

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

**ANDREW WINTER**

*Interviewed by: Charles Stuart Kennedy*  
*Initial interview date: February 23, 2010*  
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## INTERVIEW

### TITLE: ADMINISTRATIVE FOREIGN POLICY

*Q: Okay. Today is the 23rd of February 2010. This is an interview with Andrew Winter being done on behalf of the Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training and I'm Charles Stuart Kennedy.*

*And Andrew, let's start at the beginning. When and where were you born?*

WINTER: I was born in New York City on May 9, 1946.

*Q: What about your family on your father's side? What do you know about them?*

WINTER: My father was born in Vienna, Austria, to a well-to-do family that was primarily in the textile manufacturing business, not only in Austria but throughout the Austro/Hungarian Empire and in France. In Czechoslovakia they had a small factory that was the primary producer of fez for the Turkish market.

*Q: Who moved to the States and when?*

WINTER: My father was managing a factory in Nachod, Czechoslovakia, where he met my mother, who was a Czech, a Bohemian, geographically Bohemian. In 1940 they left Czechoslovakia with my older brother and slowly immigrated to the United States.

*Q: How the hell did they get out of Czechoslovakia in 1940?*

WINTER: It's a very interesting story. Although I have no religious roots in Judaism, certainly by Hitler's definition my mother and my father were Jews. They both came from families with many generations of non-religious Jews. My maternal grandfather was a newspaper publisher in Prague and was known for his atheistic editorials. Deeply influenced by her father, my mother believed that assimilation was the best hope for peace in the world.

When my brother was born in 1936 my father had a feeling things might be going south and he had my brother baptized in the Catholic Church. A year later, in 1937, he paid a priest to baptize my mother and himself. They stayed even after German occupation.

They were able to escape because the Yugoslavs would accept anybody who had a passport, which they couldn't get as Jews, or had a baptismal certificate. What a coincidence. They were able to escape, leave quasi legally through Yugoslavia and then started what was a two-year trek to get to the United States.

*Q: How did the trek work? It's a fascinating slice of history.*

WINTER: My father's cousin, Carlo Fischer, was a partisan in Yugoslavia, working for Tito. In fact he was the OSS, Office of Strategic Services, liaison to Tito. He helped my parents transit Yugoslavia, and they spent several months there. My brother was four years old. Fortunately, through my father's family, they had some money on the outside; not a lot but enough to sustain them. From Yugoslavia they traveled to Greece, and to Palestine, spending several months in Jerusalem. Their plane stopped in Basra on the way to India. They went to Iraq, Iran, and India. From India they took a boat to South Africa and from there to Portugal, which was neutral. From Portugal they went to Brazil. My brother was four to six years old in this time period, quite an adventure for a little boy. From Brazil they went to Venezuela and then island hopped, ending up in Cuba. They spent nine months living in Havana waiting for visas to the United States.

There was quite a large community of people who had escaped from the war and ended up in Cuba. My parents had a wonderful time there. In fact, when I was executive director of the bureau of Western Hemisphere Affairs, I took a trip to Cuba, and again my mother, who had a phenomenal memory, said, their house was at Calle Cinco, Numero Tres. I went there, knocked on the door, and explained to the people that my parents had lived there more than 50 years ago. They were very friendly, and let me come in and take pictures. They didn't seem at all worried about the fact that I was an American diplomat.

*Q: How about the early years when you were a kid? You were born in 1946 in New York; where in New York?*

WINTER: They settled in Jackson Heights, Queens, which is not too far from LaGuardia Airport. Queens has always been one of the first stopping points for immigrants. I read the other day that the high school my brother went to now has 80 separate language groups and 120 nationalities. We had a three-bedroom apartment, a rent controlled apartment. In 1959 we were paying \$126 a month for the apartment, which was a 15-minute subway ride from downtown Manhattan.

*Q: All right, let's talk a bit about life as a kid, what was it like just before you went to school?*

WINTER: Growing up in New York in the late 1940s, early 1950s was a blast; it was fantastic. It was perfectly safe. At six years old I went out on my own and had an area in which I was allowed to wander within a block of the apartment. I more or less obeyed that most of the time and I had friends there and we would play stickball and gallivant around. In elementary school, I walked to school from our apartment at 83rd Street to the school on 74th. The walk gave me a great sense of freedom and independence. I could

wander into little shops and occasionally shoplift a candy bar or a comic book. Later it became easy after school to sneak under the turnstile and onto the subway with my friends.

*Q: You'd go under the turnstile.*

WINTER: Yes. I was expected home and couldn't do it for long. I finished school at 3:00 and we'd go ride the subway for 45 minutes and then go back home. We'd ride it all over the city, never getting off other than to change trains. We never went above ground in those early years. But it was a wonderful place to grow up even though not much in the way of sports except stickball and basketball in the schoolyard.

*Q: Okay. You say your family wasn't religious; what about political?*

WINTER: Extremely liberal. However because in 1949 the communists took over in Czechoslovakia and they still had family and friends there, liberal but extraordinarily anti-communist. Liberal with a very capitalist bent. Socially liberal, egalitarian and open-minded.

*Q: Were you aware, say at a relatively early age, of where they were getting their news, radio, TV, newspapers?*

WINTER: The biggest thing I remember is we never had a newspaper with comics.

*Q: It sounds like "The New York Times."*

WINTER: Exactly. Even to this day I don't read comics because we never had comics when I was a kid. We didn't have a TV for quite a while until my father finally broke down and bought a TV during the McCarthy hearings in the early 1950s. We had one of those typical tiny little black and white TVs. My parents hardly ever watched TV. Maybe half an hour of news a night or something that was news related like Edward R. Murrow's See It Now. They made a few exceptions. For example, my father, whom I never considered to have much of a sense of silly humor, loved Jackie Gleason. "The Jackie Gleason Show" was a staple in our house. Generally we were a family that read all the time.

*Q: Let's talk about reading; were you much of a reader? Do you recall some of the early books that were maybe influential or just plain fun?*

WINTER: I read a lot of history. I had a wonderful set of Hans Christian Anderson, which I absolutely loved. I also loved "Alice in Wonderland," by Carroll. When I was 13 I read "Exodus" by Leon Uris, which was certainly and still is probably one of the three most influential books of my life. It was 1960 and we had moved to a house in the suburbs. My father had a study and the four of us spent most of our time there after dinner reading, and I would typically read on the floor. My father had his own special chair, which I still have today, my mother and brother on the couch. I was reading

“Exodus” and I looked up and I asked, “Are we Jewish?” I was 13 years old. My parents were taken aback, said yes, and explained our family history.

Ironically, I am reminded of Madeleine Albright saying that she didn’t know she was Jewish. A lot of people did not believe her. I did not totally believe her, knowing about her parents who were very good friends with my aunt and uncle. Madeleine Albright returned to Prague after World War II and none of her relatives were around. It seems like she might have asked a few questions. But be that as it may, it is understandable. Perhaps like my parents, her parents just did not talk about it.

*Q: How about elementary school? This would be in Queens. What was it like for you? Were you a good student?*

WINTER: PS 69. I was an excellent student. School was always easy for me. I loved school, I loved to read, and I was good in math. I was always one of the best students in the class.

*Q: How about movies?*

WINTER: Oh we went to the movies almost every Saturday morning. There was a movie house about two or three blocks from my house and my friends and I would go. Always double features with cartoons to start with. Elvis Presley, westerns and feel-good movies.

*Q: Where’d you go to high school?*

WINTER: Mamaroneck Public High School, which was one of the best high schools in the New York metropolitan area.

*Q: Do you recall any of the teachers?*

WINTER: Two teachers really stand out. Mr. Rogowsky who was my history teacher inspired my interest in history, civics and politics. Mr. Levinson who taught creative writing helped me become an excellent writer.

*Q: How about courses? How’d you do in high school?*

WINTER: Again, I was an excellent student. I’ve always loved education and fortunately that played a role later in my life, which we’ll get to eventually, when I served in The Gambia. I loved school, enjoyed all my courses, and did well at everything. I took everything from Latin, math, and history to English. I particularly loved history and current events; that was probably always my favorite.

*Q: By the time you got to high school, did the outside world intrude much as far as either politics or events in Asia or in Europe or anything like that, Soviet Union?*

WINTER: Certainly growing up, and I'll have to go back to elementary school, and living with the atomic bomb. I have vivid memories of - every school had a bomb shelter - practice drills where we had to go down to the basement and cover our heads. We took the atomic bomb quite seriously and I remember some of my friends were quite upset about it. It never particularly bothered me from a psychological point of view, but we were certainly aware of the Cold War from a very, very early age. With my parents having come from Czechoslovakia, I was very aware of communism, certainly very aware of what was happening in Cuba and followed that at an early age. My real political awakening occurred when I was 14 and John F. Kennedy was elected. I was really excited. In my junior high school, in civics class, we had debates just like Nixon and Kennedy and I was on the Kennedy debating team. We really took very seriously the 1960 election in our school. It was a very, very important part of our education.

*Q: So how did the Kennedy assassination hit you all?*

WINTER: Like everybody else I remember exactly where I was. I was in the high school library; I had study period and I was basically goofing off, pretending to study and being somewhat quiet. All of a sudden the principal came into the library and told all of us to go back to our homerooms. We went back to our homerooms and were told by our teacher that Kennedy had been assassinated, and that we should go home. We were glued to the TV for the next three or four days. It was just horrible, it was terrible, and as a 17 year old it affected me dramatically. There was so much hope in the world that was dashed by the loss of the charismatic Kennedy.

*Q: You graduated from high school when?*

WINTER: I graduated from high school in 1964 and was accepted into Dartmouth. It was an interesting decision by me in the sense that I loved New York and I was a city person. I loved the streets of New York, but I chose nature and the outdoors. When I saw Dartmouth something inside of me said Andrew, if you don't do this now, you're never going to do it. You've to get yourself out of the city and even though you may not like it, see what it's like. One of the best decisions I ever made was going to Dartmouth rather than to a city school.

*Q: Okay, so you're off to the wilderness. This is what, 1964 to 1968? Okay, when you got to Dartmouth how did Dartmouth first strike you?*

WINTER: I loved it academically. The professors and the environment were fantastic for learning. I skied and I went to the football games and the hockey games and I took part in the spirit and I went hiking and canoeing. I walked everywhere. I was always outdoors, whatever the weather. I really, really, really slowly developed a great appreciation and, eventually, a love of nature.

*Q: Dartmouth's in town again, run girls run, was the song. How about the civil rights, the protest things were beginning to crank up in that period. How did it hit Dartmouth and hit you?*

WINTER: I need to step back a little bit. When we moved to Mamaroneck, I loved books and music. There was a small record and bookstore in our town. Two little old white ladies owned it, but the manager was a young black man, a high school graduate who had joined the army after graduation and came from very simple means. He never had a chance to go to college, but was a very bright young man ten years older than I was; I was 14 and he was 24.

My friends and I would go to the store quite often and this young black man, Sid Albert, took us under his wing. After the store closed at 6:00 he would go across the street to the liquor store and buy some cheap wine; Chilean wine, Concha y Toro, which is a very good brand today, but back then it was good and cheap. He'd bring a bottle of wine back and we'd sit in the store, three or four 14 year olds and this young black man. We were all from well-do-do families and his father was a truck driver and his mother was a maid and he had six brothers and sisters.

He was on his own mini civil rights crusade. He really talked to us; his goal was to make us understand as individuals what it was like to be black and what it was like to grow up black, on a very personal basis. He wasn't talking about civil rights movements; he was talking about himself and getting us to understand him. It was a phenomenal experience and he was a mentor who took an interest in making us better citizens and making us better people. I can't think of any event in my life that had a more dramatic impact on me than meeting this young man who remains my best friend to this day. I gave away his wife at his wedding and am godfather to one of his three children. Race was something I learned about in a very personal and sensitive way quite early.

Now back to Dartmouth which in the 1960s was quite a contrast; there were maybe one or two blacks out of 800 students in my freshman class. If the civil rights movement was happening, which it obviously was, it wasn't happening there. The Vietnam War had very, very little impact there until my senior year. In May 1968 there were effectively riots at Columbia, serious anti-war protests. At Dartmouth I was a member of a group of anti-war seniors who organized a peaceful demonstration. We organized a rally on the mall at the American flag. We lined up, starting at the flag and going across the mall. There were maybe 800 or 1,000 of us, out of a total 3,000 or 4,000 students, who lined up. As the more conservative members of the school got wind of it, they organized a counter-demonstration. They lined up right parallel to us, starting at the American flag, and there were about 800 of them. In 1968 when the anti-war movement was strong, certainly at Ivy League campuses, at Dartmouth it wasn't that big an issue and it split the campus quite evenly. We were laughing and playing; we weren't yelling and screaming at each other. The opposition were our friends; it was we respect you and you respect us.

*Q: How about the faculty? Did they seem to take stands at that point or not?*

WINTER: I would say the majority of the faculty was on the anti-war side. It takes me a back looking back at how apolitical Dartmouth was at that time.

*Q: Obviously you had a major in something.*

WINTER: I majored in history. My senior year I focused greatly on the three empires, the Russian, Austrian and German empires, from mid-19th century to World War I, from their high point to their demise.

*Q: Any particular teachers that influenced you are not?*

WINTER: There was a famous Harvard professor, Crane Brinton, who wrote a book called "The Anatomy of a Revolution," which I still think is one of the finest analyses of why revolutions occur. He retired from Harvard, bought a small farm near Dartmouth and decided to teach at Dartmouth. I took his course and he was the stereotype of the old, absent-minded professor. He literally stood at a lectern reading from his yellowed old notes that he had used for 40 or 50 years. He had been around for a long, long time. I wouldn't say he was boring but he was rather dull, even though the subject was fascinating. He wasn't very interested in working hard, but he was interested in imparting knowledge. The reading lists were quite significant and it was a course on revolution. The mid-term and final exams were 10 multiple-choice questions. The final requirement was to write a creative paper; we couldn't do research. He wanted us to think creatively about history. I thought that was a very interesting approach. I wrote a modern version of "Candide" by Voltaire and he liked that because it was related to the French Revolution.

The other professor who had a really profound influence on my knowledge of history was Professor Roberts. He had taught at Columbia University for years and like Brinton had retired to New Hampshire. He decided to teach part-time at Dartmouth. He sponsored me for an individual study program and I was able to dedicate my last semester to an in depth study of the three most important European monarchies.

*Q: The Vietnam War was beginning to pick up, so what were your plans?*

WINTER: The Vietnam War was clearly the crucial element impinging on whatever life choices I wanted to make. Actually, very much in the spirit of John F. Kennedy, I had thought about going into the Peace Corps after college; I was very idealistic but my biggest concern was how to avoid going to Vietnam. I was against the war. I decided if I'm going to become a businessman, I might as well go to business school and get an MBA. At that time it was a lot more common to get an MBA right out of college and in retrospect I somewhat regret that because I had no idea what to study. I applied to MBA programs. By that time I was convinced, that although I loved nature, I definitely wanted to get back to a city. I was accepted into Columbia business school and ended up going there.

*Q: And you went there from when to when?*

WINTER: Fall of 1968 to- actually I went straight through the summer and graduated in January of 1970.



*Q: All right. Columbia, 1968 to 1970, you're a grad student; were you somewhat removed or were you considerably removed from the Columbia spirit of revolt?*

WINTER: I arrived there four months after the major revolts. The campus was very quiet and the B-school was just behind the major area where the demonstrations had taken place; there was one building between the business school and the courtyards where the demonstrations had taken place. It was very quiet in the fall of 1968. There was more Frisbee playing than anti-war activity.

*Q: Let's talk about the business school.*

WINTER: I decided to major in finance. I was interested in management and I took a number of courses in what was then called "human behavior in organizations," (HBO). I took a very interesting course in business ethics, which clearly didn't have much effect on most people but was a required course.

I played bridge. I raise that because it had a major impact on my future direction. At Columbia Business School at that time was the first Foreign Service Officer that the Department had ever sent to get an MBA. In the late 1960s the Department of State began to realize that they were an organization that needed to be managed.

A mid-level Foreign Service officer was detailed to Columbia for two years to get an MBA, which was extraordinary at that time for the State Department's never been known for spending money on training outside of FSI (Foreign Service Institute) and he happened to be a bridge player. We played a lot of bridge together. There was a game going from 8:00 in the morning until 8:00 at night almost every day. We'd go to class and come back, and either kibbutz or join. He and I became really, really good friends. His name was Joe Meresman. Joe basically started talking up the Foreign Service to me. He was partly there to recruit, since they were looking for management types. Since I had never given much thought to being a businessman, had grown up in an international family, had traveled a lot, had studied in Europe twice, and had an uncle who was a Czech diplomat, I was quite interested. I said, this seems like a fun idea. To be quite honest my initial thinking, I remember very clearly was, I'll go play diplomat for a couple of years and then I'll go make money.

On nights when we played bridge real late I would stay at his apartment and he continued to talk up the Foreign Service. I decided hey, I'd take the Foreign Service exam. As a result, the most important part of my Columbia experience was not the classroom, but was meeting a Foreign Service officer.

*Q: You'd mentioned that you'd studied abroad a bit; where did you go?*

WINTER: When I was in junior high school I went to Switzerland for a summer to Le Rosey, a private school that ran a summer session for languages on Lake Geneva but in the winter was in Gstaad. I studied French there for a summer and also did a little

traveling. Then, between my sophomore and junior year, I went for the summer to the University of Grenoble to study French.

*Q: Okay. Then, so we're talking about 1970; did you take the Foreign Service exam?*

WINTER: Yes. I took the Foreign Service exam in the fall of 1969. Right about the time I applied they became serious about recruiting management types in the Foreign Service and it was the beginning of the establishment of the cone system. I was told that if I passed the exam that I would be fast tracked, that I would have my orals very early on, and that they would move on getting me in the Foreign Service quickly. I passed the written exam and in February I was called for my oral. John Stutesman was not only the head of the Board of Examiners, but also chairman of my panel.

*Q: Probably one of the most influential people in the Foreign Service for his era to make it more professional. Do you recall any of the questions?*

WINTER: My friend at Columbia prepped me for the exam, and he kept saying Andrew, one question they're going to ask you is, will you go to Vietnam as a Foreign Service officer? At that time the CORDS (Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development Support) program was in full swing and everybody in the fall class had gone to Vietnam. He said Andrew; you have to have an answer. I kept mulling it over in my mind. I was naïve and a very honest, young person at that time, and I really, really didn't know what I was going to say. John Stutesman, maybe three-quarters of the way through the interview, said Mr. Winter, would you go to Vietnam as a Foreign Service officer? Being the quick thinking person that I was, the first thing that popped into my mind was, I would have to be faced with that decision to make it. Without missing a beat he said Mr. Winter; you are faced with that decision. I didn't know what to say. Finally, and I don't know where it came from, I looked John Stutesman and the other two members of the panel in the eyes and I said; I know that being a Foreign Service officer requires worldwide availability. If I say I won't go to Vietnam as a Foreign Service officer you're not going to let me in. If I tell you I will go, you won't know whether I'm lying or not. They looked at me and they were clearly irritated by my answer, but they let me get away with it.

I must say, it was the toughest test I'd ever been through in my life. It covered a tremendous amount of territory and then I left the room. They called me back in and let me know right away that I had passed, but just barely. They didn't like my answer on Vietnam, but decided they had no choice but to accept it.

*Q: Andrew, we're going to start when you came into the Foreign Service. When did you come in?*

WINTER: On June 30, 1970, I drove down from New York to Washington and reported to the old FSI (Foreign Service Institute) in Rosslyn. I was 24 years old.

*Q: All right. Tell me about the class. How did it strike you, the people and the training and all, the basic officer course?*

WINTER: I'm going to start with the class coordinator, because he left a deep impression on all of us. His name was John Hurley; he was a mid-career officer who had just returned from Vietnam, CORDS, and had clearly been traumatized by the experience. He was a very intelligent human being who had been deeply affected by what he saw and experienced. A few years after he was coordinator for our class, he resigned from the Foreign Service and became a Protestant minister.

John Stutesman was still at BEX, and that had a profound effect on our class because our class was the first junior officer class in two years in which no one from the class went to Vietnam. Stutesman made the decision, the recommendation that sending first tour junior officers to CORDS was basically a mistake. He was very wise. As I met some of my colleagues who had been in CORDS, it was clear that they had been ill prepared, as well as they tried to do. Sadly, they did a study later on this and, in spite of the promises; most of the people who went into CORDS did not do very well on either onward assignments or promotions relative to their peers. It was a sad chapter not only in American history, but also at the State Department, and John Hurley was one of the victims.

In my junior officer class there were 30 of us, 8 USIA (United States Information Agency) and 22 State. There were six of us, me included, who were definitely on the liberal side of the spectrum and very anti-war, and then a group in the middle, and maybe six very much on the other end, very hawkish. This really surprised me; I expected a slightly more liberal environment. The Vietnam War certainly influenced how our class conducted itself. We had a superb class. The six administrative types in the class were the first six people ever formally coned into the Foreign Service and I was one of those. They had done a superb job of recruitment. Of the six one was very young and ended up leaving the Foreign Service; another was, for lack of a better word, a closet political officer who got out of the administrative cone but never did get in the political cone. The four of us who stayed in administration were exceptional officers and all are dear and close friends, Warren Littrel, Day Mount and Harry Geisel. Three of us made ambassador and the other one fell just short but was DCM (Deputy Chief of Mission) in Tunis. In Washington, we all became deputy assistant secretaries or higher. They'd done a very good job of recruiting into the administrative cone.

The class itself, again, was very distinguished. Ron Newman who became Ambassador to Pakistan; Joe Sullivan, who distinguished himself in Latin America and Africa. Peter Chavez an Africa expert who served as Ambassador twice. I've never done a count on how many became ambassador or assistant secretary or deputy assistant secretary but my guess is it was one of the strongest Foreign Service classes to that time.

*Q: Did you feel any pressure about the Vietnam War? This is 1970; we were pulling out. July of 1970 I left Saigon.*

WINTER: It was something that concerned many of us. To what extent were we going to have to defend U.S. policy? Now, I was concerned about that probably less than most because I was going to go out and be in the administrative area where my involvement in frontline diplomacy was going to be quite minimal. However I did think about it. When I was at the US Mission to the United Nations and Andrew Young came in as ambassador, I was questioned by Andrew Young's cohorts, who were suspicious of anybody who had worked for Richard Nixon and who had in effect served in the government during Vietnam rather than quitting. However over all I must say, as my career went on, I was pleased with how I could separate my personal views from my official views and make that clear. It became a little harder when I became ambassador.

John Hurley had arranged for us to go over in the NSC (National Security Council) to be briefed on Vietnam. A mid-career officer, Bob Houdek, briefed us. We had six people in my class who were against the war; one was a John Hopkins SAIS (School of Advanced International Studies) debater, a real anti-war agitator. Houdek started his briefing and it was the standard line, as he was working for Henry Kissinger. My classmates literally started attacking him with facts and debating points. Now, ironically I was quite silent. I was not an expert on Vietnam; I didn't pretend to have the arguments. It became heated and the conservatives in the class started interrupting and here we were in a conference room in the Old Executive Office Building and it really became nasty. John Hurley should have reined us in but he was kind of enjoying it, given his own views and experience in Vietnam. Finally Bob Houdek became so flustered and frustrated he walked out on us. This was maybe 20, 30 minutes into the briefing. We left and took the bus back to FSI in Rosslyn. John Hurley didn't say a word. He was cool about it, but the next day, from "on high," the word came down that we had to apologize to the NSC and to Mr. Houdek, which we did. We sent a letter and that ended the issue.

What was most interesting is rather than being discriminated against as an administrative officer, I was discriminated against as a liberal, because I was blamed as one of the rude people. Yet I never said a word. By the way, 22 years later Bob Houdek was my boss. I reminded him of the incident and we had a good laugh.

*Q: How about on the administrative side? I speak as a consular officer and administrative and consular are often the so-called non-substantive cones of the day which used to enrage us but as opposed to economic and political. But did you feel, at the beginning, that being - doing administrative work was a little bit déclassé or something like that?*

WINTER: Not really. I had this wonderful mentor, Joe Meresman. He told me; if you want to be treated like a diplomat, dress like one. If you want to be treated like a plumber, dress like one. The four of us who came in with a clear desire to be administrative managers were self-confident. We were proud to be the first group picked and we knew we were good.

*Q: Did the basic officers course make due obeisance to the fact that it had some designated administrative people in the class?*

WINTER: Oh yes, and everybody was well aware of it. In fact we were discriminated against in a positive way when it came to the tradition of getting a list of assignments and everybody giving their first three or five choices. We were treated differently because they had decided that they wanted us to be successful. They worked with the junior officer division to identify challenging assignments for us. All four of us were stretched significantly. Initially they announced me for Paris as a budget officer, having had French and spent time in France and Switzerland, I was just overjoyed.

But then in the wonderful ways of the Foreign Service, the officer I was replacing, who had been denied an extension, was magically given an extension and I found myself without a job. The ARA bureau, (Bureau of American Republic Affairs), had received my name and they started looking around for jobs for me. Findley Burns, who was ambassador in Ecuador, showed up in Washington and told Sheldon Krys, who was the deputy personnel officer of ARA under Joan Clark, that he had just fired his budget officer and needed a budget officer. Here I was a free agent with a degree in finance. I'd heard of Findley Burns because my mentor had worked for him.

A little aside here, I not only was somewhat left in my political views, but I had an Afro and a beard, and tended towards Edwardian suits; I didn't exactly fit into the stereotype of a diplomat. Sheldon told me to clean up my act, get a haircut and shave my beard. I was kind of a young whippersnapper, and I said basically, FU. If the guy doesn't want me it's his problem, not mine. I went to the interview with Ambassador Burns and we got along just fine and my assignment to Quito was a done deal.

*Q: Tell me, did the incident where a series of junior officers signed a petition against the war or something, that was, I think, before-*

WINTER: It was just before we came in and the class was very aware of it. It was May 4, 1970 that the massacre of students at Kent State University occurred in response to the invasion of Cambodia, and that was the trigger. A large group of primarily junior officers and a number people from the previous junior officer class, who I got to know later, signed that petition. Nixon and Kissinger sent word over to Secretary of State Rogers to take action against those who had signed the petition. He basically stood up for the Foreign Service and used his friendship with Nixon to avoid taking action. The punishment was a rather stern lecture by the Deputy Secretary and that ended the matter.

*Q: Then, okay, off to Quito. You were there from when to when?*

WINTER: January 1971 to January 1973.

*Q: All right, talk about Ecuador at that time when you arrived and what was going on politically and all, and then what were American-Ecuadorian relations like?*

WINTER: The president was Velasco Ibarra and that was his fifth time as president. Three of the previous four times he'd been deposed by the military. They said of him

that, give me a balcony and I'll be president, and it was really true. He was an incredibly charismatic speaker. I was the budget officer; I didn't have much to do with what went on in the country, but one time Velasco Ibarra was giving a speech at the graduation at the military academy, and absolutely nobody wanted to go, or couldn't go. The defense attaché and the ambassador decided I should go and represent the U.S., which was for me, hey, great. The Quito sun at 9,400 feet is hot and strong. We were sitting in an open stadium, and Velasco Ibarra spoke for almost two hours and I never noticed the sun. To this day I couldn't tell you what he said but he mesmerized people. He spoke off the cuff. He was incredibly dynamic.

I'm married to an Ecuadorian, just for full disclosure. Ecuador was a very peaceful, developing country and remains so today. Initially no major issues, but tuna and the 200-mile limit became an issue. Most of the fishing boats were off the Manta coast, which is several hours north of Guayaquil where we had a consulate. We had to send people either from the consulate or from the embassy to meet the seized boats. It was not friendly at all.

One of my jobs, along with the other Americans in the administrative section, was to meet the monthly flights of the C-130 US military transport plane from Panama to make sure everything went all right with customs and immigration. We'd had some trouble with the U.S. military bringing in contraband like refrigerators and stereos; it wasn't anything terrible. At the airport it sometimes became a little unpleasant with customs and immigration because of the overall political environment. That was probably the most involved I was.

Findley Burns, who had been administrative counselor in London as well as ambassador in Jordan during the Six Day War, took a real interest in junior officers and regularly had us up to his office after work, at 5:00. He was old line, Princeton Class of 1938, a real blue blood, very liberal in his political views but very conservative and traditional in his demeanor. We'd go up there and he'd serve martinis. He'd spend an hour with us, let us ask any question, and he'd really answer them. As a result of one of those meetings he made the reading file available to us, and that was a wonderful, wonderful thing. We were able to read all the incoming and outgoing telegrams and airgrams except those that were very limited in distribution, but in Ecuador there was not much at that level.

One evening, a junior officer asked him how many important messages the Embassy sent in a year. The ambassador replied that at most one message a month was of real interest and importance to Washington. As I think back on that answer, I often wonder how "substantive" political officers really are.

The embassy was a wonderful and unique place. You talked about discrimination and in part because we had an ambassador who had been an administrative officer and a wonderful DCM, Max Chaplin, the embassy was extraordinarily egalitarian. Also because Findley was well known as a tyrant and there's no other way of putting it, he tended to prefer more junior officers because they tended to be more loyal and less questioning. We had an extraordinarily young embassy. The FS-03 (old system) political

counselor was thirty-four years old, the economic counselor was maybe 36 and, as a result, everybody under them were young as well. The GSO (General Services Officer) was 35. That helped bring us together. A lot of socializing, a lot of fun; some were married with kids; some were single; some were married without children. We all really, really got along. Like most people my first tour was my best. But what was even more astounding about it is that today most of my best friends from the Foreign Service are from my time in Ecuador.

*Q: Let's talk a little about Ecuadorian society and you as a bachelor. How did that work? What was your impression?*

WINTER: Ecuador was interesting for me coming from New York City and my very European background. I was very grateful to be in Ecuador because there was this patina of European civilization, which gave me something to hang on to, but it was clearly a Third World country and Latin culture. At that time certainly the buena gente, the upper class, very much ran things. It was still very much a landed gentry with the poor campesinos working on large haciendas and it was a very, very traditional society. My introduction to that society was serendipitous. As a first tour junior officer there was absolutely no reason for me to be invited to the ambassador's residence for anything except a big reception. But one night, as I remember very vividly, the ambassador's secretary, Rosemary O'Donnell, a wonderful, wonderful lady, called me at 5:00 in the afternoon and said Andrew, do you have a tuxedo? I said of course. We'd all gone as junior officers to buy tuxedos.

She said Andrew; you need to be at the ambassador's residence for a formal dinner tonight at five minutes to eight. Not at eight, five minutes to eight. I was excited. I'd been in Quito a few months. I went home and to my chagrin I saw that my tuxedo shirt was a wrinkled mess and I had never ironed anything in my life. I had two hours to iron it and it took me most of those two hours to get it looking decent. I arrived at five minutes to eight.

There were 16 people for dinner, mostly Ecuadorians, the political counselor and one other couple from the embassy. We had cocktails and it was all very pleasant. Even though I had had some training, I was really not thinking very much, and they announced dinner and I hadn't a clue where to sit. I had not thought about a seating chart. I decided hey, I'd just hang back. I'm the junior officer anyway. The ambassador - I'm terribly fond of Findley, but he really had a way of belittling people - saw me hanging back and he said Andrew, the seating chart is by the front door. He said it loudly in front of everybody and I was embarrassed. I went and looked at the seating chart and found my seat and the dinner went off very, very pleasantly. It was great; I'd never been to a formal dinner before.

At the end of the dinner, as we were walking out of the dining room, the ambassador pulled me aside and he said Andrew, the men are going to go talk business; you go be with the women. Boy, was I pissed. But again, I've always had the philosophy that things happen for a reason. I went in and these were Ecuadorian women of good society who

were about the most boring people you could find. They were incredibly boring. All they could talk about was their kids or their hairstylist or whatever it was. I stood there and we were having coffee. I started talking to a woman, Irene Arteta, whose husband was a very prominent businessman, the tobacco king of Ecuador, and she was just charming and interesting and we talked for about 30, 40 minutes. The men were in the next room having their cognac and cigars, literally. She and I became instant friends. She had a son my age and she said well next time my son has a party I'm going to invite you. And she did. At that party I met my current wife. So that worked out extremely well, to say the least, although it was 34 years later that we actually married.

*Q. Okay, tell me a bit about the background of your wife and how does courtship go in Ecuador in that era?*

WINTER: My wife's great-great grandfather, Juan Jose Flores, was the first president of Ecuador. Her great uncle was Galo Plaza, who had also been president of Ecuador and Secretary General of the OAS (Organization of American States). She came from a very, very well-known and distinguished family who traced their ancestry to the Spanish conquistadores. She was a bit of a black sheep and just even going out with me was a bit of black sheepism at the time. She enjoyed that and we had a great time. We went out together for about a year. Wherever Ecuadorians invited the ambassador to dinner, their children usually invited me. I was usually the only other person from the embassy, which truly amused the ambassador. I had a great time at formal parties, which were still very traditional, and even though my girlfriend was a bit of a bohemian, at a party, if it was a buffet, she would bring my dinner plate to me, which was extraordinary. I can't say I minded it but I didn't particularly like it either. It's just not part of my nature.

It was very hard to spend time alone with her. Very hard. We could be together during the day and early evening but she had an unwritten curfew. However her uncle - who was an American, Eugene Metz, who ran the American School in Quito and had been married to her mother's sister - had a hacienda about two hours north of Quito. He had converted into a bed and breakfast, probably one of the first conversions of a hacienda into a B&B. We were allowed to go up there for weekends, and she would stay in the family quarters and I had stay at the B&B. We managed to spend weekends together that way quite often and we had a great time, we had a wonderful time and it was an incredible learning experience for me.

About a year after we were going out she broke up with me. We only married four-and-a-half years ago. It took us a while to get back together.

*Q: At that time were there any, I suppose, hostile leftist movements going on in Ecuador that could cause any problems for us?*

WINTER: The word "hostile" and "Ecuador" just don't go together. Ecuadorians are very, very nice people. They really are. I have come to believe that certain cultures, certain tribes, are peaceful, and the Ecuadorians are peace loving. There was a tribe out in the jungle that shrunk heads and was cannibalistic but they were the exception. When the



missionaries would occasionally bring in an Auca (pejorative name in Quechua of the Huaorani tribe meaning savages) to the consulate for visas, literally every Ecuadorian in the waiting room would bail out because they were scared to death of these indigenous. I was once offered to buy a couple of shrunken heads and, if they were fakes, all I can say is they were very convincing ones. And one of them was white. It was disgusting.

During my time there we had a coup and Velasco Ibarra was deposed for the final time; he must have been in his 80s at that point. In typical Latin American manner and certainly Ecuadorian manner, he was put on a plane to Panama and lived out his days there. At that time Ecuador was only second to Bolivia in the number of coups that had occurred throughout its history. General Rodrigo Lara took over and there was a curfew the night of the coup. A fellow junior officer, Mark Platt, came over and said hey, let's go downtown to see what's going on. I said you're crazy. There's a curfew; we can't go down there. He said ah, come on. We jumped into his Land Rover and we drove downtown and the streets were empty. We drove right up to the square in front of the presidential palace, and there were all these tanks lined up, these old WWII American tanks. We drove around, looked around, and went back home after about 30 or 40 minutes. It gives an indication that yes, there was a curfew, but no, not to worry; and there were people, not many but there were people wandering around and it was not a big deal. The next day life went back to normal.

The military government was quite laid back and there was no repression. There probably were a few arrests of ministers most of whom were corrupt, but I don't remember any of them facing any punishment. They were detained for a while and, of course, most of them were from the best of society and they went back to being the best of society.

*Q: Tell me, at the embassy, what does the budget officer do?*

WINTER: The hardest lesson I learned, coming from a corporate finance education, was that every government entity spends every dime it's given. That was horrifying to me as an idealist. When I went to the administrative officer towards the end of the fiscal year and told him that we had \$200,000 that we didn't need, should I send a cable to Washington returning it, to say he lost his temper would be an understatement. He said you have to talk to the GSO and make sure he spends every dime of it. Quite honestly, given the nature of the way bureaucracies operate; spending the money was a big part of the job.

What made me enjoy Foreign Service life so much was the combination of management as a job, done in a foreign environment. For example, the budget officer, usually in concert with the personnel officer or HR (human resources) officer today, conducts wage surveys. We went out to Ecuadorian government agencies and Ecuadorian companies and interviewed executives to find out what the prevailing wages and benefits were for positions that were similar to those at the embassy. We then designed the compensation plan for the local employees. Washington does all this now. Our political officer brethren never realized how much interaction we had with foreign nationals, whether employed at

the embassy or on the local economy. But clearly this administrative work was not “substantive.”

I was responsible for selling dollars for sucres, the local currency, on the open market. At that time the Ecuadorian government allowed the Sucre to float and the economy there was terrible. It was quite a volatile currency, and we had a very, very big USAID (United States Agency for International Development) program there relative to the size of the economy. The U.S. Treasury sent me \$500,000 - now keep in mind, I was making \$10,000 at that time - sent me five checks totaling \$500,000. They would inform me when their local currency account needed to be replenished and I would sell \$100,000 on the open market, which was a very small and undeveloped market. There were a few banks and about half a dozen currency traders whom I would call and say I'm selling \$100,000. This was all done on the phone, it wasn't written offers and bids, and they'd each make me an offer and then literally for that week or two I was setting the exchange rate for Ecuador, which for a 24 year old kid is a heady experience.

The embassy was on a very busy corner and the city of Quito wanted to widen that corner to construct a traffic circle. They were taking a strip of our property that was outside our gate of about 10 meters by 3.5 meters, 35 square meters, which obviously is not very large. Ambassador Burns was a real stickler and he said hey it's a matter of principle. They cannot take our property. He was wonderful to junior officers; he gave them a chance to do things. He said Andrew, I want you to go down and negotiate the sale of that land with the city. I have no objections to giving it up but they have to pay a fair market value and we have to sign an agreement giving them that land. I contacted the mayor's office and made an appointment with what I thought was an underling. I went down to town hall and I was ushered in to the mayor's office. The mayor was Sixto Durán, who later became president of Ecuador and who was married to an American woman. He and I sat down - my Spanish was very good but fortunately we conducted the negotiations in English - and it was all very friendly; he loved Americans. I'd done some research and we agreed on a price of \$35 (\$1 per square meter). He looked at me, and I'll never forget this, and he said Andrew, I don't have any dollars. What if I give you, not the embassy, I'm going to write you a check for the Sucre equivalent of \$35; is that okay? And I was the budget officer and I was thinking I'd figure out how to do it. I received his personal check and I wrote a check to the U.S. Government for \$35 and we signed the agreement and everything was fine. That was my first international negotiating experience and it was fun.

But basically my job was signing every purchase order and every receipt that came in; it was making sure that we stayed on budget. It was a routine and mundane job but there was enough to do.

*Q: All right. Well then 1973 you're off. Whither?*

WINTER: Again, I was so blessed to have a mentor; a mentor who was also my best friend. He took a hand in my second assignment because, as we all know, at that time the informal old boy network was a heck of a lot more powerful than it is today, though I still

think it's quite strong today in spite of all the efforts to weaken it. Personally, as someone coming from the management area and having served in HR on two occasions, I don't necessarily think that's a bad thing. He arranged for me to go work for one of his mentors, Bob Brewster, who was Director of Personnel. I actually didn't go work for him, but for Ted Curran, who was a USIA officer who had been tabbed as a rising star and a very difficult person. He had worked with Bob Brewster as a deputy executive secretary of the department, which for a USIA officer was truly historic. This was under Ted Elliot. In addition to my finance background I had an information technology background.

*Q: Courier pigeons and \_\_\_\_\_.*

WINTER: IBM mainframes and punch cards. My job was to improve the automation of Personnel. I must say, nobody was terribly serious about it. I didn't have much of a job and as a result Ted Curran and Bob Brewster gave me special projects to do, which gave me some visibility and an opportunity to learn about the department, which was just fantastic.

*Q: You mentioned working for Ted Curran. I've interviewed him. Can you talk about him a bit? That's a wince.*

WINTER: Yes, that was a wince. I got along very well with Ted. The advantages of youth, being flexible and doing what I was told. Ted was a brilliant officer. He'd come out of IBM and entered USIA. Very management oriented, very results oriented. But his interpersonal skills, if you didn't march to his drummer, he could be awfully tough on you. If you had a job to do and knew how to do it, and he wanted you to do it differently, there was real trouble, even if you were a good professional. But he was an idea man, he challenged conventional wisdom, he was a change agent. He wanted to automate the Department, which was the right thing to do; he was just a little bit ahead of his time. I enjoyed working for him but I didn't enjoy seeing the way he treated some people.

A year into my assignment Bob Brewster was leaving to be ambassador to Ecuador and being replaced as Director of Personnel by Hugh Appling. I was appointed as Hugh's staff assistant. In fact, the Director General (DG) Nat Davis was such a dominating figure and such a workaholic that I worked for him most of the time; he had come out of Chile where he'd been ambassador during the demise of President Allende. There had even been a movie made about his role in the disappearance of an American citizen in Chile, "Missing," by Costa Gavras. I just watched it again recently. It's still a very interesting movie, one that he, needless to say, hated. Most of my time was spent as staff aide to Nat rather than Hugh who is truly the finest gentleman I ever worked for. He'd been DCM, deputy ambassador in Saigon. Never made ambassador, I never understood why. Maybe it was because he was too nice a guy and too much of a gentleman. Nat was a phenomenal figure to work for, quite well connected to Henry Kissinger, which gave the DG a tremendous amount of power. Dean Brown was the Undersecretary for Management and Nat made a habit of going around him. Nat's reading of the Foreign Service Act of 1946 was that the DG, and its true, actually reports to the Secretary and

not to the Undersecretary for Management. Dean, who had a wonderful sense of humor, was not amused at all; there was a lot of tension between the two of them. But Nat was a wonderful, wonderful boss. He really made a difference.

The only way the two staff aides could keep up with Nat is if one of us worked 7:00 to 7:00 and the other worked 9:00 to 9:00. We switched off every day because whoever stayed late did the in-box with Nat and then had to get in at 7:00 to get all the taskings out. We were working minimum 12-hour days and every other Saturday. Nat insisted that one of us sit in on every meeting, and that was a wonderful experience.

I might add that Ray Seitz was the special assistant. Ray later went on to great fame as our first, and only, career ambassador in London. The most brilliant Foreign Service officer I ever worked for. Just the most fabulous writer I've ever seen. As an administrative type I'm not terribly fond of writing and Nat would give me something to write; I'd either write it and give it to Ray to edit or I'd just say Ray, would you write this for me, because he could do in five minutes what I would take an hour to do.

This was a very pivotal time in the Foreign Service. The American Foreign Service Association (AFSA) became a union; previously it had been a professional association. Tom Boyatt was president and Tex Harris was vice president. Nat Davis, who loved the Foreign Service as a profession, worked closely with them to sign agreements codifying employee rights in areas such as promotion and discipline. We had a lot of fun working with the union in a very positive way. From my current perch as Treasurer of AFSA, this is quite a contrast to AFSA's relationship with the Department today which at best has been civil, rarely friendly and almost never hey, we're in this together, how do we get things done and how do we make the Foreign Service a better place?

*Q: Could you- Did you get any feel or was anybody paying attention to two currents that later became- One was diversity and- racial diversity or whatever you want to call it, and the other one was women.*

WINTER: When you mention women, I think of Alison Palmer. Nat Davis very wisely let Hugh Appling deal with her. She was an ordained Episcopal minister among other things and a gadfly but the organization needs people like that. She brought real change. She would come in and see Hugh Appling who was always a gentleman, unflappable. I'd be the note taker, taking notes as witness to be honest. She really let him have it. But she made things better for women and he understood that. He was totally offended by her approach and it was totally unnecessary with him, but in fact she brought real change to the Foreign Service.

Then there was Cynthia Thomas whose husband had not been promoted. He was selected out as an FS-01 without a pension, which led directly to a change in the law that allowed FS-01s who were selected out to remain on the rolls until they reached 50 and then get an immediate annuity. Her husband was forcibly retired, couldn't find a job and committed suicide. We hired her into the Civil Service, which was a common occurrence if

somebody died in the Foreign Service. She, I would say, was more difficult than helpful. She was hurt. It's understandable. These are the kinds of issues that we had to deal with.

*Q: If a woman Foreign Service officer got married, no matter to whom- she was expected to resign. I say "expected to resign" because I don't think there was a- there was not really a regulation but it was the equivalent to being enforced.*

WINTER: In 1972 the rule was changed to allow Foreign Service women to remain in the service if they married a Foreign Service man. Melissa Wells, another good friend, was the first to basically test the old rule and refuse to resign.

At this time the Army Corps of Engineers was doing work in Saudi Arabia. It came out that they were taking proactive decisions not to send any Jewish military personnel to Saudi Arabia. Bella Abzug, one of the most flowery congressmen we've ever had, went on the warpath. The Corps was embarrassed, DOD (Department of Defense) was embarrassed and we received a lengthy letter from Bella Abzug asking questions about our policy of assigning Jews to Muslim and Arab countries. Nat Davis called in Hugh Appling, Ray Seitz and I, and said what the hell are we going to do with this thing? He said we don't have a policy and we don't have records that would indicate whether a Jew had been assigned to a Muslim country. It became very apparent that there weren't a lot of Jews in the Foreign Service and that most of them had self-selected their choice of assignments. How many Jews want to be Arabists? After a fair amount of research, all we came up with was a fellow who had served in Somalia as Ambassador who was married to a Rothschild. He was the only high ranking person we ever found. Ironically, the Foreign Service did not discriminate against Jews in assignments to Muslim and Arab countries, but we could not prove it. It is hard to prove that something does NOT exist.

The interrogatory was at least 20 pages and 40 questions and they were detailed, and most of them we could answer but the basic one we couldn't. Hugh Appling had to go and testify. Hugh always seemed to get the dirty jobs and he was such a clean guy. He went up there and got yelled and screamed at by Bella Abzug.

Another minority we dealt with was the blind. This was the first time the blind made a major, major push to get into the Foreign Service. A very, very bright blind fellow, who had advanced degrees in international relations, had easily passed the written exam. Again, poor Hugh Appling was given the responsibility of dealing with this difficult issue. We were receiving inquiries from the Hill and all the major organizations supporting the blind. This very impressive young man, polite and soft-spoken, came in to see Hugh Appling, but he was there to make his point. This young man was a groundbreaker and he was going to make it as hard for us to say no as he could.

At that time we did stand our ground, and having had subsequent experience, I, to this day, question the concept of a blind Foreign Service officer, especially given the fact that so many places are dangerous today. As an administrative officer, as a manager, it does worry me that someone who is disabled is going to need extra care, which may jeopardize the life of somebody else in a dangerous situation. It has always troubled me as someone

who's been responsible for security in all our embassies in Africa where you don't need any more challenges than you already have.

When I was executive director of ARA, now Western Hemisphere Affairs, the first blind officer, with whom I served later at the United States Mission to the United Nations (USUN) in New York, to successfully enter once we changed our rules, bid on a political officer job in Lima and this was in the era of Shining Path and Lima was an incredibly violent town, just criminal violence. A very distinguished career ambassador, felt strongly about being pro-active on these kinds of issues, and said I'll take him. I said I don't know if it's a good idea but it's your decision. He and I talked, we were friends and I was going to respect his decision. After he made the decision, he had second thoughts. The officer had already been assigned and that was the end of it. It was a very, very difficult tour for the embassy and for the officer. It was hard for him to effectively do his job and hard for the embassy to take good care of him. It was a very mixed experience in a situation where everybody was well meaning and trying to make it work.

The embassy had to hire readers for him, which is a very, very difficult task. Now the technology is catching up which is fantastic. Now there are computers that can translate speech to text and text to speech. We had modern equipment at USUN when this blind officer was assigned there and that was a fantastic improvement. I don't know how you deal with handicaps in the Foreign Service, I really don't. I'm all in favor of affirmative action and diversity. The UN is a place where an awful lot of business takes place in the corridors of the UN. It's more of a parliament or a congress than it is an embassy. It was literally impossible for him to just stop and talk to someone in the halls.

Speaking of handicaps. Just kidding. We did a study of education and success in the Foreign Service. We gave people points for the level of education 16 for a BA and 18 for a Masters and 19 for a PhD, plus a point for each language above the three-three level. Not surprisingly, because I think the Foreign Service is more about practicality, we did find a negative correlation between a PhD and success in the Foreign Service. In other words, if you had a Master's degree and spoke a number of languages or if you had a PhD, it was unlikely you would be successful in the Foreign Service. I think that is intuitive. Ivory tower types tend not to do very well in the Foreign Service; there's too much literal bag carrying one has to do.

Another issue at that time was what to do with Bureau of Cultural Affairs, which had always been treated as a bastard child by the State Department. USIA and others made a real push to move Cultural Affairs over to USIA, and needless to say, Kissinger didn't give a damn. Nat Davis was a man of fantastic principle, and he said, we're missing the boat. This was in 1973; he was saying we needed to absorb USIA, not the other way around. He fought very hard but ultimately fell short and we lost CU, which I think was a mistake. Nat certainly thought it was a mistake. He convinced a lot of people it was a mistake, but not the powers that be.

Nat Davis did the single best job of any DG I've ever seen in his monthly letter in the State Department newsletter. He treated it as an opportunity not to say what Personnel is

doing, but to send important professional messages. He wrote fantastic articles; I would encourage anyone to go back and read some of his articles on dissent and the proper way to dissent. This was during the Vietnam era where dissent was important. He felt strongly that if you disagreed with a policy you resigned and then fought against it. You did not go public with your dissent. He also wrote about integrity and professionalism. He made very cogent arguments and wrote excellent articles.

He had to face these issues as DG and one of the first that came up was during the evacuation of Vietnam, evacuation of Saigon. As you may remember there were two officers, Craig Johnstone and Lionel Rosenblatt.

Both of them were working on the seventh floor; Lionel was a staff assistant in the deputy secretary's office and Craig was on the Secretariat Staff, the Line. They had both served in Vietnam, and were very, very upset that we seemed to be doing nothing to take care of our loyal FSN (Foreign Service National) employees who would clearly be left to die or worse. They literally, between commercial air and in the end military air, managed to bamboozle their way into Vietnam and saved quite a few Vietnamese FSNs, and by all accounts, were real heroes. It was just a very, very courageous act and a heartfelt act.

However they were AWOL!! They abused their position to get there; they used their diplomatic passports to get on military aircraft without authority, and they did everything against the book!!! They received lots of front-page coverage. Everything would have been fine if it hadn't made the front page in "The New York Times." Kissinger went berserk; you don't flout his authority. The word came down from Kissinger to Nat Davis, I want serious action taken against these officers; something has to be done. Nat called Hugh Appling, who had been deputy ambassador in Vietnam, Ray Seitz and I into his office. He spent a lot of time with the four of us; we were very lucky. He brought in other people too but he often liked to just bounce ideas off of us. He said what are we going to do? We bandied this about and his first and most important point was that Kissinger was going to hurt himself. If we took disciplinary action against these officers that was going to make headlines as well and that became his most cogent argument. He also knew that with Kissinger he had to come up with some form of punishment but he wanted to make sure it was inconsequential. Ultimately he decided on disciplinary letters which were put on the left side of their performance files, which all of us know is the irrelevant side of the performance file. The letters told the full story, making it very clear they were heroes as well as insubordinates. Nat Davis went to Kissinger and convinced him to let it be, and not to punish them with bad assignments or with actions that would hurt their careers. Both of them were top-flight officers who went on to distinguished careers.

The other story I'll end with, is perhaps a little politically incorrect. Kissinger chewed and spat out staff aides on a regular basis. Working for Kissinger was awfully tough, awfully tough, even if you were good. I forget who the latest casualty was at that time, but word came down from Larry Eagleburger, who was executive assistant, that Kissinger needed a new staff aide. Hugh Appling, Nat Davis, Ray Seitz and I sat down initially, before we sent it down to Personnel. Nat turned to Ray and I and said look, Hugh and I don't know people of your grade. I want you to come up with a list. He said

my only criterion that is not the obvious is the ability to take shit. He said you have to find somebody that can take shit and let it roll off.

Ray and I right away settled on Parker Borg, who we both knew well and who had been Ray Seitz's predecessor as staff aide and was just an incredibly competent, well organized, hardworking officer, an extremely nice guy but very calm, nothing ruffled him. We gave Nat a list of three names, but Parker was clearly our choice. Larry Eagleburger knew Parker and agreed; Kissinger interviewed Parker and agreed. Parker went to work for Henry and it was a disaster. He never learned Parker's name. Parker was just too nice a guy and he didn't push himself forward enough. Kissinger liked aggressive people. Parker was aggressive but in a polite way and it just didn't play. After two or three months, Parker came down to see us and said I need out of there. We took very good care of Parker and he went to Lubumbashi as consul general at a rather critical time in the Congo's history and did a great job and again had a wonderfully successful career.

Sometimes as good as one's decisions are, one makes mistakes. That's where I feel from my own experience that the old boy network works because it really knows the people and the jobs. However, it doesn't work when it takes a friend who's not competent and puts him in the wrong job.

*Q: Did you have an inclination to turn towards personnel as a specialty or did you prefer the budget side or what?*

WINTER: I was interested in being an administrative officer; to supervise all the administrative functions and manage the embassy. I had a strong background in management; I had an MBA. I discovered very early on that ambassadors and DCMs have interesting jobs, but often don't have the time or inclination to manage the embassy. If you want power, being an administrative officer is a damn good job.

*Q: And where did you go next?*

WINTER: I ended up at USUN (US Mission to the United Nations) working for Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

*Q: And you were at the UN from when to when?*

WINTER: From 1975 to 1977, I was the administrative officer under an administrative counselor.

*Q: I've never talked to somebody who has held that job so I think it should be really fascinating because it's a different world. Both the UN and you're in New York, both of which are otherworldly.*

WINTER: Truly. It's very clear that still today multilateral diplomacy does not appeal to most Foreign Service officers who are much more comfortable with bilateral diplomacy.



My job was administering the place and that certainly was, again, a lot different, than managing an embassy overseas.

*Q: Let's talk about some of the people involved. In the first place, who was our ambassador to the United Nations?*

WINTER: Oh, I'm glad you asked. I subtitle my time in New York as an education in domestic politics and it really, really was because in the two years I was there we had Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Bill Scranton and Andy Young.

*Q: All of whom are political- major, major political figures.*

WINTER: They had the personal clout and reputations to have a very different relationship with Washington than I had certainly been accustomed to from other ambassadors.

*Q: Who was your boss?*

WINTER: Joe Meresman, who I previously mentioned was my mentor and who had recruited me into the Foreign Service from Columbia. In fact, one interesting thing, and I served twice at the UN - the beginning of my career and then at the end of my career I was minister counselor there - but one thing didn't change and I don't think this will ever change: the vast majority of people who serve at USUN are New Yorkers. If they're not New Yorkers they tend to be either single, married with grown kids, and usually people of some independent means, because living there, with the benefits one doesn't get, is very expensive.

*Q: So where did you live?*

WINTER: I lived right underneath the Queensboro Bridge, right under the 59th Street Bridge; I lived at 59th Street between 1st and 2nd Avenue. A brand new, big high-rise apartment building. I rented, a one-bedroom apartment. It was wonderful.

*Q: Were you married, did you have kids?*

WINTER: I didn't have children. I was married. My wife was a dietician and had a great job at Mount Sinai. I grew up in New York City and I wouldn't trade it for the world. We lived damn well. We went to the theater, to concerts and out to good restaurants. We enjoyed the museums and reading the Sunday New York Times lying on the grass on "Dog Hill" in Central Park.

*Q: All right. Let's talk about the job; what was the job?*

WINTER: Primarily the deputy administrative officer was the visitor officer, whenever there were meetings or high level visitors, my responsibility was to take care of them. I managed our set up for the General Assembly, which involved, at that time, on alternate

years either two senators or two congressmen who were members of the delegation and actually participated. In both my General Assemblies, congressmen and senators spent significant time up in New York, gave speeches, went to meetings; they really pitched in and it was a very good way to get the Congress more involved in what the UN does. In later years they basically were still appointed but never showed up, which I think was a pity. The President appointed, three other delegates to the United Nations. These were typically prominent Americans. They could be businessmen but we also had Clarence Mitchell, a prominent civil rights leader. We had to take care of all those people; we provided them with hotel suites where they could eat and cook because they were up there from September until December. I was responsible for the care and feeding of those people.

I also had the unique responsibility as visitor officer of handling, 18 visits of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who loved New York and whose parents lived there. For the General Assembly, he'd be up there for almost a solid two weeks holding bilaterals and regional meetings. This was a major logistical effort. Most of his other visits were for 2-3 days and involved activities like visiting the Council on Foreign Relations or "The New York Times".

*Q: Are there any stories or problems you had with, say, congressmen or delegates who caused problems where you just-*

WINTER: There was only one and he will remain very nameless. This congressman took a real shine to me because I took good care of people. Even though he had a substantive officer, as we like to call them or don't like to call them, who was responsible for his work with the UN and shepherding him around, every day he would come down and ask me to go to lunch with him because he enjoyed my company. He would start off lunch by ordering a double Manhattan without ice because, as he said, that way he got more liquor. Before he ordered lunch he'd order his second double Manhattan and he expected me to join him. Finally I had to go to my boss and I said if you want me to do work in the afternoon, you have to get me out of this. He went up to Moynihan and said look the political officer has to take better care of this congressman. I don't care whether the political officer does work but Andrew has a mission to run.

This congressman also was a bit of a womanizer. Whenever his wife wasn't around his main squeeze was around. It was rather awkward but for the most part it didn't bother me. But then there was one occasion when neither his wife nor his main squeeze was around and he asked me if I could find him somebody. I said New York's a big city; I'm sure you can do all right on your own. There are many things I do – and I didn't say this to him – but I do draw the line on pimping.

*Q: What was your impression of Daniel Patrick Moynihan?*

WINTER: All three ambassadors I worked for at USUN, to say I admired them, would be not telling enough of the truth. Moynihan was so brilliant, so incredible to be around. For me what was the greatest irony is a lot of the substantive officers were very frustrated

with him, in part because he wasn't a great listener. He was a reader and a studier, just such an incredibly conceptual person. He really, without being conspiratorial, would take a set of facts and weave a theory that while not always correct was always fascinating.

The other reason that the substantive officers did not care for him is during the General Assembly even relatively mid-career officers got to head committees over at the UN. There are committees on every issue. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday we would have a delegation meeting, which traditionally had involved each committee chair giving a report, and, of course, political officers love to report. Moynihan had no time for that, but he did like to attend the meeting. So the delegation meeting became "Harvard political science 101". For 20, 30 minutes three times a week we got to hear what Moynihan was thinking about. It was always fascinating but a lot of people were chomping at the bit because they did not get to talk.

He truly was a six foot five leprechaun. He had a tremendous sense of humor, and a tremendous temper, tremendous temper. Our communicators up in New York were Civil Service and they were first class. Most of them had been there for 10, 20 years. These were experienced people. Now, this is back in the days of the teletypes and they had to rekey everything. These communicators, over time, had been trained to be excellent proofreaders, and the secretaries, many of whom were Civil Service, had gotten a little sloppy. These communicators would correct mistakes as they typed. One Saturday morning my boss and I were in and Moynihan calls down to my boss and says get your whatever up here. We go - Joe took me along; Joe was always great about that. Moynihan was behind his desk and he tosses a cable to Joe. It was only one short paragraph and he said Joe, read it. He read it, handed it to me, and I read it. It seemed perfectly all right. Moynihan said read the second sentence aloud with the comma and then without the comma. Joe did and, of course, a comma does make a difference in the way one emphasizes things.

Joe Meresman says, but it's correct with the comma. Moynihan blew his top; he said I know it's correct. I left that comma out on purpose and I want the son of a bitch who put that comma in there fired. He was dead serious. And Joe remained calm and we left and I said well what are we going to do? Joe said "nothing." Moynihan likes to blow and he'll forget about it. We'll just tell the communicators not to change anything that Moynihan writes.

The ambassador's residence is rather unique, it's a 10 room suite in the Waldorf Towers. One of my good friends was Moynihan's security officer. He was the first ambassador at the UN to have security and he only had one security officer who had to be with him all the time. Then at night they'd put some other security officer there to sleep in a chair outside the suite. Moynihan was a total night person. Al Nathanson was a first tour security officer, he was a New Yorker, and he was about five foot eight. Here he is going around New York protecting this six foot five Ambassador, a real Mutt and Jeff. I remember him recounting that at 3:00 in the morning Moynihan burst out of his suite and, of course, the agent was asleep in a chair and just about fell over and Moynihan went to the nearest Irish pub to throw back a few and then went home. Of course Moynihan

offered the security agent a drink, and of course the poor guy wasn't allowed to drink and he could barely stay awake. Moynihan didn't like the idea of having someone follow him around, but he was always very polite to the agent. Moynihan was a real character.

It's hard to think of two bigger egos than Moynihan and Kissinger. They clearly did not like each other. Kissinger almost always stayed in the Waldorf Towers as well and Kissinger of course had Secret Service protection that he brought over with him from the NSC (National Security Council). During the General Assembly, Moynihan was going over to see Kissinger and I escorted him. I said Ambassador; you have to put on your Secret Service pin. He said no way, they know who I am, and I'm not putting on a damn pin. Sure enough, they stopped him. The Secret Service didn't care who he was. He put it on. He decided not to fight. But there was a lot of tension there.

A story I don't think has ever been told. My boss and I were often in on Saturday just to make sure things were going well. One Saturday morning, Moynihan called my boss up and I went along. Moynihan said to my boss I want somebody to deliver this letter to the White House right now. I want them on a plane as soon as they can be on a plane. I've told the White House to expect this letter. That morning in "The New York Times," Scotty Reston, perhaps the greatest op-ed person in "New York Time's" history, certainly one of the most powerful and well connected, had written a piece, as usual sourced to very high levels, which basically left little doubt that Kissinger was the source and it totally trashed Moynihan. Moynihan's reaction: he handed in his resignation that day. He resigned. The White House accepted it. He just was not going to put up with being second-guessed by Kissinger any longer. He was a man of high principle, very, very high principle...and ego.

I met him, many years later as a Senator. He was on a CODEL (Congressional Delegation) to Taiwan. I was thrilled to see him and we had a maybe 30 minutes together. He said to me, Andrew, this is the first and last CODEL I will ever go on. This is disgusting. He says I can't believe this. From now on I'm going to continue what I've been doing; I go on trips on my own to do real business. This was the kind of CODEL where they were buying knockoff watches, etc.

*Q: Yes. Then, let's go through the ambassadors. The next one was?*

WINTER: The next one was Bill Scranton, former governor of Pennsylvania, former presidential candidate, and a fine gentleman, just an unbelievable gentleman. He was soft-spoken but tough, tough in the sense of firm. One of the best things about being an administrative officer anywhere, but it was particularly true with these political appointees, you really managed their transition in. You were the key person before they arrived in terms of settling them in. They became very comfortable with you very quickly. Scranton called us up to his office and he said, "Look". As you may be aware and I'm not going to go into any detail, many years ago I was accused of some wrongdoing of a financial nature, which was later shown to be total nonsense but it taught me a lesson and I don't ever, ever want to cross the line. He said, here's the phone number of my accountant. I expect you to pay for whatever I am entitled to as

ambassador to the UN. Any other expenses that come up, just call him up, send him the bill and he'll send you the money. And he was true to his word. The accountant was a wonderful guy and he always reimbursed for all of Scranton's personal expenses.

Ambassador Scranton had a beautiful estate in the Poconos outside of Scranton, Pennsylvania. He invited all of the UN ambassadors to his house for a Saturday afternoon cookout and get together. We had very strict rules about the Russians, the various Russian republics and the Cubans. They couldn't go outside a 25-mile radius of NYC without approval. We arranged that they could go to Scranton. However, damn if the Russian ambassador didn't get "lost" and show up two hours late. When the party ended I was the lead car for the Russian ambassador going back to New York, just to make sure he got back without getting lost. We had quite a big laugh about that.

*Q: Well then, and then who was the next one?*

WINTER: Andy Young. One of the finest human beings I've ever met in my life. What an honor to be with somebody like that who had done so much in the civil rights movement. Yet he was just a nice guy and the most down to earth person I'd ever met. I'd go over to the residence for some business and it was after hours, he was barefoot and in a jogging suit, drinking a beer and offering me one and just so friendly, just a wonderful guy.

Now he came in when Carter became president and Carter was the president of the people and one of the first things that came out was let's get rid of all the government limousines. We had two Cadillac limousines in New York. These were big, stretch Cadillac limousines. By this time I was acting administrative counselor. Joe Meresman had left to go work for Moynihan in the Senate. I went up to Andy and I said look, if you get rid of that limousine, I'm going to have to provide you with two cars. Everywhere you go, you go with a bunch of people. I said this is silly. He pushed back and he said, let's try it out and see what happens. Quite soon he realized that he needed a limo, from a practical perspective. He called me up and he said Andrew I understand that Checker, the old Checker cabs in New York, sells Checker limousines.

I went out to Checker and told them who I was. They lent me a Checker for the weekend. It's a taxicab; there's no getting around it. It isn't the best ride in the world. Andy used it for the weekend and said, my son was so damn carsick we're never using a Checker again.

Then another day Andy called me up and he said I was over at the Ford Foundation and when I came out I saw that the director of the Ford Foundation has a Ford limo. He said that seems to be a people's limo. I called over to my counterpart at the Ford Foundation and he said there are only two of these in the world. They're custom made for the head of Ford and the head of the Ford Foundation. I asked what he thought they would cost? And he said forget it, it's more expensive than a Cadillac. Andy ended up using two of my official cars almost everywhere he went and he went a lot of places. It was one of those misses of the people's presidency.

*Q: Were you cordoned off from the UN organization or did you run across the UN administration?*

WINTER: I was the visitor officer. The UN has some of the best guides in the world and we could arrange for VIPs to have an individual guide. However, VIPs from the US Government (USG) typically expected someone from the US Mission to give them a tour and I, as the visitor officer was the designated tour guide. I initially detested this job but got to enjoy it. Beyond showing them the artwork and the architecture, I came up with an interesting spiel about the UN. It was not very profound but it was very educational. There are really three UNs. The first are the independent organizations, the specialized organizations like FAO, UNICEF, WHO, ICAO, etc. that just do extraordinary jobs and for the most part are very capable. They are independent but they are part of the UN system and they're worth supporting.

The second is the Security Council. The Security Council can make a significant difference in the world, if none of the major powers vetoes a resolution. The peacekeeping forces all over the world are doing wonderful things. The third is the General Assembly and I would quote what Ambassador Scali called it "the theater of the absurd" and it really was. My boss and I referred to the UN as Disneyland East; that was before Disneyworld existed. The General Assembly, the idea of having a democratic organization in which the United States had the same voting power as my future post in The Gambia, basically made it a useless organization that would pontificate but had no ability to do anything. I developed a longer version of that spiel to discuss the UN and that made it all worthwhile for me and hopefully for the VIPs I escorted around.

When the president came I was responsible for the logistics for the president's visit. The secretary of state was there too and I'd be responsible for the seating of the American delegation and VIPs at the General Assembly. Two of the most interesting people I seated for President Carter's speech were Jackie Kennedy and John Lindsay, former mayor of New York City.

*Q: The UN bureaucracy became infamous. Did you have any real dealings with that or were you pretty much removed from it?*

WINTER: No. There's a separate part of the mission, Resource Management, that deals with UN management and budget issues. There are five ambassadors at the U.S. mission to the United Nations, and one of them is the ambassador for Resource Management. Pat Kennedy, who is currently our undersecretary for management, served in that position, just to give a context. It's a very management oriented job; political appointees who've had that job tend to be solid businessmen, serious businessmen.

We have an ambassador for the Economic and Social Council and an ambassador for Special Political Affairs, which is the Security Council. The DCM is the deputy permanent representative with the rank of ambassador. They're all subject to senatorial confirmation.

It was a challenge as the administrative officer to keep five ambassadors happy, but in fact they knew that there was only one real ambassador. As a result they weren't too difficult.

*Q: Well then, did you get caught up in any of the issues of the UN?*

WINTER: Not really. I can't say that I did. Sometimes tangentially I would. Kissinger, as I said, came up 18 times, usually staying at a suite at the Waldorf, usually accompanied by one of his staffers, a secretary and his press person. Typically it was Jock Covey, Bob Funseth, and a secretary. As a result there was a lot more pressure on us to provide support and I was the point man for the visit. One of the assistant GSOs and I would be in and around the suite 24 hours a day. The suite had a formal sitting room and dining room, a master bedroom and three small bedrooms where we set up offices for his staff. One of these offices was for us and we'd just hang out there and be available for whatever came up.

One time Kissinger was up there and by coincidence both the Greek and Turkish foreign ministers were in town. He started an impromptu shuttle; that's the only way to describe it. They were each in different hotels and he started a shuttle over negotiations on Cyprus. There was no one to handle this logistically. The staff aide, Jock, said to me; get another room on this floor as a holding room. You need to meet them on the ground level and escort them up and make sure the Greek and the Turk don't see each other. As the Turkish minister would be in with the Secretary, I'd be in the holding room with the Greek foreign minister, passing the time of day, and then I'd get a call from Jock saying the Turk is out, escort the Greek in. I'd escort the Greek in and then go back downstairs to meet the Turk coming back an hour later. What a great experience in "shuttle" diplomacy.

Kissinger was invited by the head of CBS, William Paley for dinner at the top of the World Trade Center for the bicentennial. New York City had the Tall Ships and a big fireworks display. There were two million people in lower Manhattan. I'm in the lounge; Secretary Kissinger is having dinner. Here I am on the top floor of the World Trade Center, looking down on the Statue of Liberty, the only time in my life I ever saw fireworks looking down at them. They weren't high enough to go up 105 stories. They even had speakers inside the Trade Center so we could hear the explosions because it was a rock solid building, we thought then. All of a sudden I see three Secret Service agents heading for the elevator and I said oh crap, and grabbed the staff aide and we were running to the elevator. We entered in the elevator and realized we didn't know any of these agents. We had Secret Service pins so our presence didn't bother them. They eyed us a little funny, too, and then in walks Prince Rainier, Princess Grace and Princess Caroline.

That was one of the greatest moments of my life, riding down 105 stories in an elevator with Princess Grace. She was obviously not a young woman at that point but my goodness, what a stately, beautiful woman. It was awkward but there were brief

introductions and then we found ourselves down on the street waiting for Kissinger to come down. But that's another story.

*Q: Well then, you left there in 1977 or so? Well then where did you go?*

WINTER: To Helsinki from 1977 to 1980.

*Q: All right, let's talk about Finland when you arrived there. What was the situation in Finland government, etc., and then our relations with Finland?*

WINTER: Finland had a socialist government, a social democratic government, but there's a word that comes from the word "Finland:" "Finlandization." This was still very much the height of the Cold War and Finland's foreign policy was deeply affected by keeping the Russian bear happy. Finlandization always had a very pejorative sense but almost all of us in the embassy felt that the Finns did a wonderful job of threading the needle. They would buy Russian refrigerators but they'd also buy Western refrigerators because the Russian ones weren't worth a damn. It was clear where their hearts were. But they were careful.

I had excellent relations with the foreign ministry. One day I was called over there and they said Andrew, look. We know that Finland is a major medical evacuation point for American embassy personnel and families in Moscow and Leningrad. We don't have a problem with that; we're glad that we can take care of your people. But please keep it low key. The Russians have become aware that this is going on and of course for them it's quite a negative that your people are leaving Russia because the medical care is not good enough there. We don't want to get in the middle of this. I talked to my counterpart in Moscow and we became just a little more cautious about it. We didn't change anything. It's a good example from an administrative or a logistical point of view of what Finlandization really meant: being careful.

A Cold War Story: One day a Romanian walked into the embassy. As the security officer, the Marine Guard alerted me and I went to meet him. He indicated that he wanted to defect and that he was in Finland on a group tour. We quickly determined that he had no intelligence value. However, with time running out before his tour group started to look for him, we decided to help him escape. Finland was not a good place to request asylum. The Finns were likely to return him to Romania because of Finlandization. We needed to get him to Sweden. We bought him a train ticket from Helsinki to the north of Finland from where he would be able to walk across the border to freedom in Sweden. We drove him to the train station and off he went. Several months later he sent me a postcard from Germany where he was happily living and employed.

*Q: I've interviewed, a Foreign Service officer who had some medical problems in, was it Moscow, and her tale, one having a child born and another of having appendicitis are really horrifying. And she went to what was supposedly their better medical attention but, there was a damn good reason why we wanted to get people out of there.*



WINTER: My counterpart in Leningrad, now St. Petersburg, his wife was pregnant and her water broke. He had the consulate get ahold of me and said he's driving out to Finland; would I find every possible clinic and hospital between Leningrad and Helsinki in case he has to stop. They had a doctor in Helsinki who was supposed to deliver her baby. He drove five or six hours with his wife and she gave birth two hours after she arrived in Helsinki. That's how strong he felt. Millions of babies are born all over the world but he sure as hell wasn't going to take any chance in Russia, no question about it.

*Q: Who was your ambassador?*

WINTER: In my career, I have been so blessed working with the greatest of people. The person I consider the finest Foreign Service officer I know, Roz Ridgeway, was our ambassador. Now Roz and I happened to be friends because she was the desk officer for Ecuador when I was in Quito. I was named administrative officer in Helsinki before she was named ambassador; it was a wonderful coincidence, which nobody believed, of course, because we were such good friends. There is just no better professional on the face of the earth. She was a leader, a manager, and a mentor. For her the country team was just that: a team.

*Q: What was the embassy like? How did you find the embassy?*

WINTER: Oh, what a great place. It was hard for Roz because literally the residence and the chancery are one building. They're two separate architectural structure but there was a door from the study in the residence into her office in the chancery. It was a beautiful, old physical plant, on a hill overlooking Helsinki Harbor. It overlooked the ferry from Stockholm and official visitors often came on the ferry from Stockholm. I could wait until I saw the ferry go by my window to go pick them up because we were five minutes away. It was a lovely, lovely location.

We had an absolutely fabulous embassy. Her DCM was Sam Fry, who took seriously his role as the COO of the embassy. Roz was one of the few ambassadors I ever worked for who fully expected the DCM to run the mission. The DCM was not going to be "super political counselor." She made that clear to the country team on the first day. The defense attaché or the station chief could go to her directly, but Sam was the DCM and that most everything should go through him first. Morale was phenomenal.

This was my first opportunity to mentor a junior officer, one of the most important roles of all of us in the Foreign Service. Larry Butler was a very young, very bright and very cocky first tour economic officer. His boss, the economic counselor, was a very traditional and stiff professional diplomat. They did not meld well. I not only counseled Larry who was my best friend in the Embassy, but also alerted the Ambassador and the DCM to the problem. We were able to save Larry's career and it was a bright one indeed, culminating in an ambassadorship. To this day Larry remains one of my best friends and I was best man at his wedding and godfather to his son.

*Q: Well would there be a problem in that you've got long nights. And you think of Stockholm and other- Oslo and all, having this long winter nights and a population where people tend to drink too much and all that. Did that impact on you?*

WINTER: Oh, most definitely. The short summer nights were tougher because you couldn't sleep. At least in the wintertime you could sleep. In the summer there was theoretical darkness from 10:00 at night until 2:00 in the morning but you still saw light on the horizon. If you came back from party at 2:00, you often didn't get to sleep.

From November 1 through to Christmas it was a tough place, no question about it. The Finns call November "suicide month". It was dark, rainy and just around freezing. I woke up in the darkness and I went home in the darkness. We had a wonderful local embassy doctor who was actually a Dane who had finished medical school in 1939 and volunteered to help the Finnish army as a surgeon on the front during the Winter War with the Russians. He tells the story of living and working in tents at minus 50 centigrade, minus 58 Fahrenheit.

I went to see him because I was sleeping 10 hours a day when normally I'm very happy with seven. He said welcome to depression and I replied what do you mean? He said you're not badly depressed but its depression. You're finding it hard to deal with all this darkness, cold and dampness. Now I understood why the Finns drank a lot.

The amount of daylight changes by almost half an hour a week because it goes from almost total darkness to total daylight in six months. After the winter solstice it gets icy cold but when the sun comes out, it's beautiful. There is tons of snow and, of course, they're prepared for it. The schools and the embassy never had a snow day. Cross-country skiing was just wonderful. Actually from the center of Helsinki you could take ski trails all the way up to Lapland. Occasionally you had to cross roads but they had a network of trails that was just incredible. They had trails within the city limits of five, 10 miles that were lit so one could ski at night. They had wonderful trails 30 minutes outside of town, 30-kilometer trails where one would go on a weekend. These trails had a lean-to every few kilometers with a fire, which everyone kept going, and you would carry a little knapsack with sausage, coffee, oranges and chocolate. You could stop and have a small hot lunch. At the end of the trail, there was typically a shack not much bigger than a diner, and they'd serve hot pea soup. The pea soup was thick with big chunks of ham in it. It was the perfect way to end an hour or two of burning energy and being cold.

*Q: And also, of course, we had the taking over of our embassy in Tehran. In the first place, what was your impression of how Carter and the administration fit with the Finns?*

WINTER: Mixed. Roz told a story that really helped me when I became ambassador. It was also the time of the neutron bomb as you may remember. This "wonderful" bomb killed people but didn't destroy buildings. Demarches were sent to all posts in the world, which the ambassadors had to deliver, promoting the neutron bomb for NATO. At the country team meeting, the week she received that demarche, Roz was beside herself; do

they really expect me to go talk to the Finns about this; this is ridiculous. What a stupid idea but there was real pressure from Washington on this.

At the next country team meeting Roz told us, I sent a cable to Washington. It's the shortest cable I've ever sent. "Demarche delivered." She had gone to the foreign ministry and said I have this demarche; I'm not asking you to do anything. But she had delivered the demarche. When I was Ambassador to The Gambia, I would take care of Washington very easily by just replying to a demarche by saying it had been delivered.

*Q: As administrative officer, how'd you find dealing with the Finns? I assume I would get a very positive response.*

WINTER: My staff was first class, well educated. Finns are such proper, hardworking people with the highest ethical standards. Only one of my employees had a serious drinking problem. Unfortunately, she was my top budget person. She was a binge drinker. She did an excellent job but about once every three months she'd go home on a Friday night and drink until Monday morning or later. She wouldn't come in for a week and when she did return she looked like hell. But she did her job and took her annual leave for the purpose of drinking. It was sad and there was nothing I could do.

When I would have my staff over for a party or any Finns for that matter, the only way to get them to go home was to lock the liquor cabinet. Finns drink as long as there's liquor.

Now the other aspect of Finns is they're a very quiet people. They are a people of the woods. They're very reserved. They're very comfortable with silence. You can have a dinner party with four Americans and four Finns and they won't talk and they won't mind not talking, if they don't have anything to say. Silences are not terribly awkward for them, and that was hard to get used to. But just terrific people. Helpful. If you stopped a Finn on the street and asked directions, more than likely they'd take you wherever you wanted to go.

*Q: While you were there was Finland used as the stopover point for any VIPs heading to Moscow?*

WINTER: We were a way station, not so much politically, but from a logistical point of view. I was so grateful to have Sam Fry and Roz Ridgeway as my bosses who supported our efforts to support Moscow even though we had a relatively small administrative section; it was an American GSO and I. We did a tremendous amount of logistical support for Moscow and Leningrad and to a lesser extent Kiev, which received more of their support from Vienna because it was closer. We had a dedicated teletype in the GSO office for logistical support between Moscow and Helsinki. In my three years there, we shipped everything in from nails to a construction crane. One-fourth of my job was involved in supporting Moscow logistically. Every week we sent in food, and office and construction supplies by rail, which often had to be packed in diplomatic bags so that the Russians wouldn't search or bug it. There was a weekly, unclassified courier run from Moscow - basically for people to get R&R (rest and recuperation), see doctors and buy

personal supplies. Moscow paid for a trip for me to go to Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev and that was an eye opener.

*Q: What did you see?*

WINTER: Just the lack of anything. There were no restaurants. In Kiev we stayed in the same hotel where the consulate was housed. The consulate every night had to deposit the keys to their rooms at the front desk making it a little difficult to protect things, to say the least. We went down to the hotel restaurant because that was about the only place to eat in town. Of course you're in Kiev, what are you going to order? Borscht and Chicken Kiev. It took about 30 minutes for a waiter to show up, 30 minutes for our borscht to show up, which was water with a dab of sour cream and a little bit of cabbage floating in it, and then 30 minutes later the waiter showed up and said chicken nyet. That was our lunch. From Helsinki I would send to the administrative officers in Leningrad and Moscow, 10 to 15 head of lettuce in a large diplomatic bag, because all they could get was cabbage. In return I would receive a one-kilo brick of fresh caviar, which was the same price as the lettuce. That was one of my better deals as administrative officer.

*Q: Did the takeover of our embassy in Tehran do anything to our operations and how did it translate into Helsinki?*

WINTER: That was November of 1979 and I was bidding on onward assignments for the following summer. My mentor, Joe Meresman, at that point was Executive Director of the Bureau of Administration, and he wanted me, in part because of my New York experience, to be the VIP visitor officer for the Department of State. In other words handle all presidential visits overseas. He and I talked and he decided I would do a presidential visit to see how I would like it. I went from Helsinki to Ottawa for President Carter's official visit to Canada. The day before the visit was to take place the Iranian hostages were taken. We had already been there two weeks working almost 24 hours a day. As you can imagine the day before a presidential visit we're exhausted, fully dedicated, tightening up the schedules, getting 1,000 hotel rooms ready, figuring out who's in what room and who's room is close to the president. We're going crazy and this happens. We're dealing with the White House and I'm dealing with the State Department too and nobody would tell us anything about what was going on.

The next morning the prime minister of Canada came on TV to announce the president wasn't coming. That was the first official word we heard. We were pissed off and let down. We had done so much work. Of course I worried about our colleagues. Then I flew back to Helsinki.

We only had one consular officer and if he was on leave or sick I would occasionally spot for him even though I'd never been a consular officer or received the training. We did get a handful of Iranian Baha'is coming through. They were visa shopping. They're such special people to begin with, and they certainly had no home to go back to and we couldn't do anything for them at that time.

*Q: By 1980 where were you going?*

WINTER: Rio, where I was for less than a year.

*Q: Was there any story about your assignment there or you just got a letter or what?*

WINTER: Rio was the first assignment in which I did not use the informal system to help me get an assignment. I'd been offered the job of being the head of the VIP travel officer after that trip to Ottawa but I ended up turning it down.

It was the first and maybe the only job I ever got through the formal system, and basically it was a mistake because being an administrative officer at a consulate is nothing like being an administrative officer at an embassy. At an embassy you have control over budget, you have control over procurement, and you have control over everything administrative. At a consulate you are totally dependent on the embassy and how forthcoming the administrative counselor wants to be. If I wanted to buy tires for an official vehicle, I had to ask Brasilia. Right off I wasn't very happy professionally. It was an unintentional downgrade; the same grade but it wasn't the same responsibility.

I let it be known in Washington that I'd stay, but if they wanted to pull me out at any time for something better I'd be glad to do it. But then I went about doing my job. One of the reasons I took Rio was at that point I was a bachelor and a bachelor and Rio seemed like they went together well. It was a fun but exhausting tour because nightlife in Rio doesn't get started much before 10:00 at night and going out until 2:00 in the morning is not unusual, but I had to be at my desk every day at 7:30. Evening naps became de rigueur.

*Q: What was Rio like as a city?*

WINTER: Violent, rough, and beautiful. But a wonderful lifestyle. I actually don't drink coffee but for my year in Rio I drank three cafezinhos, three shots, a day, because part of the lifestyle there is two, three times a day you take a break from your work, you go down to a little coffee stand - there's no place to sit - and you don't spend more than five minutes there. You go with a group of friends and you get a shot of coffee and go back to work. The aroma of that stand and the taste of that coffee were just phenomenal.

After work, you'd go down to Copacabana or Ipanema and sit outside, drink an ice-cold draught beer, munch on a pizza, and watch the beautiful women go by. You would just sit and chat and relax. It was a wonderful café atmosphere.

*Q: Had crime moved in there?*

WINTER: Oh yes. One of my jobs in Rio was security officer. A serious part of that job was briefing visitors about the security situation. I warned them about being very, very careful. Not only about crime, but also men in Rio tended to be tempted and you had a lot of very attractive looking prostitutes down there. However they might give you a few surprises from a gender point of view. You had to warn people about that, too. These

“women” were gorgeous. I would advise visitors that when they went out they should not carry more than one ID, a minimal amount of cash, no wallet, no jewelry, no earrings, and no watch. It was dangerous. The worse traffic accidents in Rio were at night because drivers didn’t stop at red lights. It was too dangerous. Literally we heard reports of a car stopping at a red light and a guy coming up and, if not shooting you, throwing you out of your car, stealing your car and your money.

One time an FBI agent came down on an investigation and I was his liaison. I started giving him the security lecture and of course he didn’t want to hear the lecture. So off he went. Two hours later he was back in my office. No wallet, no watch, no passport. He’d been walking down Copacabana and a pregnant woman was walking towards him and collapsed on the pavement. Being the good gentleman, the FBI agent rushed to her rescue. A crowd gathered and, as he admitted, he never felt a thing until he walked away and realized he’d lost everything. I sat there and laughed and he took it. It was a tough town even if you supposedly knew what you were doing.

*Q: This goes back before Brasilia came in, people saying that one of the problems with Rio was so many Cariocas. And the men had mistresses, the Brazilians did, that so many of our officers emulated them that it was an interesting place.*

WINTER: Rio was definitely dangerous to marriages. There’s absolutely no question. The temptations were far too great, even if your spouse was present. Brazilian women truly are beautiful. Rio is sun, sex and samba, all in one. I was only there about nine or ten months and I don’t remember that any of our officers got themselves into any kind of trouble.

*Q: One of the things I’ve talked to people who served there, that the Brazilians make a great play of not having discrimination because of skin color. Did this manifest itself-*

WINTER: Oh absolutely. Economic status basically brought you entre into normal society even if you were black or anything in between black or white. If you were in any way successful, you mixed quite freely and you certainly saw a fair number of mixed couples. You had a sense of a very fluid society and that was refreshing. Starting in the fall you have the build up to Carnival. You’re going to samba clubs in the favelas (slums) and it’s a very mixed environment. The economic differences are tremendous because most of the dancers are poor and black. The samba clubs held their fundraisers in warehouses or school gymnasiums in the favelas. These weren’t fancy clubs. It was fun and I always went with Brazilian friends whom I trusted to get me there and back home. I didn’t go in my own car. Again, it was dangerous but in the club it was quite safe. The beer flowed, and the temperature, women and music were hot. In fact at one of the Carnival balls the temperature was 114 degrees.

Going to one Carnival where I literally didn’t sleep for about five nights was tremendous. It is one of the greatest experiences: the music, the dancing, and the costumes. I had a Brazilian friend who very wisely in October, and Carnival the following year was in March, told me to buy a box. Now, a box cost about \$1,200 and could seat about 12

people, but it was a front row box on the parade route. He said Andrew; do it. I said jeez; it's a lot of money. He said don't worry; you'll sell every seat, which is exactly what happened, mostly to friends at the consulate. It was incredible. We arrived there at 8:00 at night and left at 11:00 the next morning, bleary eyed.

*Q: How were your relations with the embassy?*

WINTER: Not good. Now mine personally - Mac Gerlach was the administrative counselor and I had known Mac from a previous tour in Personnel - were good. The ambassador was Robert Sayre and the DCM was George High. Ambassador Sayre was certainly a well-respected ambassador, very smart, but he could be difficult. George High who on a personal basis was quite okay, was his hatchet man. His job was to do what Sayre wanted and not always in the most pleasant way.

John DeWitt, who was the consul general, believed in a certain amount of autonomy, which the ambassador did not believe in at all. DeWitt was getting towards the end of his career and didn't give a hoot. He would send cables out to Washington on his own authority, which constantly irritated the ambassador and thus the DCM. Relations were tough.

Also there was a tremendous gray market in currency exchange. It existed in Rio. It didn't exist in Brasilia; in Brasilia there was nothing other than diplomats and government. As it was a gray market we didn't encourage people to use it; but John DeWitt and I didn't feel it was our job to tell people what to do. The embassy came out with a notice saying all currency must be exchanged officially at the embassy and consulates. The consulates in Sao Paulo, Porto Alegre and Rio were ticked off. John DeWitt and I made sure that everybody at the consulate did exchange a minimal amount of money officially.

One of the more unpleasant interpersonal events of my career: George High, the DCM wrote the evaluation of my boss, John DeWitt, and the ambassador reviewed it. George came into my office and asked me for my input. It was very clear what kind of input he wanted. I said George, I'm sorry; I'm not going there. They gave him a critical report, which maybe he slightly deserved, but he was a fine consular officer and a fine CG.

*Q: Then, you were only there about what, eight months or so? Well what brought about this?*

WINTER: Joan Clark was at that point the Director General of the Foreign Service. She was looking for someone to "fix" Personnel's IT systems and bring HR into the 1980s. I had an IT, Information Technology, background. She asked me to come back and I was officially curtailed. I had had a ball in Rio but I was getting tired. I was bored in my job and I wasn't into being bored. I was glad to leave.

*Q: What was the job?*

WINTER: In theory I reported directly to Joan Clark, the DG, which was very important and very helpful. Physically I was located in the Executive Office, which was responsible for HR- Personnel's - IT programs. I worked with the executive director, who happened to be my junior officer classmate and my best friend, Warren Littrel. We figured out that from the beginning of the process to the end there were something like 27 steps, individual steps where actual pieces of paper and varying pieces of paper changed hands, often in a circular pattern. Our first task was to re-engineer the process. Before we could automate, we had to change the process. We reduced 27 processes down to about 10 and that took a lot of bureaucratic arm twisting with Joan weighing in whenever necessary. But we were able to do it. We actually received a lot of support from the worker bees because they realized the system was broken.

The first year we let new system function as a paper system and demonstrated that it worked. The 1980s was the beginning of the transition from mainframes to the Wang, which was the first desktop computer. We were able to automate all of the paper processes because we were able to put computers on people's desks and set up an electronic paper flow. In fact we installed the first email system at the Department of State in 1982 using the Wang.

We decided that emails would not be printed or saved, because one process we wanted to recreate was the informal system. The assignments officer in EUR (Bureau of European Affairs) and the assignments officer in Personnel could exchange information that they had previously discussed on the phone or in the corridor without fear that their informal discussions would become public. We were the first bureau to receive approval from Office of Communications to send telegrams directly via OCR to the telegram center without initials or signature. It was an exciting two years. We got a tremendous amount done and automated the personnel assignment system.

Now, each personnel officer had a technician and the officers wanted the technicians to do all the input. We said no. Assignment officers, not technicians, will do assignments, they will do the inputting, and they will make the decisions on training. Officers had to become good at computers, which they hated, but it served them well later on. The only exception was the senior officer division, which of course was staffed by old farts who didn't know how to use computers. Everybody had to use their computers and everybody had to do data input and that made the system reliable and efficient.

Joan asked me what I wanted to do next and I said I wanted to go to the War College, the National War College (NWC), not the Industrial College of the Armed Forces (ICAF), which is where they usually assigned administrative officers. I said that's stereotyping. I wanted people to know that I'm a Foreign Service Officer. It took a little arm-twisting, but they assigned me to the National War College.

*Q: Okay, you did that from when to when?*

WINTER: That would be 1983 to 1984. Academic year.



*Q: Can you talk a bit about your impression of the War College and your experiences there?*

WINTER: It was a wonderful year. I learned so much. Especially since I'd never served in the military. There were only 160 students including 40 civilians and 120 military officers. The military officers were truly the best and the brightest. They were fun, intelligent and well educated. Sometimes a little narrow-minded but part of the reason they were at the NWC was to broaden their horizons. I'd always respected the Marine guards; I always got along well with the defense attaché; that's a different environment. Here I got to appreciate, admire, and respect my colleagues in the military and it made a big difference in the rest of my career. It was a life-changing event.

*Q: Was the War College focusing on anything? This was before the Gulf War or the Balkans; the Soviet Union was still running high.*

WINTER: This was the first time Vietnam was on the National War College curriculum even though it had ended eight years earlier.

*Q: Good God.*

WINTER: And that's when I started to learn something. The military still couldn't deal with Vietnam. I was rubbing my hands saying this is going to be fun. I'm going to question these people and put it to them. It wasn't revengeful. I just was anxious to say you blew it; this was a terrible war.

In November we studied Vietnam. Initially it was primarily lectures and then we broke up into groups. It was a weeklong session. That whole week I never said a word. I couldn't. To feel the pain of these people. These were mostly colonels, a few light colonels, who'd been second lieutenants, maybe a little higher. It was so hard to listen to their stories of war, to listen to them tell their stories of how they felt about what was going on in the United States. They knew how I felt. I didn't hide that. But it was gut and heart wrenching and they still had trouble dealing with it. It hurt them so much; it affected them so much. But they all agreed it was a great week and it was a necessary rite of passage but they didn't enjoy it. Learning from the Vietnam experience was the highlight of our year.

The other highlight was disarmament. We spent a week on disarmament and Petra Kelly, German Green Party, came and spoke. Her father was a US Air Force officer. We had a wonderful commandant who on a number of occasions incurred the wrath of DOD and certainly inviting Petra Kelly was amazing for DOD. She brought down the house. Not that they agreed with her, but wow, was she terrific. She stood her ground and the students went back at her. We had a very serious week on disarmament and most of the students were more flexible than when it began. This was a wonderful year for a civilian to observe (and influence) the way military officers think and feel. I was deeply impressed with the military education system. They opened up a lot of minds in a very short period of time.

And the absolute highlight: former President Nixon was invited to speak. And he came. And it was a full house. And he brought down the house. It was his first appearance before a US Government audience since he resigned from office ten years earlier. He gave an excellent, if not memorable, speech on national security and foreign policy. And for me who had grown up a Nixon “hater” he still looked like a caricature of himself.

*Q: Well we're leaving the War College in 1984, where'd you go and for how long?*

WINTER: Off to Taiwan from 1984 to 1987. I decided to “leave” the State Department for three years because, of course, we did not have an official presence in Taiwan. I received a personnel action indicating that I had been terminated and at the same time hired under the same conditions by AIT, the American Institute in Taiwan, which was the contractor that conducted our relations with the people on Taiwan. Certainly a unique Foreign Service tour.

Many of my colleagues in the administrative cone chose to specialize in a region, but that was actually not necessary. Language was not as important for the administrative officer. Typically the Foreign Service staff all spoke English and I tended to pick my tours based upon the job; would it be an interesting and worthwhile job to do, and on who my boss would be; is it somebody I wanted to work for. Now in the case of Taiwan, it was very clearly the job. It was the perfect stepping-stone for me as an administrative officer to have a medium to large sized embassy to run. I use the word “embassy” in quotes quite obviously but in all appearances-

*Q: Okay. How stood relations between Taiwan and the United States?*

WINTER: I would say basically excellent. De-recognition pained them greatly but they didn't have much choice but to move on. The relationship with the United States was their most important relationship; we were their most important ally; we were the only ones that were going to help them to avoid an invasion, whether it be a physical invasion or a psychological invasion. Relations were, I would say, were very good to excellent.

*Q: Who was the director when you arrived?*

WINTER: Harry Thayer, who had been previously ambassador to Singapore and a Chinese language officer. A superb, superb officer. Again, I have to bless myself that in my career I worked for people of the highest ethical standards. Harry Thayer was one of those people.

*Q: And as administrative officer, you really have keep an eye on ethical standards because a number of people, political and Foreign Service ambassadors have come a cropper by getting the wrong allowances, getting too many perks, doing various fiddles-sometimes almost unconscious fiddles and sometimes very conscious. And so- At least I take it that was not a problem.*

WINTER: No. I loved being an administrative officer. I loved taking care of people. I enjoyed the implicit and explicit power of the purse. The ambassador had all the ultimate power, but on a day-to-day basis I ran things at the embassy and I loved it. I enjoyed helping people and very early on I developed this spiel that I would give to all ambassadors when they arrived at post or when I arrived at post. I told them I was there to serve them, I was there to take care of them to the best of my ability and take care of all the people at the embassy, but that I considered one of my biggest jobs in terms of taking care of an ambassador was protecting him or her. Then I would go on to indicate that there will be times when I'm going to have to say no to him or her but I can guarantee it will be for his or her own protection. The great advantage of that spiel was that- and I don't think I ever had a dishonest ambassador- they all had to endorse exactly what I had to say. That served me well later on when potential transgressions arose.

*Q: Okay. Let's talk about your time on Taiwan. What were the major challenges of your work?*

WINTER: Unlike most embassies it had less challenges because we were a contractor. We had our own budget. We were a budget line item in the State Department's Congressional budget so the State Department didn't decide whether we received a little more or a little less; the East Asia Bureau (EAP) couldn't take money from us and give it to Tokyo. Congress loved Taiwan and therefore the AIT budget tended to be very good. It allowed us to do most things that we needed to do, but not only that, we didn't have the pressure to spend the money by the end of the year because we were a contractor. I consider this the most true management job I ever had in the Foreign Service because I could manage resources to the benefit of the U.S. Government instead of to the benefit of spending everything by the end of the fiscal year. Actually the American Institute in Taiwan ran a reserve. We had a reserve fund of \$200,000 that we carried over year to year as a contingency fund. We had a real emergency fund, which was a tremendous opportunity to really manage well. And I did.

The challenges were more this dance of not having official relations. We had a clear separation of AIT from the U.S. Government. We would not deal with the foreign ministry, but an unofficial entity called the Coordination Council on North American Affairs, CNAA, which, of course, was staffed by career diplomats. They preferred it to be as official as possible and we had to be a little bit careful with whom we dealt and how we dealt with people and at what level. But I was very fortunate because my counterpart had been educated in the States. He was very pro-American, loved America; spoke better English than he spoke Chinese. He was interested in any way he could cement relations, which, of course, served their agenda to make the relationship as official as possible. He and I were able to use that agenda in very positive ways.

As a result we signed one of the early agreements allowing spouses to work. Washington and even Harry Thayer, the director, were a little nervous about it because it was kind of crossing a line into the official, because obviously it was a government agreement. But everybody decided it was low-key enough that they approved it. I was able to negotiate a local Social Security agreement for the FSNs (Foreign Service Nationals). We negotiated

a number of tax-free benefits for our employees and families. AIT at this point was only about four years old and there were a lot of Never Never Lands as to how we were to operate. I decided, consciously and carefully with the director and the deputy director, who was Jerry Ogden, another super China hand, to push ahead. The State Department didn't react negatively and we were able to negotiate a number of "bilateral," agreements on importation of vehicles, on sale of vehicles, on tax-free status. Now, this applied to them in Washington too, which, of course, they loved because that gave them a more official look and feel. They received tax-free cards, which were different from the tax-free cards other diplomats received, but still looked official. There was a very convenient coming together of my interest as an administrator to help the staff and their families and their interest as a non-country in getting as much recognition as they could.

We also had the equivalent of diplomatic immunity. It was built into the agreements. However, it was not as certain or definitive. Shortly before I arrived an administrative staff member's wife, in other words somebody who might not have diplomatic immunity under the Geneva Convention, was involved in an accident in which a Taiwanese citizen was killed. It was an accident, there was no question about that, but it was rather serious. It was a sticky situation for a while until basically the government of Taiwan said she could leave the country pending the court case, with the clear understanding that they didn't expect her to come back for the court case. Payment was made, covered by insurance. We didn't have quite the strong protections one would normally find; on the other hand we had a government in Taiwan that was going to make sure not to embarrass us.

*Q: You must have had a Foreign Service National staff that must have been pretty good. The Chinese are hardworking-*

WINTER: Unbelievable. Unbelievable. Really just a terrific group of people to work with and so serious, but also fun. We had a hiking club that was organized by a group of Chinese employees, particularly the chauffeurs, but all Americans and Chinese at AIT could participate. Every few months we would go hike a mountain and these were all very walkable mountains; there's 100 peaks over 1,000 meters in Taiwan and they're all basically walkable. The Chinese staff would bring hibachis and food and we would have a feast. We would stop in the middle of the day for lunch and then continue walking. It led to the best camaraderie I've seen, not only between FSNs and Americans but among American staff, consular, political, admin, who were much closer there than in many places I've served. The FSNs' were the glue interestingly enough.

*Q: Did you have any feeling that the secret arm of the government was breathing down your neck at all?*

WINTER: Not at all. That's not to say they weren't, but no. You felt very comfortable there even though it was a national security state, a police state. You basically knew that the traffic cop really didn't care about traffic and the policeman on his beat really didn't care about crime. They were focused on national security, but you never felt that that impinged on your personal freedom or that you were being watched or compromised.

*Q: With the FSNs, was there a distribution between the Taiwanese and the Chinese?*

WINTER: Oh absolutely though I would say the vast majority were Taiwanese. The vast majority of the population was Taiwanese. The Nationalists that came over were rather small in number and there had been a lot of intermixing.

*Q: How did the language school fit in? Did you get involved with that?*

WINTER: Oh very much so. They liked their independence. The AIT offices were downtown and the language school was up on Yangmingshan, which is a very beautiful mountain overlooking Taipei, where most of our people lived. I provided the administrative support for the school. For Taiwan the school was a major symbol that we were still teaching Chinese in Taiwan rather than in Beijing. The government lavished a great deal of interest in the school and were very happy to have it there.

*Q: Was there much of a diplomatic or quasi diplomatic corps there?*

WINTER: I dealt with my Canadian and Australian counterparts, which for an administrative officer is typical; we deal with our English-speaking counterparts who have similar issues and similar problems. But in general I was a bachelor then, to be quite honest, and certainly most of my social life was with the Chinese, and with the people in the embassy because we had a wonderful group of people in the embassy.

*Q: Did the Chinese-Taiwanese tension ever manifest itself, either external or internally?*

WINTER: I don't remember anything explicit. There was always an issue when we sold arms to Taiwan. The Chinese predictably complained and then predictably ignored the situation. What struck me was the ability of the Chinese to deal with all the elements of gray as opposed to the Russian and us who tend to look at things in black and white. There was enough gray that everybody could easily claim what they wanted to claim. Five years had passed since we recognized China. Our relationship with China may not have been perfect, but it was clearly established.

*Q: How did you find social life there?*

WINTER: That was an amazing change for me as an administrative officer because the Chinese are unbelievably hospitable and it's such a great part of their culture. Our counterparts were very interested in being friends regardless of where you were in the hierarchy. I found myself invited to formal functions all the time. I could have gone out to five dinners and five lunches a week, if I wanted to, all of them at expensive restaurants, all of them banquets. Lunches were typically six courses instead of 12 and sometimes were even at Western restaurants.

It was death by duck and sharks fin soup. I often thought about all the poor sharks. Dinners were still typically 12 course affairs. Luncheons had become a little less liquid

than they had previously been; the Chinese love drinking games. But dinners tended to be very liquid and among my major contacts were the police and the military who really enjoyed the drinking games. It was challenging to say the least. But I was invited out all the time. The mayor of Taipei would have all the top officials, and by rank I was one of the top officials, for a delicious feast at a restaurant once or twice a year. All entertaining was restaurant entertaining. Except with a couple of close friends, I don't think I ever ate in a Chinese home.

One evening the Chief of Police of Taipei was our host and the regional security officer and his FSN staff were with me. If it were a normal dinner, it would be rice wine. If it were a little bit higher level, it might be a good scotch whiskey. If it were top flight, it would be Cognac XO. This was by the shot glass and down the hatch. At this one particular police dinner, we were drinking scotch whiskey. You would start with the host giving you a toast and then you would return the toast. There were 12 people around the table and each in turn would toast everybody else at the table. Literally that one night I downed 60 shots. I at least was one of those who left the table standing. A couple of Chinese stood up but then passed out on the table.

Another interesting part about Chinese entertainment is that you basically aren't allowed to talk business. It was their way of building a relationship though I must say most of those parties, from an American point of view, did not build close friendships. There was something very stilted and formal about everything the Chinese did, but we still had a good time and both sides developed and solidified relationships.

*Q: What about Congress and their reception and what they were up to?*

WINTER: The Taiwan unofficial embassy in Washington had a very big budget to woo the U.S. Congress. There's no other way to put it. They spent a lot of money through various organizations bringing U.S. congressmen to Taiwan, entertaining them lavishly, and showing them a good time. It wasn't too hard to gain their support. The U.S. Congress was extremely supportive and not only on the Republican side; it was bipartisan support for Taiwan. Their foreign policy was clearly directed at winning friends, making friends and maintaining friends. They expended a lot of effort to do that and were very effective.

*Q: How did the wife working business work out?*

WINTER: It was still hard to get jobs on the local economy, if you didn't have Chinese. But at least they could teach English as most Taiwanese wanted to learn English. There were language schools that were dual-hatted; they taught Chinese to young American students who came to study in Taiwan and they taught English to Chinese. There were a lot of American companies there where you could apply for jobs. I don't remember many of spouses working and, again, the new policy had just started. The husband of one of the economic officers was a lawyer and managed to get a very good job with a law firm in Taiwan. The opportunities were there and it made a difference to those who wanted to work.

Speaking of wives. A new public affairs officer arrived and he happened to have a wife from Taiwan. We had a residence that was designated for the PAO (Public Affairs Officer), one of our best residences since he was a senior person. He moved in and about a week later he called and asked for an appointment for his wife and him. They came to my office with very serious expressions on their face and he proceeded to explain to me that when they moved into his house his wife was a little bit nervous about the house because she felt the feng shui was not quite right. She had called in a feng shui master who had spent a significant amount of time at their house and who truly felt that there was not enough that could be done to rid the house of its bad spirits. Therefore, they were asking if they could be moved to another house.

Fortunately I was aware of feng shui and therefore it did not take me totally by surprise. I realized he and his wife were dead serious; this was an issue for them I was going to do my best to accommodate. I said look: you realize that you have one of the best houses that we have available. He said yes, and we are willing to take something that is not quite as good. I said okay. I was able to get him a very decent house, and indeed he and his wife were very happy and very satisfied. They became among my easiest customers. Feng Shui, superstition, or whatever you want to call it, if it means something to somebody than it is important. If it's important, than you as a good administrative officer take care of it.

I have to mention one fellow, one of my dearest friends, somebody who unfortunately passed away from cancer several years ago. His name was Charlie Brown, of all things. Charlie wasn't his first name but everybody called him Charlie Brown. Charlie had come to Taiwan in 1962 as a chief master sergeant and ran the U.S. air base in Taiwan for years and stayed there forever. The Air Force couldn't afford to transfer him; he ran the place. In 1979, when we derecognized Taiwan, he stayed on. He retired from the Air Force and he helped establish the American Institute in Taiwan. He was a logistics guy and he went on to be the assistant GSO at AIT. This was the guy that just made everything happen. The Taiwanese loved him; the Americans loved him. He was a hard drinking, hard partying, wonderful, wonderful man who made everything possible in Taiwan. I would be remiss in not mentioning him. Those who served in Taipei, some of them were a bit put off by his salty manner, but all of us who had the honor and pleasure to serve in Taipei were very grateful to have Charlie Brown around to take care of us.

Jim Lilly had been AIT director and was a great friend of George HW Bush. After George Bush retired, Lilly took him on a trip to Taiwan. Jim Lilly, like so many of us, loved Charlie Brown. George Bush went over to AIT and gave a little speech, and at the end of the speech he looked out in the audience, and said I particularly want to thank Charlie Brown for all the work and effort he's done here. Jim Lilly had set that up. That's the kind of guy that Charlie Brown was; people always thought of him and remembered him.

*Q: Were there any problems with the male officer staff and the Chinese ladies? Both good and somewhat tainted ladies but on the sex side, was this a problem at all?*

WINTER: I certainly had no indications that the government was trying to entrap anybody. Men being men, yes, I was aware of some, what might be considered improprieties and there was certainly one messy divorce while I was there, which was most unfortunate. There were certainly lots of opportunity. Let's just put it that way. There's this wonderful place outside of Taipei that I just saw written up in "The New York Times," of all places; Beitou, which is a hot springs just outside of Taipei, 15, 20 minutes away. It is a legitimate hot springs but there are also quite a few hotels that cater to special services, let's say. Certainly if you were interested in going there, it was easy and if you were interested in your Taiwanese contacts paying for that, it certainly was available. I don't think it was abused greatly.

I would say at least half the American men at AIT were already married to Chinese. Now, as wilting flowers as Chinese women can be when you're wooing them, once you're married they took charge. Dragon Lady was not just something that came out of a comic strip.

The deputy director was married to a Chinese, the political chief was married to a Chinese. It made for a bit of an unusual post. When the inspectors came, although we received an outstanding inspection, they criticized morale at the embassy. Harry Thayer was outraged and he called the deputy director, Jerry Ogden, and me in and said; I'm not going to accept this. We have a great embassy staff. He looked at me and said Andrew; I want you to fix this. We talked about it for a while and I said look, I need to go and think about this.

I came back to the Director's office several hours later, because you only have a day to respond to the draft inspection. I told him one could look at morale at an embassy in three very distinct ways. There's professional morale and I have not served in an embassy where people enjoy their jobs more and have such real jobs as they have here. We can tell the inspectors that professional morale is outstanding and they should recognize that. I said two, there's personal or family morale. It's easy living here; people have a good life here. There are excellent schools and excellent housing, which I consider the two kingpins to family happiness. The American School in Taiwan was one of the best American overseas high schools. Families were happy here. There again, I would say morale was outstanding. I said what you don't have here, which is more typical of your African posts, is a great sense of community morale, which is what the inspectors have picked up on. I said there are a number of reasons for that.

We don't need each other as much; there's a lot to do here. A number of us have Taiwanese friends; we socialize in different ways. We don't have a lot of community parties because nobody's pushing for it. I said the other reason, to be quite honest, is we're quite culturally bifurcated; half of our spouses are Chinese, most of them from Taiwan, and they're spending time with their families. They're not a great part of the community. Jerry Ogden and Harry Thayer said that's really good. We sat down with the inspectors and Harry took the lead and we got them to change a significant part of the



report. This has lessons for the whole Foreign Service in terms of the complexities of morale and of multicultural embassies.

*Q: I know it's absolutely true when you get this, that part of the problem being the foreign spouse, even though they may be American citizens if they're back in their own culture and all tend to move off and help isolate the American wives or spouse and it cuts down on the interaction and all that.*

WINTER: Chinese is not a language you study for one year or two years. If you're a serious China hand you have to study Chinese your whole career. It is one tough language. Unlike other embassies we weren't dependent upon FSI for at post language training. I used AIT's regular budget. We were separate from the language school; they helped us hire teachers but we were very separate. But I had a language program at AIT Taipei unlike any language program in the world. Every officer who wanted regular language training, up to an hour a day, could get it. We made language training a budget priority. At the request of three officers, we started a Taiwanese language program. These are tremendous morale builders as well.

*Q: Whither?*

WINTER: I was promoted into the Senior Foreign Service while I was in Taiwan. The time had come to return to the Department mainstream. It was certainly the best and most interesting overseas job I had had, in great part because of the uniqueness of AIT. I could manage in a purposeful way and not in a government way, and that was a tremendous experience.

In keeping with my inability to stay in one bureau more than one tour, I'm off to South Africa. Again, I was looking for the most interesting job and place to go. I was a brand new senior officer and I wanted a senior management job. I didn't have the connections and was too junior to grab off the Rome, Paris and Londons of the world and South Africa just sounded like a fascinating place to be. Ed Perkins, who I had known previously, was the ambassador. We weren't close, but we knew each other, and I knew he was the kind of individual that I would want to work for, just a phenomenal individual.

I bid on South Africa having never paid my dues in Africa; I'd never served there and never served at a tough hardship post. And here I was bidding on the only good embassy in the African Bureau (AF), the only good place in Africa. Even Kenya had gone downhill and become quite violent. The executive director of the AF Bureau, Jim Moran was not thrilled that I applied because, among other things, I was the only senior officer that had applied, which effectively gave me a lock on the job. But he and I sat down because that's important. Jim was one of the great, crusty old administrative officers; one of the finest, toughest guys with a heart you'll ever meet. He read me the riot act, and he said look people aren't going to like this and I don't like this but I know you're good, I know you're up to the job and if you tell me you really want this job, it's yours. I said yes, I'm not kidding around; I'm not waiting for anything else. And I said you give me

Pretoria, I'm there tomorrow. This is what I want. I ended up going to South Africa and it did anger a few people and I understood that. I had not paid my dues.

*Q: Oh yes. Well when one looks at Africa, you have this place which is absolutely filled with horrible posts; administratively usually run by somebody at a pretty junior level. When were you there?*

WINTER: I was in South Africa from 1987 to 1990.

*Q: All right, let's look at South Africa. What was the situation in South Africa when you went there in 1987, both the internal situation and American relations?*

WINTER: This was the first time in my life I felt I was living through history. It was an extraordinary time.

The State Department and White House could not have picked better than Ed Perkins as Ambassador. Ed was so wise and so calm, but with that wisdom and calm came firmness and strength of purpose. He was the right man for the time and the place. He really was. The government knew he was black; he didn't have to wave it in their face, and he didn't. He dealt with them in the most professional way, but with firmness.

The South African government, did everything to ensure that in their upside-down world, he was treated like white. I had some Chinese friends; one of the budget FSNs was a woman of Chinese descent. Her family had lived for generations in South Africa and had literally help build the railroads there just like the Chinese helped build the railroads here. She said, you'll appreciate this knowing the Chinese sense of superiority, she said, what a great irony, I'm an honorary white. Well Ed Perkins was an honorary white.

*Q: Who was the president?*

WINTER: It was P.W. Botha. The ambassador appeared to have an excellent relationship with him as well as the foreign minister, Pik Botha. Overall the relationship was tense but relations were conducted in a very professional way. There was not a lot of screaming or threatening; it was how do we help push you in the right direction. The president was beginning to see the writing on the wall and things were beginning to change a little.

The embassy had a tremendous outreach program to the non-white community. The consulate in Johannesburg was similar to our consulate in Jerusalem; its job was to deal with the black Africans. We had a top flight consul general there, one of our best, in fact, a classmate of mine, Peter Chavez, who went on to at least two ambassadorships, a distinguished African hand, and a strong manager. In Cape Town we had a black consul general, John Burroughs, and the outreach was mainly to the coloreds who dominated there. He was an ex-football player. Funny thing is both he and Ed were big guys. The great irony, people would confuse the two of them, but that actually redounded to the consul general's benefit to some extent. In Durban the outreach was mainly to the Zulus and the Indian community, and our consul general was Tex Harris.

We were clearly making our points. Our USAID program was totally aimed at helping black society. Sanctions were in effect. It was a tense, but professional time, I would say. Then Mandela was released. That's why I said I lived through history and it was just extraordinary. It was particularly extraordinary living in Pretoria because it was all Afrikaans. This was the center of "Boerdom" in more ways than one. It was a little backwater of a capital filled with Afrikaners who, in their own way, were very pleasant. The social life often amounted to going to cookouts, where they made us look like amateurs; they cooked the most fantastic cholesterol filling meals I've ever had. But for the most part, to maintain your sanity, if you're doing this on a friendly basis, you didn't talk politics, you didn't talk race.

My next-door neighbor was a good man, but he was a product of his environment. He was a former rugby player; he owned his own construction company. He was a very religious, church-going man. We were neighborly, but certainly not friends. When we first met, he went out of his way, as Afrikaners often did, to be a bit apologetic but they didn't know how to do it. He talked about how well he treated his "boys." For an instant I thought he was talking about his children, but realized he was talking about his employees, construction workers, who, of course, were all black. It never occurred to him that using the term "boys" would really offend me. It just didn't occur to him. But in spite of that we were over-the-fence friendly, invited over for lunch occasionally. Not close.

The day Mandela was released, the whole country was glued to the television. It was truly amazing to watch this incredibly tall, incredibly distinguished man walk out of prison. He had already been moved from Robben Island to a prison outside of Cape Town. I was watching TV when there was a knock on the door. My neighbor said; can I come in? I said sure. We're looking at a rugby player; you're looking at a guy maybe five foot eight with size 48 shoulders or whatever it is; thighs as big as my chest. He came in, he sat on my couch next to me, and he cried. For him, his world had ended. I wouldn't say he was bitter, he was just sad. He didn't know what to do; he didn't know what was going to happen. He really cried. I can't say I was terribly sympathetic, but this guy's life was changing forever. I don't know how he did after that. That was toward the end of my time in South Africa.

*Q: You had this peculiar thing where Pretoria is the capital but Cape Town is the basic center and then of course Johannesburg, which is the business center, and here you are kind of trying to administer all these. How did you find this managerial-wise?*

WINTER: Very, very challenging and difficult. We had the advantage of being the most important embassy in Africa, resources were tight but we tended to get what we needed. We had to maintain two embassies. The embassy moved to Cape Town for almost six months of the year. The ambassador, the DCM, most of the political section, and their office management specialists, went down to Cape Town. We had two ambassador's residences, two DCM residences and two political counselor's residences. I had two large infrastructures to manage, plus the logistics of moving them down and back twice a year. It was a challenge, at times a pleasant challenge not to have the ambassador around, but

communication was more difficult. This was before email so, I was on the phone quite a bit with the ambassador and DCM and I've never considered the phone a particularly good means of communication. I went down to Cape Town at least once a month, and the ambassador and DCM came up to Pretoria at least once a month, so we did manage to maintain contact but it made management a little more complicated. The economic counselor was the officer in charge in Pretoria when the embassy was in Cape Town.

*Q: All right. What about your Foreign Service National staff? Did this reflect the society or-?*

WINTER: Oh absolutely. In South Africa everything we did was to make a statement. There were no accidents. I'm trying to remember if we had any white FSNs. We did. But very, very few. Our embassy was black and we saw this as an important part of giving opportunities to blacks. Now keep in mind, none of them lived in Pretoria. Most of them commuted from townships around Pretoria, but some came from as far away as Soweto, but they were glad to have the jobs and they were good jobs and well-paying jobs.

I often thought to myself, that Hitler would have been very proud of South Africa implementation of racial policies. They created and implemented a comprehensive policy of social engineering. You not only have the blacks, you have the Coloreds and you have the Indians and you have the Asians – and they all lived in separate townships. Except for Chinese who were honorary whites and allowed to live in Pretoria. In Pretoria there weren't too many Indians; but in our consulate in Durban we had a lot of Indian employees, and that was a very purposeful policy. It was not easy to be hired as a white South African in the embassy, to be quite honest.

At 5:00 all the nonwhites had to leave Pretoria. After dark, in downtown Pretoria, if you were walking around and you were black, the police would stop you.

*Q: Were you married by this time or not?*

WINTER: In Taiwan, I had met and married a Chinese woman who had a young daughter. Her parents had come over with Chiang Kai-shek in 1949 and she had been born in 1951 in Taiwan, but she was very much a Mainlander. Her daughter, when we left Taiwan, was 12 years old and one of the main reasons I chose Pretoria was because her daughter would have a place to go to school to learn English. Living in Pretoria worked out very well for her. She was able to learn English. We had no problems with the fact that my wife and daughter were Chinese; none whatsoever, I'd have to say. It wasn't an issue.

*Q: Did you get much of a taste of the difference between the working- managerial situation in Cape Town or Johannesburg in Pretoria? On your part it was all of a piece, was it?*

WINTER: It was an unusual situation in the sense that consulates tend to be poorly treated as a general rule. They don't have their own budget; they have to beg for

everything. I took good care of the consulates but still you tended to take care of those that were nearest to you. I'm human. Cape Town however had a great advantage; for six months they had the ambassador and DCM there and the consul general and the administrative officer were not at all shy about hitting them up directly for things. They tended to get more resources out of me than they might normally have.

*Q: Were there any situations or incidents come to mind while you were there that-*

WINTER: There are two and they're very different; one's special and one's important.

The first is one of the most personally satisfying, most professionally satisfying events I was involved in my career. The GSO's secretary, who was a black South African, lived outside of Johannesburg. She was a lovely, competent woman, and a very special woman. She came to me one day and she said; I would like to enroll my five-year-old daughter in a private nursery school. I've gone to the nursery school, and it happened to be a Jewish run school, and they are more than willing to take my daughter. However, they receive some funding from the South African government and therefore are constrained and cannot accept her. Is there anything you can do?

I began a one-man civil rights crusade. I checked with the ambassador and clearly Ed Perkins had no problem with me doing whatever I could. I called the school, I went over to the school; wonderful people, they said Mr. Winter; we assure you if the government says it's okay we will take this child. Then I started looking around and sniffing around the South African Ministry of Education. I found the right person to talk to and went to see him. The fellow was an upper middle level bureaucrat, an office director in the Ministry of Education, very polite, very pleasant, very understanding and very interested in getting me out of his office as quickly as he could. I made it clear to him that I was about to leave his office, but he was going to hear from me regularly.

For many months I would call almost once a week. I'd say, where do we stand on getting this girl in this school? He achieved his first goal, because this had started in about July, and September came and went and school started, and, of course, the little girl wasn't in school. At which point I spoke to the school and I said now look, I'm going to keep trying. Are you willing to take her in January at mid-semester? Absolutely, we'll take her. I said okay.

I just persisted and persisted and I went over this fellow's head and got Ed Perkins to send a letter to the Minister of Education. I wrote the letter and he signed it, and finally, in December - certainly the best Christmas present I've ever gotten - I received a call from the ministry saying we're not going to object or interfere. We have informed the school that they can do whatever they want. This lovely, five-year-old black girl went to an all-white, private, Jewish nursery school, and God I was proud and God I felt good. It is the little things that make a difference in life. The embassy was proud, Ed was proud and of course the mother was the proudest of all and very grateful. That meant a lot to me; it really, really meant a lot to me.

I was responsible for overseeing our relationship with the South African government with respect to treatment of our minority officers in South Africa, of which we had about six. The South African government bent over backwards to make sure all American Embassy officials were treated with respect. However, they could not control how the local populace might act. In general, we had very few unpleasant incidents. An African-American officer taking a whites-only bus in Pretoria would raise a few eyebrows. An African-American couple entering an all-white discotheque in Johannesburg would make a few people uncomfortable, and they might even leave. However, I don't remember any violent incidents. I reported all incidents that came to my attention to the foreign ministry. Two incidents stand out: one for the humor and the second because it involved Ambassador Perkins' family.

A male African-American USAID secretary and a friend had gone to the supermarket in Pretoria. His friend was at the checkout counter, and the African American was standing just outside beyond the checkout counter. An elderly South African woman who was struggling with her grocery bag handed it to the African American. Without a bat of the eye he took the bag and took it to her car.

Ambassador Perkins' wife (Chinese) and two daughters (mixed race) decided to take a trip in their private automobile. They were in southwestern South Africa, quite a distance – a day's drive - from the embassy as well as the nearest consulate. Their car broke down and after some effort they were able to get it towed to the nearest gas station. Unfortunately, this gas station did not have separate facilities for non-whites, and they were not permitted to go to the bathroom. They called Ambassador Perkins and between the two of us, we contacted the foreign ministry. The foreign ministry acted with gallantry and speed, dispatching a car to pick them up and making available a nearby government guesthouse for their use.

Another issue is very important from a historical point of view. We had a regional medical officer there who covered all of southern Africa. South Africa had the only decent medical care in all of southern Africa. It was the major medical evacuation point for our embassies in southern Africa; about 10 countries that the RMO (regional medical officer) covered. AIDS was becoming an issue. In South Africa itself, it was still very much a white, homosexual and drug user problem. However that was beginning to change, because you had a tremendous number of truck drivers who drove commercial routes down to South Africa, and you had an awful lot of itinerant miners who came down. As a result the RMO became very concerned about AIDS.

We had a wonderful doctor, Paul Grundy, who has unfortunately left the Foreign Service. I wrote in his evaluation report that he was the first medical officer I had known who was destined to be an ambassador. Paul and I were close friends and remain so 'til this day. He now works for IBM. He was very interested in the broader aspects of medical care. He initially aimed his efforts at the FSNs and he started an educational program at every embassy in the southern tier. Outside the medical unit at every embassy was a box of condoms that were available for anyone to take for free, and he gave talks to our FSNs about AIDS.

He came back from a trip to Lilongwe and he was devastated. He came into my office and said Andrew; it's hopeless. I said what's hopeless. He said AIDS in Africa. Now this was relatively early in the epidemic; this was 1987. He said, I've been giving these talks at embassies and I gave a talk to our FSNs in Lilongwe and, there was a lot of tittering and giggling. In the middle of my talk I wrote down two questions on a piece of paper, how often and with how many different partners. We handed out those two questions to every FSN in the group. Now, keep in mind, FSNs are among your better-educated, middle class people in a country. The FSNs were approximately half women and half men because again, that's the way we hire. He handed out the questionnaire and everybody answered those two questions and handed it in. For the FSN population in Lilongwe, the average was 10 times a week with five different partners. This is men and women; it would have to be if you think about it. You were dealing with a- I guess this is politically incorrect - a very different cultural norm. He said, if this is the issue at the American embassy in Lilongwe, the issue in society as a whole is going to become impossible to manage, and of course it did.

He started to work with the South African Ministry of Health because it was obvious to him the problem was going to hit South Africa. He managed to get a doctor from the CDC (Centers for Disease Control) seconded to the South African government to work on AIDS. Unfortunately the South African government didn't do much, neither in the time of apartheid or in the subsequent times. We lost many of FSNs throughout southern Africa. The Africa Bureau developed a policy that any employee of the U.S. embassy who developed AIDS was never terminated whether they could come to work or not, because they were the sole providers, in most cases, for their families. We kept them on the rolls and added more people to the rolls to take their places. The Africa Bureau took a very active role in making a cultural and humanistic decision not to terminate anyone regardless of his or her medical condition. Africa, as you well know, is a tough place to serve in under the best of circumstances; to watch your employees die is very difficult to deal with. Nobody was prepared for that.

I would be remiss in talking about South Africa if I didn't talk about Bill Swing. My first two years were with Ed Perkins and then Bill Swing came and Bill was there when Mandela was released. Again, as I keep saying, I don't know who was looking out for me, but one after another I had ambassadors who were the best and the brightest and of the greatest moral and ethical character, and here along comes Bill Swing who'd been ambassador in just every country in Africa, literally, and, a more worthy successor to Ed Perkins you couldn't find. I've never met a more energetic man in my life. He just worked tirelessly to bring about change in South Africa, reaching out to absolutely everybody in the country. His DCM whom he inherited from Ed Perkins was Genta Hawkins Holmes, an outstanding manager with a great sense of humor who went on to be Director General, and ambassador in Namibia and in Australia. The State Department in its wisdom assigned the best and the brightest at a critical time.

*Q: Did you get any feel while you were in South Africa, this was the Bush I administration, I think, wasn't it? Did you get any feel towards, besides putting very good*

*ambassadors there, towards how, you might say, the Bush Administration felt towards South Africa?*

WINTER: The Bush administration was very strongly supportive of U.S. policy towards ending apartheid. In 1990, soon after Mandela was released, but before apartheid had officially ended, Secretary of State Baker made a trip to Namibia and South Africa; Namibia was being granted its independence and South Africa had released Mandela. Sec States have never been known for spending much time in Africa. His visit was clear evidence that the administration was strongly supportive of our policies to end apartheid.

The South Africans had agreed to allow Namibia to become independent and I was sent over to Namibia to check out our offices over there. Earlier in the 1980s we had opened an office, not a consulate or an embassy, and in fact an American Foreign Service officer had been killed. He was getting gas at a gas station when a bomb exploded. He was at the wrong place at the wrong time.

We had kept our offices and I went over to Namibia before independence to begin to open an embassy there. The RSO, the regional security officer, and I went over there and we literally opened the post. In one of the great coups of all time, we got in there before independence and bought 15 houses using a special investment rand; anybody investing in South Africa, and Namibia was still part of South Africa, could get an exchange rate that was twice as good as the normal exchange rate. We bought 15 houses there at four rand to the dollar rather than two rand to the dollar and we bought absolutely beautiful housing for the new embassy for \$25, \$30, and \$40,000 a clip for Bethesda-style housing. That was another accomplishment I was quite proud of. We opened our embassy in Namibia and it started off in very, very good shape.

*Q: You're leaving South Africa in 1990, is it? And then whither?*

WINTER: Executive director of the Bureau of African Affairs (AF) with responsibility for 38 countries. Truly the job I had always aspired to.

I'm going to have to take two slight detours, which were precursors to being selected as executive director. One, I went to Somalia for three weeks and two, I went to Nigeria for a week.

In the summer of 1989 I had been two years in South Africa. My family absolutely loved the place; we had an ideal living environment, and good friends. My wife had a good job, my stepdaughter, who was 12 years old and who didn't speak any English when we arrived, was doing wonderfully in school and making friends. I loved my job and for the first time in my career I had decided to extend, take a fourth year. I let the executive director of AF know and he was clearly a little taken aback. My guess is, he never articulated this, that he probably already had a candidate lined up to take my place, as is often the case, a year before. But in any case he said hold off; give me a month. Don't worry, if you want to extend it would be hard for us to stop you anyway, especially if the ambassador's going to back it.



I went home to my wife and I told her about this conversation and I said to her look; I want to stay here. I know you and Joanna love it here but if I am offered the right job in Washington I will take it. A few weeks later the executive director called back and said Andrew, you're our candidate to be executive director of the Africa Bureau. I went back home to my wife and she took it in stride and we agreed that this was an opportunity I couldn't let go by.

As a result of that, in November of 1989, the executive director called me up and asked me if I would go to Somalia on a TDY of at least three weeks because the ambassador there, Frank Crigler, needed help in reducing staffing. Frank was one of those rare Foreign Service officers and rare ambassadors who not only have the foresight, which most of our ambassadors do, but the willingness to start dismantling his empire because he foresaw disaster coming in Somalia. This was more than a year before the fall of Siad Barre and the total chaos that ensued and ensues 20 years later.

Off I went to Somalia. I'd never been to a place like Somalia, which truly is about as bad as it gets. I must say that place took my breath away. We're talking basically a desert that runs up against the sea. A vast wasteland. The city of Mogadishu would barely qualify as a town in suburban Maryland or Virginia. There was one paved road and it didn't go very far. The main street of town was not paved. It was quite an awakening for me to arrive there, and my job was to help Frank reduce the embassy from 254 American positions to his goal of 99 American staff. He was ready and willing to go up against the other agencies to accomplish his goal. But he needed help, he needed someone to crunch the numbers and do the research. We had a great partnership. It was one of the most interesting and exciting times of my career.

I stayed at a USAID guesthouse, which had nine or 10 guests; it was a big old house. We each had our own room, baths down the hall. It was spartan. There was a cook and a maid; the cook was an Ethiopian who fed us very well. I don't even know if there was a restaurant in Mogadishu; there probably was but not that Americans frequented.

I'd say the Americans there had a good time but it was a very, very tough environment. There was a good American school, the community, as is often the case in a tough African post, was tight. They had an excellent DCM in Joe Borich, who interestingly enough was a China hand who was working hard to get across the senior threshold, something he well merited and got after his service in Somalia. Frank was tough, one of the toughest ambassadors I've ever met but a good leader and a good ambassador who cared about his people, which was why he wanted to get them out of there. He and I worked very closely together for three weeks, including playing tennis in our spare time. I was perhaps, at that time, his only confidante in the embassy from a staffing perspective (the DCM was on leave).

There was growing opposition to Siad Barre; there was sporadic clan violence that didn't directly threaten us at this point. We were not seen as the enemy yet.

*Q: Were you approached by all the various elements like CIA, attachés, etc., etc., all trying to co-op you to-*

WINTER: Interestingly enough, not. There was a general recognition that our ability to be effective there was rapidly deteriorating. The station chief, the USAID Director, and the military commander were all willing to take cuts, but not nearly as many as the Ambassador wanted. They worked with me, they were pleasant, and they opened their doors. They allowed me to go around and talk to people, see what they were doing, and find out what their jobs were. Actually, it was quite a cooperative venture and the problems came because of Frank's personality. Frank liked to win, as many of us do, and he could not stand his station chief. He would regularly send update messages to Washington listing jobs that we had come to agreement on with the other agencies and the total remaining to be cut. This was all part of the NSDD-38 process, National Security Decision Directive, which gives the Chief of Mission (COM) control of the size, composition, and mandate of overseas full-time mission staffing for all U.S. Government agencies. In one of his messages he recommended abolishing the chief of station position. I argued with Frank. We had good fights. I respected him, I said Frank, you can't cut the chief of station position, if you want to get rid of him do a no-confidence cable. But damn if he wasn't going to make his point, and the cable went out and of course the station chief was fit to be tied.

*Q: Was there anybody essentially opposed to this?*

WINTER: No, I wouldn't say anybody was opposed to reducing our presence but to its draconian nature; you're talking about a 60 percent cut. There were people that wanted to believe we would stay there, that our programs were worthwhile. The military had their strong relationships as they often do with dictatorial regimes. USAID always believes that they're doing God's work and sometimes they are and sometimes they're not. Some people didn't want to see the end. However, everybody knew we were in trouble. Everyone agreed that you don't want professional staff in a danger zone when they don't have anything to do. There were some hard fought battle, but of the 150 positions we recommended for reduction, 10 to 20 were really fought over and Frank won every one of them. The only one he ever lost was the chief of station.

I learned a lot from him. I really, really did. In three weeks I learned a lot about leadership. He had a big ego, but he was willing to work himself out of the job; it was the right thing to do. A very thoughtful and powerful man. That rare quality, I think, in the Foreign Service of someone who's comfortable with substance and with management.

*Q: Did you depart from there with a reputation of being the son of a bitch from out of town who came and- or-*

WINTER: No, because Frank was such a son of a bitch that I was the good guy. I really was. It was the perfect position. I ultimately was able to negotiate with him, as long as the result was the same. He had his very strong views on what positions to cut and I was able to use that and say to the USAID director okay, he wants to cut the director of the health

project. I'm making that up. The USAID director says look, I'd rather cut a financial position. Frank would buy that in a minute. As a result I was able to give some operating room to the agency heads. He cut State too. He cut the political section, the economic section; he got people out of there wholesale.

*Q: I expect people to, at some point, look at this for how to operate and all; it sounds like somebody was using some sense in sending an experienced person like you in to help with the job rather than leave the ambassador and the administrative officer to do it.*

WINTER: At that point in time we were building a brand new embassy and the administrative counselor was, besides his regular job, which in a place like that is almost seven by 24, working on moving the embassy from downtown to a location outside of town. This was an Inman building and it was a gigantic compound; we didn't have the moat but we did have the walls and it was a fortress, to say the least.

In February or March of 1990, Jim Mark, who was an old Africa hand, an absolutely outstanding director of AF, called me up in South Africa again. He and the Assistant Secretary for Administration, Admiral Fort, a political appointee who had been head of the Seabees in the Navy - a good choice to head up administration - were headed off to Nigeria to visit Abuja, which was then in the initial planning phases for a new embassy since that's where the Nigerians were building their new capital. Again, and this is I think the best of the Foreign Service, Jim Mark first sends me off to do an important job in Somalia, which helped me later on, and here again he's sending me to Nigeria to prepare me to take over as executive director in a few months.

I flew up to Nigeria and, it was certainly very useful to see Lagos, which is truly one of the more amazing cities of the world, just so busy, so overcrowded, so dysfunctional and yet it kind of works. Then we took the U.S. military's plane and flew up to Kaduna, where we had a consulate. The main focus of the trip was Abuja, and Abuja at this time was basically a large parking lot. At that point it had one good hotel and very few other permanent buildings there. Most people were camping out. We had no presence there whatsoever but we went and looked at our embassy site and looked at the challenges. There was no infrastructure whatsoever; basically water, power, roads, everything was in the process of being installed. It was a good introduction to the types of issues and problems that I would face in the greatest, biggest and best job I ever had.

In the summer of 1990, back to the States for me; for my wife and daughter, their first time living in the States, which was a real challenge. An extraordinary challenge particularly since almost from the get go I was working at least 12 hours a day, trying to figure out my job and dealing with real problems and facing real challenges.

The Africa Bureau may not have the most important posts, but we have some of the toughest posts in the world. Yet morale was high, the people we had really cared, and we had some of the best damn people in the Department of State working in the Africa Bureau. My assistant secretary was Hank Cohen, who spent most of his career in Africa, just an absolutely wonderful person to work for with a great, dry sense of humor. Jeff

Davidow was our principal Deputy Assistant Secretary (DAS) and he'd later become assistant secretary for Latin America Affairs. He was without a doubt the funniest person I've ever worked for and one of the smartest and most able. He was a great mentor, not only to me as a senior officer, but also to younger officers. He took an interest in everybody who worked a desk or any other job in AF. Irv Hicks, one of the finest African American officers in the history of the department, later ambassador to Ethiopia, and an admin-type by trade, was the DAS for West Africa, and very much interested in management and he and I worked very closely together. I had a wonderfully supportive front office and I felt very much a part of the inner circle, which made my job easier. I was around for most of the discussions on political events, which helped prepare me for what would ultimately be 18 evacuations in the three years I was on the job. You learn quickly when you're responsible for the life and safety of thousands of people.

*Q: Speaking of that you had to be looking over the horizon at Iran and in other words, here was an evacuation that didn't happen and we ended up with hostages. This must have affected all the people who lived in areas of turmoil.*

WINTER: Your point is theoretically accurate, but it goes back to Frank Crigler and how unusual he was. In almost every case the Africa Bureau, and, more importantly, the undersecretary for management, who initially was Ivan Selin, had to force those posts to evacuate. I think every ambassador, and I may be putting words in their mouth unfairly, realized that if they left their post they weren't getting it back, and I think that often tended to cloud their judgment.

They knew things were bad but they didn't want to close that embassy because then they'd be walking the halls. I strongly felt that many of our ambassadors were thinking more about themselves. I'm sure that many of them would take strong issue with me, but we usually had to push. Ivan Selin, in the early stages when he saw this issue, he started insisting, and I give him full credit, on tripwires. Before Ivan Selin, there was little advance planning when a crisis was brewing. When unrest started he insisted that an ambassador send in a cable with the tripwires: if this happens then we'll evacuate dependents; if this happens we'll evacuate non-essential personnel; if this happens we'll evacuate the embassy. It didn't work perfectly but it brought a little discipline to the Foreign Service, which tends to fly by the seat-of-its-pants.

From Washington I found myself quite often in the position of calling an ambassador and nudging him or her along. Hank Cohen, Jeff Davidow, Irv Hicks and I, we'd all, one or the other of us, would call an ambassador and let him know that if he or she didn't start taking action, Washington would start making decisions, which might be a lot worse since we weren't there on the scene. I would say Iran figured much more in Washington than at post.

In any case, the job of executive director was larger than anything I had ever imagined. But the Foreign Service is people and I had the most amazing staff of my career; the best and the brightest of the Foreign Service administrative corps. The Executive Office of the Africa Bureau, because we were so focused on taking care of our people, was a very flat

organization. Most regional bureaus have a supervisory post management officer; we didn't. The five or six post management officers reported directly to the deputy director and the executive director and that really made a difference. I was not at all insulated from what was going on at every single post and what support they needed. The post management officers, and I'm going to go through them by name because every one of them became a superstar, were mostly FSO-02s with a couple of FSO-03s.

My star post management officer was Steve Browning, who today is principal DAS in Personnel/HR, and served as ambassador in Malawi and Uganda; I'm talking about an administrative officer here. He also served as one of our early management counselors in Iraq. Tom Tierney another post management officer rose to be executive director of the European Bureau.

Steve Nolan was in charge of Foreign Service assignments for AF. He could, in the best sense of the word, con anybody into going to Africa. I was often the closer, but he was unbelievable at painting an accurate picture of the career opportunities, and a somewhat rosy picture of service in Africa. If the person was a little bit shaky, he'd bring them right into my office and I'd help close the deal. Steve Nolan went on to be executive director of the Africa Bureau; he was administrative counselor in Nairobi when the bombing took place and he's now ambassador in Botswana.

Chris Richey, another post management officer, became executive director of the Near East Bureau (NEA); also served as administrative officer in Tel Aviv, never an easy place to be. The two more junior people whom I mentored and nurtured were Judy Shammass, a wonderful administrative, NEA-oriented hand, who served in a couple of DCM-ships in NEA (Near East Asia Bureau) and became a DAS in HR. And Mike Hosa, who was our baby in the post management office, who went on to several top management counselor jobs including Nairobi and Madrid. It was an incredible staff.

We also had a phenomenal Civil Service staff. We had a real legend in the Africa Bureau, Jack Bryant, who came to State Department as a GS-2; came to the Africa Bureau as a high level clerk, and he became the first Civil Service post management officer. Now this was 30, 40 years ago. He rose to be the most senior post management officer and ultimately rose to be deputy director of the executive office of AF, which is a job that is almost unheard of for a Civil Service officer to have. He served in that position, oh it had to be five or 10 years. I was so fortunate to have somebody who knew the department cold, knew every major player in the Civil Service, HR and the Bureau of Administration (A), who knew how to work the system and who absolutely loved Africa and was totally focused although he had never served in Africa; totally focused on taking care of our posts and people. AF was blessed to have a fellow like that.

We had Chuck Greco, who for a short time had been a Foreign Service budget officer, but decided he wanted to stay stateside and he'd been AF's chief budget officer for 15, 20 years. He ran AF's budget, and had total credibility with the budget folks and the resource management bureau. As a result, we were able to get, for the most part, the

resources we needed because he prepared well-documented budgets and we were able to get sympathy for the types of issues and problems we had to deal with in Africa.

And another super star Civil Servant was Fran Gidez. She was my special weapon. She was an outstanding drafter; she was one of the principal drafters of the Bureau Program Plan. She worked with the posts to get all of the mission program plans done and then she worked with the strategic planning people in the secretariat to develop Africa Bureau's program plan with specific emphasis on the resource side. Given her writing skills we were really able to use our program plan to help justify resources because we were one of the few bureaus where our program plan was actually tied to resources. We were very fortunate to have a management analyst who focused on the intersection of foreign policy and resources. If I've taken too much time I just want to pay tribute to the best people I ever worked with in the Foreign and Civil Service.

*Q: How found you relations with Congress and the staff regarding African support?*

WINTER: Ten years before assistant secretaries would go testify to Congress on their budgets. That had changed quite significantly. The CFO, the chief financial officer, had centralized most of the budget dealings with Congress. As a result I personally had very little to do with Congress. Hank Cohen, Jeff Davidow, Irv Hicks would go to testify on policy. There was interest in Africa in the Congress, particularly in the House, and they tended to be very generous on aid money to Africa. Clearly some of this was the Black Caucus, but there was general agreement on the need to help Africa.

Hank Cohen as assistant secretary, unlike many other assistant secretaries, not only executed policy, he made policy. As a result, we had a lot of freedom of movement, which was very, very rewarding.

*Q: All right, let's go to the issues that you had to deal with.*

WINTER: The evacuations were probably my greatest focus. They had to be. There were 18 evacuations. A certain number of those were related to the run up to and the first Iraq War. It wasn't quite clear what Saddam Hussein was up to and capable of; it wasn't quite clear what his ties were to Islamic terrorists. Iran was lurking as well and Libya was still making its presence felt in Africa. In the run up to the Iraq War we, as a precaution, evacuated a number of our dependents from embassies in the Sub Saharan northern tier where there was a significant Muslim majority. That put a tremendous burden on my office because we endeavored to help all the families that were evacuated. We hired two evacuated spouses as PITs, part time employee, to help support the families. I'm proud of what we did, but that's the Africa Bureau way; we take care of people. We set up a small office, and the FLO, Family Liaison Office, in the department was very helpful.

The two spouses provided support to evacuees, primarily spouses and their families, helping them to get settled. They helped evacuees find apartments so that they could start a somewhat normal life, helped their kids get in to schools; whatever it took. Their working spouses were in the firing line and communication with our African posts was

difficult. We set up regular briefings for spouses and tried to keep them up to date on what was happening. It was a certainly a moment I was proud of. We tried to help spouses find jobs in the department; we gave them jobs in AF and wherever we could. We did a remarkable job of going above and beyond the call of duty.

The bigger challenges were not those posts that we evacuated as a precaution. As we found out in retrospect, Saddam Hussein was not quite the threat we thought he was, and very few of these embassies came under real threats. But chaos in Africa is an everyday occurrence. In my time there we evacuated Kinshasa twice. We evacuated Brazzaville. Liberia went to hell in a hand basket, and that was a serious and risky evacuation where you had the US Navy offshore and evacuations by helicopter under fire. Freetown, unbelievable violence. I was on the phone to the ambassador, Johnny Young, and you could hear the gunfire in the background and he was in his office under his desk. The logistical challenges in Freetown were tremendous because the airport was not only quite a distance from the embassy but literally the easiest way to get there was by boat. Evacuation was very problematic.

The evacuation of Zaire was immensely complicated. We had Peace Corps volunteers spread out over the largest countries in Sub-Saharan Africa. We had missionaries all over the country. For getting in and out of real airports our military had wonderful big airlifts, C-130s and C-141s. But we didn't have any capability to get to remote places. We worked with the French and the missionaries. The missionaries had their own air force. They had several small planes strategically placed in the hinterlands and they were able to go in and they picked up most of our Peace Corps volunteers as well as their own people and flew them out. Most of the evacuees went to the Central Africa Republic and there we brought in C-130s to take those people out.

We had hundreds of people, Americans, French, Russians and you name it, jammed into this unbelievably overcrowded waiting room in Bangui. The consular people from our embassy were handing out repatriation agreements where you agree to reimburse the U.S. Government for the costs of your flight out of there. A French colonel got wind of this and he said we just evacuated most of these people here. We wouldn't think of charging a thing. The French colonel said nobody's leaving this country until the U.S. Government agrees that they're going out for free. Of course, DOD wanted to be paid and State sure as hell wasn't going to come up with that kind of money. Hank Cohen took the issue to the NSC and finally we had to get the president to issue the instruction to DOD to evacuate all those people for free. I thought it was absolutely terrific.

*Q: Can you explain what was the problem in Zaire or the Congo?*

WINTER: This was the end of the Mobutu era. He'd finally lost his ability to control the whole country. We were quite fortunate to have Brazzaville literally right across the river. We had several of our own Zodiacs, which are sturdy, rubber boats, evacuating many people. We were also able to move people across via the ferries, which were still operating.

Another great Africa moment: Melissa Wells was the ambassador in Kinshasa, one of the finest career officers you'll ever come across. I was on the phone with Melissa and we were organizing the evacuation and she was a pro, she was cooperative, she would do anything. But the call I had to make, and these were tough calls to make, was Melissa; we're not evacuating any pets. The government doesn't pay for the transportation of pets. But pets are an important part of most families.

I said Melissa; I don't want to hear anything about pets. She and the regional medical officer, Cedric Dumont, organized a pet evacuation and anybody who wanted their pet evacuated, they managed to get them over to Brazzaville and from there the embassy in Brazzaville managed to ship most of those pets back to the U.S. It's one of those little things that make a difference. I'm not sure I won't edit this out later; the regional medical officer paid most of the expenses to get those pets out of Kinshasa and to fly them to the States. He took it out of his own pocket. Very few people ever paid him back.

*Q: I'd leave it in.*

WINTER: That's another story of the Foreign Service.

I'd say that was a typical and classic evacuation that was bigger than most because Kinshasa was bigger than most.

In Angola before I could evacuate it I had to establish it. One of our great challenges was opening the new embassy in Angola, which had declared independence but still had a low level civil war going on. Mike Hosa, who was the baby post management officer since he was the least experienced and the youngest in the group, was responsible for Angola and he worked day and night to establish that post. Unbelievable effort. But how did we do it?

If you're going to be in charge of AF you better have some management orientation because so many of the problems are crisis driven and affect peoples' lives. Hank Cohen called me up one day and he said Andrew, look; I'm not going to get you the resources to open Angola. Nobody is that interested. They want it open but they don't want to spend any money. I've been talking to my counterpart over at the CIA, Bill Piekney, station chief in Cairo, station chief in Pakistan and head of operations against the Russians in Afghanistan. The Agency's very interested in getting into Angola; I want you to go talk to your counterpart in the Agency and see what you can work out together. Piekney and I have already agreed that you two should talk so it should go smoothly.

I called up my counterpart, Jack Kessinger, and basically the deal came down to this: if they could have three more positions there than we wanted them to have, operational positions, they were willing to pay to fly in C-141s with housing.

We had nothing there; no infrastructure. We did have an old compound. It was on a hill overlooking Luanda - a geographical location that would become very important later. There was absolutely no way to build anything quickly, therefore Jack and I went out and looked at mobile homes. This may have been the first time we used mobile homes to



establish a post. The Agency outfitted four mobile homes; one basically to serve as an office and three to house our people. They arranged for those mobile homes to be put on C-141s and flown into Angola. We arranged heavy-duty trucks to move those homes through the city and up to this rise. That was the start of our embassy in Angola. We had excellent cooperation. We worked very much in tandem both at the posts and in Washington. Shared hardship certainly played a role.

*Q: I'm surprised because I would have thought that with the collapse of the Soviet Union there was almost a complete withdrawal of interest or what have you but-*

WINTER: They had reduced their presence somewhat in Africa, no question about it, but, perhaps it was coincidental, you had the fall of the Soviet Union and the rise of Islamic issues. You have Afghanistan, you have Iraq, and you have Iran. All bureaucrats are good at preserving their turf and finding new rationales for their existence.

Ed DeJarnette was our first ambassador in Angola. People were living in trailers; we did manage to get the ambassador a house, which was nearby. It was quiet for a while. Nothing had been done to make these tin trailers very resistant to even bullets. The extent of our security for our people was to have them dive under the trailers, and put sandbags and bricks around themselves for protection.

There's Savimbi and Santos, UNITA and MPLA. Savimbi and his people had their headquarters on this same small hill as ours was, but we were at the front of the hill, looking right over the capital and the government, and they were behind us. At some point the government and Savimbi forces started a firefight and we were right in the middle of it. Our people were not the targets but the bullets were flying through our compound and for about 12 or 16 hours our people were trapped underneath trailers with little ability to communicate. We didn't know what was going on and of course we feared the worst. Nobody was hurt, it quieted down and our presence in Angola remained. Serving in Africa is a reminder that there's more than just the Tehrans of the world, which get a lot of the notice. But we never lost anybody in the three years I was in AF.

My early tenure was under Bush I. James Baker was the secretary of state and Africa was definitely near the bottom of his priority list. He brought in John Rogers as undersecretary for management. John was a businessman, a very serious young man; very vigorous, very determined to make a name for himself and very much Baker's man. He had a tremendous amount of authority. He was one of the few people I ever met with whom Hank Cohen didn't get along. There was just something about the chemistry. Rogers was out to prove he could manage the department. We're opening up all of our embassies in the former Soviet Union and Rogers made the decision to open up all those embassies without asking for any additional money. Terrible, terrible decision.

Therefore he was looking for money wherever he could find it. He was also of the mind, knowing that Baker didn't care about Africa, that our presence in Africa was ridiculous and that we did not need all these embassies in Africa. That outraged Hank. He went up

and tried to talk to Rogers but if anything he inadvertently encouraged Rogers in his desire to cut Africa.

Rogers sent a tasking ordering AF to close seven embassies. Ironically when I had been in South Africa and I was responsible for providing support to our small embassies in Southern Africa, such as Lesotho, which was barely a postage stamp, I had been rather cynical about our presence in these places; why were we spending so much money to be in these countries that didn't mean much. In my meeting with the front office, I raised the question; well what's the big deal? Let's close these embassies. Hank, Jeff, and Irv pushed back and they convinced me that having a presence everywhere was important, and I came to believe it really was. The principle was universality, which didn't play very well with Rogers, you can't effectively do a job in a country, if you're not there; you can't know what's going on in a country, if you're not there; you cannot manage relations with a country, if you are not there. I was later to find out as ambassador to The Gambia how true this was. If you are not present in a country; you don't have the sense, you don't have the feel. Hank tasked Jeff and me to figure out how we were going to deal with this threat to close seven embassies in Africa.

I took a look at the budget of those seven embassies, including American personnel costs. I figured out the total cost of running those embassies; let's say it was \$20 million. Then I worked very creatively. Our embassies in Kinshasa, in Liberia and in several other places had been severely downsized due to evacuations and the changing posture in those countries. We had a lot of vacant positions at those posts and nobody had ever taken those positions away; they still were on the books. I proposed that we not close a single post, but that we would abolish enough positions, and I used the word "positions," and cut enough budget to meet his demands. I was able to cut approximately 55 positions in Africa, but most of them were vacant. That's a lot of positions. I cut about \$10 million, and this was real money. I did this all on my own. I didn't want anybody to know what I was doing or how I was doing it.

I was good with computers and I had my own spreadsheet where I kept track of positions and money. I did have to cut some real positions but I made sure no post took a cut of more than one position. I came up with the financial cuts by cutting our reserve in Washington that we were holding for crises and for end of the year spending. I was able to come up with a very, very solid proposal that didn't deal with the issues of universality or the need for presence that Rogers didn't want to hear about.

Jeff and I presented this to Rogers and he bought off on it 100 percent and I certainly consider that one of the greatest bureaucratic and policy victories of my career. Later on, because of the secrecy in which I did that, one of my successors questioned me on having given up so many positions in Africa. I said if you go back and look at what we abolished, you'd find that 80 percent of the positions we abolished were vacant. It was a painful exercise but nothing compared to closing seven embassies.

*Q: Why don't you talk about the Mogadishu evacuation before we-? I have a story from Jim Bishop, who was there when we had to pull everybody out. This amphibious ship with*

*helicopters, they were gearing up at extreme distance; they weren't close but they had to get in quickly and they were gearing up on the ship and getting ready to land their force and all to save American lives and all. And as they were explaining where they were going to land and what they were going to do a sergeant or a corporal raised his hand, but sir, I was a Marine guard there; you're going to the old place, they've moved.*

WINTER: I'll tell the story a little differently. When I first arrived as executive director, Mogadishu was at 90 to 100 official Americans; families were still at post. Jim Bishop had become our ambassador, Crigler had left, and things were beginning to deteriorate further. In the fall of 1990, Jim Bishop took another look at reducing presence. First we pulled all the families out. This was personally significant to me because the DCM was a friend and his wife came and stayed with us. Then we reduced the post to 38 official Americans, which is still a significant number of people.

In December the situation started to deteriorate rapidly in Mogadishu. During Christmas there was a little lull. Joe Borich was still living at the DCM residence and on New Year's Eve Joe had a number of embassy officers over to his house for a party. That's when things went to hell in a hand basket. There were half a dozen officers who were basically stuck at the DCM's residence; everybody else was at the compound. It became a real issue of how the hell do we get those people over to the embassy. Eventually the regional security officer was able to get over there and safely escort them to the Embassy. Everybody was ensconced in the compound now. We were most fortunate that the military were building up their presence in Saudi Arabia in anticipation of the first Iraq war and that Marine transports, which are small aircraft carriers for helicopters, were available.

At one point a captain in the Somali army with a bunch of troops, thugs for lack of a better word, came by the embassy. The RSO (Regional Security Officer) went out to talk to them, and these were government troops, not the bad guys, these were supposedly good guys, and they were looking to make trouble. The RSO gave them the keys to the ambassador's armored Cadillac and they drove away. A good move since we certainly weren't going to need it anymore. US Navy ships were moving toward Somalia to evacuate our people and we didn't envision a super emergency evacuation, but we had our task force in the ops center with an open line to the embassy. Bishop got on the line and said we need to be evacuated now; the bad guys are surrounding the compound and are beginning to come over the walls.

We reached agreement in Washington to do a nighttime liftoff of helicopters filled with Marines and head for the Somali coast. I was in the ops center and we had a live feed from the helicopters via the Pentagon. The helicopters had to refuel midair at night, which is something the military would only do under extreme conditions. The connection that allows for the refueling wasn't quite made properly and jet fuel sprayed into one of the helicopters, soaking the Marines with fuel.

And here is the real version of what happened when the Marine helicopters headed for the old Embassy. The helicopters arrived over Mogadishu and the coordinates they had

were for the old embassy, which we had left a year before. We're hearing all this chatter from the helicopters and I said could I get on the line? I said look, if the helicopter is directly above the old embassy, and it is facing the front door, it should go left, and follow the road. That road in less than a quarter of a mile will take a right turn. There's only one road. I said the embassy address is K7- it is exactly seven kilometers from the center of Mogadishu - and that is what they did. They went out there and they were able to find the embassy. They literally arrived as the bad guys were coming over the walls. The Marines were able to establish a perimeter very quickly and they were able to evacuate everybody.

At this moment at the embassy we not only had the 38 official Americans but also diplomats from other embassies including the Russian embassy. There were another 30 to 50 people who were official personnel from other countries.

The Marines were none too happy to have Russian diplomats on their helicopters, and the ship raised immediate alarm bells about having Russian diplomats on the ship, which was going to be several days sailing. In the end, everyone was taken to the ship, they were all well taken care, and the ship cordoned off the Russians but they had to eat and they had to walk around.

It was a nervous moment. It was certainly the most exciting night of my life. I got home about 5:00 in the morning when everybody was finally safe. God bless our military and war in Iraq. Without Iraq we wouldn't have had the ability to evacuate our post. Whether that might have changed our decisions, I don't know. I think we still would have been in Somalia and, poor Jim Bishop, for the second time- he had been in Liberia - lost everything.

*Q: He talks about "don't ask for Jim Bishop".*

WINTER: We were fortunate to have a tough, seasoned ambassador on the scene, we really were. And a damned good DCM, whose wife I updated daily on the situation in Somalia. However, starting Christmas week and leading up to the evacuation, I had to sugarcoat a little bit what was going on, because I certainly considered her husband at serious risk. She knew- she had a good inkling but I didn't give her a full flavor of what my fears were; luckily my fears were unjustified and she was reunited with her husband.

*Q: One question I have and maybe you can talk about it quickly now; because of the evacuations and all, did you have any input on who was going to be nominated by the African Bureau to be ambassadors? Because you had to make sure that you weren't getting somebody who was ready for retirement in say Liberia. But, at a certain point you had to make sure that you didn't put somebody in who wasn't going to be up to the occasion.*

WINTER: AF had a large say in who became an ambassador. We were very careful about who we picked. I was at many of the meetings where the assistant secretary and the career DASes made the decisions for AF. I was there as note taker and preparer of the

formal paperwork that would result from their decisions. However, my voice was at the table as well. The AF Bureau was one of the first bureaus to be conscious of diversity, and we were very sensitive to having women and minorities as ambassadors. However, our cadre of Africa hands didn't necessarily have enough women and minorities to meet the needs of the department for diversity. At times we were pushed to take very qualified minorities and women who had no Africa experience, none whatsoever, into key ambassadorial or DCM spots. We had wonderful relations with DG Ed Perkins, who was an Africa hand, and no one had any doubt about his bona fides on diversity. Most of the time we were able to work it out that somebody who didn't have the experience of living and working in a tough environment went to a place where we thought it least likely to cause problems.

In selecting career officers for ambassadorships, we were all very aware that, in some cases, the title changed the personality of the officer, and often not for the better. We worked very hard to find officers who not only had the ability and experience to do the job, but also the maturity to remain modest in the face of the title. One time we were discussing an officer we were all a little concerned about. I suggested that as part of the deal for the ambassadorship, he should agree to either six months of psychological counseling or a frontal lobotomy. We all laughed, but we were all aware of the dangers of too much ego.

*Q: Okay. We'll pick this up when you left the Africa Bureau to go to-*

WINTER: The Gambia in October 1993.

It was getting towards the end of my time as executive director of the Bureau of African Affairs and the decision loomed on whether I should try to become an ambassador or not.

One day Jeff Davidow, who was the principal deputy assistant secretary in African Affairs and an awfully good friend, called me up to his office and said do you want to be an ambassador? And I said sure. He said are you really sure, Andrew? You're one of the best management types I've ever known; I think you could be doing a lot better things for the Department of State than being an ambassador, but if you want to be an ambassador I'll support you. I said, Jeff, you're absolutely right, but that title sounds awfully good, particularly for the son of refugees to be able to reach that pinnacle and to get that title it's worth it. He and Hank Cohen and Irv Hicks, they all said okay, where do you want to go? I mentioned Lesotho having served in South Africa. It was clear it was going to be a very small place; I had no illusions. Irv said Andrew an election is coming up; Lesotho is the kind of place that might just go political and you may not make it in time for the changeover. The Gambia's available; I think that one is a lot safer. I said hey, I've always listened to my betters and elders and the paperwork was put in train in early 1992.

I went forward on a list that wended its way up to the D (Deputy Secretary) committee and the Secretary, and my name was selected. I made it through the White House process and I was one happy camper. As always those things do take time and it wasn't submitted to the Senate before the changeover from Republicans to Democrats, to Clinton. But in

short order, in March of 1993 the White House blessed me again. It was September before I was confirmed and then sworn in.

*Q: Had The Gambia always been within the ranks of professionals?*

WINTER: From 1965 to 1980 the Ambassador to The Gambia had been resident in Dakar. All but two of those ambassadors had been career officers. From 1980 until my appointment in 1993, there had only been one non-career ambassador, Ruth V. Washington, but she was killed in an automobile accident after she was sworn in but before she arrived in The Gambia.

*Q: Okay, well then, how did the confirmation hearings go?*

WINTER: Very well. As is often the case with career people to noncontroversial posts. There were four of us for African posts. A few senators showed up. Senator Paul Simon presided. He asked about our language capabilities. I had an easy answer because The Gambia was an English speaking post. Simon requested that we all submit a paper in our own words on the importance of language training in diplomacy and for ambassadors. The State Department vetted my paper, but they didn't change anything. It wasn't particularly controversial; it was a wonderful opportunity for the State Department to get on record the need for more language training and more language qualified officers. Simon was a real gentleman; he called all of us ambassadors. It was a pleasure; it was a thrill. He made it a great experience.

*Q: Okay, do you want to talk a bit about The Gambia, what it was like at the time you went out and what were the currents there and American interests or non-interests or what?*

WINTER: President Jawara had been democratically elected multiple times since independence in 1965. He was a British trained veterinarian who truly loved his country, a very decent man, and people respected him. There was never any real opposition to his rule and his rule was democratic, and elections were free and fair. As for the Gambians, there were many different tribes, but they were the most peaceful and friendly people I had ever, ever come across in my life.

*Q: Were there any movements in The Gambia, military or civilian or any economic concerns or anything destabilizing there?*

WINTER: Not really destabilizing. It was an incredibly poor country. Peanuts, actually groundnuts, were their major crop and all of their peanuts were of a quality that all they could be made into was oil. They were actually good to eat, but they were certainly paltry looking. There was always a little tension with Senegal, which literally surrounded The Gambia. There had been a leftist political coup in The Gambia in 1981 and Senegal had restored Jawara as president. At that time they set up the Senegambia Confederation. They tried to have a more cooperative relationship, but the Gambians, and particularly Jawara, didn't particularly care for that because they were clearly the weak sister.

Therefore the confederation broke down. There wasn't great animosity, but there wasn't great friendship, and the Senegalese clearly resented that Jawara wasn't more appreciative that they had restored him to power. There was tension.

Also, The Gambia was a de facto free trade zone while Senegal had very heavy import duties. Since The Gambia was a 250 mile long sliver in the middle of Senegal, it was a major source of illicit trade, smuggling. That added to the tension.

Jawara was a careful and cautious individual. He was very much a democrat but wanted to make sure things stayed peaceful. To minimize the possibility of a coup, he arranged to have a Nigerian general in charge of The Gambian army, which was very small to begin with. The Nigerian general had a number of senior Nigerian officers under him and the highest-ranking Gambian was a captain. This would become important later. The army's weapons were locked up most of the time since they didn't need them.

The Gambians were 92 percent Muslim, the rest were mostly Christian. They were devout, but there was no radicalization there at all. However, female circumcision (genital mutilation) was still common. Under pressure from the United States and other countries, the Gambian government had outlawed female circumcision, but it remained a very common practice.

*Q: How were British ties?*

WINTER: That question reminds me of a great story of how the borders of The Gambia were determined. The British discovered the Gambia River and established a colony the length of the Gambia River with French colonies on either side. The French were quite nervous about the British Navy, with good reasons, since it was the most powerful navy in the world. Finally the French and the British negotiated an agreement on borders that were 10 miles either side of the river, which at that time was as far as a cannon could fire from a British naval ship. This agreement in effect gave the French secure borders and it didn't cost the British much of anything.

Relations with the British were excellent. Jawara welcomed all the help he could get from the British, the US, the UN, and the EU (European Union), who were the four major donors. The U.S. gave about \$10 million in aid and the total foreign aid was \$20 to \$30 million, which was a paltry sum when you think about it, but it was a small country. There were a few other embassies there, mostly from West Africa, and they were all friendly and quiet.

*Q: American interests there?*

WINTER: I'd say my most important job, other than overseeing the USAID mission, was maintaining good relations with the Gambian government.

One of the greatest pleasures of my tenure there was the ambassadorial self-help fund. I was fond of teasing the USAID director that she had \$10 million and I had \$10,000, and I

felt that that \$10,000 ultimately was used more effectively. It was money I could use any way I wanted and I focused on a few projects: digging of solar powered wells in small villages, setting up sewing cooperatives, establishing natural fencing, and providing books. In choosing villages for projects I totally depended upon Peace Corps volunteers and the Peace Corps program. I worked very closely with the Peace Corps director. The volunteers would submit projects, which typically cost \$100 to \$300. These projects gave me a wonderful opportunity to tour the country. My goal was to visit every Peace Corps volunteer; we had 75 Peace Corps volunteers, which in such a small country was quite significant. I managed to visit about 50 of them before the coup. Typically, and not surprisingly, in Africa, we trained the women in the village on how to keep the solar panels clean, how to operate the wells, and how to keep the wells clean. Most of these projects were successful.

The Gambia was an alternate abort site for the Space Shuttle. If the Space Shuttle had to abort immediately after launch, The Gambia was in the immediate flight path of the Shuttle for certain launches. NASA had upgraded Banjul's airport to handle the Shuttle including the installation of some very special netting that would be deployed at the end of the runway to stop the Shuttle after the landing. NASA even had an office at the airport. Whenever there was a shuttle launch that would take it over The Gambia, NASA would deploy an astronaut to The Gambia to monitor the launch. He or she arrived on a small US Air Force jet, which was used as a spotter plane during the launch. The office at the airport had a direct link to the Johnson Space Center. I often went out there to listen to the launch countdown. The astronaut would spend about a week in The Gambia and was always willing to visit schools and other venues. It was always a great hit.

*Q: What were the major developments while you were there?*

WINTER: We have to divide my time into the first year and then the second year. The first two months were a learning experience for me because I'd never been a political officer, an economic officer or a DCM; I'd never done any conventional reporting. I had to learn my job and that was fun and a challenge. The Embassy was very small and I did not have any seasoned officers to help me. The embassy was six of us: the office management specialist, the communicator, an administrative officer, a GSO, and a consular officer who doubled as the political/economic officer. The consular officer, Jim Knight, was a second tour junior officer who I had gotten to know when he was in Nigeria and I asked him to come work for me. I'm very proud to say that 17 years later, he's ambassador in Togo. I had a good eye and he did a superb job. He accompanied me to almost all my meetings, was the note taker and wrote the reports. It was a great relationship for both of us. The administrative officer was only a third tour officer and the GSO was a second tour officer. It was a bit of a lonely job because there was no one I could turn to for seasoned advice except the USAID director who was in a separate building.

At the beginning, I was figuring out what I wanted to do because there sure as hell wasn't that much of importance to do. Being an ambassador to a country Washington didn't care



about, I could do whatever I wanted to do. I decided to focus on public affairs; I would go out and talk to people and I would focus on the importance of education.

I had one FSN who was my public affairs person and I said, I want to start talking to people. Who do you suggest I talk to? She said why don't we go around to schools? I said that's a great idea. Once every two or three weeks I'd go to a school and I'd give a very short speech. I would talk for 10 or 15 minutes, primarily on the importance of education. Then I would open it up for questions and at first they were very shy and reserved. However, as soon as one student asked a question the flood gates would open and I'd usually spend at least an hour there answering their questions about the U.S., about the world, and about anything they could think of. The students, teachers and I really enjoyed it. That was the highlight of my time there.

I would visit with government officials and I would deliver a demarche occasionally. The demarches normally sought The Gambia's vote at the UN, which we could almost always count on; Jawara was very pro-West. Some of these demarches were unnecessary and I quickly discovered that Washington didn't keep track of whether you replied or not. Sometimes when I thought a demarche was of no interest to The Gambia, I just wouldn't deliver it. If I received a reminder from Washington, then I would go deliver it, but most of the time I never got a reminder. I also kept telling Washington that the Gambian ambassador in the UN was the one who decided how The Gambia voted; it wasn't the foreign ministry or the president. But somehow they felt they had to send it to the embassy. Basically the first year was very quiet.

There was a very special man in Banjul, Ken Best. Ken Best had been the publisher of one of the most important newspapers in Liberia. He was a deeply religious Christian and a man of the highest integrity. When Sergeant Doe took over, Ken Best and his newspaper kept speaking out. Ultimately he was threatened, he was imprisoned, his newspaper offices were torched and eventually he had to leave Liberia. The Gambia welcomed him. He came there and opened a newspaper by the same name as the one he had in Liberia, "The Daily Observer," which was the first daily newspaper The Gambia had ever had. He sold enough newspapers to run a legitimate business and to live a simple and decent life. Early on he and I became friends and, of course, it was in his interest to have a source and mine to have a public platform.

President Jawara did not have a corrupt bone in his body. He lived well but not extravagantly. He didn't travel a lot except on business. He did have two wives in the Muslim fashion. They dressed well but not extravagantly. His vice president, Saihou Sabally, who was also the minister of defense, was a less savory character, let's say. Jawara had been in power at that point for almost 30 years and corruption had increased during that time. "The Daily Observer" started ferreting out this corruption and government officials weren't quite used to this, but Jawara was enough of a democrat, and he truly was, that he wasn't going to take action against the newspaper. Some of the ministers would publicly criticize "The Daily Observer" and, in response, I started talking to "The Daily Observer." One of my themes was the importance of good governance; another was education. I would regularly give interviews to "The Daily Observer," which

were mildly critical of the government but hopefully encouraged the government to do the best it could.

The Bureau of Intelligence and Research did annual report cards on reporting by post. They would interview all the agencies that used our reporting. My first year the report card indicated that our reporting was good but there wasn't a whole lot of it. I responded back that I would take their criticism to heart. However, I noted that there really hadn't been much to report about and that I didn't feel like filling the airwaves with things that were of no particular value. In May 1994 the consular officer and I did a series of cables on the government, on the fact that Jawara was getting older, and on concerns about succession. There wasn't a good strong candidate to replace him and the most likely candidate was the vice president, who was the least savory of the lot.

In January of 1994 the Nigerian general in charge of the Gambian army was due to rotate back to Nigeria and a new Nigerian general was scheduled come. The general who was supposed to come was delayed and then finally he didn't come at all. There was a three or four-month period when the Gambian Army was basically on its own. As we would figure out later, that is when four lieutenants started thinking about staging a coup. I don't know what their motivations were except, possibly, a little bit of frustration that they were under the thumb of the Nigerians.

Their arms were still under lock and key. The U.S. Navy's West African Training Cruise (WATC) sent word that The Gambia would have a ship visit in July, which both the government and I were very happy about. These ship visits brought Marines to do training exercises and civil engineers to do civil works. These were very positive missions and there was certainly nothing bellicose about them. In retrospect, it was clear that the coup plotters considered this as an opportunity. The ship that came was the Lamoure County, which had Marines and Marine amphibious vehicles onboard. The consular officer and I worked with the ministry of defense on a schedule of activities. Interestingly, again in retrospect, the Army suggested having some war games in order to get some real training, and everyone agreed. It was agreed that we'd use a national park just outside of the capital for the war games. All of this appeared to be on the up and up.

We went ahead with the preparations for the ship visit, which kept me as busy as I'd been since I'd arrived. A few days before the ship visit, the permanent secretary of the ministry of defense, Bun Jack, called and said, we don't think that the location of this national park for the maneuvers is that good an idea. They'd be more realistic if they were held at the bridge at the entrance to Banjul. Banjul, the capital, is actually a tiny island with just one small bridge, Denton Bridge, from the mainland.

He said it would be more realistic if we pretended that the attack was coming from the mainland towards the capital over the bridge. He told this to the consular officer. I didn't like that idea, but not because I had any suspicions of a coup. This was the only bridge into the capital and did not seem like a very convenient place to hold war games. It would be disruptive; it would make people nervous. I put in a call to the Minister of Defense, who was also the vice president, and I couldn't get through to him to discuss this change.

I ended up talking to the permanent secretary. He said he would pass the word to the Vice President and would let me know. The word came back that the Vice President was OK with having the war games at Denton Bridge. I wasn't deeply concerned about it, I wish I had been, and therefore let it stand. Again in retrospect, the permanent secretary appears to have been in cahoots with the coup plotters and probably never consulted the Vice President. The embassy, by the way, was on the mainland, about three or four miles away from the actual capital.

On the morning of Friday, July 22, 1994, I arrived at the Navy vessel, the Lamoure County, to escort the ship's commanding officer on official calls in Banjul. At 9:00 in the morning we arrived at the executive offices of the presidency to call on the permanent secretary for the minister of defense in the office of the vice presidency. As we walked towards the permanent secretary's office, the door to the vice president's office opened. The vice president asked us to come in and quickly told us there was a problem at the army barracks at Yundum. Yundum is where the airport is and is about 10 or 15 miles from the capital.

The vice president excused himself to go see the president, returning some five minutes later he informed us that Gambian troops were moving towards Banjul. He requested that we take the president and him to the Navy ship for safety. After a brief and private consultation, the captain and I agreed to take the president and the vice president to the Lamoure County. The vice president suggested that the president ride in my official car for security reasons. A few minutes later President Jawara, his wife, Lady Chilel, an entourage of children, security and servants, many with overnight bags emerged from the house and entered the waiting vehicles. We sped to the port, five minutes away, and the safety of the ship.

Onboard the ship the president and vice president were shown to the officers' wardroom. Other members of the government came onboard the ship: finance minister Dabo, Kebba Ceesay, the chief of the national security service, their intelligence agency, the inspector general of police, Pa Jagne, and the permanent secretary of ministry of defense were all onboard. They all sat in the officers' wardroom discussing what they should do in this emerging situation.

We were neither privy to their talks, nor did we try. Both the captain and I were taken aback by how many people we all of a sudden had in our charge, but it seemed like the right thing to do. Later Washington would certainly second-guess me on that.

*Q: Yes but you think of the results if you hadn't.*

WINTER: Exactly. We had moved the family of the president down to a lower deck. Everybody was very well behaved; there weren't any problems or issues and no great demands.

After the president had met with his advisors, the chief of police left. The police tactical support group and the military's presidential guard were sent to Denton Bridge to

intercept the troops. A few minutes later the head of the national security service and the permanent secretary of the defense ministry also went to the bridge to negotiate with the troops. Now, when I say “troops,” we’re talking about 100 soldiers. On the other hand, the police and presidential guard numbered maybe 20. We weren’t looking at a major confrontation here.

They attempted to negotiate with the troops - from what I heard later it was very cordial and peaceful; everybody knew each other - and the troops said no we have the upper hand here; we’re coming in. The police and the president’s security guard decided not to stop them. Only a single shot was fired. We later reported that one soldier’s weapon accidentally discharged and shot the leg of a dog and that was the only casualty of this very nonviolent coup. The inspector general of police came back to the ship and said, they’re coming in and there’s not much we can do.

At this point the president, vice president, the captain of the ship and I were talking - we were up on the top deck - and trying to decide what to do. The vice president asked the captain and me to deploy the U.S. marines to the bridge. There were 71 Marines with four amphibious armored vehicles (AAVs) who certainly could have prevented the coup. The captain and I weren’t totally opposed to the idea. Both he and I both sent off messages, knowing we weren’t going to get a positive reply, recommending that we deploy the troops. Our messages stated very clearly that if we deployed the troops we were very confident that we could stop the coup in its tracks with minimal or no loss of life. We weren’t looking at a very risky situation here. The Gambian troops did have their weapons but they were primarily rifles and maybe a few semi-automatic weapons; nothing of any great threat. The captain did agree to lower the plank so the amphibious vehicles could deploy, but we did that more as a scare tactic as we had not received Washington approval to deploy the Marines. The captain and I did talk to the Marines who said it would take them about 90 minutes to get the ships in the water, deployed and at the bridge, ready to stop the Gambian troops.

We then received word that the troops were entering Banjul. The captain and I decided to leave the dock for the security of the harbor. This was about 1:00 in the afternoon. We went three or four hundred yards offshore, a location that granted us a very clear view of the State House and enabled us to watch what was going on. Shortly thereafter we saw the troops entering State House and we received a message from The Gambia national army asking us to move further away. We immediately complied and moved to a position off Cape St. Mary, which is halfway between Banjul, the capital, and Fajara where the embassy was and where most Gambians and foreigners lived. The Gambian army was clearly nervous. We never received permission from State or the Navy to deploy the Marines and we never really expected to.

Throughout the afternoon and evening I stayed in touch with Washington by an open Inmarsat line and with the embassy, USAID and the defense attaché, Major McLean, who was in The Gambia but resident in Senegal, by high frequency and very high frequency radios. During this period the president and vice president requested approval to contact General Abacha in Nigeria, the foreign minister of Senegal and the chairman of

ECOWAS (Economic Council of West African States), who was also in Senegal. Jawara was trying to find support.

At Washington's urging the ambassador impressed on the president the need to leave the ship. Washington's clear preference was that Senegal send a boat to rendezvous with the Lamoure County and take them all to Dakar. Then the Lamoure County could remain off the Gambian coast for possible evacuation of the few Americans who lived there. Unfortunately Senegal was not very accommodating and the ambassador advised Washington of the difficulty of a mid-sea transfer with women and young children aboard. We were therefore faced with a dilemma; the Lamoure County could remain off the coast of The Gambia with its guests onboard or it could steam to Dakar. As ambassador, I made it clear that if the ship left for Dakar, I would return to the embassy in Banjul.

Now, at this point I was second-guessed for being onboard the ship and not returning to the embassy, but in fact, it was very fortunate that I stayed. The Gambian troops turned off the entire telephone system. Therefore the embassy had no means to communicate with Washington. The cable system was down, they had radios for internal use, but the emergency radio system, which should have reached Dakar wasn't reaching Dakar very well. My presence on the ship turned out to be the focal point for all communications. I was able to talk by high frequency radio to the DCM in Dakar, by Inmarsat to Washington and to the Gambian government because they were our guests. So, as second guessed as I was, it turned out damned well. If I hadn't been there negotiations would have been much more complicated. At Washington's direction, I continued to push The Gambians to make arrangements to go to Senegal. Being on the ship gave me command of the greatest amount of information and communication with all parties involved.

At some point Friday evening the situation became complicated by the illness of a sailor onboard the ship. It was an apparent heart attack and the doctor onboard did not have the necessary equipment and medicine to treat him. The captain began to consider going to Dakar. His decision was complicated by the fact that four of his sailors were at an orphanage 20 miles south of Banjul. The defense attaché attempted to get Gambian National Army approval to extract them. Permission had been denied. It would take until Saturday evening, by which time the sailors had made their way to the ambassador's residence, to arrange for their return to the ship. Throughout the coup the Gambian National Army was very anxious and nervous about the USS Lamoure County and its intentions. It finally took the ambassador's (my) word to obtain permission for the Lamoure County to dispatch a boat to the beach in front of the ambassador's residence to retrieve the four sailors.

As Friday night fell, it was becoming apparent to the president, vice president and Finance Minister Dabo that they had to make preparations to go to Senegal. In their conversations with the Senegalese, it became apparent that the Senegalese were not anxious to accept them. Negotiations with the Senegalese continued through Friday night and all day Saturday. With Washington and Embassy Dakar intercession and President Jawara's acceptance of Senegal's conditions a deal was struck. The president understood

and accepted that Senegal would not help him return to power and would allow him in only if he agreed not to use Senegal as a platform to return to power. Yet, as late as Saturday morning, when the phones were returned to service in Banjul, President Jawara spoke with someone in Senegal using a Gambian cellular phone. In the conversation he clearly asked for Senegalese assistance to return to The Gambia.

As an aside, it was quite a sight on Saturday morning when the Gambians onboard realized that their cellular phones were again operational. They all quickly called home; within 15 minutes all the batteries were dead. I used my phone for a quick call to my wife, who was holding down the fort at the embassy residence with 30 Americans and the four sailors from the Lamoure County as guests. Many of the Peace Corps volunteers near Banjul, the USAID Americans, the few private American citizens, and the Peace Corps director all found their way to the ambassador's residence, which accorded with the emergency plan. The residence had an emergency radio and was right on the sea, which provided the potential for an evacuation.

Throughout his time on the ship President Jawara maintained his dignity. He never showed emotion or betrayed any anger. He was always polite and in control. On the other hand, Vice President Sabally, who I'd always found to be an extraordinarily self-confident man, was clearly shaken and worried. Finance Minister Dabo was the most saddened of all, sincerely concerned for the future of his country, not only himself.

Throughout the ordeal I worked closely with our embassy to take care of the staff and the American citizens. The ship served as a communications relay point for messages from official Americans to their families at home. By cable and phone message from the ship to the ops center we were able to fulfill our consular and American citizen service functions. I directed that several Peace Corps volunteers and dependents of mission personnel be moved to safe haven at the ambassador's residence. Taking advantage of the coincidence that our consular American Citizen Services (ACS) PIT was onboard the ship as liaison officer for the ship visit, I pressed him into service to collect US citizen information from the embassy via high frequency radio and transmit it to Washington via phone and cable from the ship. The phone was an Inmarsat. The Defense Department later tried to charge the State Department because I kept the Inmarsat line open to Washington at about \$10 a minute for about 36 hours. I never totaled it up, but it was a hell of a phone bill and I don't know who ever paid it.

Our ACSs PIT was born a Gambian, and could speak Wolof, one of the primary languages of The Gambia. We took advantage of his presence to move him from the mid-level deck where he was with most of the president's family and other lower level Gambian government personnel to the upper deck where he could be near the president and vice president and figure out what was going on. It turned out to be a very good move.

Late Friday night the Gambian National Army (GNA) indicated that they wanted to initiate a conversation with President Jawara. Jawara was quite anxious to negotiate with them. Our defense attaché worked tirelessly to arrange a radio conference call but as the

night wore on it became ever more evident that the GNA was no longer in any hurry to talk to Jawara. On Saturday the GNA indicated they were willing to receive a call from Jawara. Again Jawara was most willing, but it was difficult to arrange a time. At last they arranged a teleconference for 5:00 Saturday afternoon. This was more than 24 hours after the coup had taken place.

The transcript of the conversation between the president and the Gambian National Army should be available in the Department. I sent it by cable later. Jawara, being a very quiet and dignified man, just kept asking them to go back to the barracks, and let him come back and resume his office. He said that nothing would happen to anyone involved in the coup. His army interlocutor, Lieutenant Singhateh, one of the coup plotters, was very polite but very firm and said thank you very much, Mr. President, but we're in charge now and we're not leaving. You could see the sadness entering the face of Jawara, and of the defense minister and the finance minister who were by his side. One of the coup leaders was at the other end of the radio. He was one of the four lieutenants who were responsible for the coup. It was apparent that the Gambian National Army was no longer interested in Jawara's return.

On Saturday evening we arranged for the four sailors to be picked up from the beach in front of the ambassador's residence. The sick sailor had again taken a turn for the worse. The ship's captain decided to head for Dakar, even though we did not have permission to dock there. We sent a message to Dakar and Washington, pressuring for approval to go to Dakar, if only to drop off the sick sailor and, if necessary, keep our Gambian guests onboard. Clearly this helped pave the way for the eventual agreement with the Senegalese to accept our shipboard guests. I decided to get off the ship and radioed the defense attaché to ask for permission to go ashore. Permission was granted. The ACS PIT, the embassy nurse, who was a Gambian, and I prepared to board the boat that would take us to the shore. We donned heavy life preservers and construction helmets and began the three-story descent on a rope ladder. I, of course, was dressed as an ambassador in a suit and good leather shoes with leather soles, which were not exactly made for going down a rope from the deck of the ship to the boat awaiting us in the rolling surf below. It was a somewhat harrowing climb down as the rope ladder swung back and forth against the ship in the rolling sea.

Once aboard we started for shore. Suddenly we received a radio message from the defense attaché to abort. There was a patrol on the beach and the Gambian National Army did not have radio contact with them. They could not guarantee our safety. We returned to the ship. On returning to the ship I used my ambassadorial prerogative and, although it was Navy procedure to go back up the rope and not be lifted up by the pulley system that lifted the boat up, I said that I would take my chances and go up with the pulleys and not go up the rope ladder again.

The defense attaché continued to work through the evening with the Gambian National Army to allow me ashore on Sunday morning. We had still not received approval for the ship to go to Dakar. Finally, at 12:30 on Sunday afternoon the Bolongkanta, a patrol boat we had given to the Gambian National Army a few months earlier, with the defense

attaché aboard and flying the ambassador's flag rendezvoused with the Lamoure County. We went onboard and Nancy McKay, a USAID officer, took my place for the voyage to Dakar. At arrival at Banjul Harbor, the Gambian Marine Unit greeted me warmly. I entered my car accompanied by a NASA security officer who happened to be there for a launch of the space shuttle. The Gambian National Army provided me a military escort back to my residence.

*Q: Well, looking at it, in the first place when you're on the spot how the hell can Washington give instructions? They really have to rely on you.*

WINTER: Yes, but that doesn't stop them, and I had been part of that when I was executive director. Washington will always second guess and ambassadors ultimately will often do what they think is best, and a lot of our ambassadors including me did. I am absolutely convinced that the decisions I made were in the best interests of the U.S. Government. Not being technically at my post but being on a ship that was less than a mile offshore enabled me to provide management and leadership to the embassy, communicate with the embassy in Dakar, deal with the Navy, deal with the president of the country, deal with the Gambian army and deal with Washington.

*Q: Were any of the Americans under any threat particularly?*

WINTER: As I mentioned, at this point only a dog had been injured. The troops that had fomented the coup were in Banjul; all the Americans lived outside of Banjul. Other than Peace Corps volunteers who were up country, almost all the Americans were at my house, the ambassador's residence, and my wife and my servants were taking care of all of them. They were sleeping on the floors and fortunately it's a temperate climate so, although we didn't have air-conditioning, nobody was terribly uncomfortable. We emptied the freezers to feed everyone. The embassy was able to ferry food to the residence. One of the things I'm most proud of is we got several Americans out, and we took good care of the Americans that were there. We received reports from London, where most of them ended up, praising the embassy for how well we did with very, very limited resources. And that continued afterwards. Once I was back at the embassy we regularly conducted briefings for the Americans who were left, let them know what was happening, and made sure the emergency radio net was working. In spite of the fact that we had a one-person consular section, we all knew that taking care of Americans was number one and it was done to perfection.

I arrived back at my residence, took a shower, had a quick bite to eat; it was 11:00 in the morning on a Sunday. The coup had taken place on Friday. Lieutenant Jammeh and his three lieutenant cohorts, who had taken charge, had called all of the ambassadors to a meeting at State House. I talked briefly to my British and EU colleagues, who had not received instructions. I arrived at State House and they proceeded to tell us that they were now in charge, there was nothing to fear and that things were peaceful. They didn't appear very in charge; they were quite nervous and ill at ease. Lieutenant Jammeh, who is president of The Gambia today, was a high school graduate, which probably meant the equivalent of an eighth grade education by American standards. He had received a little



training by the U.S. military in the US. He liked Americans. The ambassadors from Senegal, Nigeria, and Sierra Leone, stood up and said innocuous things. The British ambassador, who clearly was much more instructed than I was, had nothing to say because he had no instructions.

I also had no instructions, but I stood up and said that they should all go back to the barracks, that they should allow President Jawara to return, that what they had done was illegal and contrary to international law. I told them they were making a terrible mistake that would have consequences in terms of the support and assistance they received from countries like the United States. I had no authority to say that but I thought it was the right thing to say and I think it was. And that really upset them. They were not expecting anybody to say anything negative. I must say, I'm quite self-confident individual, but I was nervous delivering that message. It didn't just flow out naturally; it was not something I'd ever said to anyone, obviously. It wasn't polite or friendly. It was firm and said in an ambassadorial tone of voice. That led to the end of the meeting and clearly I had cut my ties with the new government rather quickly. It was very apparent that they weren't too happy with what I had said.

Over the next several days, there was no violence. There was no opposition. They rapidly took over. They arrested all of the ministers. They arrested the permanent secretary of the ministry of defense, but he was released very quickly and in days was back in his job as permanent secretary. The consular officer and I realized we had been had, that the permanent secretary in the ministry of defense had clearly been complicit in the coup, that his actions had allowed the troops to get access to their weapons, and that he had changed the location of the maneuvers to allow the troops to enter Banjul. Clearly the vice president had been more had than we had been had. It was clear that this fellow had been a traitor to his country. Very, very unfortunate. If I had to guess, I think the permanent secretary was bothered by the same things I was, the president was getting older, the vice president was becoming more powerful, more in control and the most likely successor. He was not a good guy, he was not a nice guy; he was a crook, he was corrupt. I think he may have been offended by that and therefore decided to help the coup plotters, but I have no idea. It would be hard, and I'm being somewhat humorous and facetious, to find an agenda among Gambians. They're just very peaceful, quiet, take one-day-at-a-time; they may be Muslims, but they're very Buddhist in their approach to life.

*Q: Any thought of pulling the Peace Corps out or anything like that?*

WINTER: No, there was no reason to. The United States Government immediately cut off aid as required by law. The USAID director, Rose Marie Depp, and I sent messages by separate channels saying fine, cut off aid. However, she had done her homework, she was a terrific officer, and the law was clear: money that was in the pipeline could stay and the USAID mission didn't have to pull out in any hurry. We convinced Washington to continue the programs, which were assisting the government in improving governance and building sustainable institutions. The new government would need that assistance even more than the old one. Washington agreed. For the remaining year I was there the

USAID mission stayed and the money continued to flow. Even the coup plotters appreciated the continuance of assistance. A new AID director came in and maintained good relations with the government.

The Senegalese asked Jawara to leave as soon as he could. Jawara had a small house in the English countryside. He retired there and after several years negotiated with the Gambians to retire back to The Gambia. He said don't worry, I'm not going to be a threat but I love my country, I want to go there to live out my old age.

I focused on human rights. All of the ministers, the head of the National Security Agency, and the police chief were in jail. I had known all of them and they were very decent and good people. The only really bad guy was Vice President Sabally and he went off with the ship to Senegal. The military government immediately let the International Red Cross have access to the ministers who were in prison in Banjul. The Red Cross came to visit me and assured me that everyone was being well treated. They were living in very simple circumstances, were receiving food, weren't being mistreated, weren't being tortured, and they weren't being interrogated. They were separated from the criminals and they had basic freedom on the prison grounds.

I immediately started talking with the foreign minister, Blaise Jagne, a career Gambian diplomat, who had served in Washington. He was an opportunist and quickly endeared himself to the young lieutenants who clearly were in need of somebody who was articulate. They made him the foreign minister, under the condition that he would - in a very diplomatic way - do their bidding. He became a very effective agent. He clearly didn't like me because of the way I had stood up to the coup plotters that very first day. He made it clear to me that the government didn't like me. He was polite bordering on the impolite. He wasn't very interested in talking to me but he tolerated me.

*Q: Well isn't that kind of the best solution? Because we didn't want to embrace them.*

WINTER: Right. However I kept pushing for the release of the ministers. I put in a formal note. I did this without consulting Washington. After the coup and once the Americans were safe, The Gambia disappeared from the Washington map again with good reason. I kept insisting I would like to see the ministers to be assured they were being treated humanely. The foreign minister kept reminding me that I had no right to see them, that the International Red Cross was there, and that everything was fine. I said I have no doubt but it would be a goodwill gesture to allow the diplomatic community, in the presence of me, to go see them. I said I know these people, they've been my friends for the last year; I would like to be assured that they are being treated well.

After two weeks, I received a call that I could go visit the prison. I was allowed to bring food and books; I wasn't searched. My chauffeur, the consular officer and I carried in all the food we could. It wasn't much; three big boxes of food and a big box of books so they'd have something to read. We sat outside their quarters; they actually each had their own room. There were two one-story buildings facing each other with about six cells each, each with cell doors that were unlocked. There were straw mats to sleep on and a

communal place to wash. We sat on orange crates in a circle and chatted for a good hour. They all assured me they were well and they also assured me, which was one of the key purposes of my visit, that all they wanted to do was to go home to their families. They wanted to resume their private lives and stay out of trouble.

After that I kept pushing the government to release the political prisoners. I would raise the subject with every minister with whom I met. I tried to see the President, but he wasn't interested in seeing me. At one point I even scribbled a note to him, a personal note, and managed to hand it to him, saying that I'd like to sit down and talk to him. He never responded. I wouldn't say I scare people but I come across strong, and that's been true throughout my career in the Foreign Service even with my American colleagues. I really think I made him nervous. He was insecure and his fellow soldiers were insecure.

Two weeks later I was invited to a meeting at the State House without being told what it was about. I was asked to come alone, which made me a little nervous, to be quite honest. I was escorted into the vice president's conference room. There was the vice president, who was a lieutenant, several other soldiers and all of the detainees, all of the ministers and others who had been politically detained after the coup. It was a very polite, almost formal affair, and I was there as a witness. The vice president said to the detainees that we are releasing you; you all have agreed that you're going to resume normal lives, and you will not be involved in politics. Ambassador Winter is here to escort you out of State House. We've arranged cars to take you home. They went back to their families and resumed normal lives; not quite as comfortable as before and with greater concern for how they were going to make a living. But they were alive, they'd been relatively well treated, and they were going back home and to peace. I wouldn't say I was responsible for their release, but I played a part and it was something that I'll always be proud of.

*Q: Were there any other ambassadors present?*

WINTER: No.

*Q: Had you made more of a fuss than them?*

WINTER: Oh yes. Keep in mind there were very few ambassadors. Other than a handful of African ambassadors who basically didn't give a hoot, it was just the Brits and the EU, who both tended to be very cautious. I was the only one that was pushing human rights issues.

*Q: this is- I've got a very important point, that- as we will follow through on this obviously but just to emphasize here, that the United States, with all its faults and warts and everything else you can think about, is the only country that more or less consistently raises issues such as human rights and all this, whereas our European colleagues whom you would- who often talk about these things don't do much or they're at the periphery or something.*

WINTER: I agree with you. But putting it in context, here we had a military coup d'état; a military regime that still by any standards was initially quite decent. They weren't torturing people, they weren't killing people, and they had released the ministers. To give it some international legitimacy, they had invited me to attend the release ceremony, which showed a good side of this new government.

*Q: Later did any of those ministers who had been released come and thank you for what you'd done or not?*

WINTER: I didn't see any of them again. I think that they saw me as a liability to them because the government didn't like me. All of these ministers took very seriously the fact that if they stayed under the radar, they would be fine.

After that, The Gambia, being the sleepy place it is, went back to being sleepy. We had a not very bright head of state, a former lieutenant who proceeded to dress in very opulent local dress and proceeded to go on the Hajj for the first time in his life. One ironic incident for my wife, who was from Taiwan, and I involved the Peoples Republic of China and Taiwan. The ambassador from China was our next-door neighbor and we were friendly, if not friends. Taiwan, with the change of government, made a move to try and get recognition. I was at the foreign ministry and they had just recognized Taiwan and, of course, the Peoples Republic had just announced that they were going to leave in protest. The foreign minister couldn't quite understand why the Chinese were leaving. They wanted both of them to stay and I very politely informed him that, of course, they're going to leave. At worst it was naiveté and there were rumors, that I tend to give great credence to, that in addition to a promise of aid that \$10 million, which is a cheap price to pay by Taiwan for recognition, had been deposited in Swiss bank accounts in the names of the president and other government officials. I have no proof of that but it certainly seems credible.

There were a couple of very minor, I wouldn't even call them counter coups, incidents where more junior military officers tried to foment some trouble, but there might have been 10 shots fired and they were detained.

I continued to speak out against the government, primarily using the "The Daily Observer." Quoting me was the only somewhat safe way that the editor Ken Best, a Liberian, could print negative views of the government. Eventually they detained him and ultimately kicked him out of the country because he wasn't a Gambian citizen and they wanted to silence his newspaper. The newspaper continued to publish under a Gambian editor, but very carefully. With Ken gone the newspaper kept a little more distance from me.

In March the government sent a diplomatic note through their embassy in Washington to the State Department informing the State Department that they could no longer guarantee my safety. The State Department sent it to me and asked me for my comment. I replied that the only threats that I could possibly perceive of were twofold; either the government itself or some soldier who hears of this policy and thinks he can improve his promotion

possibilities by killing me. The State Department sent a rather curt reply, which the Gambians never responded to, reminding the government of its responsibilities to protect diplomats under international law. Then in May the government sent another note, saying that Ambassador Winter continues to engage in activities that interfere in the internal affairs of The Gambia and that, again, they couldn't guarantee my safety.

I was scheduled to leave permanently in August and in June I was scheduled to go back to the States for the graduation of my daughter from Longwood College.

This was the end of May and I sent a message back to Washington saying, if I were going to be staying another year, I'd stay another year. But I'm scheduled to leave in August. I'm leaving in June for three weeks; I think the wisest course is for me not to return, given this second threat by the government. Well, the AF Bureau was rather upset at that. They thought I was overreacting. They sent the security officer from Dakar to check out the situation. He came there and evaluated the threat. The Libyans now had a presence in The Gambia and a Libyan embassy car was staking out the embassy. I had absolutely no protection; there were no Marine guards and no local bodyguards. My house was unprotected; the embassy was a former motel, literally. The security officer, after two days, sent a cable to Washington saying Mr. Winter is scheduled - this was May 25 - to depart June 6; I recommend he leave tomorrow. It's unwise for him and for the U.S. Government to risk his safety; although it's unlikely, it's possible. I packed out and my wife and I departed, never to return. And with a certain amount of sadness.

I'd only been in country a little bit less than two years, and I had decided - a very unusual move for someone with the good fortune to have an ambassadorship - to curtail my ambassadorship in order to go to Beijing as management chief. I considered being an ambassador a treat but it wasn't the end all and be all for me. We had decided to leave early so that I could study Chinese. I started Chinese language training in August at the age of 49, having never studied a hard language, but with the wonderful advantage that I didn't need to get a two/two or a three/three; I was doing this more for myself and my family than anything else. I didn't do too badly. My biggest problem was that I'm tone deaf and it's a tonal language and I drove the teachers crazy because they insisted I try and get the tones right. I never did and they finally gave up. But I did quite well. I was far from the worst student and far from the best. I had a good time; I enjoyed it.

Then in December my mother suffered a stroke. She was an elderly widow and had no one to take care of her. I felt I couldn't go to China in good conscience. I talked to the executive director of the East Asia Pacific Bureau (EAP) and the DG, and I must say it's the department at its finest. They agreed to let me break the assignment.

Then I was a free floater, overcomplement. After Christmas I didn't have a job and I was detailed to various uninteresting activities. However in November of 1995, there had been a terrorist bombing in Riyadh of a U.S. military training facility called OPMSANG, the Office of the Program Manager for the Saudi Arabia National Guard, the elite guard that protected the royal family. This facility had been destroyed; several Americans as well as Saudis had been killed. Under a law that dated from the time of the Beirut

bombing, the Department of State was required to establish an Accountability Review Board in order, not to investigate a bombing from a legal or criminal or terrorist point of view, but to determine if the embassy, from the ambassador down, and if the department and any other government agency for that matter, had taken all steps necessary to prevent such an attack from occurring. In March 1996 I was asked to be executive secretary of this Accountability Review Board. The board chairman was Roy Atherton, one of our truly most distinguished Foreign Service officers and ambassadors. The other members were a retired CIA officer, a retired FSO, an active U.S. general and a private sector security expert.

One of my jobs as executive secretary was to administer the oath to people we called to testify about the events leading up to the bombing and the bombing itself. In Washington, for example, we interviewed the assistant secretaries for NEA and Diplomatic Security (DS), and the desk officer for Saudi Arabia. In Saudi Arabia we interviewed the general who was in charge of OPMSANG, the DCM/chargé, David Welch, and 30 or 40 other people during the week we were there. We viewed the site and we were wined and dined by Saudi officials. We then came back and agreed that we couldn't find anybody responsible, accountable, in terms of having ignored warnings.

Several of the witnesses, particularly military personnel that we interviewed, volunteered that they considered the next target, the most vulnerable target in Saudi Arabia to be Khobar Towers. This was a year before Khobar Towers would be destroyed. We put this in our report, which was sent to DOD, and we put a very strong recommendation that somebody take a look at the situation in Khobar Towers. A report like this doesn't get a lot of readers and of course nothing was done. I still remember Roy Atherton calling the other members of the board and me on the day Khobar Towers was destroyed, saying what an unnecessary tragedy that was; that we knew that it was a vulnerable facility. I was reminded of that fact just the other day. The head of the NSA (National Security Agency) who's up for Senate confirmation for the job of military cyber security czar, said, that we have to do a better job of intelligence to prevent disasters like Beirut and Khobar Towers, and I'm saying to myself, we don't need better intelligence, we needed to use the information that's already available.

The other thing that was very, very interesting about this investigation, this Accountability Review Board, is we had access to high-level, sensitive classified material. We had access to thousands of cables, thousands of intelligence reports, and hundreds of NSA intercepts that related to events surrounding the bombing. Now this was, keep in mind, 1996 at this point. It's very clear in retrospect that Al Qaeda or somebody related to Al Qaeda was responsible for this bombing and yet in all the information we had there was little or no reporting on, in effect, indigenous threats in Saudi Arabia. There were clear indications of problems in Saudi Arabia but nobody seemed to be prepared for what was to come, and that was rather disturbing as well.

It was a three, four-month job and a unique experience. Then, unexpectedly, the job of executive director of ARA became available. The assistant secretary, Jeff Davidow, who

had been my principal DAS when I was executive director of the Africa Bureau, asked me to take over as executive director of ARA. I was absolutely thrilled to do so.

This was fall of 1996 and the seventh floor started looking at whether the regional bureaus, particularly the European Bureau, should be reorganized. We had all those Ickystans, the former Soviet Republics in Central Asia, and we had already created the Bureau of South Asian Affairs, and there was some question as to whether Kazakhstan and all those republics belonged in Europe or whether they should be transferred to the South Asia Bureau (SA). The executive secretary came out with a tasker to all regional bureaus asking whether there should be any changes in the alignment of countries and the bureaus responsible for them? I went up and saw Jeff, and I said Jeff, we have this tasker here about realignments; is there anything you want to do? And he immediately said yes, I want Canada. He said Canada is part of NAFTA and part of the Western Hemisphere; it doesn't belong as part of EUR. That's an artifact of NATO and our Anglo centric view of the world. He said write a paper and justify Canada moving to ARA.

That's what I did. I received some help from our policy people and we wrote a short but well written justification for transferring Canada to ARA. At the same time NEA and SA (South Asia Bureau) were writing papers suggesting that certain countries move into their spheres of influence. In the end, the only decision they decided to make was to move Canada to ARA and rename ARA the Bureau of Western Hemisphere Affairs. It was a major victory in my time in the Latin America Bureau.

*Q: How long were you doing Latin America?*

WINTER: One of my career goals had been to be a regional bureau executive director, and now I had done it twice and I was really happy. However I'd always been very interested in technology. I'd done two tours in HR, in Personnel, where I had worked on bringing modern technology to bear on our personnel system. Another career goal was to be in charge of technology at the Department of State. It opened unexpectedly and Pat Kennedy, who was the assistant secretary of administration, knew that I'd always wanted the job and he offered it to me. I went to talk to Jeff and Jeff said Andrew, you find me a good successor and you can leave. I said do you have anybody in mind? He said yes, I do; I want Rob Nolan as my executive director. Rob at that time worked for the Undersecretary of Management as the head of the M policy staff, which meant that I had to get the undersecretary for management to agree to this. Rob wanted the job and the undersecretary was very amenable. Rob took my place and I got to go over and be deputy assistant secretary for information management, which was a wonderful and challenging job.

*Q: Before we leave Western Affairs or ARA, back- and I'm really talking about back some years, I used to ask people who were involved in management or just involved with the various bureaus, where they stood, and ARA almost consistently, and we're talking about almost decades ago, came down last place in that it was awfully ingrown and the papers didn't come out as finely honed as they came out of Europe and all, and it was almost a side show. How stood things? You represent, some decades later, how-*

WINTER: I'd been in ARA in Quito in the early 1970s, in Rio in the early 1980s, and now in the late 1990s. At that particular moment, with Jeff Davidow in charge, we had an excellent bureau that was deeply respected by the seventh floor. However, to be honest, ARA of the five or six regional bureaus was still probably overall the weakest. I'd say it was better than it had been, but it still tended to be very ingrown, it tended to have a large number of officers who were either married to Hispanics or themselves Hispanics. They felt very comfortable in that region and stayed there. I was in the Director General's office when Kissinger was secretary and he GLOPed people.

GLOP, the Global Outlook Program, although I wouldn't say it was a tremendous success, did bring in a lot of talented, mostly Europeanists at a high level to Latin America. People like Nat Davis, who went to Caracas and then on to Chile, people who knew something about the Soviet Union, and who knew something about communism. Whether that was a good in terms of our Latin American policy or whether it led to an overreaction we can probably argue about.

In the summer of 1997 I joined the Bureau of Information Resource Management (IRM).

*Q: Okay. What did you see were the challenges at that time or where stood we technology-wise?*

WINTER: The biggest challenge for me, which ended up taking a lot of my time, rather than technology, was that my predecessor had engineered a very necessary complete reorganization of the bureau. Until 1990 we had had two separate offices dealing with technology. We had the Office of Communications, OC, which managed our cable system worldwide. Then we had the Information Systems Office (ISO) that managed our mainframe computers, which maintained our archive of cables, and ran our personnel, payroll and logistic systems. In the late 1980s, early 1990s technology was converging very quickly with the advent of the personal computer and the department decided to merge these two offices. The Office of Communications was almost entirely Foreign Service; the Information Systems Office was almost completely Civil Service. As a result, we merged not only two different technologies, but also two different cultures and two different personnel systems.

Joining these two offices was a mess. The mainframe employees were real computer nerds and not very people oriented. The communicators weren't as sophisticated technologically, but they were used to being overseas and taking care of people. You had a clash of two cultures and it took about seven years to start to meld them into one. I inherited the very beginning of the reorganization to shuffle the deck and start putting Civil Service and Foreign Service people together. It was an excellent reorganization and Joe Lake deserves tremendous credit for undertaking a dramatic change, which is hard to do in a bureaucracy.

I had to get these people to all work together. I not only spent a tremendous amount of time with senior staff, but also visiting every single office in IRM. There were 1,000



employees, Foreign Service and Civil Service, and another 1,000 contractors spread out over some 10 buildings from as far away as Beltsville in Maryland to down by the mixing bowl in Virginia. I made it my job to meet with just about everybody, in medium size groups, to discuss the reorganization, to discuss the issues, and to try and get them to work as a team. Much of my effort was spent on management rather than technology.

At the same time, the decision was being made to merge USIA into State. Technology was tremendously important to USIA. They had a very vibrant but small Office of Technology; very strong, heavily Civil Service and very focused on the mission of USIA. In other words they were focused on getting America's message out using technology, while the State Department's IRM Office was very inward focused, very involved in how do you get a cable from Beijing to Washington and back. We were much more administratively and process oriented. Again, there was going to be a tremendous clash of cultures and I initiated a series of forums with the head of IT (Information Technology) for USIA. For the first two forums I went over to USIA, with a couple of senior staff members. I sat with the USIA staff and we just talked for hours about their concerns, about how I saw things, and just trying to lower the anxiety level. As relationships improved, we started having meetings at FSI, using the conference facilities to bring 20, 30 people together, 10 or 15 from each side, to start looking at each office and activity and how they could be merged. It was not a detailed road map, but more what do you do, what do we do, how are they similar, how are they different, how can we merge them. This took a lot of my time, and I think that was my strength in the job, management not technology.

The big issue was the Internet. The Internet was becoming incredibly important. We had email but it was a closed system. I could email anyone at any embassy in the world but I couldn't email DOD or IBM. I certainly couldn't email an NGO (Non-Governmental Organization) or the Council on Foreign Relations. Security was a big concern. We had two email systems, a classified and an unclassified, and we're talking about the unclassified system here. But still we were very concerned, as one can see from everything that happens these days, with viruses and cyber security attacks. We were very worried about opening our system to the Internet but yet it was clear that the desk officer for South Africa should be able to access South African newspapers on the Internet, which could add real value to his job.

We started a project – that turned out to be the wrong approach - to establish a third email network that would be completely separate and that would allow full Internet access, full Web access and full email capability. Ultimately, while we pursued that, we continued to argue for what became Open Net and it was finally approved. Using firewalls, anti-virus software and monitoring, we put enough security on our closed unclassified system, which enabled us to connect it to the Internet. This set the stage for the department's real entry into the modern technological world.

At the same time we also started to set the stage for modernizing our classified system in order to replace cables with email. It's quite a tribute both to technology and to bureaucracy in the State Department that our cable system is based on World War II

communication protocols, as is the military system for that matter. We still depend upon that for our record command and control traffic. We started taking the first baby steps away from that at that time.

I also headed our hotline talks to Moscow. Once a year we held technical talks with the Russians on the hotline, which had evolved into being a computer-to-computer connection as well as a telephone. It started off as a telex and we'd replaced that with a secure phone. Interestingly enough it was one of our secure phones; they had to agree to use one of our phones because there was a lack of compatibility. That made them quite nervous, but we assured them that they could shield it and therefore didn't have to worry about our phone being used as a listening device. The annual talks also concerned our foreign affairs link and defense link with Moscow. The talks focused on system and equipment upgrades. I was not only the first deputy assistant secretary to go, but also the first person with ambassadorial rank to go. The Russians were absolutely tickled pink; they thought that was great.

We held the talks in Yeltsin's conference room in the Kremlin and my counterpart was the head of communications for the Kremlin. The first day was mainly dedicated to formalities, and the head of the Kremlin communications said, we're really pleased to have such a high level delegation here that we've made special arrangement that on - this was Monday morning - Wednesday morning we're going to have a private tour of the Kremlin for all of you. On Tuesday afternoon the head of communications called me up and said Mr. Ambassador, I'm terribly embarrassed, but we're going to have to postpone the tour of the Kremlin until Friday because it's being used for a special event tomorrow. I said oh, no problem. He said you might be interested in what the special event is; Bill Gates has rented the Kremlin for a day for a Microsoft conference.

This gives you an idea where Russia, had evolved to in terms of embracing capitalism in multiple ways including renting out the old Kremlin palace.

The talks went fine and we went on our private tour of the Kremlin.

I also oversaw the development of the first five-year strategic plan for information technology for the Department of State. We developed a roadmap for how to improve information technology at the Department and make it a more useful tool for diplomacy.

*Q: I would think there would be a certain difficulty because, particularly in that era, well I guess in this era too, but technological developments are moving at such a pace that five years it would be hard to anticipate what's going to be available.*

WINTER: Less of a problem than you would think because - I'm going to be purposefully humorous but it has a point. The strategic planning office's motto for the Department of State was "yesterday's technology tomorrow." That sounds damning, but the fact is a government organization like the Department of State - not like NASA - doesn't have to be on the cutting edge of technology. We need to be using technology to help our diplomats do their job better; to improve communications. We need to be

adopting proven technologies. If General Electric is using technology that has been proven to be good and they got it from IBM or Microsoft, that's the technology we want to be bringing in. It's not that hard to plan because you're planning on implementing what is cutting edge today in five years.

Clinton was planning an official visit to China. The White House came up with the idea of China receiving the second official hotline in history. This would be a tremendous gift from Clinton as it recognized the importance of China. The White House Communications Agency had been pleased with the work I had done in Moscow and therefore the White House asked me to lead a delegation to China to negotiate the installation of a hotline.

Off we went. I had a very strong technical team, White House Communications Agency, DOD, and my own staff. What a difference negotiating with the Chinese compared to the Russians. We started off on Monday morning and again, we had to tell them that it would be our equipment and we gave them a sample of our secure phone, but told them they couldn't open it. We explained to them how they could shield it. Then we sat down to draft a technical agreement on how all this would work including dedicated circuits and appropriate locations. As in all international negotiations, we had to agree in which language the initial draft would be written. We agreed on English.

We presented them with a draft and then very quickly they turned it around and it was just amazing. The Russians, if you said "will," they translated it as "will." With the Chinese, if we wrote, "will" they found some subtle Chinese word that meant "may." They liked everything to be flexible, and, fortunately, we had a wonderful interpreter/translator on our team, a Foreign Service officer named Brown; he's a legend in China. He's five/five in Chinese. He went through the Chinese draft with a fine toothcomb and changed everything back that they had just subtly changed.

I stayed out of the initial phase of the negotiations, which were very technical. However, once we had edited the Chinese version, no one on the Chinese delegation seemed to have authority to approve our changes. Their head of delegation was the deputy director of the U.S. directorate in the foreign ministry; he was a very political person, not technological. Finally I went to see him and, in a very, very polite way – being married to a Chinese at that time and having served in Taiwan - I asked him, how badly do you want this hotline. It is Thursday night, we're leaving Saturday morning; if we don't sign an agreement before we leave, there will not be a hotline. He looked at the draft and Friday morning he called and Friday afternoon we had an informal signing ceremony. They had accepted 98 percent of our changes.

President Clinton was able to give the Chinese the second hotline in history.

*Q: And you did that for how long?*

WINTER: It seems that at the end of my career I was not be able to hold a job: I curtailed out of The Gambia, I broke my assignment to China, I lasted in the Latin America Bureau

for a year, and now I was in IRM. IRM was under the Assistant Secretary for Administration and Bonnie Cohen, the Undersecretary for Management, strongly felt, much to Pat Kennedy's chagrin, that information technology had become so important and such an overwhelming part of conducting diplomacy that it should be its own bureau. The cable system and email were critical elements to the whole conduct of foreign relations. She decided to elevate the office to an assistant secretary level. I probably burned my own bridge, she and I just never saw eye to eye on things. I didn't have a very strong professional or personal relationship with her, probably the only time in my career that happened. I applied for the job and was one of the three finalists. However I had little doubt that even though I was the heir apparent, I wasn't going to get the job, and I didn't get the job. I could have stayed on as the deputy, but I didn't think that was fair to me or to my successor.

I started looking around and they needed a management chief up at the U.S. mission to the United Nations in New York and I'd been there in the early 1970s as deputy management chief. I was a New Yorker and my mother was up there and in ill health. I decided to take the job.

Up to New York I went and Bill Richardson was the ambassador. Peter Burleigh was the number two ambassador, another great and fine career officer, and they were very pleased to have me, and I settled in quickly.

*Q: You were there from when to when?*

WINTER: I was there from June of 1998 to May of 2000 when I retired.

*Q: Okay. How stood things with the UN? Anyway, it wasn't a very efficient system, it was costing a lot of money and we were paying most of the bills.*

WINTER: Exactly. This was coming to a crescendo. Under Bill Richardson we launched a major effort to bring down our contribution to the UN and, as a necessary ingredient to that, to get the UN to be better managed because it was going to be very hard to get the other nations to increase their contributions. Ambassador Sklar and his office were dedicated to United Nations resource management and their primary job was to work with the UN on their internal management and their internal budget. We had a very strong staff that pushed hard. It became an even bigger effort a year later when Ambassador Dick Holbrooke arrived.

Bill Richardson left not too soon after I came and Peter Burleigh took over as the acting perm rep. He faced a dilemma because he had three political appointee ambassadors under him; one for economic and social affairs, one for resource management and one for special political affairs, the Security Council. All of them were expecting him to elevate them to deputy perm rep and be in effect his DCM. He wasn't comfortable with any of them in that role, mainly because they didn't have any government management experience, and managing the mission was an important part of that position. He called me up and he said Andrew, I'm going to name you my chief of staff, and I'm not going to

name an acting deputy perm rep. What I really want you to do is keep this mission running. I spent most mornings as chief of staff. First order of business, I received an intelligence brief, and, in turn, I would brief the perm rep and give him what he needed to see. Second order of business, I had to take care of whatever was flowing up from the three other ambassadors and decide what the perm rep had to focus on. I had to make sure everything was running smoothly. It was a very challenging time and Peter and I got along wonderfully.

Madeleine Albright was secretary at that time and she was very pleased with the way Peter was running things. As a career officer he was much more conscious of being an instructed ambassador than being out on his own. This had often been a problem at the UN where the American ambassador had been a politically appointed, cabinet-ranked official.

Then Richard Holbrooke was nominated as ambassador and that certainly shook things up. As management counselor you're the first point of contact for new arrivals. I was very fortunate that two of my friends had worked for Richard Holbrooke; one had worked for him as management counselor in Bonn and as executive director of EUR when he was assistant secretary, and the other had worked for him in Bonn as well. I asked them okay, how do I handle Richard Holbrooke? I've heard all these horror stories. They said, it doesn't have to be a problem. They said he liked to bully people to get his way. They said, the best way to deal with a bully is to stand up to him, don't be afraid of him. But if you're going to stand up to him you better damn well be right, because he knows what he's talking about and he knows when you're BSing him. Just know your facts and stand up to him. We got along very well.

He had a beautiful apartment of his own on Central Park West in a very tony building, and we had the ambassador's residence in the Waldorf Astoria Towers. He decided to live at home and entertain at the Waldorf Towers.

We were very concerned about his security. He was such a high profile figure. DS had talked to him about having a security detail and he had absolutely refused. He was a New Yorker and he wanted his privacy. The matter fell to me and I talked to him and he made it clear to me he didn't want security. I took a chance and went to see his wife, Kati Marton, a very well-known writer. I told her I was deeply concerned about his security. I said we'd work out whatever details they wanted. If you and Dick want to walk in Central Park, which I know you do, security will be standing off. They'll let you walk and talk and you won't know they're there. If you go out to your summerhouse in Westhampton, they'll be parked outside. They don't have to come in the house. If you're walking on the beach, they'll be 200 yards back. We can work it all out. But I really want Dick to have security. We worked it out and it worked out very well.

Bill Clinton was president. Dick was on very good personal terms with Bill and, particularly, with Hillary. Hillary had decided to run for the Senate at this point. I caught wind of the fact that Holbrooke was going to host a dinner in honor of Hillary at the ambassador's residence at the Waldorf Towers. I went up to see him and I said Dick, I

understand you're having a dinner for Hillary. He said what business is it of yours? And he didn't quite say it that nicely or politely. I said Dick; it's absolutely none of my business. However to make sure it's none of my business, you should host that dinner at your apartment, not use any staff from the U.S. mission to make any arrangements, and not charge the US Government for the dinner. He harrumphed and said he would think about it. In the end he did exactly what I told him. He knew I was protecting him.

Dick Holbrooke is one of the smartest, most brilliant risk takers I've ever worked for. We need more people like him in government. With all the downsides of his personality, he gets things done. I must say I enjoyed working for him. The biggest downside was stroking the people who got beaten up quite badly, not physically but verbally, by him.

At this time I was 53 years old. I was facing mandatory retirement for time in class at 55. I was still young and knew I wanted a second career.

*Q: So what were you looking towards doing?*

WINTER: I'm a manager. That's what I like to do, administrative management. I love New York and was thinking about retiring in New York.

I was at the UN so I started looking at UN organizations. I didn't want to work for the UN in New York; that's the most gruesome bureaucracy ever invented by man. I'm too much of a doer to be able to stand that place. When I turned 50 I read "What Color is Your Parachute" and I still think it is the best single book you can read about transitioning into retirement or a career change. I had set a goal of retiring one year before my time in class date. I wanted to retire on my terms. I had seen too many Foreign Service officers who retired bitter, because they didn't get that final job they felt they deserved. I knew I wasn't going to be bitter because I had had a great time and exceeded my goals. I applied for several jobs with UN and international organizations, including the World Food Program in Rome, the Organization for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons in The Hague, the Organization for Security and Co-operation in Europe in Vienna, and the Pan American Health Organization in Washington. On three of the four jobs I was the runner-up. I was clearly very competitive, but nothing ever came up.

I was determined not to become a WAE (when actually employed) or a contractor at the Department of State. I'd always felt when it's time to leave; it's time to leave. I hadn't nailed anything down and a friend of mine at the State Department, in the Information Resource Management Bureau, asked me if I'd like to come to work for him as a contractor. It was too good an offer to turn down. I took that job and on April 30 of 2000 I retired, two months short of 30 years from what was the greatest blessing anybody could ever have, a career in the Foreign Service. I don't consider myself a very religious person but I felt blessed by God to have such a phenomenal career that I had enjoyed so much. I had been given so many opportunities and had worked for incredibly outstanding people.

*Q: I think the people in the Foreign Service are all members of "A Pretty Good Club" (a book has been written by that name). The very fact that we're able to conduct these oral histories and continue to do it and to make it available to the public I think speaks to that.*

WINTER: Coincident to my retirement, the European Bureau at the suggestion of Harry Geisel called me. Jim Dobbins, another distinguished Foreign Service officer, was the head of a special office dealing with the former Yugoslavia. They needed somebody to go to Kosovo to straighten out the management of the UN High Commission in Kosovo. The number two at the UN mission was Jock Covey, another career Foreign Service officer and a good friend. The department lawyers determined there was no conflict of interest between my contract job in IRM and this WAE job in EUR. Clearly not much conflict between Kosovo and computers. I spent four months working on management issues concerning the UN-Kosovo. A Foreign Service officer, who had served effectively as the desk officer for Kosovo, and another retiree assisted me. We went off to Kosovo, a fascinating place, and spent a week looking at the situation at the mission.

We discovered, that although they had some management problems, they could be dealt with relatively quickly by bringing in a strong administrative officer, and they had already identified somebody. Their biggest problem was staffing. The UN in New York was managing the staffing of this very large and complex mission and they were terribly bureaucratic, terribly slow, and not really recruiting for the right people for the job of nation building. We recommended that the mission in Kosovo be allowed to do its own recruiting. Washington agreed. I went to New York and met with the directors of UN peacekeeping operations and field support. We gave them a briefing and laid out a plan to allow local recruitment. They accepted our proposal.

As part of the proposal my team traveled to European capitals, to talk not only to foreign ministries but also to NGOs to solicit their help in recruitment. We went to the Czech Republic, France, Slovakia, Germany and Belgium/European Union. We were very successful in setting up an entirely new system for the UN to recruit, not from New York, but from Kosovo. The UN Mission in Kosovo was able to reach out to capitals throughout Europe for the type of staffing they needed.

And then I started my second career doing strategic planning for information technology for the Department of State.

*Q: Okay, Andrew, I want to thank you very much.*

WINTER: Wow. What a pleasure, what a privilege. This was fun.

*End of interview*

Coda:

At many points in this interview I have alluded to the differences between "substantive" and non-substantive officers - how we dress, what senior training we get, language

training, DCMs. When I first entered the Foreign Service there was, as my mentor Joe Meresman put it "an institutional bias against management at the Department of State". If management were to become important at the Department, the typical political officer would not be able to compete for many of the top jobs.

My Junior Officer Class was the first to have coned officers; six of us were recruited as administrative managers. The four of us who remained in the administrative cone did extremely well with three of us rising to Ambassador, and all of us becoming Deputy Assistant Secretaries or higher. The Department, in effect, made a commitment to management excellence.

However, many in the Political and Economic cones continued to look down at those who did Administrative and Consular work. We were not true diplomats; we were not "substantive" officers. We proved them wrong, but myths die hard. Progress has been made. There has been begrudging recognition that consular officers develop excellent skills in management, languages and interaction with foreigners. There has been begrudging recognition that administrative officers develop excellent supervisory skills, negotiating skills and ability to work with foreigners. In Africa, when I was executive director, I convinced ten of our Ambassadors to take administrative personnel as their DCM. Surviving at an African post is a management skill.

In my 30 years in the Foreign Service, only two Director Generals, Personnel (HR) chiefs, were administrators who knew anything about personnel work. How many organizations in the private sector would allow their personnel chief to be someone who knew nothing about personnel? In my 30 years in the Foreign Service not a single career administrative manager rose to the position of Undersecretary of Management (Pat Kennedy was appointed seven years after I retired), the top manager in the Department. General Motors may be in the primary business of designing, making and selling cars, but their Chief Financial Officer (CFO) is a key team player and can rise to CEO.

Throughout my career the arguments centered on the need for the cone system and tended to ignore the underlying reason the cone system existed: to develop diplomatic and managerial talent in all areas of the Department. The DCM course has markedly improved and its major focus is management. However, a single, short course cannot replace a career focused on becoming a manager as well as becoming a diplomat. In the military, the pilots, the ship captains, and the artillerymen are all important to the mission. But none of them are going to rise to be a general (FE-OC) or even a colonel (FS-01) without significant experience in management.

How ironic that in a Foreign Service whose primary mission is to communicate our values of equality, human rights, and tolerance, we created a class system that opposed those values. It was not only true within the Foreign Service, but also between the Foreign Service and the Civil Service. Throughout this interview I have called out the many Civil Servants who were critical to our success. Yet, they were always treated as second-class citizens. AFSA (American Foreign Service Association), in which I served



as Treasurer and a member of the Board of Directors for 10 years, opposed all attempts to assign Civil Servants as DCMs or appoint them as Ambassador.

A friend of mine who edited this oral history was concerned about all the superlatives I used over and over again in describing the many bosses I had in the Foreign Service. I take her point, but I challenge anyone to dispute my contention that Roz Ridgway, Jeff Davidow and Roy Atherton were truly among the best and brightest stars in the Foreign Service universe. I was blessed throughout my career to work for outstanding professionals.

*End of interview*