for his pent-up hatred of Nazi Germany and resentment of the Chileans themselves who he believed had always been and still were pro-Nazi. In his notes, no matter how routine, these sentiments would invariably transpire. Millard said he had long since given up trying to persuade Anderson to stop fighting the war over again. He had simply rewritten the notes himself, a chore which would henceforth be mine and was to go on for a year

until Anderson left Santiago. Since Anderson did not bother to consult his files, he never caught on.

Millard had said nothing about Anderson personally, so it was a shock when I first met him. He was tall, rather impressive, with reddish hair and handle bar moustache, and the air of the British Colonial Service completely gone to seed. His toes were sticking out of his shoes, and his jacket and trousers were worn thin with patches here and there.

Conscious of the impression he made on new people, Anderson explained, "You see my worn out clothing. Well, the State Department doesn't pay me enough to both dress and fish. As long as I'm in Chile, I'll take every day of leave I can get to go fishing in the Chilean lakes. My clothes were tailored in London before the war, and I have no intention of buying any more until I can again afford to have them made in London."

His wife was a fine looking woman from the same background as her husband. They both had developed in the same way - even their idiosyncrasies. She was landed gentry, tweedy, and her clothing was almost as threadbare as her husband's. They had taken a small farm in the country and were enthusiastic gardeners. Shortly after my arrival, he brought to my house a package of fresh vegetables for which I thanked him. A few days later he sent me a bill.

He was a heavy drinker and used to step out of the Embassy to a bar several times a day. Once he invited me for a drink at his house and said he was on the wagon - only one drink a day. He took a tall highball glass, filled it nearly to the brim with whiskey, put in a dash of water, and said, "This is my only drink today."

Before he left Santiago, I had him and his wife over for lunch. They said they had a sweet little mongrel dog which they were sorry to leave behind and I could have it if I wanted it. My boys were delighted with the idea and when Anderson brought over the dog that afternoon, it was love at first sight. A week later, he came back and said he had come to take the dog. They had found another home where they thought the dog would be happier. The two little boys cried themselves to sleep that night.

One of the most pleasant aspects of Chilean social life was in the fundos or great estates of the Santiago families. It was in these country houses that one saw Chilean hospitality in the intimacy of everyday life. The huaso (cowboy) in his dashing costume, the peasantry, the native music and dancing presented an unforgettable setting. Guests had their choice of shooting, fishing or riding. My favorite sport was shooting pigeons. We would get up early and drive in a jeep to the forests where at dawn the pigeons would leave their roosting places for the fields. Before they had gone by, each of us had a bag of from ten to twenty.

One night at his fundo, Gonzalo Santo Cruz told many amusing stories, several about eccentrics of the great Chilean family of Errazuriz. The following day as we sat around the fire after dinner, I said Gonzalo's stories about the Errazuriz had had a strange effect on me and that I had even dreamed about it. They wanted to hear the dream. In the dream

I was with Arturo Edwards (one of the party) shooting, and we came to an inn. As we walked into the hallway, a cuckoo clock started striking. Instead of the ordinary cuckoo bird, there was a somber, live, little grey bird popping his head out of the window. I had a BB gun and shot the little bird. As it fell to the floor, the people of the inn rushed to pick it up and started crying in despair. When I asked, "Why all the commotion?", they screamed, "You have killed the last of the Errazuriz!" We came back to the fundo where everyone in great consternation prepared to leave at once for Santiago with the body of the last of the Errazuriz. In Santiago, the funeral took place amidst great pomp. The Chilean Cardinal, like a bird of gorgeous plumage in red shoes, led the procession along the rose petal covered streets with two altar boys in white lace swinging incense burners on either side. Then came the hearse, a gold and white Louis Quinze carriage about a yard square. It had white ostrich plumes on a crown at the top and was pulled by two little white horses. Behind the hearse walked a tall, pallid old man in a black cape who looked as if he had stepped out of an El Greco painting. He held in his hands a gold silk pillow on which lay the body of the little bird. After him, came all of us in the party, the relatives and an endless line of people whose lamentations seemed to echo softly from the snow on the nearby peaks of the Andes.

I said I had been haunted by this dream all day and wondered why in the dream I had not felt guilty and what is more, no one had condemned me for the crime. My story was greeted by perfect silence. Soon Marie Angelique Phillips quietly left the room. Something was wrong, and it was with an anguished heart that I soon found out. Marie Angelique was an Errazuriz, the last of her line, in poor health, obsessed with death and superstitious about dreams. But what made matters worse was the old man in the dream - there was an eighty year old Errazuriz uncle in Santiago, and my description of him as an El Greco figure was only too accurate.

The incident killed the house party, and we returned to Santiago the next morning. After the disastrous dream, I wondered all the more that Gonzalo and the others did not seem to blame me; rather they seemed to look on it as a revelation of something portentous and weird.

Sciprion Cortez was a quiet, nondescript man one would not notice in a crowd, yet on acquaintance, one became aware of an elusive, wistful personality, a subtle charm. As a boy, after a family quarrel, he had stowed away on a ship in Valparaiso and gone to New York where he worked in a circus. To the everlasting amusement of his friends, educated in English public schools, he never lost a strong Bronx accent.

The once immense fortune of the Cortez family had all but disappeared by the time Sciprion came into his patrimony. Nevertheless at El Melon, the Cortez fundo near Vina del Mar, there was still a touch of past grandeur. When I was there for a weekend house party, Sciprion had borrowed part of the family's silver table service from his creditors and engaged for the three nights of the weekend a popular West Indian band that had been playing at a Santiago nightclub. After a long night of feasting, I would be awakened by servants carrying heavy silver trays with coffee and bowls of grapes, cherries and

apricots on crushed ice. While I was having breakfast, my room would fill with the other guests, and soon the gaiety of the night before would start all over again. After a ride or a swim, Sciprion would serve cocktails and ceviche on his miniature train as we traveled through the surrounding hills and woods to some remote spot where a barbecue was being prepared. A long siesta followed since there would be no rest before daybreak next morning.

Sciprion had put up the West Indian band in a guest cottage near the main plantation house. The day they left, he called us out to watch a great bonfire he had ordered made of all the beds, chairs, tables, dressers, wardrobes, and bedding in the rooms they had occupied.

On our staff at the time was Warren Delano Robbins, son of President Roosevelt's cousin who had been Minister to Canada and of Irene Bruyere of Buenos Aires. His mother's family owned large estancias in Argentina. Robbins invited me to visit his relatives during a holiday. From Buenos Aires, we traveled all night by train to reach the estancia Las Balas, a show place of its kind. The house was in the French chateau style with vast formal gardens. There were retainers of every degree, footmen in the dining room, majordomos, grooms, a notary, a curate, and all the trappings of a great eighteenth century establishment. Our host was Warren's young cousin, Miguel Bruyere.

In the mornings, we would ride out with the gauchos on their rounds branding cattle and selecting those to be sold. In the afternoons, we would drive in jeeps to shoot duck, plover and pigeons. Back in Buenos Aires, at several parties I had met Silvia Sastre de O'Farrell, a fascinating girl in her early twenties, married to one of the great land owners of Argentina. One night we were talking about art, and she said she was having her portrait painted by Mahanovich, at that time the leading society painter in Buenos Aires, and she asked if I would like to accompany her next morning to the artist's studio. The portrait was nearly finished and showed her standing by her favorite race horse. Mahanovich had painted a beautiful portrait in a beautiful setting, but Silvia was a beautiful girl. She asked me to come for cocktails that evening before we went on to a dinner party. In the afternoon, Robbins had a call from her house saying that the cocktails had been called off. She was not at the dinner party, and I never saw her again. Before I left Buenos Aires, I heard from a friend of Silvia's that her husband had discovered our meeting in the Mahanovich studio and in a fit of jealous rage had taken a horsewhip and flogged her without mercy.

A year later, I was walking out of the Plaza Athene in Paris and ran on to Miguel Bruyere as he was rushing in. He said, "Harry, give me ten dollars. This whore is pestering me, and I must be at the airport in an hour." He gave the girl the money and disappeared. It seemed as if we had been together at his estancia the day before.

Halleck Rose, who was at the Embassy in Quito, wrote me to say he was engaged to be married to Luz Fernandez, a Chilean girl, niece of the Foreign Minister, and would come to Santiago as soon as he had State Department approval for the marriage.

Halleck was one of those attractive men always involved in marital trouble. This had resulted in divorce before Luz came into the picture. Luz, on the other hand, had been married to a young Ecuadorean who took her to live in Quito where she was a sensation. Her beauty and gaiety brought her a popularity that gradually eroded her marriage until it finally fell apart.

Unhappily, while Luz waited for Halleck to arrive, I and her other friends discovered she was a drug addict. Often at parties when the drugs had lost their effect, she would start crying, screaming and asking that a doctor be called. Since most doctors refused to give drugs, her crises would drag on until she could get hold of someone who would.

I was happy when Halleck finally arrived for the wedding, an event we celebrated with satisfaction and relief in my house. But Halleck had married Luz before receiving State Department permission and had to return to Quito, leaving her in Santiago.

Once I invited Luz to lunch with Gloria Eastman, an Ecuadorian girl with relatives in Santiago. They stayed on all afternoon playing music. Then, she and Gloria began to reminisce about their life in Quito, and the tone of the conversation grew morbid. The Quito music depressed Luz, and she burst into tears. Around nine o'clock, Gloria and I took her back to her hotel room. While Gloria was getting the bed ready, Luz went into the bathroom and soon came out laughing hysterically, "Look, I took them all", and dropped an empty bottle of sleeping tablets. She threw her arms around my neck to keep from falling and slid down to the floor unconscious. I called an ambulance; Gloria went home, and I took Luz to a hospital. The doctor said she might pull through, but he would not know until later. After a few hours' sleep at home, I returned to the hospital and was told she would survive. Two days later, she was ready to go home. I arranged for her to stay with one of her aunts.

I picked her up at the hospital at seven in the evening, and as we were driving to her aunt's house, she asked me to stop at a drugstore because she needed to buy a few things. Shortly, she returned, and just before getting into the car, I saw her gulp down another bottle of pills. I managed to get her in the front seat before she passed out and took her back to the hospital. They went through the same pumping process all over again. The following morning I called Halleck and asked him to come immediately because she seemed set on taking her life. He flew to Santiago early next morning. The needles were pulled out, and I carried her to the car, then to the airport where Halleck was waiting to pick her up. She was still purple and looked like death.

Some days later, a lawyer, brother of the doctor who had attended Luz, came to my office and handed me a bill for several thousand dollars "What is this for?" "It is my brother's fee for saving the life of Luz. "I will forward it to her husband. It is not the normal fee, and he will not pay." "I am not talking about Mr. Rose. I am talking about you. What were you doing in Luz' bedroom at eleven o'clock at night when she took the sleeping

tablets? The scandal press will love to headline the story on its front page. There are endless versions they could use to the effect that the niece of the Foreign Minister tried to commit suicide after a lovers' quarrel with a Secretary of the American Embassy in her room at the Hotel Crillon. " I laughed. I said even a scandal sheet would not print such a story on the strength of his word alone - it would at once discover his attempt to blackmail me.

When I received the shock of the lawyer's blackmail, I was not as calm as the above account might lead to believe. It flashed through my mind that if a hint of such a scandal appeared in the press, no matter how false, some of the smirch would stick. I could not survive a third "possible" non grata situation. The Department of State's straight-laced policy in matters of sex was far more severe than on political issues. That the girl was a niece of the Foreign Minister was plain bad luck.

One night in Santiago, a thief broke in and stole my flat silver. It was not of great value, but it was priceless to me. It included some two dozen pieces of what was left of my mother's dowry and what to me was equally important, ten of a thirteen-piece collection of Quitonian colonial silver maids' spoons. In those days, silver was the only metal in use, and each Indian housemaid was given a heavy silver spoon with her name or initials on it. These spoons, the size of our dessert spoons, were decorated with welded pieces of silver in the form of flower and fruit baskets, peacocks, birds, animals and other motifs. The theft was puzzling in every way. The only decorations in the room were a colonial chest where the flat silver was stored and hanging from the ceiling a solid silver sixteenth century monastery lamp weighing more than twenty-five pounds. The centerpiece and wall decorations were all pieces of heavy colonial silver.

The thief came in through the kitchen door, went into the dining room and like a homing pigeon found the flat silver. He went into the kitchen, poured a paper bag of flour on the floor and used it to store the silver. He then went off on my maid's bicycle with which at that time every maid in residential neighborhoods was provided. The thief was obviously a freak obsessed with the idea of flat silver.

I reported the theft to the police and forgot about it except for the nuisance of replacing indispensable pieces. Months later the police called to say the thief had been caught and that the stolen articles recovered were displayed in a warehouse and that in an adjacent part innumerable stolen bicycles were stored. If I could identify my property, it would be returned to me. At the warehouse, I saw about a hundred sets of flat silver placed on tables around the room. I did not find my silver; the reason was simply that every piece of silver in the warehouse was Christofle, the only kind the upperclass people of Santiago used. Mine, being sterling, was easily melted and sold for the metal.

The police operation was novel in that the thief was allowed to walk around in the warehouse and talk to any of the interested parties. When I gave up hope, I talked to him. He was a normal looking boy, eighteen or nineteen years of age. I explained to him where I lived and described my kitchen and dining room. He said he could not remember

anything about the place. I then decided to try to intimidate him somehow. I spoke harshly and said he knew good and well where he had stolen the solid silver pieces that he sold for the metal. He reacted like a Spaniard whose honor has been questioned. He shouted indignantly, "How do you expect me to remember! I have robbed so many houses that they all look alike to me. "

Chavela Eastman de Edwards was perhaps the best woman friend I have had, certainly the most amusing. She was one of three sisters who in their youth were renown beauties of Santiago. Chavela married Augustin Edwards, the head of one of the families that controlled a disproportionate amount of the Chilean economy. When I met her, she almost forty and already one of the leading matrons in Chilean society. She lived on a great estate near the center of town. She was noted for her wit and eccentricities. She hid behind pretenses of being vague, absent-minded, fey, forgetful and other subterfuges to get away with innumerable lapses of ordinary social behavior. In other words, this enabled her to do whatever she wanted. She derived excessive delight from this reputation which people accepted as part of her eccentric nature. She was always surrounded by admiring men, some of whom were amusing friends. In a society where there was a great deal of gossip about love affairs and infidelities, many of which were true, I never heard a word of scandal about her. Her husband looked on her numerous men friends as what anyone having such an attractive wife should expect.

When we met, she detected that I would fit into her strategems. It was not long before I was a regular guest at her parties, and before long she started scheming with me as to how she could fool people and circumvent social obligations. She had breakfast in bed and would often invite me to join her for breakfast on my way to the office. She would then divulge the tricks and schemes she had thought up to amuse herself while puzzling everyone else. She would laugh until tears came whenever I suggested things that would improve her designs.

She was one of the first Chilean women to fly a plane. Her husband gave her a new one each year. Sometimes she called me at the office in the early afternoon to ask me to go down to Vina del Mar for a swim. When we came back, she would stop for a drink at my house. On one occasion, she invited me to go to Vina del Mar to try out a new plane. It was a larger and more complicated model than her old one. The dashboard looked like one on an airliner. After we were in the air, she said, "Harry, in that glove compartment there is an instruction book on how to fly this plane. Will you look and see how I'm supposed to bring this thing down." I said, "I'll do no such thing." If she couldn't land plane, she should crash land in shallow water and we would wade ashore. By then I knew her only too well, and she knew I knew she was trying to scare me.

One time, while she was at my house, she said that it was so charming she wanted to have it copied and to have the interior furnished just the way I had it to use as a country house. I said she thought that with her money she could have anything she wanted. No amount of money could duplicate the matchbox house, its setting, its atmosphere nor my belongings.

At her dinner parties, Chavela had silver ashtrays of the same pattern at each place setting. They were given to her by her friends with an inscription. I gave her one that became her favorite with the words "Mas vale volando" ("Flying is better"), the medieval battle cry of the Dukes of Osuna.

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In 1947, I flew to the Straits of Magellan as Embassy representative on an Army mapping mission. The Argentine Government had refused to cooperate with an American mapping project so it was being done by a system of triangulation from the Chilean border. The aircraft was a battered World War II B-17 with broken windows through which the wind poured in. For most of the one thousand five hundred miles to the Straits, I sat in the cockpit from which I could see the grotesque volcanic formations of the Chilean Andes in all colors until we reached the grassy plains of Patagonia. The Chilean War Department had given us wrong dimensions of the landing field at Punta Arenas - it was about one hundred feet too short to land a B-17, so we were forced to make a crash landing. When the plane reached the end of the field, it nose dived into the swamp, and we were suspended inside from the straps of the bucket seats until a ground crew pulled the body of the plane to a horizontal position. Fortunately no serious damage was done to the aircraft, but the problem was how the plane could take off. It was decided to look for a natural landing field as close to Punta Arenas as possible where the pilot could take the empty plane after making a daredevil takeoff.

The following day, we sat out in jeeps with native guides looking for a landing field. We drove along rough roads but most of the time cutting across the high grass of the plains. Patagonia is a naturalist's paradise, teeming with bird life of every kind. Rheas, the South American ostrich, darted in and out in front of us, screeching and running ahead until out of sight. We found a perfect landing field about one hundred miles away on a low plateau covered with turf.

Punta Arenas is a surprise because it looks more like a Scandinavian village than anything one would expect to find at the tip of the South American continent. It is near the Antarctic Circle and snow bound six months of the year. For four hundred years, it was a crossroads where sailors from all over the world met, and some settled there which accounts for its cosmopolitan character.

A man named Evans came to see me at the hotel. He was in his forties, and rather short, had closely cropped blond hair, restless blue eyes in a dark weather beaten face. He was dressed in old, ill-fitting brown tweeds and jodphur boots. His grandfather had come from Australia and started sheep raising; it was a prosperous family enterprise when he inherited the estate. In a fall from a horse, he had knocked his head on a rock and broken two ribs and a leg. During a long convalescence, he decided to sell his sheep and devote his energies to population control. He had heard I was the Embassy officer on the mapping mission and hoped I could interest the State Department in his project. He handed me half a dozen leaflets printed with the United Nations seal. They pointed out in alarming language the peril of overpopulation in the world and particularly in Patagonia. For over five years, he had carried on a one-man campaign for the control of population,

and in 1945, when the United Nations was created, he adopted its seal to give the movement greater prestige and an international flavor. So far his project was on a very minor scale. There was a bordello in the town where he had signed up the girls to whom he would pay a small monthly income if they agree not to have babies. This was a start but inadequate since there were not enough bordellos in Patagonia to influence the overall picture. He hoped to make some inroads among the townspeople who needed the money, but he was having trouble with the local priest who had spread the story that Evans was an insane heretic whom God had punished with the fall from a horse.

That night Evans took me to meet the girls in the bordello. It was quite a pretentious place. The madam, a chubby, businesslike woman, took us to the parlor, all lit up with a gaudy Venetian chandelier. Everything looked worn. In the center there was a large table with pink and blue vases filled with artificial flowers. The wallpaper was in a gold and pink arabesque pattern, and the curtains were red with a green tasseled fringe. There were rickety gold chairs with red cushions all around the room. The madam said the girls were getting ready and would be out soon. In the meantime, she put on a record popular at the time, "La Ultima Noche que Pase Contigo" (The Last Night I Spent With You), and then for my sake "Pistol Packing Mama" which a "Capitan Americano" had given her. All this to please Evans on whom she lavished her attention. Finally, the girls started streaming in. It was incredible. They were all tall and enormous. At first I thought they had sent the biggest ones in first, but no, they were all the same - tall and fat. They all had on long, sleeveless, low-cut evening dresses of satinette in bright colors. The ribs of their heavy corsets showed through the dresses.

As soon as the girls were there, they passed around a tray with blue, gold-rimmed glasses and a bottle of anis. The gramophone was put on louder, and Evans, looking even smaller next to the girls, flitted about talking to them with evident pride. I had this conversation with one of the girls.

HCR: What did you do before coming to this house?

Girl: I was married.

HCR: How did you like that?

Girl: It is pretty. (Bonito es.)

HCR: Then what happened?

Girl: He beat me, knocked out this tooth (pointing to a gold one), and I never saw him again.

After another slow anis, we said goodbye. But I could not leave without asking the madam why all the girls were such fine, tall specimens. "Oh, yes," she said, "sailors like them that way."

On the flight back to Santiago, I could not get Evans off my mind. A fall from a horse and knock of the head on a rock had produced ideas far ahead of his time - an obsession about overpopulation in one of the vast, most remote, and lonely spots on earth.

Santiago deserved its reputation as the most desirable post in Latin America. At the peak of my assignment there, I decided that even with all the joys of the place, I had marked time so long in Latin America that I wanted to move on and relish whatever else there was in the world that I could fit into my life. The person in charge of personnel matters in the Embassy was the head of the Consular section, a man whose experience was limited to consular work and more recently work in the Department's Management and Administrative sections. I knew him slightly because in a large Embassy like Santiago our duties were world's apart. I had talked with him casually at a few Embassy staff parties. I told him I wanted a transfer out of Latin America after my forthcoming homeleave. He was sympathetic and said he understood how I felt and that the Embassy would recommend my transfer as a means to broaden my Foreign Service experience. A routine airgram was sent by the Embassy recommending what I had asked him to do.

Many years later, I read the dossier of my career and found a four-page "personal and confidential" letter he wrote his friend the Director General of the Foreign Service after I had asked for a transfer out of Latin America. I'll quote a few of the highlights of this document.

"We have a situation here in Santiago which we feel should be brought to the Department's attention on an informal basis.Harry C. Reed, Second Secretary, FSO-5.... has worked in the Political Section since his arrival here in 1945. He was born in Ecuador of American parents.

Reed is a capable and intelligent officer. He has done very good work here in Santiago. His basic judgment is sound, his intelligence is of a high level, and I am convinced that he can develop into a valuable officer....provided certain things happen and that other influences, which now exist, are stopped.

Reed's whole background... is identified with Latin America. His wife is from one of the old aristocratic families of Quito.... I have met Mrs. Reed on several occasions - pleasant, courteous, intelligent. She is wholly Latin American in her antecedents and gives little indication of any desire to expand or broaden her point of view... to become a more suitable wife of an FSO. Mrs. Reed has had little contact, I believe of her own volition, with other members of the staff here and I am told she is inclined to look down on them.... She has limited her social contacts to the extreme....

This same tendency is markedly noticeable in the case of Reed himself. I have considerable respect for his ability. He has been correct and proper in his relationship with the staff.... Due to the combination of birth and early training in Latin America, his marriage to a Latin American girl ... he has a Latin American point of view. This is in no way being critical of him

personally...but to emphasize-he has not had the opportunity to 'Americanize' himself in the way an FSO should be 'Americanized'.... I am inclined to feel that Reed himself might agree on this point.., as I have discussed with him on several occasions the advantages of an assignment outside the Latin American orbit.

Reed is also inclined to be a little on the 'diplomatic' side. He is extremely selective in the associations he carries on, both within the Embassy and outside. This social selectivity, combined with a similar and more marked tendency on the part of his wife, has tended to limit his usefulness. Certainly I am convinced it has stunted his development as a person and as a representative FSO. Reed should be given...opportunity...firsthand that there are many classes and types of people and of associates, all of whom may have something to offer and all of whom may be of real help and benefit to him as an individual....

I strongly suggest that he be transferred.... It might well be part of the British Empire to become as 'de-Latinized' as possible. The assignment should also be to a Consular post with administrative chores. . .so his duties would not be limited to straight diplomatic function.

...I am convinced that unless a radical break of this kind is made away from Latin Americanism and the 'diplomatic type' to 'Americanization' and a somewhat more democratic type, he will not be able to make the showing or to merit the promotions that his ability basically deserves. He is valuable here in the Embassy, and he has been doing good work, but I am convinced that the other factors on which we are basing our suggestions would justify... transferring him in the near future."

This insidious letter is an interesting document in a Foreign Service career. It shows how a man in an administrative capacity was able to surreptitiously place a completely dishonest, hypocritical, holier-than-thou, specious report in an officer's record. His reference to "early training" is curious. I had no early training. I was brought up in a tightly guarded American puritanical home with no school or social relationships among Ecuadoreans. Since I did not enter into the religious nature of our home life, I invented my own way of life. A strong influence was my father's training as a classical scholar. Through his studies he had become an Anglophile, rather a rare thing among mid-western Americans of his day. I soon found models for what I wanted to be in both American and English literature and history. My entire approach to life was Anglo-Saxon oriented.

The key point of the letter is his use of the word "selective". I have always limited my official and personal friends to those who would enable me to do my work well and to a few I found congenial. This was the unpardonable "un-American" sin. In the words of the Spanish proverb, "He speaks from the wound".

He praises me, then damns me in the "For Brutes is an honorable man?" approach. His "we" was editorial. He had no access to the Ambassador nor to the Counselor. The Ambassador had already reported what he thought of me in a few straightforward honest

words. The Ambassador's words were not complimentary, but I readily accept anyone's true opinion. It was easy to criticize Germana from his point of view; I do not accept that the fact I was "selective" made me a less useful FSO. I dismiss all the cant about my needing to be a better American representative. How absurd for a man who resented me to pretend he was afraid that unless I changed my ways, I would not merit the promotions my ability deserved. In fact, he seemed to be more distressed over my future than my father was about the salvation of my soul. His recommendation is preposterous. I was doing a very good job in my diplomatic work, but this was outweighed by my need to become a better human being - his formula to achieve this required that I be given work for which I was not qualified.

I saw that in the dossier, this letter was two pages beyond Avra Warren's comprehensive assessment of my work in Ciudad Trujillo, Mexico City Conference and San Francisco Conference. Its importance rests on the fact Warren was one of the highest ranking FSO's in the Department and known for his severe demands of a FSO. He cited a series of incidents showing my strong points and weak points. He said I could do certain kinds of FSO work better than anyone else and recommended that the Department not give me routine assignments but use me in the field in which I excelled. He ended up with the sweeping statement, "At the time of this report, Reed is one of the most popular FSO's in the Americas."

CHAPTER V

IRELAND

A few months before I was to leave Santiago, I saw that there was a six-week course on economics being given for FSO's at the Department of Commerce at the time I would be in Washington. I wanted time to negotiate my assignment out of Latin America.

Among the State Department students was Donald Bloomingdale who had entered the Foreign Service as a personal aide to Ambassador Jefferson Caffery in Brazil and was then with him in Paris. He was the heir to the New York Bloomingdale store fortune under the iron thumb of his ambitious mother. When we had a free afternoon, he asked me for lunch at his suite in the Shoreham Hotel. He had a butler who served martinis, then lunch and champagne. When we finished, Donald said, "I want to introduce you to my fiancée. She is a Rothschild from the Paris branch, and we intend to be married in December. Unfortunately my mother doesn't like her."

The girl was a statuesque Greek type of beauty - Donald was a short and rather insignificant young man. We had a coffee, brandy and half an hour's visit. When she left, he asked me what I thought of her. I said I thought she was lovely and he was lucky to marry such a charming girl.

Donald asked where I bought my seersucker suits. I said Brooks Brothers. He said he would order half a dozen. The following morning I saw in the New York Times a full page advertisement of Bloomingdale's showing their Haspel line of seersucker suits. Haspel provided the suits to Brooks Brothers. Bloomingdale's, at that time, was a second rate department store.

Of the posts open to me, I chose Dublin where I was assigned as Political Officer.

I went by boat to Southampton and in London was met by an Embassy car with a message that I could not proceed to Dublin until after "Horse Show Week" because no lodgings could be found. It was a god-send. I had never been in London before and enjoyed finally getting to a place I felt I had known all my life. I went to Oxford for a couple of days browsing in the Bodleian - I even rowed on the Cherwell and the Thames.

In Dublin, I found a telegram instructing me to proceed to Paris as a member of the American delegation to the Third United Nations General Assembly.

In Paris, I felt at home since I knew many of the members of the foreign delegations and was already thoroughly familiar with UN work. We usually worked into the night but always ended up in the Paris nightclubs. Once I went into Florence's, popular at the time. There I found the Ambassador who was "technically" my chief in our delegation. He asked me to join his table; his friends were all members of the Argentine delegation with their wives. They were drinking champagne, but I ordered a whiskey. At intervals they would all get up and dance. Then I noticed that after a dance no one came back to the

table. I sat there alone and when I had finished my drink called the waiter and asked for the bill for my drink. The waiter brought me a bill for several hundred dollars which included the champagne of the Argentine party. I protested that I was not part of that group and had ordered only one drink. I had a hard time getting out of there. I offered to tell the Ambassador and ask him to see the bill was paid. Needless to say, the bill was never paid - I regretted not being able to go back to the Florence.

One day at the Embassy, I ran on to Donald Bloomingdale who said that his mother would send me an invitation to his wedding that week. It was to be at the Rothschild Palace on Avenue Foch at 3 p.m. At the palace, men checked their coats but wore their hats into the reception room. When the bride and groom walked in, I was surprised to see the bride was a small, plain girl - they made a rather pathetic couple. After the Jewish ceremony, Donald came up to me, introduced his wife, his mother and a number of the guests - they were mostly French Jews with titles. I asked Donald what had happened to his first fiancée. He said his mother thought this other Rothschild was better for him. A year or so later I read in the press that Donald had committed suicide in some homosexual scandal.

"UNITED STATES DELEGATION TO THE THIRD
REGULAR SESSION OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

MEMORANDUM OF CONVERSATION

October 8, 1948

SUBJECT: Honduran Views

PARTICIPANTS: Ambassador Tiburcio Carias, Honduran Delegation
Harry Clinton Reed, United States Delegation

Yesterday I asked Ambassador Carias of Honduras to lunch and some of his statements, I believe, are of interest.

Carias is obsessed by what he regards as a deliberate effort on the part of representatives of the Great Powers to ignore him. He said that although he had lived for some fourteen years in England, the British people had slighted him consistently and that on several occasions he had spoken over the radio complaining of British undemocratic practices. His efforts, however, had not noticeably improved his position.

In studying the various items on the United Nations agenda, Carias reached the conclusion that in the South African-Indian question, the South African position should be supported. But at Oxford he was slighted by a South African and, therefore, decided to support the Hindus. After he

had cast his vote in favor of the Hindu, he met Mme. Pandit Nehru and expected that she might be interested in his small contribution to her cause, but instead of any noticeable sign of appreciation Mme. Nehru failed to recognize him at a reception. In a quandry over these developments he decided henceforth to abstain from voting on this item.

Carias said that he knew his country was insignificant and that important people could devote little time to him personally, but he felt that he at least deserved to be spoken to and that that was all he asked. Unfortunately I do not have a photograph to attach to this memorandum, but I think it would be helpful if as many members of our Delegation as possible could try to identify Carias and speak to him when they see him. He has almost invariably voted with us. Since his Delegation consists of only three persons, he kindly offered to attend any Committee where we might need his support."

My memorandum had unexpected repercussions. When the Secretary, General Marshall, saw it, his office called me to say that he was giving a reception that evening for the Saudi Arabian delegation at the Crillon Hotel and that he wanted me to bring the Honduran Ambassador to the reception. When we arrived, the Secretary greeted Carias cordially and after a few words of conversation introduced him to Mrs. Roosevelt. Once I saw him safely in her hands, I moved about talking to other people, but I kept an eye on Carias to see all was going well. To my dismay, as the reception reached full swing I noticed Carias overdoing the champagne and in his moment of glory could not control the elation of mixing freely with the great - even backslapping here and there. I finally steered him out of the place.

After this I found him a different person. He was self-assured and surprisingly in close touch with the usually aloof more important Latin American delegates. He had discreetly spread the word of his close relations with General Marshall, Mrs. Roosevelt, and other top members of the American delegation.

I never saw Carias again after that session of the General Assembly, but a colleague who knew about this incident was assigned the following year to our delegation to the United Nations in New York. Years later I ran on to him in the Department, and he said, "Do you remember Ambassador Carias in Paris? Well, you changed his whole life and career." Carias was appointed Honduran Ambassador to the U.N. Soon, he was known among the Latin Americans as close to the Secretary and State Department officers. He was elected head of the Latin American Caucus - a coveted position he held for many years until his retirement.

To me, a delight of this story is that the son of Honduras' longest lasting dictator should feel free, as Honduran Ambassador in London, to lecture the British public by radio on its lack of democratic practice.

In Dublin, I took an apartment on the top floor of a Georgian Mansion in the middle of the block overlooking Merrion Square. From my living room, I could see nothing but trees and open park and on the far side Leinster House until the evening mist came in.

It was easy to get a cook and a maid through a domestic servant agency, but a butler/chauffeur was a new post-World War II concept. The agency finally sent me its best candidate. He was a presentable young man who agreed to all the terms of my needs even though his credentials had nothing to do with my requirements. His only previous employment was as a valet in a few of the great Irish houses. My experience told me that one so young should not have had quite so many good positions and still be available for me. I also spotted a special look in his eyes; anyhow I took Adam and told him his main duty was to drive my eight year old son to school in the morning and bring him back at night; I would go with him the first morning because I wanted to speak with the Head Master. The school was a few miles out of town along the winding Irish roads, and although I was used to crazy drivers in many lands, I had not suffered anything like this hair-raising ride. At the school, I arranged to leave the boy as a boarder and to bring him home on weekends. The chauffeur part of Adam's job, insofar as I and my son were concerned, ended one-half hour after he entered on duty. His butler duties were negligible since I generally ate out and did no entertaining at home for many months after arrival. Finally, at his insistence, I accepted him as a handy man and only out of curiosity as valet. He laid out my clothing in the morning and tried to help me dress – an insufferable nuisance for a person used to dressing himself in less than five minutes. Evenings were worse because he went to even greater trouble to select and lay out what I was to wear. I put up with this for a few weeks' amusement. Adam could only have had contempt for my total lack of need of his services while the lords he had served at least took him for granted as a convenience.

My most regrettable incident in Dublin happened shortly after arrival, before I knew anyone. I drove out of town to a roadside tavern, had a few drinks of Irish whiskey, and dinner with Guinness Stout. I started driving home, and as I came into town, several policemen on motorcycles stopped me and said my car was weaving a bit on the road. I drove on home with this motorcycle escort. When I reached home, I asked the policemen to come up and have a drink. They gladly accepted. I opened a case of Irish whiskey, they served themselves and stayed on for a couple of hours until they could hardly walk. I asked the Sergeant what he intended to do about my case. He said he had already decided that to report such a minor violation would be unfair to a person in my position! The next day I could not believe the number of bottles that had been consumed.

On a tour around Ireland visiting historic places and gaining some impression of the various counties, I reached Galway at two on a hot afternoon. Before unloading my bags, I wanted to see what the inn was like. I went into the bar to get a snack. The bar was empty except for a drunk who was draped over the counter with a drink in his hand. When he heard me talking to the barman, he staggered up and came towards me with

both his arms open as if to embrace me. I put my hand out to stop him, but he bumped right into it, slipped and smashed his face against the brass railing of the bar. Blood gushed out on the floor. I didn't bother with my snack, paid and got back into the car and drove off towards Connemara. The barman hadn't even bothered to look down at the bleeding drunk.

When I discovered that my job as Embassy Political Officer was one I could do in a few hours a week after having read the history, background of political conditions, political parties, Government setup and the Dail representation, I began to glance elsewhere for useful ways of spending my time. The first, obvious one during the season was fox hunting. The Diplomatic Corps had free access to all the hunts in Ireland. My son and I enrolled in the Kellet Riding School to train for Irish hunts. After a month's intense course, we both qualified to use the stable's horses. Specially trained horses for the terrain of each hunt were provided for us. Eight years was the youngest age anyone could enter a hunt. I took my son only a few times because of his school, but on each of those occasions, he was the only child there.

I was already a seasoned rider - many years in the Andes and ten years of polo -- but I had not been fox hunting. Even if I had in other countries, it would have done me no good in Ireland where "fences" are deep, ten or more feet, wide trenches filled with briars or the stone walls of Galway. To fall into the briars was bad, but falls generally occurred on the far side of the bank. As to the stone "fences" of Galway, they at first looked to me as certain death, but they were really easy because if a horse tripped, the wall crumbled.

When I reached this stage of my life in Dublin, my whole relationship with Adam changed. At last a situation had arisen in which he knew something that I didn't know and needed to know.

Fox hunting is a sport with strict rules of hierarchy, conduct and dress. I did not have to be told that there was nothing more ludicrous than an American appearing for the first time at an Irish hunt in completely new attire. I had a pair of good, well worn, ten year old boots; my new hard top bowler had been battered enough times during my falls to look weathered; and when I went to the Dublin outfitter, I asked if he could get me a second-hand black coat (the most formal I was allowed to wear). He was delighted with the idea. He said that he knew someone my size that had one of a quality no longer to be found and that since he had given up hunting, he probably would sell it. It fit me with no alteration. The coat for less formal hunts was of tweed which was fool proof and already broken in by training. The only point left was that of tying the stock and other details about which I had an expert under my own roof.

Fox hunting was the salvation of Adam. I would drive to the hunt; he would follow to where the hunt ended, and I would take over. Later, even better things were to follow. When I went for weekend parties at the castles and estates of the hunting crowd, I needed him as a personal servant and mainly to see that my son Randolph and his dog were taken

care of since children were kept apart. At last Adam was back among his class of servants and knew he was being of use to me.

I won't go into my fox hunting adventures except to give a few instances of the humor and prankish nature of my Anglo-Irish friends.

They frequented a lounge bar at the small Russell Hotel on St. Stephen's Green. I went there with a friend who had asked Oonagh Guinness to join us. As we got up to leave, she said she lived in the country and had asked my friend for the weekend and would like me to come too. I said I had an eight year old boy and his dog. "Bring them along. I've a boy that age too." Oonagh's husband, Lord Oranmore and Brown, had recently run off with a fan dancer called Sally Gray.

Aside from a few weekend guests, she had invited a larger group for dinner Saturday night. Everyone arrived between six and seven. She lived in a restored hunting lodge called Luggala by Lake Wicklow. It was a small, modest place with a living room that could hold about thirty people. It had a long bar at one end. The favorite drink at the time was black velvet, a mixture of Guinness's Stout and champagne. Everyone was enjoying themselves but no Oonagh. I finally asked a friend; he said "You have to remember these people are crazy. She may not show up at all, but I think she will." About nine o'clock, she came out in a stunning evening gown, asked for black velvet and acted as if she had been there from the start. Later we went to the dining room where there was a horseshoe table that sat everyone, a little crowded. After dinner, we went back to the living room bar, and the drinking continued. The only other member of the Diplomatic Corps there was the Secretary of the Spanish Embassy. He and Oonagh were having great fun at the bar. I milled around for a while, then thought I would talk to Oonagh. Neither she nor Adolfo, the Spaniard, were around. It was now after midnight, and some time later Oonagh burst into the room laughing and in a loud voice announced, "Adolfo asked me to go for a walk by the lake, and when we got there he tried to rape me - look!" She showed where the whole side of her gown had been torn off. Everybody laughed, and the party went on for another few hours with Oonagh in her tattered dress.

Oonagh's sister Aileen Plunkett, a widow with two daughters, Neelia and Doon, an unusually beautiful young girl, lived in town so I saw her more often than Oonagh, although Oonagh was a closer friend and more fun. In her house there were bowls of raw meat scattered around everywhere for the convenience of her hoard of cats. Before I left Dublin, Doon married a Bulgarian in a lavish wedding at St. Patrick's Cathedral. By then I knew Aileen well.

"How could you let that gorgeous girl marry such an unsuitable man?" "Why should I care? He is a beautiful young man, and when she gets tired of him, she'll get rid of him."

At a Meath hunt, I fell in with a handsome girl with large brown eyes and regular features. She was riding sidesaddle in her elegant black costume and silk hat, gracefully clearing the fences and sailing across the fields behind the hounds. When the hunt ended,

we had several miles to go back to our cars, and as we rode along, we came to a roadside pub where we stopped for a drink. These Irish country pubs had no plumbing, and were patronized mainly by men who simply walked to the back of the house; there were no facilities for women. My friend, however, asked the pub owner's wife where she could go. The woman took her upstairs. Awhile later, the girl came down suppressing her laughter until we could sit where she was not seen by the wife and then laughed so much she could not talk. She said the woman had taken her up to the bedroom and pulled out a pot from under the bed. The girl said, "But the pot is full!" The woman replied, "Oh, it'll do if you tike it easy."

At a cocktail party in County Meath, a girl came up and spoke to me. I suddenly realized she was the girl in the silk hat at the hunt and tried to make amends for not having recognized her. The Anglo-Irish gentry dressed like fashion plates for the hunt, but for informal social gatherings in the country, they wore monotonous tweed clothing.

One weekend at Rathaldon Castle, I was asked to take part as one of four judges in a village beauty contest. I knew it was a carefully conceived plot of my hosts to see what I would do in such a bind. I pleaded not qualified to take part in a delicate local affair, to no avail. Fortunately, the entries were eliminated by popular vote until the final three remained. Each judge's decision would be announced at the end of the contest. I knew that in an Irish peasant village the American vote would be the only one of controversial importance. When my turn arrived, I said "I have not faced such a difficult situation before. As I look at these three beautiful girls, I say 'This one is the best', then the same thing happens when I look at the other two. Since my vote could be the decisive one, I believe the only fair decision I can make is to cast my vote by lot." There were loud voices of protest from "my friends". I stuck to my guns and privately said to them, "You purposely put me in this mess, and I'm not about to take the onus of casting the determining vote among these dumpy little girls to whom it means so much.

At these weekend parties, I overheard in women's conversation the words "yellow balls". I then asked,

"What's this about yellow balls?"

"Oh, didn't you know him?"

"Never heard of him."

"He was the Brazilian Ambassador who left a year or maybe two years ago."

"That was before I came here. Why was he called 'Yellow Balls'?"

"No one knows. He was a heavysset, short man in his sixties with a white mane. We all loved him."

"What was so great about him?"

"I don't know. All the women loved him."

I was getting nowhere. I knew where to look for the truth. There was a playboy who frequented the fox-hunting crowd. He was a good-looking man - his strongest card was that he was a brother of the Hollywood star Brian Aherne. He had been insistently inquisitive about my friendship with Oonagh. When I mentioned Yellow Balls, he was in his element. He said the man was irresistible to women. A bachelor, he entertained frequently and each time asked an attractive young woman to act as his hostess. He, my friend, had talked to a few of these women. One of them said she had been asked to act as his hostess for a dinner party and stayed there for a month. When he asked her why, she had the usual "I don't know" and added that in spite of the fact she couldn't stand men with a hairy body and Yellow Balls was repellent to her because undressed he looked like a bear - when they were in bed and the lights out, she forgot about the hair and found him most charming!

In Dublin I made friends among three distinct social circles. I have already talked about the fox hunting people. The other two groups were equally delightful: the intelligentsia and the Irish-Irish. The solicitor I consulted to obtain my apartment was Terrence de Vere White, an Anglo-Irish author of historical and biographic studies of the Irish struggle for independence in which many of the leaders were Anglo-Irish intellectuals. He invited me to his house several times, and his wife was a perfect example of the attractive, Irish women I found so charming. At a dinner party, the subject of thievery came up, and I told about the Chilean flat silver and bicycle thief. An hour or so later, when I went to say goodbye to my hostess, she said, "I want you to know that I don't believe a word of your silver and bicycle thief story."

One day I ran on to de Vere White who said Compton McKenzie was coming to dinner that night and that they would like to have me join them. Compton McKenzie had written the best and wittiest books on the Capri eccentrics, and I was curious to meet him. He was in his late sixties, dandyish, with white hair carefully combed. He accepted with amusement being idolized by the predominantly female Irish guests. In fact he seemed to be used to it. It was an intimate glimpse of a literary celebrity in an intellectual Irish home.

My closest friend among the Anglo-Irish intellectuals was Erskine Childers who was a member of the Dail and about my age. I invited him to lunch alone once a week. Like so many of his group, he was a brilliant conversationalist with what was most important to me, complete knowledge of political divisions and their strength in the Dail. It was a well deserved honor when he was elected President of Ireland a few years ago. To everyone's sorrow, he died during his term of office.

A convention of Irish magicians, "The Wizards of the Thousand Isles", met in Dublin. I went to see their show. One or two acts I found amusing. After the show, I went backstage and asked if they would put the acts on in my house. I invited a mixed group of friends to buffet dinner to see it. My sour, incompetent cook, self-styled "housekeeper", grumbled and fumed when she found out what I thought of her by bringing in decent food from outside. The slovenly, prissy maid, who flaunted the fact the Agency recruited her from a nunnery, sulked when I warned her to wash her hair and wear a spotless uniform and apron. Adam outdid himself in sartorial elegance. After dinner the Wizards did their little act and went off. My Georgian place with the candle light and scent of peat was a perfect setting for this kind of party - it continued for several hours in a state of euphoria, -then faded away in the early hours of the morning.

When I woke a few hours later, Adam brought me my breakfast with bunch of red roses and a note from the wife of the Irish Ambassador to Spain thanking me for the party. It was the first and last time I received roses from a lady.

Then the moment of reckoning broke loose. The "housekeeper" stormed in to give notice she was leaving; she was not the kind of person to put up with the shocking ways of gentlefolk; the house was in shambles, lady's hair was all over the upholstery; the candelabra had burned down and dripped wax on the piano; above all Adam had threatened her with a knife when she objected to the behavior of the guests.

Next the idiot maid walked in sheepishly. Her normal state was one of smug, threatened virginity. Now her day had arrived. She said, putting on an act of coy embarrassment, in the low mumble of the confessional, that towards the end of the party, Adam had rubbed himself against her bosom; she even managed to squeeze out a few tears.

I told the cook to leave at once. To the maid, I said I didn't believe her; knowing Adam, the last thing he would do was to make a pass at her. If Adam's body touched her bosom, it had to be she was in his way, and he accidently bumped into her.

Adam and I were left alone for a few days.

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Our Ambassador in Dublin, George Garrett, was a Wall Street broker married to a very rich and beautiful woman. He owned a racing stable, and she was a well known society hostess; her favorite pastime was fox hunting. When he arrived in Dublin with several race horses, he was asked by the press how he happened to become Ambassador to Ireland. He said, "Because my wife likes horses."! The only people in Ireland they found congenial were the Anglo-Irish aristocracy, but it made no difference since the Irish public had nothing against them. The Garretts already had a wide acquaintance among the British aristocracy and while in Dublin made frequent visits to London. Mrs. Garrett was presented at Court, and they went regularly to the main races where he had horses running.

At auctions of the Anglo-Irish families forced to sell their possessions, they acquired a fine collection of Irish silver, glass, and furniture which added greatly to the luxury of our recently restored historic Residence in Phoenix Park.

They soon ran into a typically Irish problem. Aside from several, rich families, the others were impoverished. They all initially accepted invitations to the Embassy but later shunned them. They resented rich Americans coming in and looting their family treasures; they disliked the over-powering display of wealth at the Embassy; they could not reciprocate in a suitable manner and preferred to avoid them. The rich Anglo-Irish such as the Guinnesses knew how to handle the imbalance of wealth - they did things in a modest way that put everyone on an equal level. I became acquainted with the Anglo-Irish as a whole and heard how they felt about the Garretts.

Garrett was a most agreeable Chief of Mission; he let the place run itself under the supervision of the Counselor. He and Mrs. Garrett attended the occasional staff parties in the Embassy offices. None of the staff was included in the Garrett's entertaining at the Residence. After I had been in Dublin over a year, I had friends in both the circles that shunned the Garretts and the circle that did not. I often met the Garretts at parties of the latter group. Then I was frequently invited to the Residence.

A new Counselor arrived shortly before I was to leave Ireland. He was still living in a hotel when I gave up my apartment and was going to move into a hotel. The Ambassador went on homeleave; the Counselor moved into the Embassy Residence and invited me to stay there too until I left. I was assigned Mrs. Garrett's bedroom and thoroughly enjoyed my two weeks in this grandeur.

It was also a time of farewell celebrations with my friends. These parties were enlivened by several versions of the gossip of the day. The Papal Nuncio's property was next to ours. The Nuncio kept a few cows, and we not only had cows but a bull. One day, the American bull broke loose, jumped over the Nuncio's wall and "violated" one of the Papal cows.

When I arrived in Washington, I called on the Ambassador and said that the Counselor had invited me to stay at the Residence during my last, two weeks. He almost had a heart attack. He said, "How dare that fool move into my house!" I said I assumed he had arranged it with him before he went on leave. He acted as if he didn't blame me since I knew nothing about what the Counselor had done. (The Counselor was removed before the Ambassador returned to Dublin.)

But just as in the case of President Arroyo del Rio when I told him about the nightclub party and Gala Plaza, part of the smirch stuck. When I read my dossier, I saw the report he wrote when he returned to Ireland. He said that during my last year in Dublin, the quality of my reporting had gone down and he felt I was reporting only to please the Department and not the true situation.

I entered the career service knowing I was hopelessly behind my age group but made up my mind to forget about it. I would let my career evolve on its own. Nevertheless, when I was in Dublin, I was surprised I had not been promoted in a long time. I wrote a friend in Personnel and said if I had not earned a promotion in the last few years I could expect nothing in the future since I would never be able to do better. My friend wrote me that he found out what was the matter. My dossier consisted of two files, one Harry C. Reed and another Henry C. Reed - they were both good but neither had enough in it to push me over the hill. He had consolidated the file and hoped for the best. My baptismal name is Henry Clinton Reed, and I requested Personnel to place my record in that name.

CHAPTER VI

ITALY

In Washington, I asked to be sent to Italy. The best I could do was Administrative Officer in Naples. The job sounded dreadful. I sugared the pill to myself: Naples was one of the most beautiful spots in the world; the job was number three in a very large post; I had known the Consul General well twelve years before; I would gamble and take it.

The Consul General was glad to have me; the job was not nearly as bad as I expected; and there were so many favorable aspects about Naples that I soon adjusted. Nevertheless, the cloven hoof of the job soon began to loom ominously. The Executive Officer was a man with a similar attitude to that of my jealous colleague in Ciudad Trujillo. He was efficient, hard working, and resented my friendship with the Consul General. He had already reached a stage where the Consul General depended on him heavily. It was easy for him to start sniping at me for occasional lack of knowledge of the regulations, but what riled him most was that the large staff liked me, and morale immediately improved. He decided to take over personnel matters, and in this decision, he eventually crucified himself. He slowly poisoned the Consul General's warm feeling towards me. He wrote my performance report. It damned me with faint praise and presented a totally wrong impression of my work. I protested to the Consul General and said that although I had much to learn in administrative work, the report gave the impression I was not very good FSO. The Consul General had the report rewritten so that it was a weak "satisfactory".

With the Consul General's declining health, the Executive Officer Smith and his wife especially gained complete ascendancy over him, and the running of the office was left solely to Smith. He was a crude, inconsiderate man however, and instead of making the most of this unique opportunity, he antagonized the staff to the point that a feeling of revolt permeated the place. The Department soon began to receive reports on conditions at Naples and its prevailing low morale. Finally a senior, highly respected officer was designated to conduct a special inspection, and the post was informed that he would arrive in a few weeks. The Consul General and the Smiths were worried. It was during the summer months when I lived on Capri and commuted to work. Mrs. Smith came into the office one day and said that living in Capri must be a lot of fun but unfortunately she did not know the place. They now planned to go there for a long weekend with the Consul General and had invited the chiefs of section to join them. In Capri, we all met evenings for dinner and dancing in the restaurants. At some stage, I told Mrs. Smith that in Capri I always had my morning coffee in the piazza to enjoy the kaleidoscopic activity of the place. The last morning we were there, she walked into the piazza and came over and sat down. She beat around the bush for awhile and then said for me not to be shocked but that she had always been attracted by me and that although she was still in her thirties, time was going by, and she thought it would be well for her to have an affair before it was too late. Coming from the person who hated me the most and who was most responsible for the state of morale at the post, it was quite a ploy. I must point out that to me, Mrs. Smith was one of the most unattractive women who ever crossed my path. The poor thing had had her face bashed in during an automobile accident, and the results of

the plastic surgery were deplorable. She had one glass eye that looked as if it might ooze out any moment, and the point of her nose was like a razor's edge. She was thin, had a squeaky voice and ugly, washed out, uneven blonde hair. Believe it or not, she considered herself both sexy and attractive. She made her proposal in a blunt, self-assured way, and there was not the slightest hint of apology or fear that I might question the power of her charms. I told her that I believed in everyone doing whatever they wanted in their pursuit of happiness. I, for one, was a happy man and aspired to nothing more than what I had. Thus the trap that was so ingeniously plotted by husband and wife to denounce me during the forthcoming inspection blew up in their face. Needless to say, the weekend did not appease the other members of the staff.

When the inspector arrived, he asked to see me first. He opened the conversation by saying, "There are three careers at stake: the Consul General's, Smith's and yours." I interrupted and said, "Why mine?" He said, "Whether you like it or not, your position involves you equally in this problem, and I can tell you that if it comes to who must go, the Consul General or you, it will be you. Now, tell me your side of the story about conditions here and remember that if what you say is not born out by my conversations with the others, we will have a confrontation." After three days, the inspector ordered Smith to leave Naples within twenty-four hours. Smith's wife was left behind to pack up their things. The inspector then asked whether I would be willing to remain as Acting Executive Officer until there was time for a replacement to arrive. He said he had asked the Consul General whether he would accept me as Executive Officer, and the Consul General said he wouldn't have me because I had refused to learn the citizenship regulations. It would, therefore, be best to transfer me when the new Executive Officer arrived. I told the inspector I knew he could not accept my word for it, but there was no doubt in my mind that I could get along with the Consul General exceedingly well the moment Smith was out of the picture. As a matter of fact, I believed that if I were left as Acting Executive Officer, within a month the Consul General would ask to have me retained and would cancel his request for a new Executive Officer. The inspector said this was mere conjecture. I stayed away from the Consul General for the first few days after the inspector left, but gradually he began to call me in to discuss the various problems, and before three weeks had gone by, I saw that he had sent a telegram asking for my designation as Executive Officer. From that moment through three whole years, we had an unruffled, close relationship, and the fact that he turned over the whole operation of running the Consulate General to me was one of the most fortunate and rewarding experiences I had in my entire career.

(The routine for the entire three years was that the Consul General would come in almost every working day for an hour in the late morning to sign letters and reports. All important reports and messages were sent on my own by telegram, and he would initial them later. He never offered comments or suggestions even on the most delicate cases. Most of our time was spent laughing about amusing things I told him about my work.)

The first year he made an effort to meet the most important visitors who expected special courtesies to be extended by the Consul General, but later he left it to me. The one exception was when Secretary of State Dean Acheson came for a day to visit Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Naples was the most important Mediterranean port for American Naval Forces. On certain occasions, protocol required that the Consul General pay an official call on the Commanding Officer. The Consul General would be picked up by a Naval barge, piped on board and received with much ceremony. A thirteen gun salute was fired when he left the ship to return to shore. He acknowledged this compliment by removing his hat and stand facing the ship until the last gun was fired. The Commanding Officer would return the call in one hour. The Consul General had always been thrilled with these visits but finally delegated them to me. Since I was acting on his behalf, I received the same number of gun salutes. It was a moving ceremony.

A year after I took over, the staff of about seventy people, including local employees, grew to over two hundred and seventy, with offices in two five-story buildings. This extraordinary growth was due to the Refugee Relief Program which authorized the entry of several hundred thousand immigrants into the United States over the prevailing quotas. The local staff increased by a hundred secretaries which meant that several thousand applicants were interviewed. The personnel staff sent out by the Department was not able to screen them beyond the basic qualifications; they neither spoke Italian nor knew personnel problems in Italy. As Executive Officer, it was I who finally selected the one hundred girls - a memorable experience. As everyone knows, Italians are at least apologetic about Neapolitans, their reputation defamed and vilified through the centuries. Many of the girls belonged to the impoverished Neapolitan nobility and would not ordinarily be allowed to take employment with others than family friends or relatives. In my long experience, I have not known a more impressive group of young people, keenly intelligent, conscientious, with vivid personality and the inimitable Neapolitan sense of humor. What's more, as a whole, they were a good-looking lot - some very pretty.

Among the young American officers there were a number of attractive bachelors. This was the period of the McCarthy witch hunts with McCarthy sleuths scurrying all over the world snooping into the lives of Foreign Service personnel. The inquisition took on such proportions that "formal McCarthy" investigators were sent out. A typical approach was, "Now, I notice there are a number of eligible bachelors on your staff. I also see there are lots of pretty girls around. Can you tell me whether these young men go out with these girls?" "I see them together at parties but know nothing about their relations with each other." An unsatisfactory reply. He wanted details. I said I felt close to the staff but had not heard gossip about scandal and was not prepared to police their bedrooms. In my last interview, the "investigator" got up, came over to my desk and pounced on a postcard, saying, "Ah, fealthy pictures!" It was a postcard of Leda and the Swan that arrived that day from a friend in Florence.

The witch hunt affected my staff in one sad case. An officer in his mid-forties was popular with the staff. He had taken a penthouse apartment on the Posillipo ridge, furnished it in exquisite taste, and gave frequent dinner parties on his spacious terrace. During this period, he invited me to one of his dinner parties. One has to know Naples on a summer night with its warm breeze and view over the bay with a moon coming up over Capri to taste the sensuous magic of the place. Everyone seemed to be going around in some sort of trance - some sang and danced, others sad or nostalgic - regardless of the mood, life felt intense. I was leaning over the railing enjoying the scene when an

American secretary came over to me in tears. She said our host had just proposed to her. I asked why that made her cry. She said it was a shock. She saw him every day in the office, but they had not talked together nor had he shown any interest in her. The girl was in her early twenties, had entered the Foreign Service after finishing college, and was on her first overseas assignment. She was a fine, attractive, slim girl. What puzzled her most was what he had said. When she told him she hardly knew him, he replied that he would begin to take her out to become better acquainted. He said he was acting after long and careful consideration; he had decided he "really wouldn't mind" having her naked in bed next to him.

When Cavendish Cannon, our Ambassador to Baghdad, was returning to Washington for reassignment, his ship stopped in Naples for a day. I went on board at eight in the morning and sat down with him for a cup of coffee. He looked awful. He said he was having a harrowing experience. He had slept only a few hours since leaving Baghdad three days before. On the eve of their departure, his wife's dachshund had had puppies. They decided to do away with the puppies and bring the bitch with them. No sooner were they on board than the poor animal started suffering from the pressure on her teats. The ship's crew was mostly Arab and would have nothing to do with dogs, so he had been forced to milk the bitch to relieve her pain. This would last a few hours, and the bitch would start whining again, and he would be back on his knees milking her. The situation was aggravated because his wife was extremely fond of the animal and could not stand to have it suffer for a moment. He later took me out on deck to introduce me to his wife, a tall, gaunt woman in black with a resolute chin, whom I had seen pacing the deck when I came on board.

It was pitiful to think of this good man, one of our distinguished diplomats, on his knees milking a bitch for endless days and nights on the high seas while his solemn wife urged him on if he showed signs of flagging.

My best friends in the Consular Corps were the Spanish, Peruvian and British Consuls. The British Consul lived in the same Posillipo apartment building I did. He had served in the British Army in North Africa during the war and had become greatly attached to that part of the world. After the war, he transferred to the British Foreign Service through some "contract" arrangement which at that time enabled Army officers to serve several years in diplomatic and consular posts. Capt. Watson was a fine, blonde specimen of British manhood and as a bachelor gained some popularity as he moved in Neapolitan society. We all went over to Capri as often as we could since there is no other place more fascinating. It is truly siren land. Our Peruvian colleague finally moved to Capri permanently since he could come to Naples every week or two to sign the few papers that required his signature. He thus kept open house at Capri for all members of the group.

One of the habitues of Capri was a young and beautiful Neapolitan Duchess. We got to know her and many other young Neapolitan women. Before long, Watson was hopelessly smitten by the charms of the Duchess; he was head over heels in love. As a matter of fact, he became so deeply involved that we saw little of him. Finally he told me that he was

formally engaged to the Duchess and that he had written his parents to come to Naples to meet her. A few weeks later, I asked him when his parents were arriving, and he said there had been a slight complication. The Duchess had been acting strangely, and they had agreed it would be better to postpone the visit of his parents. On New Year's Eve the Peruvian and I had a party in Capri at the Quisisana and invited Watson and the Duchess. Watson came, but the Duchess did not. Although the party lasted until sunrise and everyone had had too much to drink, from the start Watson was plastered but fortunately instead of being a sloppy drunk, he was an amusing one and was the life of the party all night long. For many months, although we lived in the same building, I did not see Watson and forgot about his personal problems.

When my Peruvian colleague came to Naples for the night, we would meet for dinner at some restaurant and then move on to a night club. Once he called and asked whether I would mind if we took Watson's Duchess and a friend of hers to dinner and a night club. I thought it was strange but knew something must have happened in the Watson romance. At the restaurant, we sat at a table for four that was pushed against the wall. The two girls sat facing each other, and the Peruvian and I sat next to them also facing each other. Although there was some desultory conversation between all of us, the conversation soon divided itself sharply between the two girls and the two Consuls. Not only were the two girls leaning across the table whispering to each other, they would sing softly verses of the Neapolitan music a pianist was playing. I remember one of the songs just out that they asked to be played over and over again, "La Luna Rosa". I thought little of it, however, since I barely knew the girls, and women often gush with each other that way. When we got to the night club, the girls said they would join us in a moment. We ordered a drink, and after awhile, we began to wonder what had happened to the girls. I walked out to the lobby and asked the porter if he had seen them. He said, "They came out and took your car and driver and went, off." I told the porter to let me know when my car came back. We sat in the night club until two o'clock before the porter announced the return of my car. I asked the driver what had happened. The two girls had come out and told him I had said they could use my car and ordered him to go to the top of the Posillipo ridge where they got out and sat down on the grass overlooking the bay in the moonlight and soon were embracing each other, kissing and carrying on in an amorous manner for what he thought would be all night.. They finally got back in the car and continued their caresses in the back seat until he delivered them to the Duchess' house.

Not long after, I received a call from Watson. He gave me a tale of woe of how this woman had made him suffer and that one day she would say yes and the next day she would say "I can't decide" and this seemed now to be going on indefinitely. He said that the last time he saw her they had a big row and that he told her he rued the day he had left Africa because in Africa the women were black but their hearts were white, whereas here he had found just the opposite. I invited him for a drink. He had lost weight and did not look his former handsome self. I struggled with myself about what I should do; the woman was making a fool of him. I finally decided it would be a kindness to tell him the truth. It might shock him, but he would soon recover and thank his lucky stars. At the time, I thought the woman might even be capable of marrying him. After a few drinks, I sugared the pill and told him the truth. His vanity was no doubt wounded, but the realization that he had come so near to ruining his life shocked him. His first reaction was

unbelief, but before he left me, I could see the beginning of the relief that had suddenly freed him from the tortures he had endured.

Among my numerous experiences dealing with members of my staff, one comes to mind. The Commercial. Officer was a likeable, carefree officer but in the three years he had been in Naples hadn't learned to speak one grammatical sentence in Italian. Near the end of his tour, he came to me to ask that I request the Department for an extension. I said I could understand why he wanted to stay longer in Naples but hesitated to ask for it since in three years he had not bothered to learn the language. In a flash, he came back with, "Look, the way I feel about it is: throw the infinitive at them and let the sons of bitches conjugate." I was so amused I agreed to the extension.

On a busy day in my office I received a call from the head of the International Hospital. He asked me to come to see him at once on an urgent matter. I went immediately. He said that during the night the hospital received a call from a secretary of the Consulate General asking that an ambulance pick her up right away because she was deathly sick. A few moments after she arrived in great pain, she aborted a fetus that was alive but died shortly after. According to Italian law, a fetus born alive must be baptized and buried, like any other person. He wanted my advice on what to do.

The girl was our excellent chief file clerk. She had had an affair with an American sailor. I asked how she had been able to conceal her condition for so long without arousing suspicion. She said she had corsetted herself so that no one could suspect. In fact, binding her body in this way had brought on the violent abortion. I told her about the complications the doctor had mentioned; she should not worry about it because I would insist the doctor do away with the fetus in such a way that the law would not enter into the picture; she should stay in the hospital until she had safely recovered and make up some story about why she had taken sick; and no one in the Consulate would ever know about it. A few days later, she was back, happily working at her job and still there when I left Naples a year later.

Years after, I was passing through Rome and having a drink at a bar on Via Veneto when this girl came over to greet me. I asked her to join me and tell me about her life. She said she had left the Foreign Service to get married to the owner of the bar and was very happy helping her husband in his work and life in Rome.

When I think of Verity, I feel as if I'm thinking about an episode in Kafka's Castle. Before leaving Washington for my assignment to Dublin, I had a call from a man named Verity who said he was Security Officer in London with responsibility for Ireland. We agreed to meet for lunch to discuss problems of the post. That afternoon I had to go urgently to New York for a meeting of the Security Council. When I came back, Verity had already left for London. In Dublin, I found a telegram instructing me to go to Paris

for the Third General Assembly of the United Nations. One morning, a note on my desk said, "I'm in Paris for the General Assembly and have the office below yours. Let's get together. Verity" Verity was on the night shift. One morning, I came in early and stopped at his office. He had just left.

As Political Officer in Dublin, I frequently went to London for consultation. On my first visit, I called the Security Office and asked for Verity. He had gone to Dublin but would be back next afternoon - the time I was to return to Dublin.

From Dublin, I went to Naples. In a call from Rome, an almost forgotten voice said, "This is Verity. I've been transferred to Rome. As you know, we cover Naples too, and I'll be down to see you soon." Towards the end of my time in Naples, Verity called to say he was coming to Naples on Saturday with his aged mother who was leaving on the USS Constitution. I invited him to lunch. On Thursday, Verity called to say his mother had become ill and he was taking her back by plane but would return.

More than six years had gone by since I first spoke to Verity on the phone. We had followed each other from post to post like an illusive shadow. I felt we were in close touch all the time. I pictured him a spritely little man who might any day pop up in the middle of the room and say, "Hello. I'm Verity." A year or so later, I felt cheated when I saw the name "Verity" in a list of resignations.

The beauty and character of Naples affects people in different ways depending on their own personalities. Like everyone else, I was first struck with the dramatic beauty of the place and the strong individuality of the people. The longer I lived there, the more I felt I was living in Roman times with Greek influence visible everywhere. In the Pompeian Villa of the Mysteries, there are pictures of the various stages in the ritual of the Dionysian Mysteries that give an idea of what parts of the Greek Eleusinian Mysteries must have been like. My apartment overlooked the massive structure of an old convent with its church facing Mergellina. On feast days, there were bands and fireworks, and the celebration could have been for any of the Roman gods. Perhaps because of my Puritan background, I found it strange that the nuns had workmen building and repairing their convent on Sundays while their various services were going on. It was a concatenation of sounds vying with each other - pounding, hammering, yelling, cursing, bells, organ and singing. In Naples I did not even associate its history of the middle ages with the rest of Italy but merely as a continuation of the Romans with their pagan gods in the semblance of Christianity. All that matters is to live with joy and to die with hope.

With this background, it is easy to see why Naples for me was one of the most fascinating of the multiple lives I led in the Foreign Service.

When I arrived in Naples, I employed as a butler a man of good appearance; he was in his late fifties and had blondish hair. The first day, he brought me my breakfast in bed and then backed out of the room. I later asked him why he had done this, and he said, "I was a footman to Queen Margherita, and when I served her breakfast in bed, I backed out

because one cannot turn one's back on royalty. I did it for her, and I want to do it for you." I didn't bother to try to break him of the habit.

I discovered my cook's worth from the start and we became good friends. She would prepare me a drink when I came home at noontime, and we would talk fifteen minutes or more before lunch. She would tell me stories of her life, of the market place, and her friends. The stories had the clever endings and quality of Boccaccio - Boccaccio was Florentine, but he lived in Naples many years, and his stories have Neapolitan flavor. She had such a shrewd knowledge of human nature that I often asked her for advice in my dealings with Neapolitans.

Once, I gave her her month's salary, and the next day she came in crying. Her wallet containing the money and all her papers had been stolen in the bus on her way home. A few days later, she came in very happy. She showed me a letter the thief had written her, returning her papers and saying how sorry he was to have stolen her money, but he needed it more than she did because he had a wife and three children and no job. She said, "I know that must be true, and I am glad for him. "

Capri has a peculiar attraction for eccentrics - eccentrics of many nationalities gravitate to the place - but out of hundreds, only a few attain the distinction of being accepted as "Caprese" - their eccentricities are of a nature that their lives form part of the Capri lore. Many books have been written during the past hundred years recording their lives. I'll give only one example which flourished while I was in Capri. A Contessa, thin and tall, dressed in black with her face made up so that it looked like a skull - deathly white and the features of a skull outlined in black - lived with an old, portly lover known as "Colonello". They were invariably seen coming into the piazza at noon and in the evening for an aperitif, then walked silently away. I never saw them speak to anyone. Their legend, however, was well known. They had arranged the inside of a villa so it looked like a tomb with a great, black coffin in the middle where they slept.

At the villa where I lived, a peasant caretaker told me that a German "scientifico" had come to Capri to study the blue lizard. The blue lizard is found only on the top of the Faraglioni rocks off the Marina Piccola of Capri and is the blue color of the sea. He had heard this peasant had captured blue lizards in the past and wanted him to capture a pair for him. The peasant said it was difficult and dangerous work but that he would do it if he was paid a fair price. The German readily agreed to this. When the peasant brought the lizards, the German asked how much he wanted for the job. The peasant gave him the figure. The German was indignant and said it was an outrageous figure. The peasant walked out and returned to the Faraglioni and let the lizards free.

The native Caprese is a distinctive race of a few thousand people who have lived on the island since recorded times. They have their own dialect, customs, character, personality and morality. They are as rare a species of humanity as the blue lizards are of the animal world. They are found only on this tiny rock at the mouth of the Bay of Naples. For a person used to Neapolitans, their greatest eccentricity is that they are relatively honest.

Private cars were not allowed on Capri. Small buses ran from the Capri Piazza to Ana Capri, Marina Grande and Marina Piccola. But I used one of the horsedrawn carriages for hire. The horses of these carriages wore harnesses decorated with ribbons and a plume on the head. I liked one of the coachmen and used him regularly. He told me he had been used by Axel Munthe and that when the Queen of Sweden came to Capri to visit Munthe, he had been selected to take her from the port to San Michele. He felt so honored that he bought a new suit and specially decorated the horse's harness. When the Queen got out of his carriage, she thanked him for the ride and gave him a one penny coin. He said he had the coin framed to put on the wall in his house.

Capri was a bird sanctuary; the Caprese treated their horses and donkeys well, and they liked dogs. When I was there with my son and his Irish wire-haired terrier, he made acquaintances everywhere. One was Lucky Luciano who had retired in Naples but spent summers in Capri where he was invariably accompanied by his chihuahua. Also, Norman Douglas, who was in his last year of life.

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One cannot think of Naples without thinking of its music. There seemed to be music and singing everywhere all the time. In the evenings, boats decorated with colored lights plied the bay with tourists - the singers could be heard from the balconies of my apartment. I had a maid who, after serving dinner, would stand in the doorway and in a beautiful voice, sing arias from the operas. One of the Consulate General's chauffeurs belonged to the lowest strata of Neapolitan life, could speak only in the Neapolitan dialect and was a born comedian with a good voice. Once, while I was having a cocktail party, he walked in and started acting out a pantomime of his own invention and singing. Everyone enjoyed it so much that from then on I had him as part of my staff at parties.

All this is best told in the words of a song: "I'm a Neapolitan If I don't sing, I die."

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Before I left Naples, I received a message from Personnel in the Department. It announced that I had been designated Consul in Bermuda. I looked up the list and found that in a staff of twelve people, I was the number three officer at a pleasure resort island. It was my recompense for running single-handed what had become during my incumbency the largest Consulate General in the world.

(A few years later the next Consul General in Naples was head of the Selection Board of my class. When he studied my dossier, he was indignant and said it was a clear case of "miscarriage of justice" and that the Board should rectify it by giving me a double promotion. He said he knew what I had done in Naples and that my record did not mention or show any recognition of a low-ranking officer taking the responsibility and running smoothly such a large and complicated post by himself.

The bureaucracy decided that such an unusual exception would arouse envy and might give rise to demands of reconsideration of other cases.)

My ambition in the Foreign Service was to squeeze the greatest amount of pleasure out of life doing my work in the manner I wanted. I did not resent doing the Consul General's work aside from my own and getting no credit for it. Nevertheless, quite apart from this, I must confess that nothing would have given me greater happiness than to have had the right to live in the Consul General's Residence.

It was the villa of the British Ambassador where the Nelson and Lady Hamilton romance began. I'll quote Goethe's words about it in his "Italian Journey".

"...The rooms in his villa, which he has furnished in the English taste, are charming and the view from the corner room may well be unique. The sea below, Capri opposite, Mount Posillipo to the right, nearby the promenade of the Villa Reale, to the left an old building of the Jesuits, in the distance the coast line from Sorrento to Cape Minerva - probably nothing comparable could be found in the whole of Europe and certainly not in the middle of a great city....

....The day before yesterday I visited Sir William Hamilton in his Posillipo villa. There is really no more glorious place in the whole world."

CHAPTER VII

PORTUGAL

In Washington, I discovered that a political observation post was opening soon in Oporto, Portugal - I got it. It was a one-man post.

Oporto is a dull place with an unpleasant climate made all the more dreary by an air current which brings the London fogs there to rest. Nevertheless, Portugal as a whole is a beautiful country, temperate and sunny. With no American colony or tourists or ships and a local staff to take care of routine work, my life was my own. During the two years I was there, I would take long weekends and travel to every part of Portugal and Spain and Tetuan and Tangier in Morocco. Social life in Oporta among the Portuguese and English port wine families was still Victorian and stuffy. In the neighboring resort town of Granja, however, I found a group of pleasant young people.

Feminine pulchritude is not very high in Portugal, but when a woman is beautiful, she is beautiful with a vengeance. Once my guests arrived for a dinner party bringing an extra person which made thirteen people. In the group there was a young Portuguese girl who had just been married. This girl had a mysterious orchid-like quality and a sparkle in her eye. Since the Portuguese are at least as superstitious as other races, I had a small table set up at one side and placed the girl there alone. At first the men protested, but soon I knew I had made a good move because the men all wanted to sit with her and finally compromised by each moving to her table for one course.

The Portuguese have the irritating quality of being the most meticulous people I've ever known. Under the auspices of the State Department, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra visited Europe, and a concert in Oporto was included on the tour. The concert was for nine o'clock, and while I was getting dressed, I received a call from one of the members of the orchestra who was furious because the theater ushers would not allow members of the orchestra to enter the theater. The musicians needed to go in early to start setting up their instruments. Tickets for the orchestra to enter the theater had been given on arrival to Mr. Ormandy's assistant, but he had misplaced them. When I arrived, the musicians were shaking their fists and cursing the day they had set foot in Oporto. One expressed the general feeling "Let's forget it. We need the rest badly." The ushers would not budge, so I called the manager and asked him to order the ushers to let the orchestra in. He said the orchestra had been given tickets, and anyone who did not have one would not be allowed to go in. I told him the tickets had been misplaced, but that all the musicians carried Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra identification cards which the ushers refused to accept. He said, "But of course they must present tickets. Only the owner of the theater can decide." I called the owner who to my surprise was not in the least perturbed, but when I said that if there was a moment's more delay there would be no concert, he agreed to give the order. I mentioned this incident to one of my Granja friends, but he simply blamed long years of Salazar oppression for the failure of people to think for themselves and their fear of disobeying orders.

A pleasant side of life in Oporto was a sensation of the great romance of Portuguese history born in that part of the country. One of the accidents of history is how the Iberian peninsula is divided into two nations of completely different individuality and character when a common racial and linguistic origin and no natural geographic barriers should have all made for unity. The Portuguese are quiet, reserved, austere; the Spanish open, gregarious and merry. At border towns, separated by only a few hundred feet or a short bridge, the Portuguese side is silent and in almost total darkness by eight o'clock at night. On the Spanish side, bands or radios blare away while throngs promenade back and forth on the alameda until long after midnight. Cafes are full, and even small children can be seen playing in the streets.

Nothing is more characteristic than the difference between the border customs and immigration officials. I would cross the border at Vigo over and over again. The Portuguese would each time put me through endless red tape with the same precision as if they had never seen before. The Spanish, on my third entry, said that since the forms I had to fill out for the entry of the car were a nuisance, they would give me an import permit so that henceforth I could move freely back and forth. We then celebrated this happy solution with a glass of manzanilla.

I traveled to Spain by every road crossing the frontier of the two countries, but none was more remote and bleak than the entry from the Province of Braganza in the northeast corner of Portugal, a sparsely populated region with bad roads and little traffic. The Portuguese had an outpost on the frontier, but the Spanish control was in a village some twenty kilometers beyond. I arrived there around 3:30 in the afternoon. The place was dead and everything closed except a cafe. One man handled customs and immigration, but he was having his siesta. I waited until five o'clock when he came to the cafe having already heard I was there. He was apologetic for making me wait, but over a glass of manzanilla, he talked eloquently about the problems of his post. He had written Madrid several times, but this week he had written a most urgent despatch requesting the assignment of an assistant to help him cope with the increased traffic at the border. It used to be that not more than one car a week came through, but recently there had been as many as three and four in one day, and as in my case, some could not be processed properly because they came through during the siesta hour which could mean a delay of as much as two or three hours. If Madrid would only listen to reason, an assistant could be put on the siesta hour shift, and the problem would be solved. He lowered his voice to a whisper and said that if nothing came of his latest request, he might have to go over people's heads and do it through a friend close to the Generalissimo.

In Seville, I was having breakfast in a cafe next to my hotel; sitting on a stool nearby was an old man busily polishing a row of bull fighters' slippers. I asked him to polish my shoes when he was free. A moment later he came over and started working on my shoes. A hotel porter suddenly appeared and began scolding him for not having finished the bull fighters' slippers. The old man listened quietly, then straightened himself up on his stool

and with deliberation said, "Porter, I have finished the matador's slippers; the banderilleros can wait." In his gestures and few words, the old man epitomized Spanish individuality; no matter how humble, he feels inferior to no one in the knowledge that he is acting correctly with dignity, pride, honor and courage.

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On a trip to Gibraltar with my young son Randolph, we drove to the top of the rock to see the colony of Barbary apes. We left the car the end of the road some fifty yards below the summit and walked over to where we had seen a great many of the apes moving about. A moment later we heard someone calling us back to the car. It was an American sailor who had come up behind us. We found a group of apes joyfully playing on top of the car. They were leaping on the roof, jumping and sliding down the fender. The sailor said he saw one of the apes come out from the inside of the car carrying what looked like a small handbag and take off for the top of the rock. My heart sank because this briefcase contained not only our passports but all documents, check books, travelers checks, and every penny we had with us. In the horror of losing this precious case, my son and I began climbing the steep ascent as fast as we could keeping an eye out for the little villain who had pried open the glove compartment where I kept the case. Our hopes were aroused when we spotted him hobbling towards the top burdened with the briefcase. There was danger that the ape would go over the top, and we would lose his trail or that he would hide where we could not find him. As a last resort, we stopped, picked up stones, and threw them at him with the good fortune that one came so close to hitting him that he dropped the case and leaped over the top. To this day, I shudder at the thought of my plight had I tried to cross the Spanish border without the documents stolen by an ape.

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One cannot live in Oporto for two years without saying something about port wine. The English invented port wine during a period in the eighteenth century when they were at war with France, and it was found that Portuguese wine would not travel well unless fortified with brandy. This led to the refinement of the process that eventually produced the finest vintage port.

On a tract of some fifty miles of steep banks along the Duoro River, all port wine grapes are grown. The unique climatic condition that produce these grapes has not been found anywhere else. I visited one of the oldest, small vineyards during the vintage season. The peasants brought in the grapes in great baskets which they emptied into the stone vats where men in short trunks and shirtless were treading the grapes in bare feet. Treading is strenuous work, and in the heat of the Duoro, the men were dripping with perspiration. To keep up their strength, they drank cups of brandy passed around at short intervals. Each vat was provided with an ornamental leaf-like projection in which the men, as they danced around, would stop and relieve themselves. I noticed that inevitably at least the last drop would find its way into the vat. I am told that chemically this does not affect the final product. When, after many hours, the treaders see the wine beginning to ferment, they burst out in joyous song "Libertade, libertade" in several verses as a signal that they will soon be free from the arduous work.

I heard that in the early nineteenth century the English public showed a marked preference for dark port. In order to satisfy this demand, the shippers brought in several ship loads of American slaves to do the treading because it was observed that during the treading the black skin turned to light pink, and it was believed this caused the wine to take on a darker color.

My hostess was an exquisite, petite Portuguese lady, Dona Fernanda de van Zeller. She had the rare quality of being a beauty in her old age. After the wine had fermented the first day, she took me for a ride on her property. As I have said, the banks of the Duoro are steep, so the trails along the river are narrow and wind through the vineyards in sharp curves. We climbed into an ox cart that was waiting for us and sat down on a rug in the bottom. The driver used a sharp, metal, pointed stick to goad the oxen into action. They broke into a gallop, pulling the crude springless vehicle at a fast pace over the bumpy road, jolting us mercilessly as we held on to the sides for dear life. It didn't seem possible that this delicate old lady could stand such rough riding with anything but terror as it could have easily broken every bone in her body. She looked as if she belonged in a gilded Louis XV padded silk-lined carriage on the streets of Paris. I can only conclude that she was used to these rides since childhood because the only reason she finally asked the driver to slow down was so that she could talk to me.

The Port Wine Shippers' Club in Oporto consisted of fifteen members and was housed in a magnificent eighteenth century palace. It had been built by the British in 1785 when the British Consul was the head of the local British commercial community and these buildings were called factories. The British had them in several places around the world. The Oporto Factory, I believe, is one of the last to survive. The port wine shippers are mainly British companies whose members have lived in Oporto since the eighteenth century, continued to go to schools in England, and seldom married a Portuguese. Portuguese were originally not allowed to use the street called Avenida dos Ingleses.

The Factory had preserved its eighteenth century furniture, a great deal of its glassware and silverware. On gala occasions, dinners were given for one hundred people, and when it was time to pour the port, the guests moved to an adjoining room and sat at an identical table in their same places, to avoid the smell of food affecting the delicate aroma of port. Every Wednesday noon, there was a luncheon at the Factory when members could invite one or two guests. At the end of a delicious, simple repast, the vintage port was passed around, and the members guessed year and shipper; only one member knew what vintage was being served. It was amazing to see how soon the right answer was given, usually not more than two guesses. After these gourmet feasts, it was impossible to do any work, and my return to the office was only a matter of form.

An old Portuguese member of my staff told me that not many years before, men in Oporto wore top hats and cutaways to the office and that one of my predecessors used to attend these luncheons, come back to the office, lie down on the floor in full attire and take a long nap.

Not the least attractive feature of the Factory for me was that it had an eighteenth and nineteenth century English library where I found innumerable recondite books of memoirs, travels and the grand tour which I read in my ample spare time.

In Oporto, I learned what I had not known about drinking wines. My friends the shippers would say, "Do not drink a cocktail or whiskey before dinner. The one drink which will not spoil the effects of wine at the table is a glass of sherry." Following this, the custom was to serve a dry white wine, then a red wine with the meat and finally port wine with the dessert, cheese and nuts. This order of drinks would prevent a person consuming too much alcohol before dinner and have it wear off as the dinner progressed. In this way, alcohol in the system gradually builds up, and by the time port wine comes along, it reaches the final stage that brings out in all strength whatever wit and genius lie buried in people's minds. I observed this process repeated over and over when this form of drinking was carefully followed, and I have never participated in more delightful, restrained, general animation in any other place. As a matter of fact, the system worked so accurately that shortly after the port was served, there seemed to be a general feeling of ecstasy come over the place. Alas, this form of entertainment and port itself, I am afraid, are things of the past. After these great banquets, one did not feel too fresh in the morning. Port wine was really made for the eighteenth and nineteenth century English gentleman who could drink his bottle or two of port and then go out the following morning and ride to the hounds where he worked it out of his system. At Irish hunts, once we were on our horses, footmen passed around trays of port wine to spur us on to the hunting field. With the disappearance of the life of leisure and sports, port wine must be consumed in very small quantities.

Portuguese fondness for titles was amusing. In Oporto, when my twelve year old son was invited to a party, he would be addressed Eccellentissimo Menino Randolph Reed or His Excellency the Child Randolph Reed. In contrast, the Neapolitans simply called him Consulino or Little Consul.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE AS ANDEAN FEUDAL LORD

When Leticia inherited the Garcia Moreno fortune, there was only enough money to pay the legal fees for transfer of the property; the great house in the Plaza of Santo Domingo was sold to cover inheritance taxes. Of the various vast haciendas, only one or two of them had been kept up, and they produced more than enough to keep a man like Gabrielito in his pitiful idea of luxury. Nevertheless the income in all the haciendas was substantial, but it was robbed by administrators who knew Gabrielito's incompetence and lack of interest in the haciendas he never visited.

Leticia took over the most easily worked one in Cayambe. She was indefatigable. From five in the morning she rode for hours on horseback seeing that all parts of the hacienda ran well. She soon had a large income; she bought a fine house where Germana stayed with her during the many years she didn't want to live abroad.

But the curse of the family was that Leticia's sons, born gamblers, abused her well-known weakness. In order to keep them out of jail, she paid their debts. The youngest was killed early in the game, but the eldest lived on. While I was in Oporto, Leticia died; it again was necessary to use her cash to pay legal fees and to sell her house to pay inheritance taxes.

The outcome was that Germana's immense share, Cumbijin, was a neglected, one-crop hacienda. The crop was potato. On arrival of the Conquistadors, the potato was probably known from what is now southern Colombia to the beginning of the Chilean Andean Cordillera. I like to believe that it originated in Cumbijin where there is a mountain known since pre-Columbian times as "Papa Urcu" or "Potato Mountain". I am puzzled that a plant endemic to an area should be so delicate that a frost when in flower will destroy most of the crop; thus, there is no more than one good harvest in three and five years. A good harvest sells for a pittance since there is an over abundance. In other words, potatoes which became a staple food throughout a great part of the world did poorly in their place of origin.

To augment income, we planted pyrethrum which grew as well as in Kenya, and young girls to pick the flowers were easily available among the serfs.

My eldest son Francis finished school and wanted to run Cumbijin - we renamed our portion of the hacienda Catsupamba de Cumbijin to differentiate it from another portion of Cumbijin which belonged to one of Germana's sisters. I was enthusiastic about Francis' decision – it was a fulfillment of my boyhood dream. I spent a month of each year with him in Catsupamba.

For my first appearance, Francis had a great Indian festival; structures of fireworks carried by llamas; all Indians wore gala attire; flowers, tree branches around caldrons of food, demijohns of rum. The Parish Priest of Salcedo, the nearest town, was there to hold a service in the hacienda church adorned with the violet colored potato flower. The entire Indian population filed by to greet me with the word "Alabado" (God be praised),

kneeled, put a piece of their poncho over my hand and kissed it - a feudal colonial sign of obeisance that avoided direct touch of the Indian and the hand.

I then made a short speech to the effect I was happy to have them and that they could expect nothing but benefit as long as they worked to try to help me improve the conditions of life in Catsupamba. Anyone who was unhappy could leave. They then paraded into the church following the band and cavalcade of fancifully arrayed riders and horses. The priest delivered a benediction to this gorgeous pagan celebration. The festivity continued in the little plaza with music and dancing until the men were all drunk and their women helped them straggle back home.

It seemed curious that my Andean serfs and the ancient race of Naples celebrated Christianity in the same way.

One early part of my life in Catsupamba was that the Indians began asking me to be god father of every baby that came along. First I thought it was amusing; I would hold the baby while the priest put salt on its tongue - they usually puked, and I developed a technique to hold them away from me. A year or so later, I tired of it, and the next time an Indian came to me, handed me the usual basket of eggs, and asked me to be the god father, I said I was sorry but since I was not a Catholic, I should not act as god father. He stood quietly for a moment, then said, "Give me back my eggs" and walked away.

In our case the vestige of Incan serfdom in Ecuador was simple. Indian communities had lived for centuries on the hacienda in what are known as "huasipungos" - parcels of land large enough for an Indian family to build a house, cultivate crops, have animals to meet its needs for subsistence. They made their own chicha - a beverage with the alcoholic content of beer. Each huasipungo's crop was greater than it could consume, and this was sold in the markets of the closest villages. In return, each Indian was obliged to work five days a week for the landlord. A recent "advanced" piece of Ecuadorean social legislation required that an Indian be paid one sucre (twenty cents U.S.) each day he worked for the landlord.

In the world of our Indians, they were rich - aside from what they produced, they had few needs - wearing apparel, an occasional horse or cow - they saved the great part of the money received.

Indians often asked to see me - their calls were usually to complain about abuse of the Caporal - a head Indian who acted as liaison between the Indians and the landlord - complaints about the administrator or majordomo. At the beginning of every call, the Indian would kneel and kiss my hand and say "You are my father and my mother. May God keep you well forever." Francis, as acting landlord, was head of the hacienda's feudal Court of Justice. Andean Indians are born litigants. Court sessions were about huasipungo boundary problems and other infractions of what the Indians believed were their legal rights.

Once, while I was there and presided over a court, an Indian appealed for justice of a different sort. While a mason I employed in Salcedo lodged at his house, he seduced his

wife - he thought the mason should be punished for the three times he had slept with his wife. I asked what he considered a fair settlement. He said the mason should pay one sucre for each time. I said I thought that was reasonable. The mason was furious when I docked him three sucres to give the Indian. He protested that three sucres was three days wages! If I had then known more of the frailties of humankind, I would have been less severe with the mason.

Not long after I took over the hacienda, Francis saw that it could not be a profitable enterprise until we had a greater source of income. We had many miles of good grazing land. We bought a herd for a dairy and cattle ranch. It was brought over the high cordillera to Catsupamba. Francis and I spent hours designing Catsupamba's fire brand in the style used for Spanish fighting bulls and which Francis knew from his year of student life at Salamanca. We built a temporary hacienda house, shelter and coral for the animals. It was a costly operation; yet all went fairly well for the first few years, but the herd did not grow - more died than were born. Cattle from a lower altitude could not acclimatize at ten to eleven thousand feet. We had no more capital to begin again or buy machinery to start other crops. My son went into more promising work. We leased the hacienda but still had a big debt. Germana moved permanently to Quito when I started my years in Africa. I don't remember her having visited Catsupamba. Relatives wanted to buy it, but she refused to sell. She, who at the age of fifty-five had taken no responsibility nor done anything in her life, moved to the hacienda. She called the Indian serfs together and told them she knew they wanted to own their huasipungos. She would sell them at the going rate of property. The Indians were happy, they had money and welcomed this long awaited moment when they would be free. They bought every huasipungo. She then sold the rest of the farm to an enterprising neighboring farmer. She made about twice as much money than if she had sold to the relatives, had enough to pay off all our debts, buy a house and to keep her with a modest income for the rest of her life. It was to me a more remarkable feat than what her extraordinary mother had done. Her mother was used to a life of struggle - Germana was married before she was twenty and lived a life of ease. Even fate was in her favor - two years after she had sold the huasipungos, an Ecuadorean law decreed that all huasipungos belonged to the Indians who had lived on them for centuries.

At the peak of our euphoria over the prospects of Catsupamba, we had schemes of beautifying the church, plaza, school and enlarging the house. At that time I restored the shrine of St. Anthony, the patron saint of Cumbijin, on one of the higher roads. I said I wanted to be buried in this heavenly spot between Cotopaxi and Chimborazo. I told my son that when I died I wanted him to have a great Indian festival with band and gala cavalcade - the Indians crying and wailing "Patroncito Lindo" until I was in my tomb - then they could spend the rest of the day and night celebrating with fire works.

It was my destiny not to have money. Long before Leticia died, I knew I would not be able to do much with the great hacienda I would have. At that time, however, we had another potential source of modest income. In Leticia's efforts to balance Germana's inheritance, she gave her \$50,000 in cash. It was invested in the best bonds to be had in Ecuador. For several years, the dividends on those bonds more than paid for my younger son's schooling at Exeter. I was alarmed when I heard that the head of the firm in which

the money was invested had died suddenly. The firm went into sharp decline, and less than two years later, it declared itself bankrupt. This event in my life again followed the same fate of the Clara Carmen at the bottom of the Mona Passage.

CHAPTER IX

WASHINGTON

Oporto was the dullest post I had. On the other hand, I used all the ingenuity I could muster to make the place livable, worthwhile, and most difficult of all, enjoyable.

Still it was a surprise when, before two years had gone by, the Department instructed me to return on an urgent basis by air to take up an unnamed assignment. I replied that it was impossible for me to return by air but that I would leave by the first available ship from Lisbon. Luckily there was a several weeks' delay, and after a pleasant voyage on the Italian ship "Saturnia", I reported to the Department. My heart sank when I heard what my new job was. I had been selected as one of fifteen officers all over the world to draw up a system which would integrate some two thousand Department civil servants into the career Foreign Service in accordance with a new law sponsored by Wriston. Its purpose was to ensure that integreees received the same advancement opportunities as the old Foreign Service Officers. The program was called Career Development. The figurehead Director was an old, burnt-out Ambassador, genial and ineffective. The actual head was a pedestrian personnel expert on bureaucratic practice. He was all smiles and sunshine as he smugly sat in his office overseeing his domain. He seemed to gloat over his authority to whip a representative group of the old Foreign Service Officers into drafting a system that would for a generation obliterate the former high standards of the Service. He gave us the format our reports should follow.

I would go over the dossiers of the officers assigned to me and write recommendations on the course their careers should take. The difficulty was that Civil Service personnel performance reports consisted merely of the simple classifications "Good", "Very Good", and "Excellent". The only helpful part was that they included a curriculum vitae. A large number of them had started with slight education and held menial jobs before entering the Department as clerks. Most of the group had had over twenty years Departmental experience and surprisingly, many during this long period had gone to night school and obtained one, two, three or more college degrees, including PhD's. This admirable quality may have made them better civil servants but was no help in a Foreign Service career where they would be competing with officers who already had a twenty-year start and were equipped with an education and knowledge foreign languages they could never hope to achieve. They had been blanketed into the middle grades of the career service which meant they were to be given responsible positions abroad. I soon discovered that the more degrees they had accumulated was a good gage as to their incompetence. Being a failure in their work, they hoped an additional degree would help push them forward.

We had been told by the old Ambassador that we should be generous in our career projections. We all tried hard to stretch the point. After having ground out a few hundred reports, we were summoned to a meeting in the Ambassador's office to discuss the progress of our work. He gave us a lecture parroted from the Personnel Expert. Its burden was that our reports seemed to miss the purpose of the Program and would in no way satisfy the Civil Service lobby in Congress. We were to forget past experience, qualifications, and project them in the same way we would do with the old career officers. This novel directive was a boon for us since it completely removed the nuisance

of having to conscientiously weigh the merits of each person. The Personnel Expert ran the shop on a production line basis, and he once hinted that I did not quite meet the acceptable quota of daily reports. With the new green light, there were no more complaints. I projected a man who had been a long time waiter in the Mayflower Hotel before he entered the Department as a messenger, then clerk, and through seniority attained officer status as a potential Consul General in Montreal or Hamburg. Consul General was the lowest projection; most were Deputy Chiefs of Mission at middle or high ranking posts or Ambassador. All my colleagues followed the same course. The proof of the pudding came when we had reached the point when all the integrees were informed that they could come in to discuss their career projections. Our work was a resounding success. They came in droves and walked out in the clouds; I have not seen so many happy faces in my life.

The key cog in the new system was that our reports were turned over to the Personnel office as a guide to assignments abroad of integrees. Theoretically, our reports had Congressional authority for enforcement. In practice, when Personnel saw the nature of our reports, they threw them into a junk file without even reading them. I was happy when I discovered Personnel's reaction to the Career Development Program. It would take several years for the truth to filter down, and by then, unqualified integrees would be on their own even though still holding responsible jobs. It irked me that I should have been one of the culprits who drafted these idiotic reports. If I were in Personnel, I would be strongly tempted to put a question mark after the name of each officer on the panel.

I do not want to appear to be blindly against integrees. I recognize that as a group they were worthy public servants, and most important, among them there may have been two hundred superior officers who were a great asset to the Foreign Service. These officers had purposely chosen Departmental service rather than work abroad. After integration, many of them managed to evade more than one field assignment and stay on in Washington in the top positions for which they were best qualified.

I like to think of the irony of the Personnel Expert's contribution the remodeling of the Foreign Service. If he had accepted our original reports, Personnel would have gladly referred to them as helpful in assigning unknown personnel. Instead, he cut his own throat by his bulldozing, grand scheme.

Of the endless number of shocking cases I have witnessed in American bureaucracy, few have annoyed me more than when the Career Development Panel finished its work. The Personnel Expert, architect of the stillborn system, conveniently managed to have himself integrated as a career Foreign Service Officer at a top grade.

The only thing of interest to me in my dismal Career Development assignment was that in reading the dossiers, I gained an overall knowledge of the quality of our old Foreign Service. This Service had an unusually high percentage of superior officers, a larger number of officers of average ability who could satisfactorily do the routine work at a post. At the bottom were the failures, incompetents and misfits. As a whole, I have no doubt we had had the best Foreign Service in the world.

After a year and a half of this unbearable work, I went to the Ambassador who, aside from what I have said, was also a lovable kindly man. I asked that he release me from my job. I wanted to get into work for which I was better suited. He said he understood and that as soon as I found something else to do, I could leave.

I thought Latin American affairs might be the easier place to start. I found out from Personnel what would be opening up soon. Among them was the double position of Deputy Director of Inter-American Political Affairs and Deputy US Representative on the Organization of American States Council. I went to the Assistant Secretary and applied for this position. He was astonished. He said, "Do you realize you are asking for one of the most important jobs in my department? I already have several candidates I know. I do not know you." I said I had a knowledge of Latin America and believed I was qualified. He said the position was no longer available.

I decided to go direct to our Ambassador to the OAS who was also Director of the Office of Inter-American Political Affairs. I said I would like to serve as his Deputy. He asked about my background. He said he would go over my dossier and for me to return the following day. When I came back, he said, "You are exactly the man I want, but I must first know a few things about you. Have you the patience of Job? Are you willing to spend endless hours listening to boring debates every week? Can you bear sitting for hours while Latin American delegates squabble over petty things?" I said I was used to them, and it didn't bother me. He said the reason he asked me was that he had held his job for fifteen years and had reached the point where he simply could not stand it anymore. What he wanted was to find a man who could stand in for him. He would do the deputy's job of preparing the policy-papers on the position which should be taken on each issue that came up. This was too good to be true, but it shook me with terror of what could have happened if I had had to prepare the policy papers I was incapable of doing. The Ambassador said he would ask for my appointment and to check with Personnel in a day or so. I talked with Personnel, and the man handling the case was evasive. I said the Ambassador had told me I would be appointed. He replied "not so fast, not so fast my friend, there are other people who have something to say in the matter." I called on the Ambassador and told him what had happened. He was a quick tempered man - he stood up, red in the face, and said "Wait for me here" and walked out. Twenty minutes later, he returned and said I should report for duty on Monday. "I want you to overlap a few days with your predecessor to learn about the Deputy Director work. He has not done the work you will be doing at the OAS."

This began what was for me the easiest and most exciting four year tour of duty I have had. My job had a number of unusual features. As American Representative on an international organization, I had virtually the same status as the Diplomatic Corps accredited to Washington. Most of the representatives of the smaller Latin American nations were also their Ambassadors in Washington. I handled Puerto Rican affairs and visited Puerto Rico once or twice a year to confer with the Governor. I followed developments in Antarctica and was on our delegation to the conference that drew up the Antarctica Treaty in 1959. This conference was unique in that it is the only one I know of where there was no serious conflict in the United States and Soviet positions. Argentina and Chile were the trouble makers. A curious personal side effect was that the Soviet

Delegate and I became acquainted during our work. I was surprised to receive two successive invitations to receptions at the Soviet Embassy. I went to the first one but declined the second. The aftermath of the McCarthy witch hunt still lingered, and anyone entering the Soviet Embassy without an obvious reason was likely to end up on a suspect list. I was soon up to my neck in the social activities of the twenty Latin American countries. This helped me in my work, but it reached the point where I felt obliged to do something myself. Our OAS Ambassador, being the extraordinary man he was, at once said he would use his own allowance to cover whatever these events cost.

The part I liked most of OAS work was to iron out and mediate disputes between the member governments. These usually were border disputes, frontier clashes and alleged intervention in each other's political affairs. In each serious case, the OAS was requested by one of the two parties to investigate the accusations and try to settle the matter.

That was one of the duties the Ambassador dreaded most, and since each investigating committee included the US representative, I was on every one. I have rarely had so much fun as during these trips where we were wined and dined by the Presidents of the nations involved who used every stratagem in their imagination to win our support. In this capacity, I visited every country in Central America and the Caribbean during my tour.

By far the most important of these Investigating Committees was the one requested by Venezuela in 1960 to investigate the attempted assassination of President Betancourt by Trujillo. Our Ambassador begged off because at one time he had been burned in effigy by Trujillo to protest a position he took in the OAS Council. He asked whether I would be willing to be the US Representative because it required a White House appointment. I carefully avoided mentioning that Trujillo had practically thrown me out of Santo Domingo. I was only too happy to try to contribute something to his downfall. This latest attempt was nothing in comparison to the monstrous crimes he committed throughout his thirty-year dictatorship. Argentina, Mexico, Panama and the US were on the committee.

The assassination attempt consisted of the explosion of a bomb in a car parked on the roadside and set off by electronic device as the President's car went by on the way to a review of military maneuvers. The car blew up; the chauffeur and military aide were killed. The President miraculously survived wounds and burns. When we interviewed him, he was bandaged from head to foot with plaster casts on his arms and legs.

The Venezuelans had rounded up Trujillo's agents, and after numerous grueling interviews, we were able to piece together every detail of the plot from the time Trujillo started drawing up the blueprint to the moment it took place a year later. He had employed foreign electronic experts who were able to prepare what they regarded as a foolproof sophisticated operation - remarkably the split second operation succeeded exactly as planned except that by accident Betancourt survived. A member of my staff prepared the technical part, and I wrote the basic report. Then the Mexican Ambassador and I thrashed out a final report that was legally acceptable to our two governments. This was not easy. Our most difficult problem in the OAS was to reach agreement with Mexico on any policy towards other Latin American countries. It was fortunate that the Mexican Ambassador was a brilliant career diplomat and that we had become close

friends. Our work was a delight. I would go to the Ambassador's Residence at ten in the morning, work for two hours and then after drinks, sit down to an excellent Mexican lunch. In our negotiations, there was not the least friction between us. On the contrary, what it turned into was that I would take a draft to our Legal Department and come back with our views. He would do the same with his government until we reached agreement.

In our investigation, we visited Ciudad Trujillo to hear what Trujillo had to say and Haiti from where the plot was launched under the friendly eye of Papa Doc. The visit to Ciudad Trujillo was funny. I had returned on a crucial mission to the thirty year tyranny which fifteen years before had found me persona non grata. The Foreign Minister met us; we were given luxury suites at the Embajador Hotel and had as escorts the two pretty Espaillat sisters. After our interview with the Foreign Minister, who informed us the so-called plot was nothing but a concoction of the corrupt Betancourt to discredit the democratic Dominican government, we were entertained for cocktails at the hotel by the girls and invited to a night club where Trujillo had brought over a troupe from the Paris Follies Bergeres to put on a show. I stayed at our Embassy but warned my colleagues that to accept the nightclub invitation was to step into a Trujillo trap where we would be photographed enjoying ourselves with him and the French girls. That night I received three calls at the Embassy urging me to join the party. The only one of us who went was the Panamanian Ambassador. He claimed he stayed no more than an hour.

At the Sixth Inter-American Conference of Foreign Ministers in San Jose, Costa Rica in August 1960, our report was the only item on the agenda. The Foreign Ministers approved our findings and recommended breaking relations with the Dominican Republic and imposing economic sanctions. This was the beginning of the end. Without our support, the Trujillo regime crumbled. Nine months later the monster was assassinated.

Trujillo's assassination was a bungled affair for which we were partially to blame. Trujillo was dead but Ramfis his son, with the title of Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces, and his uncles Hector and Petan were still in power with Belaguer - Trujillo's perennial puppet President - as a constitutional head of state.

I will not go into the political details of the conspiracy and the aftermath. The moment the Ramfis regime saw that the original plot to oust the entire Trujillo clan had failed, it asked that the OAS sanctions which were having a serious effect on the Dominican economy be lifted. The OAS sent a committee to the Dominican Republic to "study the problem". We of course knew it was all a sham for Ramfis to put on a show of how smoothly everything was running.

At the time Ramfis was thirty-three years old. This pusillanimous young man was in no way capable of taking over his father's efficient tyranny. I first met him when he was fourteen. Trujillo with his dream of establishing a dynasty believed that if he created a tyranny loyal to himself it would carry on to his descendants. At the age of three, Ramfis was created a Colonel and on official military occasions wore the uniform that went with that rank. Later, an equally precocious promotion appointed him a full General. Ramfis' education by tutors was a joke since no one dared require him to study. In his mid-teens, his father saw to it that he had a wide choice of girls since a refusal could bring

vengeance on the girl and her family. In order to prepare Ramfis for his future responsibilities, Trujillo asked the American government to admit him for military training in a prestigious school. During his term, he commuted between Hollywood and the school. Almost each week, the tabloid press showed photographs of him and actresses at Hollywood nightclubs. When the school refused to give him his degree, Trujillo raged against the United States and took it as an insult to the Dominican Republic.

His life until his father's death was devoted to debauchery with a group of sycophantic young men in the Dominican "elite" he had created.

Ramfis gave an extravagant reception for the OAS committee on board Trujillo's luxury yacht "Angelita" at Boca Chica, Ramfis' pleasure estate. The leading puppet officials were there, Porfirio Rubirosa and his French actress wife and all of Ramfis' cronies and their girls. It was a relatively restrained bacchanalia and no one could help but be interested in the grim pageantry of it all. During the party, one of our secret agents told me that Ramfis had had his father's coffin with its decaying body placed in the lower quarters along with a great deal of loot so he could flee from the Dominican Republic in the next few days for fear of being killed by the indignant Dominican people. Once I knew of the end of the Trujillo regime, I liked being present at this macabre scene of champagne and dancing over the monster's dead body.

The last and "greatest" act of Ramfis' brief "reign" was the massacre of the leaders of the conspiracy who were in prison awaiting trial. He had them brought at dusk to one of his estates where he and a few friends were having drinks on the veranda. Each had a submachine gun, and as the prisoners got off the van, Ramfis and his friends shot them down like clay pigeons one by one. The usual Trujillo way of disposing of bodies was to feed them to the sharks.

Trujillo spent millions on public relations in the United States. It went to the press, Senators, Representatives and people in high places. After we and most of the continent broke diplomatic relations with Trujillo, an editorial in the Saturday Evening Post mentioned me by name as responsible for this disservice to our inter-American relations. More, a House UnAmerican Activities Committee unsavory agent with a missing tooth called on me to ask, during an intimidating lecture, why we had supported Betancourt who had a communist background.

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The Department then appointed me Political Counselor of our Embassy in Rio de Janeiro. My effects were packed, I moved out of my apartment, bought a special air conditioned car suitable for Rio and worst of all purchased an entire tropical wardrobe of formal wear. I have not heard of another post where such a variety was required. I was given the tickets for the ship I was to take. Three days before I was to leave the Assistant Secretary called me in and showed me a telegram from the Ambassador in Rio. He was Kennedy's Ambassador to Brazil and had just taken up his duties. He said that he found that most of his top officers had arrived recently with the exception of the Political Counselor whose long experience and knowledge of Brazil made him an indispensable member of his staff

until such time as he himself and the others had learned more about conditions in Brazil. He added that he had nothing against Reed but believed he should not have another officer who would also have to learn his new job. In other words, my assignment to Rio was canceled.

I would have to start all over again to find an assignment. Long experience had taught me that I could expect nothing but sorrow if I left it up to Personnel. My guardian angel as usual came to my rescue. The OAS Ambassador welcomed the fact I would be around for an indefinite time. He put me back in my old job and named me representative on the Inter-American Peace Committee that had suddenly become active and added work to his office. The advent of the Kennedy Administration brought in measures to try to shock the old State Department hands out of their reputation of lethargy. Most jobs were filled by Kennedy men including a member of his family. Delesseps Morrison was named Ambassador to the OAS, and my old Ambassador retired to take up a professorship at the John Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. During this interim period, I served as Morrison's right hand man on the Council. I went with him on several visits to Central and South America and the Caribbean on OAS missions.

Morrison was the only American politician I ever knew well. He had been the Mayor of New Orleans for endless years. He was a handsome, hand-shaking man whose only qualification for his new job was that as Mayor of New Orleans he had greeted a constant flow of Latin American VIP's on their way through New Orleans. He liked the importance of the job which he was able to do satisfactorily by adding a half dozen able Foreign Service Officers to do the work. They were an unknown group of officers cloistered in the Department and never saw the light or activities in the halls of the OAS. I was amused the whole time I worked with him simply by observing his genial personality and the number of incredible things he did and got away with. Since a description of his activities has no place in these notes, I will simply state that each place we stopped he had an old aide meet him at the airport and whisk him away for a rendezvous with the girl that had been chosen for him. He would then proceed to his hotel and join the rest of us. During our calls on the various Presidents, he had nothing to say in relation to our mission, even with those who spoke English. Perhaps the high point was reached when we called on the President of Guatemala the day we were leaving for Miami. All the OAS members of our group greeted the President in his office and began to discuss the purpose of our visit. Morrison, without even sitting down, asked the President if he could use his phone. He called his trusted aide in Miami, but it took time to get the call through and when he did, the connection was poor, and he had to shout and repeat over and over what he wanted the aide to do. The message was that he was arriving in Miami at 7 p.m. with three friends and wanted him to bring four girls to meet us and join his group for the rest of the evening. By the time he joined us, our short visit was over, the President and our colleagues had heard every word he said. In an atmosphere like this, not much attention was paid to the purpose of our courtesy call.

Back in Washington I was again summoned by the Assistant Secretary and shown another telegram from our Ambassador in Rio. It said that several months had gone by and that he wanted his Political Counselor replaced by Reed. I said I was not a piece of furniture that could be pushed around the room. My assignment to Rio had been

summarily canceled causing me the most intense complications in housing and trying to get rid of all I had bought for service in Rio at a financial loss I could ill afford. I had looked forward to the assignment, but after what happened I crossed off Rio as part of my career. The man hemmed and hawed, and I knew he didn't care about my feelings, but as a career man he was scared of what would happen if he were unable to comply with a specific request of a leading Kennedy political Ambassadorial appointee. He gave up trying to change my mind but not without reminding me of the possible consequence of my refusal. I said I didn't have many years to go and that I wanted to continue in my own way regardless of what harm it would do to my career,

I wanted to get away from the Department for awhile and took a one-month leave of absence and went to Ecuador where my hacienda in the Andes was being run by my son Francis and where I thought I might end up living the feudal life of my youthful dreams. I lived on horseback and roamed the limitless boundaries of the hacienda and tried to acquaint myself with the lives of my serfs and improve my elementary knowledge of the Quichua language.

As I have mentioned, the eastern boundary of the property was simply "to Brazil". I went on a camping trip in this direction to explore several of our lakes and begin to penetrate the terra incognita beyond. On our second morning, we went in search of the puma mountain lions that infested the region. We had the good fortune to sight one reviewing the scene from a cliff overlooking our camp. We shot it, and the Indians removed and cured the skin.

The fauna of the eastern-most point of Cumbijin I reached in my explorations included the spectacled bear, black bear, hairy tapir, deer, boar, fox, and a striped feline called tigrillo or small tiger; there were hare and other small game as well as a wide variety of bird life from the condor to the hummingbird. I was curious to push on down to a height where the Amazonian fauna began to appear.

One day while on this expedition, my majordomo arrived with a copy of a telegram the Embassy had received and relayed to the hacienda as an urgent message. It said I was to return to Washington immediately and then report to Adlai Stevenson at our delegation to the United Nations. Fortunately it had taken the message a week to reach me, and I was already on the last week of my leave. I was distressed. I did not want to have anything to do with the United Nations again. I wanted an assignment abroad as soon as I could get away.

In Washington, the Assistant Secretary for United Nations affairs informed me that Adlai Stevenson, shortly after taking over his appointment as our Representative to the U.N., had gone on a tour of Latin America with Ambassador Ellis Briggs and asked whom he could bring in to handle the Latin American Delegations. Briggs suggested me. I said I did not want to accept this job. The Assistant Secretary smiled smugly and said "Anything Adlai Stevenson wants he can have and you are it." I reported to Adlai Stevenson, and he said he was delighted to see me because the Special General Assembly on Bizerte was about to start, and he wanted me to work on that. It was a relatively unimportant meeting and lasted a short time.

When it ended, I went to Adlai Stevenson and told him that there was no person I knew whom I would rather work with than him. I was nevertheless in a crucial stage of my career and could not possibly take the job he had asked me to do. I had already exceeded the customary four year tour of Foreign Service Officers in the Department by two years and had only six years left before retirement and wanted to go abroad where I could do my best work. Furthermore, there was the fundamental problem of my being unable to afford the cost of living in New York. I could not possibly obtain a suitable place to live, the way my position required me to live, on my modest income. The Department does not provide rent allowances for officers assigned to the U.N. I was forced to ask if he would release me. From what little I saw of him, I was convinced Adlai Stevenson was one of the finest men I ever met. He seemed very upset. He said words to the effect that he was terribly disappointed because he was so pleased with the way I had handled the Bizerte affair and mainly because he was utterly incapable of dealing with the Latin American Delegations, and with me he had hoped he could forget about it. He finally asked if I would accept the job if there were no financial strain. I said that the financial strain was true but my main objection was that I wanted to end my career doing the work of the traditional Foreign Service. He then said he understood how I felt but could I suggest the name of another person who could do the job. I was prepared for this. I said I knew exactly the man he needed. He was a high ranking Officer, had experience in U.N. work, spoke several languages fluently and most important of all was a rich man who could afford to live in New York in a way that would help him in his work. Furthermore, the man was about to finish his tour of duty as OCM in New Delhi, and I was sure he could have him assigned to this position. He expressed gratitude for my suggestion and again said he regretted losing me.

My return to Washington and report to the Assistant Secretary was something else again. I do not remember in my career seeing anyone quite so angry and disdainful. He looked at me as if I were the scum of the earth upsetting the Department's smooth solution of one of Adlai Stevenson's problems. But what riled him most was that I had had the nerve to recommend the man who, unknown to me, happened to be one of his closest friends and who he knew had aspirations for an assignment far above this one. His reaction left me cold. I was glad to be free, even with the dark cloud over my future.

Needless to say my name was now anathema in Personnel. When I asked to be considered for assignment as Political Counselor in Madrid, I was almost laughed out of the room. Then I said the Selection Boards were meeting in a week or so and I wanted to be considered for one of the positions on them. The reply was that the positions had been filled long ago, and furthermore these assignments were given to officers as a reward which could hardly apply in my case. I said I knew that people from all over the world were assigned to these boards and that sometimes one or more dropped out because of unforeseen developments at their posts. This suggestion was dismissed, but I wrote down my telephone number and said if any such thing happened, I could be reached by an early morning call. At eight o'clock in the morning on the day the Selection Boards were to convene, I received a call to say that I should report at ten o'clock for the swearing in of the Selection Boards. The work was a pleasant and unforgettable experience.

Two months later when we were finishing our work, I received a message from the Executive Director of African Affairs asking me to call at his office at 5 p.m. the following day. He told me that he was handling a delicate and serious problem and wanted my help. After the Angolan massacre of 1961, the position of our post in Luanda had become a difficult problem. From a sleepy small Consulate, it had been upgraded to a Consulate General. The problem was he had tried to find a qualified officer for the position, but during the past six months a series of candidates had been selected for interview with the Assistant Secretary for African Affairs, G. Mennen Williams ("Soapy"), and he had rejected them all. I asked how on earth my name was being considered when I knew nothing about African affairs. He said Personnel had started using a computer system in which all the qualifications needed in an officer could be punched in, and the names of the officers with the required qualifications would come up. In this case the computer produced four names. One was attending the National War College; another had just left on a new assignment; the third had some medical problem; and the only available one was me. My heart sank. He said Soapy was a difficult man and that I should be careful not to antagonize him. We went up to see him. His face was familiar because I had seen so many pictures of him and his green polka dot bow tie in the papers. He asked me what I thought about going to Angola as the first American Consul General. I decided to stretch the truth and stall for time. I said as an FSO I was expected to go wherever I was assigned. Before I could get any further he blew up. He almost shouted, "That is exactly the attitude I don't want. I want someone who is enthusiastic about the job. What would you do if a rebellion broke out and people were being massacred all around you?" I asked how could he expect me to be enthusiastic about a place I knew nothing about, and as for the rebellion and massacre, I had never been in one but was sure I would handle it as well as anyone else. I added that I was leaving, in three days to attend the Punta dal Este Conference in Uruguay and that when I returned I would study the situation in Angola and let him know how I felt about such an assignment. He thought that was a sensible thing to do.

When I returned, I studied the Angolan question for two days and found that it was such a chaotic mess and insoluble problem that it would be intriguing to see what on earth an American representative could do in such a hostile atmosphere. I went to see Soapy and said I had studied the question and would be happy to go to Luanda. He seemed glad I had joined his merry team of FSO's working on the African "winds of change". The winds of change were there no doubt, but "Africa for the Africans" was premature - it alienated an ally and didn't help the Africans. Many years later when the Africans finally took over they turned against us - I am speaking only of Portugal - Angola and Mozambique.

While I was in Lisbon on my way to Angola, I took advantage of a free week before sailing for Luanda to visit London with a friend. Around noontime one day I dropped into Maggs Brothers' on Berkeley Square. After looking at the books on display, I asked about a few maps and books. The clerk said he would see what they had. A few minutes later a man in a blue duster came up to me and said, "Are you Harry Clinton Reed?" I said, "Yes, how did you know?" "Because we've corresponded with you for twenty years,

and no one else has asked for the same kind of books. When I heard today what you were asking for, I knew it had to be you." He said he wanted to introduce me to his father. We went upstairs, and I met the older Mr. Maggs who was then head of the firm which had been in his family for two hundred years. Mr. Maggs said that he and his son had lunch everyday at their club around the corner and would like for me to join them. I was interested to hear about the life led by people at the peak of a trade wholly devoted to rare books. I asked how it was possible that they should remember me, who never ordered more than one or two dozen pounds worth of books and maps a year when their catalogues dealt mostly with books worth hundreds and even thousands of pounds. Mr. Maggs said they were interested in people who were interested in the same things they were and the amount of the purchase had little to do with it.

CHAPTER X

ANGOLA

In Lisbon, during my talks with our Embassy and the Portuguese authorities, I was impressed with the irreconcilable positions taken by the European and African Bureaus in the State Department. This meant that in Angola I would be walking on a tight rope. I was damned no matter what I did. Although Angola was a Portuguese colony, Soapy had succeeded in severing Angola's dependence on the Embassy in Lisbon, and I reported and received my instructions direct from the Department.

Burke Elbrick, the Ambassador, invited Portuguese Foreign Minister Franco Nogueira and me to lunch to discuss my assignment to Luanda. Nogueira was a suave Salazar henchman, bitter about U.S. policy in Africa. After a lecture on the nefarious effects of our policy, his parting words were "Mr. Reed, we will make it difficult for you in Luanda."

My voyage to Luanda was one never to be forgotten. In the dining room, I was assigned to a single-seat table about twelve feet removed from the Captain's table where some ten "important" passengers were seated. After meals, the Captain and his guests went to the lounge bar for coffee. I always did the same thing but sat at the opposite side. I had met the Captain when I went on board, and we always spoke to each other. The first day out I went to the pool and tried to start a conversation with a couple of people, but they soon moved away. I was to discover that no one would have anything to do with me. I was the only foreigner among nine hundred and fifty passengers in first and second class. Fortunately I had a luxury suite and enough books to entertain myself. I would sit at the bar and talk to the bartender, but even he was silent about anything beyond his specialty. I soon reconciled myself to the lonely voyage. Some evenings I went to the second class deck where the peasants going to Angola as colonists amused themselves singing and dancing to their folklore music. At the Captain's table there sat a pretty mulatto girl who had the slate colored complexion I have seen among Moroccans. She was seated with her back towards me but usually smiled when she came in, and sometimes she would look back at me. I thought they must be damning me at the table. One day when the Captain's group left the lounge after lunch, she lingered behind and said to me, "Do you play ping pong?" I nodded, and she asked me to meet her at the ping-pong table on deck in half an hour. I bought some balls at the bar and waited for her. She came out attired in white calf-length shorts, black shirt, a black straw hat with a veil over it and tied under her chin. We started playing and had begun to talk when suddenly her father stormed out on deck cursing her in vile language as he ordered her to go back to her stateroom. That was the end of that romance. In the moment I was with her, she said her name was Maria Paula, her father owned a cocoa plantation on the island of Sao Tome and she was attending the University of Lisbon. Her father was Portuguese and her mother black and never left the island.

The night before we reached Sao Tome, the Captain gave his farewell party. Although these parties are for all first class passengers, I decided not to attend. After the party had started, someone knocked at my cabin door. It was the First Mate who said the Captain invited me to come to the party. When I arrived, the Captain gave me a friendly greeting

and took me around introducing me to several people, the mulatto girl's father among them. Then he took me to the dinner table where there was a huge cake with pearl studded icing as a centerpiece. It was an exquisite replica of the Belem Tower in Lisbon with the Portuguese and American flags on top of it. We were served champagne, and he proposed a toast. He said the Tower of Belem was the symbol of the glory of the Portuguese empire and that he only hoped that the United States would look on Portugal in the same friendly way that the Portuguese people felt about Americans. I said I was grateful for the friendly gesture. Everyone was pleasant. I even danced a few times but sadly decided it might not be wise to pursue my acquaintance with the mulatto girl even though she was the only person on board who had had the guts to be pleasant to me throughout the voyage.

The party meant the boycott had ended, and during the next day when we were to arrive in Luanda in the late afternoon, I was surprised and pleased when at noontime two elderly men invited me to their table in the lounge to join them in an aperitif. They were distinguished people on their way to Luanda to attend a reception to commemorate an anniversary of a brewery. They were on the board of directors of the corporation that owned it. My conversation with them was the only one I had on the entire voyage.

Before reaching Luanda, I was faced with a nasty unforeseeable problem. In Washington I had read the Luanda Consulate's reports of the last few years. I could see the Department had sent an incompetent man to an insignificant post. The reports were not only rubbish but bristled with the Consul's offensive personality. I asked the Department to be sure the man was out of Luanda before I arrived. I saw the telegram ordering him to return at once, specifically stating he should leave before my arrival. I was speechless when half an hour before the ship docked, while I was packing my things, someone knocked at my door and introduced himself as Gibson, my predecessor. He had taken a motor boat and come out to meet me. I said I had been assured by the Department that he would not be there on my arrival. He gave a series of idiotic excuses such as he felt he should personally tell me about conditions at the post, introduce me to his friends, and most important, anyone coming to Luanda should first know about conditions in the Congo. In order to facilitate this, he had brought me my air ticket for the next day's flight to Leopoldville. I was speechless and regretted not being able to throw the fat bloated bum overboard. I was prepared to face every situation I could imagine but not this. Equally incredible, he had invited the Consulate's staff, including wives, to meet me that evening at a cocktail party in my residence which he still occupied. I did not want to meet the staff and far less the wives that night. Yet it was force majeure. I could do nothing about it without causing an open conflict which I was unprepared to do at this crucial stage. The fool had even put me in the guest room while he still occupied the whole house.

The following morning I told him he must leave on the first ship out of Luanda; I found it preposterous that he thought me such a fool as to leave for the Congo that day; I did not want him to go to the office anymore; I did not want to be briefed on the situation in Angola; and I did not want to meet his friends. It was water off a duck's back. He did not show the slightest resentment. He said that there was one point I had mentioned that was a problem. He had already invited his friends to a cocktail party to meet me two days

later. It was beyond comprehension. I was stunned. Again, like the staff party before, I was trapped. If I refused to let him bring in his trashy friends in the foreign colony, I would have made enemies with the only local group with which I could associate at that time. To add to my distress, Gibson had also included the entire Consular Corps. In other words I was to meet them through the courtesy of this imbecile. The party came off the way I expected. There were no more than two people whom I would want to see again. I exchanged a few words with each member of the Consular Corps. They left after a short while. I excused myself a moment later. It was a great relief to everyone because they now felt free to drink themselves blind and enjoy themselves. I could hear the brawl going on far into the night. At breakfast I received a report from Gibson how well the party had gone off and "the flattering news" that I had made a good impression on his friends who looked forward to continuing the same relations they had had with him!

I said my greatest concern now was that he had to leave at once. He said there was the serious problem of packing his effects. "You mean to say you haven't packed yet? You and your effects should have left here over a month ago." Packing his effects was a difficult problem because they had to be divided into three lots - one to be shipped to his hometown, one for storage in New York and another for his use in Washington. The selection of what should go where was time consuming. I ordered him to start his packing that morning and get out of Luanda. I want to finish telling this nerve-racking experience but must add two key points. Gibson said he needed the help of my driver during his spare time. I said the only thing I required of the driver was for him to take me to the office and bring me back; all day was his spare time. The driver was a frail, sensitive, exceptionally conscientious man. He was the indispensable employee and a jack of all trades. When I would return for lunch, I watched him working on the lots. Gibson was a pack rat who collected curios, trinkets and thousands of small items including empty liquor bottles and empty liquor cartons. There he stood over Jose telling him in which lot each should go. When I came back at night, I heard him berating Jose that he had put certain items in the wrong lot. After three days, Jose was taken to the hospital with a nervous breakdown. I could not believe fate could ever be so cruel to me. Now Gibson seemed pleased; packing was suspended. No amount of railing and threats that I made did any good.

On a Sunday he said a friend of his had loaned him a motor boat with driver to take him water skiing and that he was going to a beach across the bay. Why didn't I accompany him and take a swim. I was tired of staying home and could not think of what excuse I had not to go. The beach was beautiful, and I enjoyed my swim. When he returned from water skiing, he sat down with a bottle of beer and started talking. He said he had never before been so happy as in Luanda. He could not bear the thought of leaving. Then he started crying, actually bawling. He could not help it because he did not want to leave. He had taken a liking to me and his only hope depended on me. Would I in the name of God ask the Department to appoint him as my deputy. He would serve me like a slave. This exasperation lasted one month to a day before I could get rid of him.

Now, my mission to Angola. Two days after my arrival, one of the corporation directors I had met on the ship invited me to the anniversary reception to be held the next day. I knew no one aside from the two directors who were acting as co-hosts. I asked if there

were any other members of the Consular Corps there. He said only the South African Consul General and pointed him out. I went up to him and introduced myself. I knew he would be curious to meet me but certainly not there. The reason he was the only one was because South Africa was the one country that could be relied on not to be influenced by our American, "Africa for the Africans" policy. With disregard to policy, the directors had invited me simply as an American they had met on the ship. I asked the South African what Portuguese officials were there. He pointed out a gold-braided Army officer who was the Minister of Defense. I asked if he would introduce me. He frankly said, "I cannot do it because he is the Government's most outspoken enemy of the United States, and I believe he would turn his back on us." He then excused himself, and I saw no more of him the rest of the evening. There was magnificent buffet dinner accompanied by ever-flowing champagne. The over-worked hosts managed to take off a minute here and there and come over to speak to me. They were obviously racking their brains to think of someone they could introduce me to. Finally they took me over to an impressive younger man whose name I already knew as one of the richest, most important heads of corporations in Lisbon. He greeted me correctly and bluntly said he had always been an admirer of the United States and close friend of our Embassy in Lisbon. But after what had happened, he returned unopened all invitations to the Embassy. He gave a short summary of his views on our policy and politely walked away. I now knew what I could expect in Angola. Of course at the moment the horror and twenty-four hour nightmare in my mind was to get rid of Gibson.

I began making my official calls. The Governor General's office said it would let me know when it would be convenient for him to see me. I had heard from my colleagues that he had not received any of them, including the South African. I then started going down the line with the Cabinet. The Defense Minister's office gave me a brusque reply that he could not see me. The others seemed to me to be typical Portuguese bureaucrats and received me in brief perfunctory interviews. The only person I found attractive was the Commanding General of the Armed Forces in Angola. He was a man of considerable magnetism and a sense of humour - a rare thing among Portuguese officials. He genially lamented the state of our relations but accepted it as a fact to be expected in present-day political trends and refrained from boring me with the Portuguese point of view. I would have very much liked to have him as a friend.

The only thing I learned from these calls was that I was on my own and that there was no possibility of having meaningful official, relations with them.

Governor General Deslandes handled my call on him with dignity and tact. He did not drag in American policy or show hostility. He did what the head of any country should do when receiving a foreign representative. He politely expressed the hope that my mission in Angola would be pleasant and a success. His conduct was the opposite of the hysterical scene the Portuguese Foreign Minister had made. I admired him more than any other Portuguese official I met in Luanda or Lisbon during, my four year tour in Angola.

I believe that General Deslandes received me in spite of his policy not to receive Consular representatives because of his friendship with the Portuguese Ambassador in Washington. I had met Ambassador Pereira in Washington, and when I was assigned to

Angola, I called on him. I explained my predicament of going to Angola under such unfavorable circumstances. He said he was a good friend of Governor General Deslandes for whom he had the greatest respect and that he would write him about me. Before I left Washington, he gave a dinner party for me.

The only two members of the Angolan Government who did not follow Foreign Minister Nogueira's warning, "We will make it difficult for you" were the Governor General and the Commanding General of the Armed Forces.

Before accepting my Angola assignment, I had insisted on and obtained from Soapy a statement that I would not be expected to take any action in Angola which would exacerbate the Portuguese Government. I knew this would destroy any possibility of accomplishing what the African Bureau wanted me to do there.

There were a few managers of American enterprises whom I saw occasionally. My social activity was mostly with the Consular Corps. At their receptions and dinners I met some Portuguese people. I made a careful list of the ones that did not show hostility. After a few months, I decided to give a cocktail party to which I invited every Portuguese name on my list, a few members of the foreign community, and, to avoid the possibility of no one showing up, the entire Consular Corps. Out of thirty, only two Portuguese came. One was an alcoholic who could not resist the temptation of having a free drink, and the other was the doctor who had been treating me for allergies and was widely acknowledged as an informer of the Secret Police. The alcoholic was able to drink all he could hold in a short time and left. My doctor was delighted to stay on because the entire Consular Corps were his clients. In fact his calling card read "Dr. Eduardo Ricou, Specialist in Venereal Diseases" and in the lower left hand corner "Special Consultant to the French Consulate General".

After this sad effort, I decided to let time take its course. I went on several visits to foreign-owned coffee plantations in the interior. A couple of American millionaires came to Luanda by private plane and invited me to accompany them on a safari at Mucusso in the remote, southeastern corner of Angola - white hunters, luxury bungalows, portable showers, bushmen trackers, Landrovers, hampers filled with beer, liquor, iced champagne and every other such necessity.

I am ashamed to say I went on an elephant hunt and shot one of the three bullets that killed a giant male. It is strange how one can rationalize that the beast would have been killed anyway. My hosts took the trophies they wanted. I took the ears that consist of a double layer of very thin skin and a few hairs of the tail which were woven by the bushmen into an intricate bracelet I still have. We next went on a buffalo hunt, and after tracking a herd for five hours, one of my friends killed a bull. The wily nature of these animals make them the most difficult and dangerous of all big game.

Our safari was on the border of the District of Cuando Cubango and the Caprivi Strip. The Cubango River becomes the Okavango River of Botswana and disappears in the desert where it forms and feeds the vast delta of the Okavango Swamps. On the crystal clear waters of these swamps there are floating gardens of great natural beauty with

delicate flowers and a variety of bird life of bright plumage that contrast with the desolation of the surrounding country. This was one of my favorite sights in Africa.

Southern Africa was always associated in my mind with the Hottentots and bushmen. It is a pity the Hottentots are now extinct, but the bushmen are well ensconced in the Kalahari Desert of Botswana and in the neighboring wilderness. One such place was Sacachai near Mucusso where the bushmen trackers we used came from. Bushmen are a good looking, childlike, light skinned race, short - about five feet - and sinewy; some of the women are quite pretty, but what distinguishes them most is their strong personality and remarkable independence. It is commonplace to hear of them running away from their husbands if dissatisfied or bored. At night they would put on a dance in the camp where they had brought their womenfolk. The music consisted of the women clapping their hands and singing an accompaniment - the singing had a weird sound with the clicking of their language. At times the singing became a humorous dialogue with the men and was the cause of great merriment; the man interrupted their dancing, shook their bottoms as if shivering, then broke into a wild dance. The Sacachai are the only bushmen I know of who used no musical instruments.

My white hunter was a young Italian who was living with a bushman beauty he called Guida. Once we went with her to a river for a swim; he pulled off her one cloth and took pictures of her posing as a model to send his friends in Italy.

I took a day off from the safari to visit by jeep a swampy region near the Zambia border where there were herds of rhinoceroses. In this barren land, I found a primitive African tribe that lived in huts built on stilts. Not even my bushmen trackers knew a word of their language. A man was outside his hut sculpting a rhinoceros out of a piece of wood. In all its crudeness, it was still a vigorous figure of a rhinoceros that could not have been carved by anyone except a person who knew every detail of this animal's body. It was the purest form I have seen of the human urge to express itself artistically.

When Bob Good was Assistant Secretary for Intelligence and Research, he visited Angola during a tour of Africa. He told me that he had been a Political Science professor at John Hopkins and that when the Kennedy Administration came in someone in the "brain trust" had singled him out as a desirable political appointee. Kennedy's appointment man had asked him whether he would accept an Ambassadorship in Africa. He asked to what country. The appointment man said he couldn't remember the name exactly but that it sounded something like "baboon". He checked the name and said it was Gabon. Good considered the matter carefully with his wife who was also a college professor. Although skeptical, they decided it would be an adventure and accepted the offer. He and his wife resigned their professorships, sold their house, packed their effects and waited for their final orders. In the meantime, his name had been sent to the Senate for confirmation, and after preliminary hearings, someone discovered that he had formerly belonged to a Civil Liberties organization. As soon as opposition was expressed, the White House withdrew his name, leaving him literally on the street. It was finally decided to give him an Assistant Secretaryship that needed no Congressional approval.

His mission to Angola was to acquaint himself with the country and visit a part of the interior. We flew to Lobito to take the Benguela railway to Nova Lisboa. This railway crosses most of the southern part of the African continent before it joins the railways of Northern Rhodesia (now Malawi) and Mozambique. Its equipment is antiquated, but the Pullman compartments with their brass fittings and paneling were the best of its kind when they were built in 1910; they have an Edwardian elegance that you would not expect to find in so remote a part of the world. When we walked into the carriage, the porter ceremoniously accompanied me to my quarters. It was a commodious suite with four berths, sitting room and enormous bathroom. Bob was taken to a cramped single unit. The explanation was clear when I read the titles on our doors. Mine was "The Illustrious Consul General of the United States of America", and Bob's "The Assistant to the Illustrious Consul General of the United States of America". I asked that we both share my suite. The only person inconvenienced was the PIDE secret service man who had originally occupied the room between ours where he could conveniently monitor conversations in both rooms.

The Portuguese had an impressive, well-trained Colonial Service in its network of administrative posts in the colonies. These officials were provided with excellent housing, even in the most remote places. When I traveled, I often stayed with them since there were no other lodgings.

In Artur de Paiva, I stayed with an attractive couple whose hospitality is hard to equal. At dinner, the table was set with official china, engraved glass and flatware, and good linen cloth. A different white or red wine was served to accompany each course, including Port with the dessert. Portuguese seldom drink Port, and I cannot think of a less desirable beverage in the hot, muggy bush. Breakfast was also in a class by itself - coffee, several kinds of meat, white and red wine.

The table was served by a uniformed boy in his teens. He was good-looking but of a "different" hue. The Administrator's wife told me he had been given to her by a bushman woman whose tribe would not accept the child because its father was black. She said the boy was a serious problem since he would not eat civilized food and that after the years she had had him, normal food still made him sick. Bushman food consisted of roots, ants, spiders, beetles, caterpillars, mice, lizards and practically every non-poisonous living thing that is found in the bush. The only thing he would eat gladly was honey - one of the bushman's favorite foods. Unfortunately, honey was hard to get and expensive. At sunset, he would look out towards the bush and say, "Out there I would be eating honey."

In Luanda there was a young American Catholic priest who was the representative of a Catholic charitable organization that distributed American contributions among the needy. When I met him I took a sudden dislike to the man. He was uncouth, shifty-eyed and gave me the impression of worthlessness. He was cocky, carried a chip on his

shoulder and was in every way offensive. Anyhow there was no reason for me to have anything to do with him aside from including his name in the Fourth of July party list.

I soon began to receive reports of the man's conduct. Evenings he would shed his ecclesiastical garb and don American sports clothes. He spent his time carousing with a group of foreign bums in bars and other local dives.

I later heard that he had been defrocked and was living in Lisbon. On a visit to Lisbon, my son Randolph who was Third Secretary at the Embassy told me he had met this man. He told my son that my conduct in Luanda was outrageous, so much so that the Portuguese authorities planned to ask for my recall. The activity they objected to most was that I was distributing pornographic publications. What amazed me most was the subject of the accusation. I can only imagine that he perceived my antipathy towards him and invented this story as the most vicious form of revenge he could think of.

After a year and a half of isolation, my friend Jose Maria Eca de Queiroz from Oporto came to Luanda on business. I asked him to stay with me. He once said there was nothing he could do about the hostility of the Portuguese Government, but he could introduce me to relatives who belonged to a social clique known as marmeladas. "At least you'll know a few pleasant people." He also told me that on the boat from Lisbon he had met a very pretty "cabrita" - in Portuguese-Angolan use, it means a light skinned mulatto. He suggested we invite her and one or two of his friends for lunch. The lunch was the first time I had Portuguese at my table. The girl was, as he said, very pretty, and I was pleased to see what good manners she had and how she was entirely at ease in a foreigner's house. I say this because I know that people of this class live in poverty in Luanda. A week or so later, she invited me to her house at five in the afternoon. The room where I was received had a dirt floor - there were plain wood chairs around the room and a table at the end with soft drinks and a few glasses. She introduced me to her father and mother and relatives. They were a group of all shades, from almost black to light brown. They seemed oblivious of their shabby clothes and surroundings; we chatted for an hour or so. She was delighted with my visit and acted the same as a Portuguese woman would in a great house.

Jose Maria introduced me into a strange world. His relatives became my friends, but it did not go much further. When I was invited by them, the other guests would have nothing to do with me. My friend had said that I was simpatico and should not be blamed for the "Africa for Africans" policy. One of them had expressed the view of all in these words, "I will believe it fifty years from now when his reports are published."

Marmelada is a Portuguese word that means quince jam. I do not know the origin of the name marmelada as applied to the Luanda elite. The second highest group is known as guayabada which means guava jam.

For centuries, Angola was a Portuguese penal colony as well as a convenient, out-of-the-way spot for the great Portuguese families to banish their black sheep who ran afoul of

the law. Through the years, their descendants became a local elite that represented some of the most, distinguished names in Portugal. A few fell heir to family titles such as the Counts of Labradio, Tomas, the Marques de Foz and others. Thus came into existence the marmeladas.

An interesting case is the Marques de Pombal branch of Luanda. During the early part of this century, a Pombal in Lisbon absconded with part of the royal treasure. He was captured, convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment at the Sao Paulo prison in Luanda. This Pombal had six children (four sons and two daughters) who emigrated to Angola to be near their father. By the time the old Pombal died in prison, his children were married and firmly established as leading members of the marmeladas.

It is impossible to become a member of this group through any criterion other than family inasmuch as money, personal distinction, ability, education, charm or talent are not acceptable credentials. There is one exception to the rule. On rare occasions, a marmelada will marry a well-off guava girl. Typically, these girls tend to become more marmelada than the marmeladas. Among the uninitiated, there is often confusion about who is and who is not a marmelada because there is a superficial mingling between the marmeladas and other groups through business and family acquaintances. The marmeladas however consist of no more than thirty-five families who look on themselves as a unit unrelated to the rest of the community. They hold some power since, through the Portuguese system of nepotism, the large monopolies often select a marmelada as the Luanda representative. Yet, these are salaried positions, and none of them have wealth. The characteristic of the marmelada is that he has none of the trappings of aristocracy aside from a firm personal conviction that he is the best. The group as a whole does not have the distinction, education, manners, or speech that would mark it as members of an aristocracy anywhere else. Even more, they live in dingy houses, pathetically furnished - enamel iron plates, tin flatware - not a sign of a stray heirloom or touch of tradition. Without financial interests or estates of their own, they do not even participate in the active flow of the famous and the rich who come to Luanda each year on safaris to Africa's largest unspoiled big game territory.

The marmeladas include no mulattoes, and it is seldom that a "cabrita" marries into the guayabadas. On the other hand, there is rivalry among the marmelada men over their cabrita mistresses.

The marmeladas and the guayabadas are enthusiastic bridge players, and this pastime was one of the few things they had in common. While I was there, bridge tournaments were held periodically. The guayabadas invariably won the first and second prizes which consisted of small loving cups. The marmeladas invariably won the third and fourth prizes which consisted of little palm leaves attached to a blue ribbon; the third was gilded; the fourth silver. The marmeladas wore their prizes on their lapels and were very proud of them. My friend said the marmeladas felt that anyone who won the loving cups could not be quite all right.

I became acquainted with some guayabadas. They had more money; they wanted to be educated; their houses and furnishings were better; even the women tended to be more

handsome and had better manners and speech. Some had been coffee growers during the boom and lived in good houses in the suburb known as the Barriero do Cafe. The marmeladas looked on this divergence as a sign of inferiority. The guayabadas had to try to improve - the marmeladas didn't.

I will go no further because all of my generalizations can be questioned, and if one goes into morality and other complicated subjects, it gets worse. I have included these comments only to give an idea of the existence of these two groups and to say that while the marmeladas were proud to be the best, the guayabadas were equally proud to be the second best.

My house in Luanda was not what anyone would think of as an official Residence, but I found it was one of the most charming houses I ever lived in - I called it my Capri villa. The main entrance was a bougainvillea-covered arcade through a garden that led to a long entrance hall, the living room and a bougainvillea-covered terrace which was the top floor of the villa. These rooms opened on to a balcony overlooking the lower road. There were steps that led to a terrace roof with a view of the bay and most of Luanda.

When I arrived, I found nothing but moth-eaten, tacky, and dirty furnishings. The place looked as if it was suitable for beachcombers or bums to hang out. Gibson had covered the central sofa with a large Mexican flag which dominated the entire room. When I ordered him to pack and leave at once I pulled off the flag which revealed even dirtier upholstery.

A friend in Lisbon sent me the few pieces of furniture I needed and materials to cover whatever was already there that I could use. In my long days of solitude, it was a pleasure to decorate the house. Of personal effects, I had brought only books. I had the entrance hall lined with bookcases. There was a problem with my books. Owing to the damp, tropical climate, I had the illiterate Portuguese housekeeper pull out every book each month and dust it. Whatever system she used meant that every book was put back exactly where it had been, but upside down. At first, I straightened them out. I then decided it was easier not to look for books when they were upside down; all I had to do was to wait awhile, and they would be right side up. My house played a part in one episode.

Senator Ellender was a powerful man on the Senate Appropriations Committee. He traveled a lot visiting posts all over the world. His visits were dreaded because he was highly critical of State Department spending and over staffing. He made the trip on an Army plane visiting every post in Africa. I was alerted and warned of the delicate nature of his visit. His schedule for Luanda was vague; I had no idea how long he planned to stay. The Embassy in Leopoldville finally called me to say he was there and that he was arriving in Luanda next day at 11 a.m. and returning to Leopoldville at 3 p.m. I was to meet him, take him to the office and brief him on Angola. When I met him, he said he wanted to go to the market. He took some pictures and had me write captions for them. We finally arrived at the office. He asked about the staff. I said I had all the personnel I wanted, and in fact, when a student Vice Consul was assigned to me, I asked the

Department to cancel it because in my delicate mission, I did not want an inexperienced single officer around. After that, the Senator was eating out of my hand. He didn't care to hear about the situation in Angola. I took him to my house and showed him the place. I did it all with malice. I wanted everything I did to act as a soporific; I wanted him to forget about his trip. I had him and the crew for lunch and told the Senator I was sorry he was staying such a short time - he must be tired - he was in his mid-seventies - and I wished he would stay overnight. I added that I had happened to invite a few young people for a party that evening, and I was sure he would enjoy relaxing with such pleasant people. I already had him halfway drugged. He told the crew he would be leaving in the morning at eight o'clock.

He came out of his room at six o'clock and thanked me for persuading him to stay; he felt so relaxed, found the place so lovely and had even worked trying to catch up on his notes. I then told him about my guests. One was an American adventurer with a very attractive British girlfriend - they organized safaris; another was an Italian soldier of fortune and organizer of mercenaries for Katanga with an equally attractive French girlfriend; and a few of my young officers, their wives and two young members of the Consular Corps.

He said he could not stand up long and had to take his shoes off. I told him to sit down on a sofa and to make himself comfortable – everyone would come to him to talk. The party went off like clockwork. I asked the girls to make a fuss over him and take turns talking to him. They all loved him, and he was in seventh heaven.

After dinner, I asked why he didn't stay on until after lunch the following day; that way he would have several hours to work on his notes. He said he would decide in the morning. In the morning, he asked that the crew be informed he was not leaving until after lunch.

When I received his many-hundred-pages report to the Senate on his Africa trip, I, of course, was interested only in what he had to say about Luanda. It was several pages long, but about eighty percent of it was the description of my house. He praised me to the skies for not having accepted an additional officer - he phrased it in such a way that it sounded like a rebuke to other posts, then made a complimentary remark about me.

I liked the Senator – I know nothing about him or the thorn in the flesh he seemed to be in the Service. I enjoyed trying to create in Luanda, at least for a day, the atmosphere of Siren Land, and it worked.

One of my early friends in Luanda was a Spanish architect by the name of Balboa. He had a motor yacht he took out each Sunday to sail to different places in the bay and beyond. He always had a rather motley group of friends and invited me to join them whenever I wanted. I would go every once in awhile. Balboa once told me that he had visited a neighboring tribe where he saw them put on an extraordinary dancing show; it was like a ballet. It consisted of eight little girls between ten and twelve years of age and two men. The men played primitive musical instruments, and the girls put on a regular

ballet act telling a story. Along with their music, the two men directed the dance and formed part of the story in the ballet.

I asked Balboa to have them come to my house one late afternoon and put on their act on my terrace. I wanted to see if I could use them at a party. They arrived and started their act, and it could not have been more than twenty minutes before the stench on the terrace reached the point where I had to flee, but I had seen enough - it was an enchanting sight, an African fairy tale, a dancing pantomime of love and vengeance. I told Balboa I was having a party a week later and wanted them to put on their act. The stench was caused by a plaster used in the girls' hairdos which had a penetrating rancid smell. I wanted them to come to my house at five o'clock, go into the garden where my gardener would bathe them with the hose while a servant soaped them from head to toe. Balboa liked the idea but said that to make sure everything went off well, he would do the soaping himself.

I had my marmelada friends, the safari man, the mercenary man, and their girls, and a few of my colleagues in the Corps. The marmeladas were the most surprised of all - the longer they lived in Angola with its present-day comforts, the further they were from the bush - the mystery, the art and vibrant life buried in the Angolan wilderness escaped them.

I've told about the Cabrita Eca de Queiroz brought to lunch while he was staying with me. A year or so later, she came to lunch a day before I was leaving for Lisbon. She said she wanted to pack my bag. In the past, my old housekeeper had always done it, and each time I came back, she fussed if shirts, socks or handkerchiefs were missing. I took it as a normal servant attitude to show their worth.

I noticed the careful way the Cabrita did the packing - it was work of art. Apparently, among Portuguese women, packing a suitcase is something they take seriously as a duty.

When I came back from the office, I asked for some ice. I felt as if I were being struck by a thunder bolt - the old woman began shouting, then went into a frenzy. Words to the effect she had never been so humiliated, insulted, mistreated in her life, and worst of all, by a Cabrita who had no business touching my bag - then faded into unintelligible ravings. I called her son to rush over. When he arrived, he and my African servants forcibly took her away until they could get her into an asylum straight jacket. She was still in the asylum when I left Angola.

I believe a report I wrote on the Consular Corps in Angola gives a picture of my closest friends in Luanda.

"May 31, 1963

"The British and Americans have had consular representation in Angola off and on for well over one hundred years. France, Belgium and South Africa with contiguous

territories have also had representation here and in recent years they have taken more than passing interest in Angola.

"It was not until the Angolan Rebellion of 1961, however, that the Western Powers woke up to the fact that Angola posed a thorny problem. Since that time the complexion of the Consular Corps in Luanda has changed altogether.

"The Corps is now composed of Consuls General of France, Great Britain, Republic of South Africa, Belgium, United States of America and Italy and Consuls of Brazil and Federal Republic of Germany. With the exception of the Frenchman all present incumbents were appointed after the rebellion and reflect to a greater or lesser degree their various countries' concern over developments in Angola. The Quai d'Orsay apparently regards its Consul General as an expert on Angola in view of his fifteen years experience in the Province. The other representatives are in most cases well trained diplomatic officers with wide experience in other areas. Brazil established its first career representation in mid-1961 and Italy at the end of 1962. In our own case the category of the post was raised in January 1962 from a Class 5 Consulate to a Class 2 Consulate General.

"Portugal's experience in the UN where most of the world opposed its position in Africa embittered the nation and this attitude was reflected in many ways including the relations between the Angolan Governor General and the Luanda Consular Corps. Governor General Deslandes when he assumed office in June 1961 refused to receive any member of the Corps. Months later he finally invited them en masse during a visit to Luanda of the Overseas Minister. This attitude inhibited the Consuls from taking up official matters with the Governor General personally. All relations with the Provincial Government were conducted through the Secretary General or the Chef de Cabinet.

"Through some strange quirk or perhaps because of some communication from Ambassador Pereira in Washington, I was received by Governor General Deslandes promptly on arrival and had direct access to him until his dismissal. But I arrived ten months after he had taken office and he might have been reconsidering his former policy. I do not subscribe to my colleagues' theory that he looked down on consuls because he came to Luanda from Madrid where he had been Portuguese Ambassador. After all most of the new vintage of consuls were career diplomats with service in European capitals. Quite naturally the most bitter Deslandes hater in the Corps was the South African who felt an exception should have been made in his case.

"No one could have had a more difficult task than Governor General Silverio Marques when he arrived in Luanda to replace General Deslandes. The Province was indignant with the Central Government for removing Deslandes and resented the appointment of an unknown junior officer as Governor General of Angola.

"No doubt aware of his predecessor's attitude towards the Corps, Marques could be quite sure that this body at least would probably welcome his presence in Angola. Shortly after arrival he received the Corps in special audience. He resumed inviting the Corps to Palace receptions and gave a dinner in their honor. Therefore superficially relations with

the Government General are now on a normal basis. In actual fact the basic attitude towards the Corps is stiff and reserved, no doubt reflecting Lisbon directives.

"In the past Consuls in Luanda seem to have been looked upon by the Portuguese population as persons with comfortable establishments and representation allowances sent here to entertain their official and social relations. There are no social clubs in Luanda so that Consular and Palace functions played an important part in the social life of the city. After the rebellion this changed. Officials and prominent persons would no longer accept invitations to most consulates and the turn out at national day receptions consisted mainly of colleagues and members of the foreign community. The only two countries at present in a slightly favored position are France and South Africa. But the Portuguese do not like to make protocolary exceptions and South Africa, particularly, suffers from the sins of the others.

"For the first year after the rebellion and with the fall of Goa, Angola considered itself in mourning and social functions were in cases prohibited and definitely frowned upon. The corps therefore tended to bind itself into a closely knit group. This took place despite the heterogeneous nature of its members, their unusual eccentricities and the fact there were only three wives among them. It is surprising that in the past year there has been no friction whatever among members of the Corps and even more remarkable none among the wives.

"Owing to the difficulty of obtaining information under the Portuguese system and especially because of the ostracism to which Deslandes relegated the Corps, it was decided about two years ago to hold fortnightly meetings at each others' houses for the purpose of exchanging, information and discussing rumors and press notices. The meetings are conducted in English. Unfortunately meetings are not held regularly for lack of interest. Members simply will not talk freely in a group.

"With regard to the idea of exchanging information with colleagues of certain friendly powers, the following comment on the personalities and activities of members of the Consular Corps in Luanda will give some idea of how this has worked out.

"French Consul General Jacques LANDRY

"Landry is a tall heavy-set man with a noticeable paunch, thin grey hair. He looks older than his forty-two years and has the stiff formal manners of the old French Colonial Service - one might even say stuffy mannerisms, polite, correct. He speaks punctuating his words with quick little bows. Everything he does is complicated with excessive attentions, protestations and fussing about. His expression is dead serious, intent, and rarely smiles. Absence of a sense of humor is apparent. He has no small talk. For a year now I have seen him approach ladies at social functions and ask them what they think of the common market. Since the answer is 'nothing' he expounds at length on the subject. Landry is an extraordinary bore.

"My picture of this man so far is negative but he has qualities that as Dean of the Consular Corps to some extent balance his faults. He takes his duties and responsibilities

very seriously. He is punctilious in his relations with the Portuguese authorities, he aims to serve his colleagues, he is a good friend, he never says bad things about people, he tries to be as sincere as one can in this profession, he is an agreeable poker player, he is the kind of man one would ask to be a second at a duel. Moreover he actually enjoys making the little speeches required of the Dean of the Corps at luncheons and official functions. He likes protocol.

"Professionally Landry is somewhat of a mystery to me. He came into the Foreign Service through the Colonial Service. He is not studious nor trained in the ways of diplomacy. A poor linguist - after all these years his Portuguese is not good. And yet his long experience in Africa should have given him some insight into the problems of the area. In Angola for example he was a Vice Consul in Lobito many years ago. Then he resigned and for a few years went into business in Lobito. He reentered the French Colonial Service and was posted in Cotonou. Later he was Consul in Luanda, then Consul General. (At one stage he was assigned to Santiago, Chile in some commercial capacity.) Landry knows Angola backwards and forwards, he knows the terrain, he knows the people, he even has a smattering of Angolan tribes. I say a mystery because with this background one would think he could reach correct conclusions on economic and political developments. I have had no reason to believe he is capable of accurate interpretation or analyses. He is not good at sifting out rumors - an important aspect of political work in Luanda. Nonetheless his knowledge of the Province is useful since he enjoys exhibiting it in contrast to his secretive attitude in discussing current political developments or French activity in Angola.

"Giving his rather shaky career position in the Quai d'Orsay, Landry is not a man who could be expected to take a bold stand.

"A picture of Landry would not be complete without some reference to his private life. A bachelor, he looks on himself as a Don Juan playboy having fun while looking for a wife. He made a serious mistake when he allowed it to leak that he did not regard Portuguese ladies as suitable candidates. While Luanda ladies would deny any interest in him, for that very reason they consider the attitude gratuitous. To close friends Landry confides that he favors Nordic stock, blond and preferably seventeen. A year and a half ago he made an extended tour through Scandinavia in search of a bride and when he returned empty-handed he explained that unfortunately the girls he had met in Oslo and Stockholm were mostly in the 25-year-old bracket.

"This aspect of his personality may be one of the reasons why the upper crust of Luanda society no longer seeks his company. Landry's circle has shrunk even since I have been here and is now reduced to a few minor officials and professional men, petty merchants and members of the foreign community.

"British Consul General James Collett WARDROP, C.B.E.

"Wardrop is a lean medium height man in his forties with sharp features and a controlled nervous manner. As the son of a British diplomat brought up in the Foreign Service, he is imbued with some of the attitudes of traditional British diplomacy. But Wardrop is not a

Foreign Office type; he is primarily a scholar, an accomplished linguist and student of international affairs who practices diplomacy as a technician observing precise rules and procedures. At social functions he gives the impression of being hard at work button-holing and pumping people for information. Whenever he has extracted what the guests have to offer and can get away, he withdraws to the comforts of his own home - the only place he can relax. While this detached cold approach does not endear him to people he is pleasant, polite and above all gives the impression of solid worth which means that people at least respect him.

"Mrs. Wardrop is a cheerful home-loving woman with enough sense of humor to make up for the lack of it in her husband's personality. The Wardrops' have two teen-age children in school in England.

"Before coming to Luanda Wardrop served a tour of duty as a member of the British mission to the International Atomic Energy Agency in Vienna.

"As a colleague Wardrop has been helpful in a small way. We have worked closely on problems related to missionaries of the American-Canadian missions, we have exchanged small bits of information on the military situation in the north and discussed frankly many other points at that level. But when it comes to political assessment or matters having to do with the Portuguese Government he tends to diffuse the point and go into some extraneous aspect of the problem so that one can rarely say Wardrop believes this or that.

"His conduct of a Consular Corps meeting at his house is a perfect example of his tactics with his colleagues. When we were all assembled he left the room and returned shortly with a fine Foreign Office black leather despatch case which he placed on the coffee table. He took out a little key, opened it and a bright crimson lining appeared. It was very impressive and we awaited with interest some rare bit of confidential information he had picked up. He then removed from the case a sheet of paper which had a tiny newspaper clipping pasted on it and at its side a typewritten translation. He asked if any of us had noticed this item in the paper some weeks ago. It had to do with a high increase in traffic through the port of Luanda during the past year. All of us of course had seen and considered it. Wardrop nevertheless took the opportunity to lecture us some ten minutes on his views on various aspects of this development. Needless to say these tactics do not promote mutual exchange of information.

"What Wardrop's local sources of information are, I do not know but with a sizeable resident British community they should be good. To a man of Wardrop's mental structure a Foreign Office instruction that he exchange information with his American colleague would simply mean that he felt free to see me oftener to try to get what I might have. As an example, some weeks ago he called on me by appointment to ask about a minor detail on oil production in Angola. I asked the Economic Officer to give him the exact information he wanted. He then struck like lightning and asked some fifteen questions the answers to which would enable him to write a satisfactory report on the whole subject. The information given to him was not confidential but - like everything in Angola - had been obtained with difficulty in conversations with various sources over a period of several months.

"Wardrop's relations with the Portuguese are correct and formal. He has no Portuguese friends - in fact there is something of the White Man's burden in his attitude towards them - he seems to regard them as just another kind of native. He studies them with interest and is not the only one who is puzzled.

"Belgian Consul General Jean BOUHA

"Bouha is a chubby little man with a benign smiling expression. A bachelor in his mid-forties he is very sociable, likes parties and dances and a gay time. Socially he rarely talks shop and never gives the impression that he works hard at his job. He has a keen sense of humor, is witty at times even in English which he knows very well. Bouha's appearance and social manner is extremely deceptive. He is highly intelligent and one of the most able and effective members of the Corps. He has a thorough knowledge of Belgium's interests in Africa, is an expert on matters relating to the ex-Belgian Congo as well as the Tshombe Katanga, and has a knowledge of conditions and problems in the rest of southern Africa.

"Prior to his assignment to Luanda Bouha was a Counselor of the Belgian Embassy in Vienna and before that an assistant to Spaak.

"Professionally Bouha is meticulous in his work, a characteristic that prevents him from expressing views on anything except what he knows well. This trait makes him seem almost uncooperative at consular meetings where he rarely says anything. He probably looks on these discussions as too superficial to be worthwhile. In our many private conversations I have found him perhaps the most useful and helpful source of information whenever it touches the fields he knows so well.

"Bouha enjoys a good social position in Luanda largely because of his attractive personality, but also because there are a number of Belgian technicians and officials in the Petrofina oil operation with close connections in Luanda official and social circles.

"Bouha's tactics in dealing with the Portuguese are among the best for this post. He is awake and alert to all trends and developments without at any time giving the appearance of prying into the local situation.

"Landry is Bouha's closest friend (French Consul General described above). This at first confused me a bit because of the difference in intellectual makeup. But both are bachelors who like to have fun and thus have something in common.

"South African Consul General Charles B. Hilson FINCHAM

"Fincham is a tall bulky man of about forty-five with a stolid expression and unsophisticated manners. He can be quite jovial when he is at social functions he enjoys. His wife is a large rather dominating but pleasant and accomplished Dutchwoman who seems to administer his career and share in the direction and conduct of his office. A member of the South African career service, Fincham's professional training is unorthodox. There is little sign of mental vision or imagination. He spends much time translating and interpreting Angolan legislation.

"Because of the special political relations between Portugal and South Africa he resents the fact the Portuguese do not treat him in a preferred manner. In negotiations with the Portuguese he shows little patience. He and his wife do not see eye to eye with certain policies of the South African government and his failure to present his country's policies more forcefully in Angola almost cost him his job a few weeks ago when he was recalled for consultation.

"He has no friends among the Portuguese but he and his wife are on excellent terms with their colleagues and members of the foreign community. These relations however are interrupted for weeks at a time when a teen-age daughter and twenty-year-old son are home on vacation. The Finchams have the policy of accepting no invitations when the children are home from school. During these periods he merely pays token visits to his office. On more than one occasion he has come to a Corps meeting and asked to be briefed because he has not read a newspaper in two weeks. At these meetings he sometimes reminds me of Sherlock Holmes' Watson who never knew anything and was always surprised.

"Fincham has a good staff but the morale is deplorably low allegedly because of lack of consideration shown personnel by both Fincham and his wife.

"From time to time Fincham has given me valuable bits of information about South African activities in Angola. Recently however, with rumors of secret negotiation between Portugal and South Africa and with his own precarious position in the Foreign Office he has become more cautious in conversation.

"Prior to his assignment to Luanda Fincham served as Charge d'Affaires in Toronto, Canada.

"Italian Consul General Aldo LONI

"Loni is a bachelor with suave pleasing manners and attractive personality. A man with a vigorous athletic physique he gives the appearance of being younger than his sixty years. His maternal grandmother was a White Russian. Loni speaks Russian, French, English and Spanish.

"A career diplomat, he has served as Consul in New York, Assistant Chief of Protocol, First Secretary of Embassy in Moscow, Ambassador to Honduras (two weeks) and Consul General in Malta prior to his assignment to Luanda as first Italian consular representative in Angola.

"Loni gives the impression of aristocracy and wealth - speaks of his father's yachts and his own sixty-five-foot yacht left in Malta pending arrangements to bring it to Angola. He says his Foreign Office has not paid staff salaries and office expenses since he arrived in October and he has covered these disbursements from his own income.

"Loni is a well educated and experienced diplomat with interest in history, arcane literature, astrology and other things mystic and occult.

"Despite these attractive and interesting attributes, Loni is having a very difficult time in Luanda. He is a stickler in matters of protocol and resents the Provincial Government's cavalier treatment of consul representatives. He has been purposely indiscreet in voicing his resentment on this point and Portuguese officials have reacted by ignoring or snubbing him. He lives and has his office in Luanda's leading hotel because he has been unable to find a house which he considers suitable as a residence. Here again he has let it be known that the only solution to his problem is for the Italian Government to construct appropriate quarters. He has even spoken of bringing his yacht to Luanda for use as a residence until such time as one is built.

"Loni has not found it possible to establish communication with the Portuguese. He lives a lonely life, spending a great deal of time on the beach and taking long walks at night (on these walks he is tailed by the PIDE Secret Police in a little black Volkswagen - which he calls the little Widow. Loni amuses himself by going to strange places and out of the way beaches to whet the suspicions of the PIDE. He carries a small gun.) He is on very good terms with his colleagues as well as with a few people in the foreign community. Owing to his strained relations with the Portuguese he does no official entertaining aside from an occasional dinner party for his colleagues.

"In a remarkably short time Loni became well informed on events in Angola. Not only does he read the daily press carefully but through an Italian secretary married to a Portuguese and long resident in Angola he receives the rumors circulating in Luanda and is acquiring a knowledge of the background and activities of people in all walks of Angolan life. Moreover, he has organized the appreciable Italian colony scattered throughout Angola so that they now report to him matters of interest through hand-carried messages from their various places of residence.

"Loni has been generous in passing on to me items of interest. Unfortunately what I thought at first might turn out to be a gold mine has almost become a liability because when all this intelligence is sifted through Loni's mind it comes out in strange form. An example of the way Loni's mind works will serve to illustrate my point. Towards the end of last New Year's Eve celebration we were sitting on my terrace and he casually remarked that in 1937 in a despatch to his Government he had predicted the atom bomb - he had written that the next decade would see a scientific development that would give its name to the age. I asked how he was able to do this, and he replied, "The Book of the Great Lama". He said his studies had enabled him to predict events. Other examples. He speaks of "The Angolan Novel" meaning his assignment here. He told me that in trying to fathom the Angolan problem his adult experience had failed. He had first gone back to the time he was three years old then to date of birth but it was only when he got into outer space that things began to make sense. He believes that in the past beings from other planets have explored the earth but that not liking what they saw they lost interest and no longer return. Flying saucers come into the picture in this sector of his thinking. Recently he returned from a trip through central Angola and said the most interesting thing he had seen was a group of Africans by the side of the road carving pieces of wood in the shape of the human tibia. He was unable to obtain a reasonable explanation why they were doing this. He said his conclusions were that the shape had some mystic symbolism for what were actually clubs to beat the Portuguese with.

"I find it difficult to take advantage of Loni's offer to give me the information he picks up because he does not like to talk indoors. He believes every spot is bugged by the Portuguese. We go for a walk along the waterfront where he speaks in whispers that with the sound of the waves cannot be heard.

"Loni sincerely likes and admires the United States and often refers to the necessity of the two countries working together on the Angolan problem.

"All in all Loni is a most pleasant colleague, a delightful conversationalist and good friend. This is a lot in a community that offers very little in the way of social life.

"Brazilian Consul Frederic CARNAUBA

"A short slight man in his late thirties Carnauba has a sloping forehead, little hair, a long beaked nose and large grey eyes with long eyelashes. He has acquired some of the old Itamaraty mannerisms. His father was a general from a prominent Brazilian landed family. Carnauba is married to a strange exotic Greek-Argentinian whose bohemian habits raised many an eyebrow in Luanda until she finally left for Lisbon where she now resides. Prior to the departure of his wife Carnauba was on the verge of a nervous breakdown and under psychiatric care. Since then he has recovered but complains of the loneliness of life without a wife.

"When I arrived in Luanda Carnauba took his work seriously and up to some six or seven months ago he was one of my most helpful colleagues. Several incidents however occurred that caused him to lose interest and decide not to bother any more. The Brazilian Foreign Office puts out a publication called Carta do Brazil directed to the newly independent African countries. One issue had a passage offensive to Portugal and through inadvertence his office mailed copies to members of the Provincial Government. When Governor General Deslandes heard of this he reacted violently with a note addressed to Carnauba threatening to take measures against Brazilian representation and interests in Angola. Carnauba was looked upon as persona non grata although no formal action was taken. A second incident had to do with his Vice Consul who he insisted be removed at once and replaced by a more competent officer. Itamaraty finally transferred the Vice Consul but did not replace him thus leaving Carnauba with the problem of having to perform many menial consular and administrative duties.

"As the first Brazilian career consular representative in Angola Carnauba had an entree into the more exclusive Luanda social circles where he became quite popular. (Many of the old Portuguese noble families are represented here.) During the past year however for reasons unknown to him or to me he has been dropped by these people and now has very few Portuguese friends.

"I consider Carnauba an intelligent well trained Foreign Service Officer who has the ability to represent his country well almost anywhere. But with family problems, difficulties with the Portuguese authorities, personnel conflicts plus basic and disturbing changes in his own Foreign Office, it is not surprising that Carnauba should feel it is hardly worthwhile to knock himself out in Angola.

"Federal Republic of Germany Consul Georg NEWAR

"Negwar is a man about thirty-seven years old who has served in the German Foreign Office, Italy and Argentina. He is a pale faced, strong man with regular features, black hair and rather formal easy manners. Like many other German post-war diplomats he is highly trained in all aspects of diplomacy including commercial promotion and foreign languages. Capable and energetic he is one of the most effective representatives in Luanda. Perhaps no other member of the corps works harder in his job which in the case of Germany includes direct intervention in commercial matters. He has, next to the Americans, the largest staff.

"Long before this office received word that the German Foreign Office had instructed its Consul to cooperate with the American representative Negwar and I had been in close touch with each other on current developments and perhaps for this reason he has not mentioned having received special instructions. In addition to important German economic interests in Angola Negwar has the advantage of a large German and German/Portuguese colony scattered throughout the Province which includes plantation owners and businessmen.

"Mrs. Negwar is the darling of the Corps, pretty, vivacious, sweet and gay. She holds a masters degree in Romance language literature. The two are a most attractive couple, popular in the Corps and foreign community and have managed to make a few friends among the Portuguese. They have two little children to whom they devote a great deal of time. Against the background of his other colleagues in the Luanda Consular Corps Negwar's most distinguishing characteristic is that he is so normal. I have tried to discover his cloven hoof and the nearest thing to it is that on a visit to Leopoldville he called on an Angolan refugee organization and posed as a German commercial traveler. This was indeed a rather daring thing to do since the Portuguese PIDE has dozens of agents in Leopoldville reporting on all foreign contacts with the Angolan refugees. He was in fact quite proud of this feat and even mentioned it at one of the Consular meetings."

When I became better acquainted with Wardrop, he asked if he could accompany me on my next visit to outlying districts. We visited several missions, one of the largest farming enterprises in Angola owned by the German von Opel family, and called on the District Governors and other high officials.

We sometimes stayed at missions - the missionaries didn't smoke and especially frowned on anyone smoking before their children. Wardrop enjoyed smoking and at each place politely asked whether he could smoke. The missionaries would say "yes" but rushed to find what could be used as an ashtray and opened all the windows to avoid pollution. I was used to smoking a pipe, but on these calls, I found it best to smoke in my room.

After our trip, Wardrop said, "You like to smoke as much as I do, but you did not do it openly. At the end of each visit you came out like Sir Galahad in shining armour, and I

felt like an unwelcome guest." I said he could have done the same as I did if he had wanted to. I believed that my method was better than his because I had it both ways - I pleased the missionaries, and I pleased myself.

In fact, Wardrop was delighted with our trip and started planning another more extensive one. He had a good knowledge of the language but was handicapped by his inability to engage in small talk; he had difficulty in dealing with the Portuguese mentality. Therefore, I did all the talking in our joint names, poured on the pleasantries, expressed appreciation or whatever else was necessary. Each time, he would show his agreement with the words "Eu tambem", "me too".

Wardrop also accompanied me on my next trip. We took the Benguela Railway at Lobito and traveled across Angola to Texeira de Sousa on the southern Katanga border where the Benguela Railway connects with those running southeast towards the Indian Ocean.

On the train, we carried on a sort of seminar reviewing all the past events on the route we were following, especially the monumental collision between the Portuguese and British over the "Mapa cor de rosa" affair which prevented Portugal from taking possession of all the territories between Angola and Mozambique.

At the end of our visit to Texeira de Sousa, we prepared to return on next day's train. That night, we were informed that because of danger of a rebel attack, train service had been suspended indefinitely. We were a thousand kilometers from the Port of Lobito; there was no local transportation; and even if we had had a car, the roads were impassable. We had no way of communicating with Luanda. I talked to the railway agent and said I wanted a special train sent in from Lobito. Lobito gave the figure of what it would cost. Wardrop was horrified because it amounted to more than both Wardrop's and my travel allowances for a year. He said he knew his Government would not approve. I asked that the train be sent at once. Wardrop was downcast. I reasoned with him, "What will you have? The Consuls General of two great world powers marooned indefinitely in the heart of Africa because their governments will not pay for a train to pick them up!" Actually, I felt very much the same as Wardrop but didn't know what else I could do. I was pleased, Wardrop relieved when both governments paid without a whimper.

To amuse myself as well as the bored wives of my Luanda friends, I offered to give them three short talks on strange subjects. After the talks, the husbands could join us for drinks. I also invited the new British Consul General, Casmo Stuart, a man with a deep knowledge of arcane things, and the Italian Consul General, Aldo Loni, whose knowledge of the supernatural would have been of more interest to the ladies were it not that he looked on his knowledge as sacred, something not to be bandied around where it might be taken as jesting.

My subjects were, I'm sure, of more interest to me than to my small audience, but experience had taught me that if I talked with enthusiasm about anything, it was the mood rather than the substance that entertained. I announced my three subjects at the beginning

so that interest might be whetted by expecting something worth listening to at the end. They were: "Sebastianism", "The Abipones", and "Letters of a Portuguese Nun".

Sebastianism was the fantastic belief that arose after the young King Sebastian of Portugal was killed in battle by the Moors at Alcacer Kebir in 1578. Many Portuguese believed he was not dead and that he would return to crush the Moors, vindicate his country and resume his reign. This became a cult, a religion - the faithful would gaze at the rising sun with the expectation that the youthful king would appear in glory, descending from the clouds.

The cult lingered for over two centuries until it suddenly burst forth in Brazil in the last quarter of the nineteenth century when a fiery prophet, Antonio Conselheiro, appeared in the wilderness of the Sertao to preach the imminent return of King Sebastian. After a brief reign on earth, the end of the world would come and the faithful rewarded with eternal life. He preached an exaggerated chastity, thundered against marriage - to avoid breeding sinners - and threatened with the pains of hell women who adorned themselves. Curiously enough, he held that virtue was superfluous as the end of the world was fast approaching and thus engendered free love. The life of devotees was to spend the day listening to Antonio Conselheiro's preaching and singing songs and litanies and the night in orgies of rum and fornication. The cattle thieves, bandits and criminals who infested the Sertao flocked to Antonio Conselheiro whose "Repent and sin no more" doctrine offered eternal life as well as license to continue their crimes.

The fast growing cult defied both Church and State, and a clash was inevitable. Antonio Conselheiro withdrew to a remote position in the wilderness and built the fortified town of Canudos. There the emaciated, long-haired prophet in his blue tunic took his last stand. Repeated military efforts to subdue the town failed until the full strength of the Brazilian Army was brought to bear. Antonio Conselheiro died during the last siege from the effects of fasting and exhaustion - five thousand followers refused to capitulate and during a long siege were killed by gun fire, hunger and thirst; no one surrendered.

When Antonio Conselheiro expired, his followers believed he would return in glory, accompanied by the King, Dom Sebastian, and with an escort of angels armed with flaming swords to destroy the Brazilian Anti-Christ.

My next talk was on a subject of a rarity to arouse curiosity. The Abipones were a tribe of Indians in what became the back country of Paraguay. The Spaniards tried to subjugate and enslave them with no success. A strong source of Spanish power was the horse. It enabled them to ride with firearms spreading terror among the native tribes in an effort to conquer them. The Abipones, however, before the Spaniards reached this stage, began stealing horses. They quickly built up a great herd of horses that outnumbered those of the Spaniards. Moreover, they at once became an equestrian race, a race of centaurs who for years were the scourge of the land. They raided Spanish settlements and stole the arms they needed to defend themselves with gunfire.

The story of the Abipones was dramatically recorded by Fr. M. Dobritzhoffer, a Jesuit missionary who wrote it for the entertainment of the Empress of Austria. I added a few

odd bits about Jesuits and their missions. And since the Abipones was a subject in which I could stretch history with impunity, I worked in Candide's startling adventures in Paraguay.

But my third talk, "Letters from a Portuguese Nun", was a delicate matter - a lot depended on presentation - the suffering, the heartbreaking sadness. At the age of ten, Mariana Alcoforado, a "well-bred girl", was placed in the Convent of the Conception belonging to the Poor Clares in Beja to become a nun. In 1666, a young French officer joined Portuguese forces in Beja to fight against the Spaniards. At that time, nuns in Portugal were allowed to receive visitors. This officer met Mariana at the convent, and she succumbed to her passion - the romance lasted until the officer left for France in 1667. Her letters to him were written during the following six months. She never saw him again.

Her five letters written to lament her desertion reveal an extreme human experience and passion that with time has lost nothing of its heat. Their reality, absolute candor, exquisite tenderness and entire self-abandon have excited wonder and admiration in succeeding centuries. It is probably true that desperate love has never been more movingly voiced. The simplicity in which she tells of her hopeless love is almost painful to read. It is little wonder that her letters caused a sensation in Europe when they appeared in French translation within two years of her writing them and that Portugal ranks these letters among the glories of its national literature.

The boycott imposed by the Portuguese effectively prevented me from accomplishing anything worthwhile. I soon relieved my frustration by frequent visits to Lisbon to enjoy a few days with pleasant company. The Ambassador, Admiral Anderson, and I became friends, and he would regularly report to the Department on the usefulness of these visits to his understanding of the Angola problem. This was anathema to the African Office, but I knew I had the irrefutable argument that my visits improved our relations with the European Office without in any way contravening our African policy. This happy situation continued until Jesse McKnight was named the new Deputy Director of the Division of African Affairs. He had held jobs in the Departments of Agriculture and Justice, then transferred to State where he was integrated as a high-level Foreign Service Officer. He was the prototype of the Departmental officers who resented the FSO's superior status. His new job was one which he felt gave him authority to vent his bitterness on the old FSO's. He spotted me at once as a most vulnerable target. He knew it was easy to contend that my unapproved visits to Lisbon were a negligence of duty and unhelpful to our African policy. I had placed myself in this position by leaving the post without previous approval as had been done on occasion by my predecessors based on the fact there was nothing in the regulations that required it. I informed the Department the purpose of my absence and the name of the officer in charge. I had been doing this for over a year without the Department's objection. McKnight requested that an Inspection Team going to the Congo first visit Luanda. The Inspectors reported that I was doing a praiseworthy job under most trying circumstances. They commended me on the high morale of my staff and even defended my frequent visits to Lisbon.

This setback did not assuage McKnight's anger. He was incapable of judging my work and most surprising did not even know what Soapy and the other top people in the Department thought of me. His mentality had a narrow scope. He knew I met Soapy on each of his visits to neighboring countries to brief him on Angola since he could not get permission to enter Portuguese territory.

The remaining two and a half years of my tour in Angola were poisoned by the abuse of this small man. It is hard to believe that within the system of the time, my career survived. One bright spot was that a friend of mine was appointed Director of the Office, and every time I wanted to go to Lisbon I would call him and go. This situation lasted until my friend went as Ambassador to the Congo. In the interim, McKnight wrote my performance report. In my experience I had read thousands of these reports but none as brutal as his last blast which closed with the declaration that an officer as irresponsible as I had no future in the Service. The system then required the Assistant Secretary to review the report and give his opinion of its contents. Soapy's review of the report he had not read must be a classic of its kind: "I concur with the contents of this report and agree that Reed is doing an excellent job in Angola."

McKnight finally made his final effort to crucify me. I had the use of the Pretoria Naval Air Attache's plane to take me on official visits to Sao Tome and the interior of Angola. The Attaché was an engaging man who enjoyed these visits immensely. He told me he was going on a flight around all of Africa and wanted me to accompany him. I informed the Department about this unusual opportunity to get an overall impression of the African continent. I left with the Attaché as scheduled on his DC3. It was equipped with a large comfortable lounge where my seat was provided with a desk. Navy rules were not applied, and I was served whatever I wanted to drink. We gave short shrift to the armpit countries and pushed on to more delectable places like the Canary Islands and Madeira. In Casablanca an Embassy officer met our plane to inform me I had an urgent call from the Department. It was McKnight, and this was the first time I had talked to him. He had a rasping voice, and his language was of the barracks room. He shouted, "What business have you going on this trip? Return to your post immediately." I said I had no way of returning from Morocco, and furthermore I wanted to consult a doctor in Lisbon. He blew up and shouted, "You cannot." I said there was nothing else I could do. After three pleasant days in Lisbon, I went on to Paris for a week with a friend. There I wrote McKnight that I could not believe there was a reasonable objection to my flight around Africa, but that after receiving his call, I had planned to return to Angola after consulting a doctor. Unfortunately there was no specialist in Lisbon and I had come to Paris for proper medical attention. My doctor (Ricou) in Luanda had diagnosed my case as "tropical neurasthenia", not an uncommon occurrence among foreigners in an oppressive place like Luanda. I hoped at the time my letter would cause McKnight a slight heart problem. I did not hear from him again. He had already done all he could to destroy me.

Despite the envious fulminations of the Deputy Director, I left Angola in a happy mood. It was the most difficult, frustrating assignment I had known. I had extended the normal two year tour another two years in the hope I could do the job I had set out to do. It would have been hell unless done in my way – taking frequent breaks for consultation in Lisbon.

I soon limited these to two days and spent the rest of my time in either London, Madrid, Paris or Rome.

It took a year and a half before I could penetrate the wall of hostility that faced me since the day I set foot on Portuguese soil. The new Governor General was personable and not hidebound by the official Portuguese attitude towards America. I found him easy to get along with, and as time went by, we began talking about other than the usual pleasantries. Eventually I was free to see him whenever I wanted to find out about military and political matters. The moment that was known, the boycott collapsed. By then our greatest enemy, the Minister of Defense, was gone but so was the Commanding General I liked so much. By good fortune, his replacement was an officer of equal distinction. When we became well acquainted, he asked me to go with him on an inspection of the Angola-Congo-Katanga border where the Portuguese forces were deployed. Gala functions were held at each post, and at the end of the tour in an officer's ceremony I was presented with an ivory topped ebony swagger-stick used by the highest echelon of the Portuguese Army in Angola.

The Consular Corps gave the customary farewell dinner with the unique feature that the Governor General asked to be invited. He in turn gave a two hundred guest banquet in the viceregal Palace with bands playing in the surrounding parks.

A new African Office Director whom I had known in the past wrote me a letter (It must have been shortly after his Deputy had composed the famous coup de grace performance report on me.) saying apologetically that he hesitated to write me but was asked to do so by Soapy. He knew that after handling the chaotic Angolan situation so well, I deserved the recompense of a high assignment before retirement. The Department was in a quandry over Mozambique. Ever since the Angola massacre, Consuls General in Lourenco Marques had reported an imminent eruption there. It had reached the point the CIA, which was not allowed in the territory, thought it was time for a new look. Soapy wanted me to go. The Director asked me to write him frankly. If I didn't want to go, he would understand and do all he could to get me my just reward. It did not take me long to reach my decision.

Latin America was the logical place for me to go, but I had already burned my bridges twice. Western Europe was out - I hadn't served there in over ten years. The only thing left was a Chief of Mission post in Africa. Angola was then more important than the majority of Missions in Africa. And here was the catch. I had served in an ambassadorial capacity for four years in the OAS. An Ambassadorship in these new African nations had no lure for me. I shuddered at the thought of being tagged the rest of my life with some such name as "Ouagadougou".

But there was much more to it than this. In Africa I was interested in the last days of colonialism as one of the crucial problems of the European powers in my time. I was not interested in the destinies of the emerging black nations. I knew it would take untold years before anything of value came of them. I believed this was a problem for future generations to worry about and not for me.

CHAPTER XI

MOZAMBIQUE

I accepted Mozambique and next day had a reply instructing me to go direct to Lourenco Marques at the earliest opportunity. I was to spend as long as needed for study and travel; the Pretoria Naval Air Attaché, plane would be at my disposal. When I had reached a conclusion of conditions there, I was to report it to the Department, then proceed to Washington for consultation and home leave.

My report was sent within a month. I looked forward to the consultation because my conclusion was that I did not believe Mozambique was in any foreseeable danger of a revolutionary outbreak. I believed that as many as ten years might go by before it reached that point. In view of the divergence of opinion with my predecessors, it is natural that African Affairs was anxious for me to defend my reasoning. (I wrote my report in November 1965 - the Mozambique revolution took place in 1974.) My experience in Angola told me that my predecessors had relied heavily on such impressive missionary-educated rebel leaders as Mondlane who was organizing the guerrilla movement in Dar es Salam, overlooking the fact that in a territory larger than Texas, riddled with tribal divisions, no one leader could hope to achieve unity until a sufficient number arrived at the point of open rebellion - that moment was clearly far away.

I had been sent to Mozambique to do a job that did not exist. Any hack could report sporadic outbreaks for the years it would take to gather momentum for a final upheaval.

Anyhow I had made the right decision in view of my only alternative. Lourenco Marques was one of the most desirable posts in Africa - a temperate climate with a slight mark of the four seasons. The Portuguese were a sophisticated, cosmopolitan, South African-educated community that lived much the same as people in Lisbon. The rich of South Africa had vacation villas in Lourenco Marques. The Residence was a handsome old style house on a ridge overlooking the Indian Ocean and near the Victorian Hotel Polana, famous in East Africa. Yet, after my initial report, my heart was not in it. I preferred the crude marmeladas, the vast, untrammled Angolan bush country, its explosive political and military conditions - I even preferred my modest "Capri villa".

One of the first things I did when I returned to Mozambique was to visit Malangatana, the young African mural painter, in jail. The Portuguese correctly judged his paintings subversive, but he was put in jail not because of his paintings but because he had attended a clandestine meeting of a rebel group. My request for the visit was granted right away. I had traveled far in the Portuguese world - I could do no wrong. I was taken to the terrace roof of the prison where Malangatana was allowed to work. I bought a good example of his work - a blind flute player carried on the naked shoulders of singing Africans. What did it mean? It was one of the few joys of a downtrodden race. Malangatana's art was unmistakably African but in the Diego Rivera tradition without the Marxist tinge. He painted Africans red and Europeans lemon color. When he was released, he gave me several of his pen and ink erotic drawings. He had the sure hand of a Picasso. I

commissioned him to paint a portrait of a lovely American girl. Her face and long neck were emerald green and sprang from the trunk of a tree. Her hair was crimson. Why had he chosen those colors? She reminded him of a flowering young tree.

I had him and his wife for lunch. Before sitting down, she asked me if she could take off her shoes - she was not used to wearing shoes and they hurt her. At the table, when Malangatana was served red wine, he lifted the glass as if to drink, then tossed the wine over his left shoulder onto my new beige carpet - it was an African custom when a drink was served for the first time.

This friendship was a new thing for me. During four years in Luanda and two in Lourenco Marques, Malangatana was the only black African I had as a guest.

When I went to Cabinda, the Portuguese exclave in the French Congo - on my first official visit, I bought a new-born African Gray parrot that abounds in that region but is not to be found south of the Congo River in Angola.

I took Mara, the parrot, in a helmet bag on the plane with me to Lourenco Marques. I was carrying the helmet bag when I was surrounded by the Portuguese press as I got off the plane. I suffered a tense moment because Mara was getting tired of being kept in this dark spot and began to squeak and grumble. The only interesting thing the press could have said about me is that I had arrived carrying a parrot. I knew Mara was perfectly capable of screaming in a clear, human voice "Cornuto!" (cuckold) - the first word spoken by the parrot on arrival with his master on a diplomatic mission; to my relief, the hubbub of the crowd drowned out his sounds, and he did not scream.

In Lourenco Marques there was a compound back of the residence where the African servants lived. Their families would come in from the bush and cook their food outdoors. Once, when I strolled out there, my cook was with his wife and sixteen year old sister-in-law. She was dressed in her native costume and looked like a picture. I suggested to the cook that he bring her in as a maid. She was so colorful that I thought she would be decorative helping serve the table and passing around drinks. My plan was a disaster. The butler would not let her go near the table and, when I insisted, she appeared before he served the dessert; she was supposed to brush the crumbs away. She had a napkin, went up to each person and gave the crumbs a big whack with her napkin, scattering them over the floor. Everyone burst out laughing. The only thing he would let her do was pass around drinks. I then said she was to take care of Mara. There was no terrace connected to the house, and Mara had to be taken out in the garden and put on his perch under a tree, fed, and put back in the house at night. He had to be brought in if it rained. One of the servants, who had many other duties, had been doing this. After a few days, I saw that Virginia, the girl's name, never went near the parrot. I asked why. I got vague answers, and I finally asked Malangatana the reason. He said that in her tribe it was taboo for an unmarried girl to go near a bird. I ended up having the girl help in the kitchen, but still her first duty was to serve drinks at noon and evening dressed in a fine version of her native costume and gold colored sandals.

In Chile, I went hunting in the far south among the Araucanian Indians and learned a few words of Araucanian - one was Mari Mari (pronounced MAR-ee, MAR-ee). Mari meant ten, and Mari Marl ten times ten which was the highest they could count. The word was used as "Good Morning" and "beautiful". The first word I taught Mara was Mari Mari, and we greeted each other in Araucanian every morning when I went out on the terrace for breakfast. Mari was the foundation of Mara's vocabulary that grew to its present number of over two hundred words and phrases in five languages.

To bring Mara up to date, we were inseparable companions in Angola and Mozambique, but in Rome, when Frances appeared on the scene, it was love at first sight. He turned on me like a wild beast, attacked me, bit me, tried to tear my shoes to vent his jealousy. The years go by, but his hatred is forever.

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The elephant played a curious role in the development of the Mozambique economy. Portuguese Jesuit missionaries brought the cashew nut from Brazil to Mozambique. Elephants were fond of the cashew nut fruit which grows at a convenient height for them to eat from the tree. The elephant eats the fruit, but does not digest the nut. The nuts come out in the elephant spore which fertilizes it to grow. Since elephants travel great distances, in time the cashew nut grew throughout the vast territory of Mozambique. When I was there, Mozambique was the largest producer of cashew nuts in the world. The legendary demand for the ivory of the elephant tusk was but a pence in comparison with the fortunes made from the endless cashew nut trade.

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An annoyance in Lourenco Marques was that the Department, without consulting me, assigned a "deputy". I looked up his record and telegraphed the Department that in my view the man was unqualified to be my "deputy". After a short interval, I received a letter assuring me, that I would find him satisfactory. The "deputy" wrote me an oily version of the usual letter asking if he could do something for me in Washington.

In Lourenco Marques, I found that the Residence was adequate for everyday entertaining but lacked a place for a large number of people except the burning noontime sun and cool evenings in the garden. I asked him to bring me two World War II surplus property, pure silk, harlequin colored parachutes. I intended to use them for tents in the gardens. An even oilier letter said he had bought the parachutes and was bringing them. He had bought two beaten-up, ordinary, white nylon parachutes. I had them thrown in a storeroom. Reluctantly I had to give up my smart idea for dull canvas.

A few months later I went into the storeroom and saw the parachutes were gone. I asked about them. Since I hadn't used them, his wife had given them to a young Air Force officer acquaintance of hers. I ordered him on the spot to go to his wife's friend's house and not come back without the parachutes. To give discarded twenty-five year old parachutes to a grateful Air Force acquaintance was a stage beyond moronic!

Needless to say, I carried on as if this incubus were not around. I thanked fate that in a lush place like Lourenco Marquee I didn't have to resort to "tropical neurasthenia" to get away for relief because I could not have left him in charge of the post.

Less than six months after his arrival, I was called to Washington for consultation. It transpired that the "deputy" was inundating an important friend of his in African Affairs with gossip about me, criticizing the quality of my work and my knowledge about conditions in Mozambique; he implied that since I had not long to go before retirement, it might be best to transfer me to the Department and leave him in charge. This appealed to certain of the die-hard African Affairs Officers who were discontent with my positive prediction - Mozambique was in no danger of rebellion, certainly not until they were long gone. They, of course, wanted Mozambique to explode but dared not say the word.

In the Department, the Desk Officer, a friend of the "deputy", said with a beaming face that I had an appointment that morning. (It was with the "deputy's" important friend and sponsor.) He no doubt thought that at last this was the beginning of the end of me. The friend turned out to be an Ambassador assigned to African Affairs who had known the "deputy" and his wife at some post, and the wife had insinuated herself into his good graces. He couldn't have known anything about the husband's ability except that he had been doing his economic assistant work satisfactorily.

From the start, the Ambassador and I saw eye to eye on everything we discussed. I gave him a picture of the situation in Mozambique, what was going on and what I expected would happen there. When I had finished, he said, "I understand you and your deputy don't get along well. I suppose it must be a personality clash." I said, "It is not a personality clash at all. It is simply a fact that the man is not qualified to do the work of deputy at my post."

The African Affairs Officers received an unexpected blow when the Ambassador gave his opinion of me and my work. He said I had a thorough knowledge of conditions in Mozambique and was doing a good job. (A year later, while I was winding up the formalities for retirement, I called on the Chief of the Inspection Corps. He told me that after this consultation, African Affairs had asked him to send a Special Inspector to the neighboring posts of Mozambique to find out what they thought of my political reports and conclusions. An Inspector was sent and reported that not one post disagreed with me!)

I then assumed control with an ultimatum. I would not return to Lourenco Marques until the "deputy" and family were physically out of there. I had no intention of waiting in Washington and would return by way of Kenya to visit Tree Tops, a few days in Zanzibar and Dar es Salam.

To end this dreary story, it must have shaken the Deputy Director that the second Promotion Board that met after his coup de grace report promoted me to Class 1. At the last Chiefs of Mission Conference I attended in Addis Ababa to report on conditions in both Angola and Mozambique, the new Director of the African Office said to me, "For whatever it's worth, I want to tell you that when I took over my job, McKnight came to

me and said 'I was wrong about Reed!'" When he had positive proof that his tactics had harmed him more than me, he tried to backtrack. It was too late. He was removed from the African Office, and his last assignment was a job known as the Service cemetery.

Long after retirement, I learned of the two last appraisals Soapy made of my work and one by a Public Member of the Inspection Corps that will put to rest any doubts I could have about my record. I quote the pertinent parts.

"...I personally approved the selection of Mr. Reed as Consul General at Luanda, and I approved his transfer as Consul General to Lourenco Marques.... There is no question in my mind that he has done an outstanding job in Luanda and that he will continue, based on the thoroughness with which he prepared for the Addis meeting, to do a similar job in Lourenco Marques."

A year later, he stated,

"...During the rating period, I have seen and talked with Mr. Reed when he was in the Department as well as during the May 1965 Chiefs of Mission meeting at Addis Ababa.

Mr. Reed, despite the unfriendly relations between the Portuguese and the United States, has been objective and effective in his reporting and representing the United States. That he has well served US African Policy and European Policy at one and the same time during a period of estrangement between these interests is attested by the admiration he has won from both Ambassador Anderson at Lisbon and myself.

In short, I believe Mr. Reed has done an outstanding job as a Foreign Service Officer under difficult circumstances."

This is the first time I heard that he appreciated the importance of what I had done to establish good relations between the African and European Bureaus - Portuguese colonial policy was the most controversial problem between them. My final vindication came when the Public Member of an Inspection Team that visited both Luanda and Lourenco Marques reported:

"1. I want to emphatically endorse Jamison's comments and conclusions regarding Reed.

2. To supplement (or repeat) Mr. Jamison's comments I should like to add the following about Mr. Reed with which I was particularly impressed.

a. The staff Mr. Reed developed in Luanda was outstanding and conditions of morale were excellent, due I am sure to Mr. Reed's skillful direction.

b. The same seemed to me to be true in Lourenco Marques in spite of the fact that Mr. Reed had been in Lourenco Marques a very short time and had inherited a troublesome situation.

c. I believe Mr. Reed is completely realistic about what needs to be done in Mozambique and is equally realistic about the limits of what can be done here.

d. I have had the opportunity to have several long talks with Mr. Reed. He appears to me to be almost deceptively relaxed, but is actually a man of great energy, articulation, and foresight.

e. I find Mr. Reed is fully aware of 'Parkinson's Law' and thus recognizes that too much staff can be even more troublesome than too little staff.

f. Mr. Reed is also fully aware of necessity of concise and interpretive reporting rather than volume and unevaluated 'forgettable' statistics.

g. I found that Mr. Reed is very flexible in handling staff so as to achieve his objective of getting the best job done -- both here and in Luanda.

In my opinion Mr. Reed fits admirably Mr. Crockett's admonition to us to look to the overall job and good judgment and performance instead of too emphatic concern about regulations to the neglect of substantive performance.

I am mindful of Mr. Rusk's comments and Mr. Crockett's comments about getting people in the Foreign Service to 'stick their necks out' instead of playing it safe with Washington and Lisbon. I was very impressed by the letters of Governor Williams and Ambassador Anderson about Mr. Reed, whom I believe fits in admirably with Mr. Rusk's and Mr. Crockett's criteria...."

In a world of vanishing natural delights, Mozambique was a rich playground: luxurious safaris, game parks bursting with all species of African wild life, pleasure spots like Mozambique Island and Paradise Island, along with access to the Comores spice islands off the coast of Madagascar, the French casino of Swaziland, a tiny Monte Carlo, nighttime spear fishing by torch in the Okavango Swamps, and bushman dancing and music in the Kalahari Desert.

One of the reactions of the African Bureau to my conclusions about Mozambique was to pepper me with questions about every journalistic report that tended to contradict me. I therefore spent a great deal of my time visiting outlying districts to be sure I knew what was going on everywhere. I made these trips by private plane and took advantage each trip to work in visits to all the places I have mentioned, including safaris.

In the Kalahari Desert, I saw my only UFO - silent red and blue fireworks flashing back and forth at desert brush level with two heavy "gas light" moon globes slowly floating down a hundred yards away.

Before retirement, I traveled leisurely throughout the lands of the East. The Department even authorized me to take a look at Macao, a distant speck of the dying Portuguese empire. It was a glimpse of a world my destiny had bypassed.

The mass of this narrative deals with trivial events that were entwined with my official duties so closely that one could not exist without the other. Here I have given only trivia within the framework of my life and career. I have not gone into my serious work because it does not fit into the nature of this story; furthermore, this approach is part of my mentality - I have never had the feeling of self-importance in a profession top-heavy with self-importance and with iron-bound rules to bolster up this image.

CHAPTER XII

AFTERWARD

As soon as I had finished the formalities for retirement, I felt that the sigh of relief of the African Bureau was louder than a 21-gun salute. All efforts to undermine my stand and methods had failed. I had only one duty to perform. I was required to give the intelligence community - over two hundred people - a two-hour debriefing on Angola and Mozambique. The Mozambique Desk Officer, a young man bursting with self-importance, was in charge of setting it up. I gave no thought whatever to this "monumental" occasion. When we were assembled, I said, "I understand that everyone of you has received copies of my reports from Africa. Since I believe I have reported everything of significance in that time and given my evaluation of conditions in both Angola and Mozambique, I have no more to say. I believe the only helpful thing I can do now is to answer questions to clarify or expand my views on any point you may have in mind." The Desk Officer could not believe his ears. He looked like a wildcat whose kittens are being attacked. He jumped up and said they would like to have a review of conditions there. I said I saw no point in it. Of course ninety percent of the audience had at most merely skimmed through my reports, but there were some officers with serious responsibilities in the formulation of our African policy who asked intelligent, pertinent questions. It was the easiest, most pleasant lecture I ever gave.

I thanked Soapy for the way he had supported me. I left him in ignorance of the antagonisms and abuse I had suffered for years from a few of his subordinates. He was responsible for executing our African Policy and for the way I represented the United States, not for the routine bureaucratic administration of the post. It is simply an example of the devious way in which the State Department's bureaucracy can work in a case such as mine.

When I reached the statutory age of sixty, I was in perfect health and better qualified than ever before to continue in the Service. By a stroke of luck, one of our top secret units recruited me for a "cloak and dagger" operation in Europe. If anything went wrong, I was on my own. I was given six months' specialized training to teach me the intricacies of the trade. I moved to Rome as my center of operation and assiduously set to work on a book about the Venetian Ambassadors. I visited Venice from time to time for research. My special interest was in the fifteenth century; unfortunately these archives were destroyed by fires in the Ducal Palace in 1574 and 1577, and I had to dig elsewhere for my material.

I liked the dangerous nature of my work, and I liked to use my diplomatic training for such a purpose. After three years, when I was beginning to reap the benefits, the key man in the chain of operation dropped dead, and my usefulness ended. No other activity of its kind existed. I had entered my new adventure with illusions of youth - I never expected it would vanish overnight. I would have gladly started all over again, but there is no reviving of an extinct species. I had to reconcile myself with having ended my career at its anonymous thrilling peak.

I have finished the narrative of incidents in my career that I set out to do. Most of my life and career is left unsaid because it does not belong in this kind of light-weight narrative.

This final note tells what happened to me after my career ended. In the many years I led a bachelor's life I had girlfriends almost everywhere I went. None were serious affairs, and I did not think of marrying again. On the boat between New York and Lisbon on my way to Angola, I met a young Portuguese woman who belonged to a fascinating part of the Portuguese world I had not known before. She had gone to school in England and lived abroad a great deal. She was proud of a newspaper article reporting a social function in Rome showing her picture and saying she was the most beautiful woman there. She was one reason for my visits to Lisbon from Luanda and the reason why we roamed the capitals of Europe to get away from Lisbon. She was the antidote, the balm I needed for my tropical neurasthenia. This in no way alters the fact that my visits to Lisbon were useful to the Embassy and to me in my work nor that I would have wanted to get away from the depressing, hostile atmosphere of Luanda even if I had not known her. Our affair lasted the four years I was in Luanda. The last time I saw her, we wondered about our future - twenty-years difference in age was of no importance - there was no misery like the misery of a lonely old age.

In Lisbon there was a secretary who had been attracted to Africa by reading my reports from Luanda. When she completed her tour in Lisbon, she was transferred to Lourenco Marques. She was a charming Southern girl in her early twenties and became popular at once among the young men in the Corps, the foreign colony, and the Portuguese set. A few months later, I was invited for Christmas dinner by a member of the staff, and she was there. When I left, I offered to take her home or if she wanted, she could come with me to visit the family of a friend. My friends were not home so I asked her to my house to hear some music. My driver was off duty. I have never driven a car in my life if I could help it. I didn't know my way around the city nor my way home. In this absurd comedy, I fumbled around until we came to the Indian Ocean and I knew where I was.

The more I knew her, the more I believed she was the person I would like to marry. I warned her there was no solution for the thirty-three years difference in age. She resigned and left Lourenco Marques. I had less than a year to go before retirement. She joined me on my return trip through the Far East. In Washington, when I was interviewed for the cloak and dagger job, I said I would take it only if she could come along with me. While I was in training, her security clearance came through. I went to Rome, found a palazzo in the part of town I wanted to live in and restored a penthouse apartment to my taste before she arrived.

Our life was idyllic. Age difference never entered the picture. She was the happiest girl I've ever seen, and I was the happiest man. Our humor was the same - life had never been so good - we wanted nothing more than what we had. So it has been ever since.

Germana heard about Frances and became fond of her for taking such good care of me. Frances, in turn, was fond of Germana because of the good things I had to say about her.

Life in Rome became difficult - thievery, mugging, bag-snatching and drug addicts everywhere. We moved to a restored fifteenth century farmhouse in a game reserve of a

medieval castle in Tuscany. We have lived here ever since, far away from our nearest neighbor.

The years have flown by, and each year we celebrate the anniversary of that Christmas day in Mozambique.

What is the secret? It is an enigma. She gave her whole young life to me; I vowed in my heart to devote the rest of my life to her happiness.

Someday, somewhere in God's good earth, this epitaph will find its way to my final resting place.

**Stranger -
If You Would Have It Both Ways,
Cast A Pebble On This Grave**

End of interview