

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

MARY LEE MCINTYRE

Interviewed by: Jewell Fenzi
Initial interview date: November 2, 2001

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INTERVIEW

Q: This is Jewell Fenzi on Friday, November 2, 2001. I am interviewing Mary Lee McIntyre at the Woman’s National Democratic Club. It’s a dual interview for both the Foreign Service collection and also for the Democratic Club.

Well, let’s plunge right into your Foreign Service career and whisk ourselves off to New Delhi, because you just mentioned that there are still Muslims in India.

MCINTYRE: Oh, yes, it’s got a hefty population in the hundreds of millions. Even though I believe Indonesia might have the single most in numbers, India is second. And then you have Pakistan and Bangladesh as singularly Muslim countries.

Q: And I was surprised to learn that about India on probably the Lehrer News Hour the other night. I had no idea there were that many. What is the difference between the ones who were refugees when there was partition and the ones who stayed behind? The ones who went to Pakistan and Bangladesh. Explain all that.

MCINTYRE: At the time of Partition in 1947, 11 million people were uprooted. For Bangladesh, which became East Pakistan, the refugees came from West Bengal because of the language similarity and the customs and religion. Also, at the time of partition, Pakistan, we were told, was supposed to be actually four parts: West Pakistan, and then southern India around Hyderabad, then East Pakistan, which was East Bengal, and Kashmir. But the Indians said, “That’s too bad about the southern areas. You can’t have southern India.” Then, of course, they fought over Kashmir because it was 90 percent Muslim. The Pakistanis really expected to get that at the time of partition and they didn’t.

Q: They’re still fighting over it.

MCINTYRE: Yes!

Q: How many years is this now?

MCINTYRE: Since 1947. We noticed that there was always religious tension because some Hindus did not eat beef. However, some would eat pork. And, of course, that’s anathema to a devout Muslim. That was always a source of contention. And then there were communal riots. When we were there, we made a quick visit to Calcutta, and the police, we realized later, were called out at least once a week to stop communal rioting. Then police with their sticks – they’re called lathis – they would lathi-charge crowds, so there was a lot of unrest.

We also noticed that if you wanted the best cooks, the best gardeners, the best jewelry-makers – they were all Muslim. There was one particular chef, or cook, that was just passed around like a treasure [laughter] from one family to another. We never got him.

Then there was also a Buddhist section that also was a proud claimant of good cooks. They were the Baruas, and they were very good cooks, too. But the craftsmen, the weavers, the painters, the artisans were essentially Muslim, and if you got one of those, then you have something treasured. Actually, this association between the Hindu and Muslim we thought seemed to work to everybody’s advantage. I don’t know that the Muslims would agree with that, but we found that the Hindus were the middlemen, the businessmen, and it was the Muslims who were not. They were the people actually doing the craft, the creative people.

Q: What do you attribute that to?

MCINTYRE: I don’t know. I just don’t know.

Q: Historical tradition?

MCINTYRE: I guess. Then there was this somewhat superior feeling that the Muslims had because they worshipped one god and the Hindus seemed to worship all kinds of deities that was anathema to the Muslims. They had this feeling that the subcontinent had

two great periods in its history. One was under Ashoka, a Buddhist; and the other was under the shahs, the Muslims; whereas the Hindus, they just privately thought, couldn't cut it. They're very proud of their discipline and this kind of thing.

Then when we went to Pakistan, we thought: it's going to be just marvelous art and it wasn't. So we thought: what happened? And we found that a lot of the Hindu refugees in India at the time of partition came from Lahore, Peshawar, Rawalpindi; and they trekked their way east. Those Muslims uprooted that settled in Pakistan came from Delhi, Lucknow, who made the trek westward. There's still a fair amount of hard feeling. If you ever saw *The Raj Quartet* – it's called "The Jewel in the Crown" written by Paul Scott – on Masterpiece Theatre, that is a wonderful depiction of the forces that coalesced and puts you in a proper context. I read it in Bangladesh with no TV and nothing much else to do in the evenings!

Q: How did that tension between the two affect your life in Delhi?

MCINTYRE: Unless we were told by the embassy or the AID mission not to go anywhere because there might be difficulties, it really didn't affect us too much one way or the other. We tried to be sensitive to their dietary habits and things like that, but there was not too much of that going on while we were there.

Q: When you went to New Delhi did you expect to go... Obviously, when you married you didn't expect to abroad! [laughter]

MCINTYRE: Oh, no! Oh, no!

Q: What age were your children?

MCINTYRE: Oh, they were quite young. The youngest was 11 months and just learning to walk. My son was just a little bit more than two, and my older daughter was five. When we told my mother and my husband's mother that we were going to India they were aghast. My mother said, "Well, you're not going to take the children with you, are you?" I said, "Well, yes, I thought I would." [laughter]

Q: What years were you there?

MCINTYRE: It was 1967 to 1971. We had arrived just weeks after Svetlana Stalin made her break for freedom. We had heard the stories that had circulated around the American community that the CIA station chief and the Duty Officer were standing by. Apparently the Marine guard was also given the code word. So when Svetlana made the break for it and walked into the American embassy with her suitcase, the young Marine on duty forgot it. So as he called the Duty Officer all he could say was, "Sir, she's here! She's here!" So they understood what that meant. There was only one "she" that they were looking for. So they whisked her out to Safdarjang Airport, because the other one hadn't quite been operating. They were still building it when we arrived. And they whisked her off. It was kind of an adventure, you know. We came in on the tail end of that in 1967.

When we arrived in Delhi, the newer airport was being built. The runways and the buildings to take care of luggage were finished. But the other buildings were being built. We were stepping over sleeping families as they were stretched out on piles of gravel. I'd never seen that before. We also were aware that airport services there were slow. If you were young, able-bodied, and single, you could get on the airport bus and make it to the terminal. But we weren't. We had sleeping children and we had to wait for a dual stroller to be unpacked from the luggage. This was Pan Am 2, I think, going on to Bangkok and points east. The AID people who were sent to meet us thought we had missed the plane because we didn't get off the bus. But then they waited around wondering what to do. Then they happened to look out over at the plane and they saw this little huddle [laughter] and they thought, Oh, that might be! Hey! We'll wait and see when they come into view. The ground crew finally got the stroller out and we straggled to the airport.

I thought we were supposed to be dressed up when we landed. It was steamy hot. My glasses quickly fogged up. I could barely see. And I had stockings on, which was a big mistake. This was September, the end of the monsoon. Oh! It was the wrong thing to do.

Q: But you did that in those days!

MCINTYRE: Oh, yes!

Q: That's exactly what we did in those days.

MCINTYRE: Yes. It was about three, three-thirty in the morning. It was horrible, just horrible. We did not have diplomatic passports; we had official passports that were maroon. It was all a blur. Somehow we got the baggage into the AID vans and we were taken to an AID staff house.

My very first impression of India – I have to tell you this – we were on our way from the airport on the ring road, which is like a beltway, to the staff house. I saw a cow amble across the road. My first impulse, because I had grown up on a farm, was: Oh, my gosh, a cow's out! We continued to drive along. I was too tired to do much of anything about it, and I saw other cows ambling along the road. And I thought: Oh, my gosh! There are more of them out! Somebody really ought to be aware of this! We kept seeing more and more of these white cows ambling along, and I thought: Gee, the barn must have burnt down. Oh, the barn! Oh, please! This is India! Oh, yes, as though these animals are stabled! Then I thought: Well, nobody seems to be upset about it, and I'm not going to be upset about it either. I'm too tired.

Q: I have to ask you one question.

MCINTYRE: What?

Q: You obviously hadn't had any cultural indoctrination.

MCINTYRE: Well, we had some. We went through some kind of orientation for the wives and for the husbands. So we were intellectually prepared. But when you actually see it happen, old instincts kick in, I guess. Yes, the cow worshippers and all of that. But I didn't think I'd see that. I didn't know why. It's so dangerous for these animals to amble along the roads. They can walk into traffic and be injured. Lots of times drivers did hit water buffalo. So you had to be doubly alert for the creatures as you drove along.
[laughter]

Q: Where had you been living and what had your husband been doing before you suddenly found yourselves in India at three o'clock in the morning?

MCINTYRE: We had been living in Washington. We both loved the city. We were living in Cleveland Park, on Macomb Street. It was a very ordinary, inner suburban life.

Q: I don't think it's ordinary at all. I think it's lovely.

MCINTYRE: It's beautiful. Oh, absolutely, and we were happy to be there. Our neighbors were charming and we really had no gripes about anybody, so we weren't leaving the States in a huff.

Q: And then suddenly you're...

MCINTYRE: And the heat! Oh, my gosh! And the high humidity! I think a few days later we were taken to the American Club and I was introduced to somebody who had just come off the tennis court. She was absolutely drenched in sweat. And she said, "Well, how nice you're coming in the nice weather." It was 98 degrees. And I thought: This is nice? I thought, One of us is nuts! [laughter] I consider 70, like today, that's a nice day.

Q: I'm with you.

MCINTYRE: Oh! I was stumped for something to say. I thought, if this is nice weather, I'll take vanilla!

We had an interesting time. I had some difficulty learning to drive on the left side of the road. It's hard to do. Suddenly, everything is switched. But you gradually learn to do it because you couldn't drive on the right. There would be too many collisions. The Indian drivers were absolutely insane. They were all over the road. The biggest vehicle had the rule of the road and drove down the center of the street, and everybody else took cover, in the ditch or someplace else. We had international drivers' licenses. We got this car that was a Plymouth station wagon. It was a casualty of the Six-Day War, because Richard Nolte who was going to be the Ambassador to Egypt had to relinquish it. He was given a different assignment. We had called Ford International, GM, Chrysler International. Was there any car we could ship over? Our own car was too old. And Chrysler International said, "Oh, yes, we have one station wagon." And so it came, and it was wheeled to a garage in Old Delhi by bullock cart. Also our household effects came to our house by

bullock cart. AID and the embassy had a contract with the bullock cart owner, and these animals would be plodding their way through town and into our driveway.

We lived in a relatively new house, which meant that a lot of things didn't work: the plumbing, the electricity. When the electricity was on full blast, it blew our fuse box. We had to order an additional air conditioner from the States because our house was still just too hot. I don't know how people live without it in that part of the world. Northern India really didn't cool down until after Thanksgiving, and then, of course, it revved up by the 15th of March. And then we were back to mopping our faces. The climate was really hard to get used to.

I had never had servants before. That was a big adjustment. I didn't know how to mediate disputes between the servants. I had one servant who was stealing from me and I eventually had to fire him. One day my cook was upset at something that the Ayah had said to him, and he looked right at me and said, "Madam, I quit!" And he walked out! So I had to go find another one. He was a Sikh. We found things strange in India in that there didn't seem to be, first of all, a sense of nationality or a sense of civic responsibility; and their treatment of each other, I thought, was very harsh. There was a sweeper lady I had at one point. She was Muslim and my Hindu Sikh cook refused to give her any tea because, first of all, she was Muslim and then she was a sweeper lady, an untouchable. I finally interceded and I said, "No, she works hard. Give her some tea. This is only fair. Everybody gets it. Why shouldn't she have any?" So I insisted that certain things be done. They were always shocked whenever I picked up a broom to sweep something. "Oh, no. Memsahib, you can't do that!" At one point I said, "Oh! Watch me!" [laughter]

Q: "Let me show you how it's done!"

MCINTYRE: I didn't have too much respect, I'm sorry to say, for certain positions that the Indians took relative to their role in international affairs. They were dog-in-the-manger about Kashmir. They defied the wishes of the Muslim majority. India has refused to conduct a UN-monitored plebiscite to allow the Kashmiris to decide their future: to join India; to join Pakistan; or to be independent. As long as they refuse to adjudicate it, the issue won't be solved. India claims that if they allowed a plebiscite, that all the other states would insist upon one too. Hardly!

Q: With three little children, a terrible climate that you found oppressive, did you ever get out and do anything in the community?

MCINTYRE: I was looking for something to do in regards to teaching. I went to the University of New Delhi to offer my services, and because I was an American, they wouldn't touch me with a 10-foot pole. I volunteered to do it for free and that still didn't sweeten the pot. So I went to USIS to go on lecture tours. I did do a fair amount of lecturing, which was great fun. It got me into the country and meeting other people.

Q: And what did you talk about?

MCINTYRE: The American political system. Sometimes, I spoke about US education. It was '67, '68, the upcoming election, which was as you know pretty tumultuous. Humphrey and Nixon were running. And of course we had George Wallace and Curtis LeMay as Third Party candidates. I remember I was taken to address a school. I asked the USIS folks, what kind of school is it? And they said, "Oh, it's for engineers." [laughter] So I quickly went to my room and I rewrote certain parts, or I x-ed out some other parts. So I tried to make it interesting, short and sweet, and then asked for questions.

Q: I have to ask you a question. You obviously are a Democrat. But when you spoke then it must have been just explaining, or a lecture.

MCINTYRE: Yes, that's right.

Q: Because you couldn't be political and couldn't be partisan, but you were just explaining the difference between conservative Republicans and Democrats.

MCINTYRE: Oh, yes. Yes.

Q: That must have been sort of fun.

MCINTYRE: It was, and that lecture at the engineering school was one of the best exchanges I ever had. At other universities, some of the students would just get apoplectic about what the Indians considered a tilt toward Pakistan, which really was in their imagination. And then, of course, there was our participation in the war in Vietnam. They gave us no peace about that. It was in editorials, and in public speeches. They would beat up upon us regularly. They also beat up on us for our students.

Q: This is the Indian press.

MCINTYRE: Yes. My husband loved oral combat. The wittier, the better. He would draw Indian officials out and would usually have them laughing, but an exchange of information would have occurred. He usually gave them something to think about. I didn't have that particular gift. When I was teaching at the American International School, one newspaper really took the students to task for drugs and the way the youngsters behaved. I was at a reception and the editor was there. He tried to make small talk with me, which was kind of rare, because usually Indian men do not engage you in conversation and usually expect you to go off with Indian women. He said, "What are you doing?" As if he was going to pat me on the head and I would answer with some sort of housewifely kind of thing that I was doing. I decided this was going to be a conversation he'd remember. So I said, "Well, I work at the school that your newspaper doesn't think very much of." His jaw dropped. He said, "Well, what do you mean?" And I said, "Have you noticed your articles lately about the American school's activities and the behavior of our students?" And he said, "Well, I'll give you some reporters and a photographer." And I said, "The school will not touch you with a 10-foot pole. Now, just which students and faculty did you interview?" I just sort of waded into him. And he

began retreating. And I continued, “You know, it’s hard living here when you read stuff about yourself that you know isn’t true. I thought we were trying to have some kind of level of understanding here, but we have haven’t found it in your newspaper, yet.” So he was just backtracking. After he said that he would give us some writers and photographers, I said, “We have a policy: We don’t answer people in the press, unfortunately. But it doesn’t stop me from talking to you.”

Q: Oh, great!

MCINTYRE: Anyway, so we got this kind of journalistic coverage that was not balanced. There was another printed complaint about the high cost of the education at the American school. Our education fees were paid for by our government. Certain students from wealthy Indian families would attend. What they didn’t say in the article was that if, an American student paid \$1,000, the Indian student, regardless of wealth, would pay Rs.1,000, (about 1/8th the cost), not \$1,000, which would have been out of their reach. But they didn’t say that. We also offered scholarships. So I wrote a letter to the editor, which was published, and I signed it. So I just happened to say that there were a few inaccuracies in your coverage and this is what the paper said.

Q: Oh, good for you!

What kind of reception did you get from the groups that you talked to about our electoral system? Did they really grasp it? Did they know who Humphrey was?

MCINTYRE: Pretty much, yes.

Q: Good!

MCINTYRE: Yes, they did, and they understood that it was local politics that was going to swing the election. They always asked, “Well, how does India figure in the electoral campaign?” And I’d have to say, “Well, hardly at all!” [laughter]

Q: Sorry, guys!

MCINTYRE: We value your friendship and support. I had to say something like that. But the election did not hinge on the relationship with the United States and India. It didn’t do that. And the Indians were having difficulties of their own. We arrived 20 years after independence. They were having difficulty with their own concept of themselves, their own nationality. They didn’t know whether they were going to be modern, Asian, or follow the West or what. They had also been conquered.

Q: Identity crisis.

MCINTYRE: Yes. And they were humiliated by that because the British rarely had more than 50,000 troops at any one time managing this huge subcontinent. The British were out there building roads, schools, hospitals, town centers, laying out cities, linking them

up with telegraph; and they built the Grand Trunk Road from Kabul to Calcutta and points beyond. That was a huge achievement. It was the British that essentially taught them about their own ancient history, because, to the Indian mind, that was something ethereal. History didn't really matter. They lived in a different kind of spiritual, intellectual world, if you will; a cultural world. That kind of social studies or humanities they didn't bother with, because they said, "Well, it's all transitory anyway."

Q: [Inaudible] really plays a huge part in that.

MCINTYRE: Yes, yes it does. So if people are dishonest, they've always been dishonest. They couldn't understand why we were so exercised over the Watergate business, especially the Pakistanis. They said, "Everybody behaves like that!" And I said, "Well, no, we try to have a little higher standard and it's not business as usual." People are not supposed to steal or have their hands in the public coffers. Here Nixon had tried to corrupt the electoral system and we didn't care for that.

Q: Were you in Pakistan at that time?

MCINTYRE: Yes.

Q: You must have been. Yes, because you went to Islamabad in '71 to '77.

MCINTYRE: Yes, we were 10 years in the subcontinent, back to back. Anyway, when we went to Pakistan, we realized that the Pakistanis had a great sense of inferiority as far as the Indians were concerned. They thought the Indians were better educated. They were wealthier. It wasn't always true. But we tried to say to the Pakistanis, You are more unified. You have a culture that is holding you together. Of course, among us AID wallahs, we found the Pakistanis infinitely easier to deal with than the Indians, because the Indians would love to argue. My husband just went right along with them, but I thought this was just a waste and an expression of hot air, because it never led to anything. But in Pakistan there was less of that. Even though women were a little bit more confined or less free, the Pakistanis gave us the benefit of the doubt, whereas the Indians never did. To the Indians, AID was often synonymous with the CIA, and we were charged with that most of the time.

Q: I suppose they were very touchy about being helped. Right?

MCINTYRE: Oh, my yes! But the Pakistanis, less so. I remember stopping at a crossroads. We were actually driving in Pakistan from India, and we saw this huge locomotive go by and on the side of the engine door there was this huge AID emblem with the handshake, and I said, "Yes!" [laughter] Because we'd helped them build their railroads, you know! And we were helping them with their grain production. Pakistan, next to Egypt, has about the largest irrigated area in the world, in the Punjab. (Punjab means five waters that feed into the Indus) British engineers worked to link these rivers with canals. We tried to expand the system because water was the main resource they lacked for their agricultural self-sufficiency. So we were very heavily engaged in

agricultural development. That came in very handy when I worked at AID for a year doing ag (agricultural) research and reporting and writing.

Q: In Islamabad?

MCINTYRE: Yes, Islamabad. I joined some of our ag economists and ag engineers as they did field work. AID worked with American NGOs like the Mennonites and CARE and others. I went along to write it up and to see what was going on. There was one week – outside of Lahore – and we got late to our beds. Because I was the only female I had to have separate quarters that belonged to an oil exploration company and I was in this trailer. So I had to get up earlier than the men to shower and dress. It was before five in the morning. We were out at dawn working with these farmers trying to get them to understand the importance of precision land leveling, because it saved water. Then they would have access to more water than before because it was not being wasted.

Later that day, I was walking through an irrigated cotton field. The cotton was hitting me chest-high, and I was holding my purse and my notes up. I had my hat on and soft shoes and I was walking on this hard packed earth that was dividing one property holding from another. I slipped. I had just stepped into the water. As I was going along, the AID folks kept encouraging me to come ahead. Don't look down! Don't look down! So I made it. The field was about 100 yards long. I was just walking along. OK, OK. I'm doing fine. And they kept encouraging, "Don't look down! Don't look down!" So when I got to the other end, I said, "Hey, fellas, why couldn't I look down?" They said, "Oh, we just didn't want you to see all those snakes down there." [laughter]

Q: Oh! Did you have to walk back over it?

MCINTYRE: No! No! [laughter] There was an AID car or something at the other end.

Q: What kind were they?

MCINTYRE: Oh, kraits, cobras, whatever. All the native snakes. The kraits are very poisonous.

Q: And they all came for the water.

MCINTYRE: Well, they just lived there. It was their habitat.

Q: The krait is a very poisonous sort of snake.

MCINTYRE: Yes, and it's only about a foot long. We were looking at all kinds of crops. That one was cotton. The land leveling was being prepared for wheat. Later we looked at sorghum. I'd never seen sorghum grow. I'd never seen millet either. I've seen corn, yes, but those other crops I had never seen. They grow like stalks. Seriously, we went all day long and into the evening, and at one point – one of our guides was a PhD from Cornell, and he was a great guide and spoke the local language and was just doing all kinds of

things – he was handing me down a steep embankment. We were looking at millet, and our backdrop for all of this was the Milky Way, because we were that late. We finally got to bed. I don't think I undressed. I was so tired!

Q: Were you actually employed by AID at that time, because that would have been after the '72 directive on spouses. So you were actually an AID employee.

MCINTYRE: Yes, as a contractor, I was called a “local hire.” I was paid a local wage. I did have a run-in over that because I started out being paid the equivalent of \$5 an hour.

Q: Which was not bad in those days.

MCINTYRE: No, no, it wasn't. Then, through something – I don't know quite what because I never got the complete story until later – my pay was cut to \$3 an hour and I couldn't understand why. The Mission Director and the Deputy were good friends. I quizzed the Deputy Mission Director closely and privately. Had I embarrassed the USAID Mission? Or were we in danger of running out of rupees, because we had a pile of rupees...

Q: The blocked currency that we had all over the world.

MCINTYRE: Yes, yes. I said, Are we in danger of running out of rupees?

Q: Oh, so you were paid in rupees?

MCINTYRE: Yes, I wasn't paid in dollars. He said, no to both questions. And then I said, “Well, is it because some Pakistanis don't earn as much as I do even though they got other benefits that I didn't?” And he said, “No.” When I pressed him for an explanation, he clammed up. He would not say anything. The story of pay cut was all over the Mission even at parties and dinners. One of the AID officers took me to task over it. We had a blunt exchange and then dropped the matter.

Q: Good for you.

MCINTYRE: So that ended that, and he didn't ever take me on, ever again, about that particular issue. But it was a sore point. Years later I found out that it was because – because I was not the only wife working; I was the one that had the longest tenure – some Pakistanis were not earning as much as we were. There was a great emphasis on volunteerism, and I said, “That's fine, but I want professionalism and recognition. I want to be able to say that I did this and it was worthy enough to be paid for.” But I didn't win that one. That was the kind of thing...

Q: ...that everyone was going through.

MCINTYRE: Yes.

Q: All the spouses were going through at that time.

MCINTYRE: Yes. One spouse, who was as much of a feminist as I was, was ready to have the AID Mission picketed. And I said, "No, please don't do that. I have to work with these people. I just have to learn to take it with good grace." Actually, there were some engineers and other American men who were there. They didn't want to work for \$3 an hour either, but eventually they did. They were as incensed about it as I was. It was a very sore point, really.

I spent 4 wonderful years teaching there. I started out just as an aide to one. I was not amused when he asked me, "Can you type?" The school was just getting started. It had all the grades, but only up to the 11th grade, because the 12th grade was in Lahore. When the war came in December of '71, everybody in the Lahore School trooped into Islamabad. That school had to shut down temporarily. Indian troops had advanced westward and Lahore was close to the border. A lot of people just left, and the rest of the school was still under construction. But we had just the one building of classrooms. There were 11 classrooms. The 12th one was where the office was. [laughter] That's the way we did it. Over the summer it was expanded and we ceased tripping over piles of dirt. Then I got the job at AID, first, as a research/writer working the in ag section and then the next year I worked in the economic development policy section. That was a real eye-opener. I was trying to record in some big, huge ledgers, over the years how much money people had given from the Paris Consortium and the Chinese. I was amused one time when I was going through one country's records. They'd given the Pakistanis \$20 million to do something, and the Pakistanis hadn't drawn down on it. So, in a few years, they gave them \$20 million more! [laughter] I thought, Oh! I didn't know it worked that way! [laughter]

The one thing I did notice was that the Chinese were giving lots of money to Pakistan. It became apparent after Pakistan lost the war in '71, and Bangladesh seceded successfully, that the Chinese wrote it off. I thought, Wow! They just forgave them everything. I hadn't seen that. We were going through various countries: the Belgians doing this, the Japanese, the Canadians, the Australians, all these folks giving money to the Pakistanis and how it was being broken down. One thing I was a little surprised about was that they, too, were contracting out to their own private companies to do the work. Every now and then those companies would go bankrupt, and the accounting records would shift. But here I was looking at all this stuff. And I thought, Gee! So I confided to some people. I said, "Does this happen often?" And they said yes. But it was really fascinating to watch that.

Q: At least 25 percent of the aid money, or not just AID money, that we sent to Africa disappeared. It was part of doing business there.

MCINTYRE: Unfortunate. We refused to do the bribe business.

Q: When were you evacuated to Kabul?

MCINTYRE: Oh, we drove out in December of '71. We were ordered out. We drove out early morning in convoy style. We had our cars with mud on them so that they would be indistinguishable from Indian sorties that were flying overhead. We hoped that we were invisible. We started out and we made it to Peshawar. We had never seen, of course, the Khyber Pass. We hadn't been there long enough. The Khyber is 37 miles of twisting, turning roads. The British had these marble plaques, just sunk into a hillside. And it would say so many fallen, such and such a regiment, and it would give the date. The Khyber is really ugly because it's been chewed up and fought over. You see these little outposts with a flag on it. The Pakistan Government controlled the Khyber only about 25 feet, or yards – I forget which – on either side. After that you're on your own. It's lawless. And that's where everybody lived!

So anyway, we drove out through there. We all got into Afghanistan at Torkham. We noticed all these caravans paralleling the Grand Trunk Road that didn't stop for any customs. No way. So we had some border formalities, and checking of passports. Then we drove to Jalalabad and we had lunch there. I think the Afghanistan AID Mission and the embassy folks met us there because we were trying to make it to Kabul before darkness fell because if the Pakistan Government couldn't control these folks, well, the Afghans couldn't either on their side. We came into Kabul, really, in single file. At a meeting place, we were assigned to housing. It was dark. Most of us had been exceedingly edgy because we kept looking out the windows for these bandits to descend on us. Fortunately, that didn't happen. We put a lot of our luggage in a truck, in the back, and it was trailing us all through this. We were a family of five then.

We were assigned with a family whose children had the chickenpox. Mine had already had it. My husband and I had had it, so we were in no danger. But we bunked together for about 2 weeks. I put the children in school. They had this weird school week where they went Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Friday was a holy day.

Q: Yes, of course.

MCINTYRE: And then Sunday was the other free day. The AID program had been essentially concentrated in the east and that was now Bangladesh, so they had to rethink, they had to regroup and get government approval for – our government as well as the Pakistanis – as to what to do in the west. We developed an ag policy, and an economic policy to free up certain things. We did a lot of other things too: health, family planning, which the Pakistanis really didn't understand. It was too bad.

Q: The one thing you haven't put on tape is why you were evacuated to Afghanistan.

MCINTYRE: Our Mission anticipated riots, because the Pakistanis were losing. Our government wanted us out of harm's way. Radio Pakistan broadcast General Yahya Khan speeches when he was drunk. It was rumored that the booze came from the American ambassador. And he gave kind of Churchillian speeches saying, "We will fight from the beaches," etc. Then he had to tell them that they had lost so many divisions in East Pakistan. The Indians had them surrounded. The Pakistanis had impossibly long supply

lines. They couldn't fly across India. They had to fly south to Sri Lanka, refuel, and then go in, so it made their supply lines horrible! The Indians waited to attack because they were afraid the Chinese would invade and attack them from the rear. They waited until the snows filled up the mountain passes so the Chinese would be blocked. Then they marched on Dhaka and took it.

Prior to Thanksgiving, my husband and most of the AID folks were in Dhaka. We wives were afraid they wouldn't make it out! So they were on the last plane out of there, just about the day before Thanksgiving. We were hungry for news. The Voice of America was doing the debates at the UN. The BBC was giving us the information we needed, so we would listen to that. We wanted to know the troop movements. So we were grateful that the BBC gave us better information. They would always start out with this little Scottish air, you know. [laughter]

Q: I think we all relied on BBC overseas.

So then, when your husband came back to Islamabad, then you were evacuated and spent several months.

MCINTYRE: We came back from Kabul shortly after New Years. We were there about 3 weeks or so, and we used the commissary. We tried to keep each other's spirits up. Then we drove back. We got lost by taking a wrong turn at an intersection off the Grand Trunk Road. We were running out of gas and we were uneasy. We pulled into this little village. It was dark and we didn't know where we were. So we drove into this single hanging bulb, little market and I had to ask, "Does anyone here speak English?" So somebody said yes, he did. I said, "We are lost. We need to get to Islamabad tonight." He kindly gave us directions. When you come to this intersection you make a left and you go on. Somehow or other we had missed it. He was very helpful. And he thanked us as if we were allies because Nixon had sent a flotilla of ships to the Bay of Bengal to prevent the Indians from doing even more damage to then Bangladesh, and Pakistan was grateful for that. So there was this kind of tilt, as they called, toward Pakistan, and he thanked us for that and I thought that was terribly sweet. And I said, "Oh, well, it was the least we could do."

Here we'd been refugees. We'd been out of harm's way and we were now returning. We came into Islamabad. The city had been under blackouts because of Indian bombing. So when we came into Islamabad, it was lit up like a Christmas tree! OK! All right! We were told that when the city was built close into these mountains, it was for protection. If a plane tried to hit Islamabad, the range of mountains made it impossible to drop a bomb load. So the city was built to avoid that. Air attacks would have to come from a different direction and then risk anti-aircraft fire. So that's why it was built where it was. So we were very grateful.

But my heart went out to the Pakistanis because they had suffered such a humiliating defeat. Their economy was down the tubes. The only thing that was really bailing them out was agriculture, and that's why the AID Mission focused on it. We wanted them to

get back on their feet quickly, to get what they needed because the Indians made sure after that they occupied so many thousand acres on Pakistan's east border they didn't pull out until late spring 1974. It was timed to be well beyond the planting season. So farmers would have to wait an additional year in order to use the land. And, of course, the Indians cannibalized it.

Q: Cruel!

MCINTYRE: Oh, yes. The Indians meant to stick it to the Pakistanis. Excuse me, I think they did it in 1973. They poisoned wells and they did all kinds of other things that were really above and beyond. They didn't have to do that, but they did.

So when India criticizes us about our problems with black people and other civil rights situations, they have a record a mile long of their own injustices, where skin color is involved, and other abuses to their neighbors. They still have caste.

Q: Even though that was officially abolished.

MCINTYRE: Oh, well, yes, but they don't enforce it. They're so proud of the laws they've passed, but again, it doesn't mean much if you don't enforce it. They never had the resources to do that properly, so people in the rural areas are hardly affected by these more liberal changes.

The Afghan women we noticed, even though they were in burqas, a lot of them were not. They were beginning to be more modern. I flew on Ariana once, just the year before, in 1970, when we were still living in India, and the stewardess was wearing a western suit and skirt and she had a little hat on. She looked very trim. Ariana was run by Pan Am that was giving it support, training its pilots, and obviously training its stewardesses. The stewardess came around after we'd been given a little snack and she offered coffee or tea, and my friend said, "Later." And the poor stewardess just froze. She hadn't heard that word. My friend was sensitive enough to realize the stewardess' dilemma and she said, "Oh, oh, OK. Coffee now. It's all right." [laughter] The stewardess had panic on her face! Oh, dear.

Q: But isn't that tragic? That was 30 years ago.

MCINTYRE: While the king was there in the late '60s, early '70s, the Helmand Valley was making it possible for Afghanistan to be self-sufficient in its food. That was marvelous! The AID folks who were with that program moved in in Kandahar, and they were just jubilant by what they saw! The farmers and everybody were prospering. Of course, it's not that way now. God knows what's there now.

Q: Well, they've had three years of drought, maybe more.

MCINTYRE: Oh, yes. It must be terrible for them now. As a history teacher, I was curious about Alexander's wandering around there. I kept thinking, if they were in these

mountains, how did they get out? I noticed, well, lo and behold, there is a river and it flows in one direction, so those ancient people probably followed that flow and realized that it eventually joined something (the big Indus River). It was the Kabul River. That's what guided them.

Q: It was that river.

MCINTYRE: Yes! It's the river. Yes. So they could figure their way out. It flowed, it emptied somewhere. I've been in the Khyber coming toward Peshawar when you suddenly turn around a bend and you glimpse the Indus plain through the mountains, this stretch of green, flat; and you think, oh, yes, we're finally, out of these mountains! And then around another bend, it stretches out in front all the way to the Arabian Sea. No mountain range. No obstruction. It's really a splendid sight to see. And when it's under cultivation, there is this lovely color of green! It's really got to be one of the best sights on earth to see.

Q: Like our Central Valley in California.

MCINTYRE: Probably. Yes, yes.

Q: Which is, you come over the mountain range and the coast and it opens up. You can't see it from the other side.

MCINTYRE: Right.

Q: Well, let's go on now to Beirut. That was 1977.

MCINTYRE: No, that's 1981 to '83.

Q: So where were you between '77 and '81?

MCINTYRE: Oh, in Washington.

Q: Oh, all right. So Beirut was '81 to '83, and that made a sea change in your life.

MCINTYRE: Oh, yes. I came back. The States were in an economic slump. Nobody wanted to hire teachers. Ten-thousand of us were unemployed in the DC area.

Q: In '77.

MCINTYRE: Yes.

Q: That's when you came back. It was the Carter Administration.

MCINTYRE: Yes.

Q: That's when we came back, the fall of '77.

MCINTYRE: High inflation.

Q: Gas lines.

MCINTYRE: Yes. Nobody was particularly prospering then. And we had culture shock. It was interesting. When we came back, we landed in Seattle. My husband met us there. He had bought a car and we drove it across the country because we had not seen it. I had taken the children out through China so they could see it, too. We still talk about that. On our way east we passed through Wyoming. We all wanted to see Yellowstone, and we were not impressed by Yellowstone or the Rocky mountains. We kept our opinions to ourselves, obviously, because no American wanted to hear that, because we were used to the Himalayas! Wow! You want some mountains? The Hindu Kush is over there! God! K-2: I flew over it.

Q: Typical foreign service story. Yes.

MCINTYRE: So we were doing some whitewater rafting in this little town in Wyoming, and my husband was staying behind with the car because it needed the thousand-mile checkup. So he said, "Why don't you take the kids and go on this whitewater rafting." We'd never done it and so we did. As we got into the rafts, everybody was saying where they were from. The children all huddled around and they said, "Where do we say we're from?" And I said, "Well, you were born in Washington, DC, but you've grown up in India and Pakistan, and that's OK." So it came our turn and we said that. One very brash man turn to us and said, "Well, it's not hard to get used to the best, is it?" You know, as if the States was the only good place in the world. And I said, "Well, if you ask me, we're a little homesick for Asia right about now." You know, I didn't want to throw it in his face, but just before I could stop myself I said that.

So, it was kind of adventurous going on this rafting trip, but the mountains were really kind of small compared to what we had seen. So we decided we would just be quiet. We finally had to settle down, buy a house, and we chose to live in McLean, VA. The schools, I found, were not at all helpful, because my children had never been to school in the States. I had a 15-year-old daughter going as a sophomore to McLean High. I begged them, "Please! She has never done this before! Is there any orientation?" There wasn't any for the sophomores. I said, "Well how's she going to find her way around? Is there a map of the school?" "No." And so she would come home in tears because she had not been able to find the class during the class changes and had to go back to the office to get a pass to let her in because she was late! So she would come home just so frustrated.

The only thing that I saw on the front door of McLean High School was "Welcome back". And I said, "To whom? The freshmen? The foreign students?" And they said, "Oh. Well, come on, get with it here!" This area is so diverse. We were not the only ones having to adjust. And so the best advice that was given was to go hang out with the foreign students. So my two younger children did, but my older daughter really had quite

a rough time getting adjusted to school here. Eventually, she formed lots of good friendships among the girls there. She came back one day to tell me something about the sports program. The only sport that we ever had, really, in India and Pakistan, was swimming, and they were very good swimmers. They were on the swim teams there. So she came back one day and she'd tried out for something on the swim team. She had done the butterfly. And she said, "Mom! I beat the boys!" And I said, "You go right ahead! Let them worry about you!" Then she decided she didn't want to swim that much. Nevertheless, she just came home stunned. And I said, "That's OK. That's quite all right. No problem here!" But it was an adjustment.

Then when Bill accepted the assignment to go to Lebanon, I realized I'd have to put the children, at least the two younger ones, in boarding school somewhere. And I'm happy to say that we applied to ten and they were accepted in all ten. My oldest was, by then, university-bound, so she was in Charlottesville and already out from under.

Q: And where did they go?

MCINTYRE: My son went to Westtown, a Quaker boarding school outside Philadelphia because we felt that if anything happened to us, it would be important to have good support as well as religion. I'm a strong believer in that. I'm not a Bible-thumper, but I think spirituality is important in anyone's life. My younger daughter went to Principia, which is a Christian Science school in St. Louis. So we would see them at Christmastime because children were flatly not allowed to be in Beirut. The Embassy didn't want any hostage-taking or anything untoward to happen to them, even though there was an American school there.

Q: Yes, I'm surprised that you even were allowed to come.

MCINTYRE: Well, the ambassador's wife had been out and finally the ambassador, at her insistence, lifted the ban on wives. So I arrived and was immediately besieged with people who wanted me to teach.

And I said, "I've not been teaching for a while. Are you sure?" And they said, "All these American teachers haven't shown up because they're afraid to come." And I thought, Oh, swell. [laughter] So I taught at three colleges there: one at the American University of Beirut. I taught at an Armenian School, Haigazian. And then I taught at a school that was funded by the Iraqis. Al Maqassed. Because the US did not recognize Iraq at the time I refused to take a salary from them saying that somebody, somewhere would go through some records and find that I'd done this. It's simpler just to say no, so I didn't take any pay for that. But they used the salary they were to pay me to buy something that they needed. That's what I suggested they do: Go buy whatever you need. The school had been hit a few times by the shelling, and they'd repaired it. This was a school right on the Green Line. I was a little nervous about going there! But they provided me a car and driver, and so they would come and get me and take me there and take me home. They put my name on it, in Arabic, which I couldn't read, but to say, Gift of... I thought that was very sweet.

The Lebanese were just the nicest people to work with! They were helpful, they were civilized, they understood, they were grateful, they had a sense of humor, and they were very protective of us, which I thought was amazing. Because we weren't used to all of this shelling and machine gun fire and explosions that went on all the time. After a while you got used to it. It's weird, but you do.

I joined a group of students in April of '82. We flew to Cyprus during spring break and we were walking out of the airport and suddenly, we heard a noise and we all crouched because it sounded like machine gun fire. It was a pneumatic drill. Somebody was drilling. Oh, OK, this is Cyprus. My first thought was, My God, are the Israelis attacking here?

But when they did invade in June, we all had to escape with our lives.

Q: June of...

MCINTYRE: '82. Yes. That was something else again. Oh! Everybody was anticipating it. I don't know how they knew, but all the Lebanese expected it. Then some Jordanian shot some Israeli in London. That was the pretext the Israelis needed. They'd already broken the [Philip] Habib ceasefire that he had negotiated in the previous summer. So we wondered what on earth was going to happen to us. We were given 24 hours to leave. There was just no time to do much of anything. My husband had arranged for a lovely family to occupy our apartment. We were waiting to hand the keys over to them. They never made it. And of course, refugees streamed north ahead of the Israeli Army. By the next day Beirut was just full of refugees, and they could see people leaving apartments, so they would just go occupy them. That's what wartime can be. A Druze family and some members of the Druze militia occupied ours. They took care of it in our absence and did not steal anything!

We had two suitcases each, and my daughter was visiting at the time. So we got her out to the States. She took the dog, mercifully, and Bill and I eventually made it to Cyprus. We all got on the bus to go to the airport. The Israelis were shelling continuously. That afternoon, somehow or other, our ambassador called the State Department to get to the Duty Officer to call our Ambassador Sam Lewis in Israel to get to Menachem Begin to stop bombing the airport, to let the people fly out. And we had just an hour to do it, and we didn't get the word until 20 minutes later; so we had 40 minutes to get airborne. This was to be from 3:00 to 4:00. Well, MEA, Middle East Airlines, scrambled to get all the flights boarded to Cairo, to Amman, to Rome, to Paris, to London, all those places; and my daughter was on the flight to Paris. There was no time to prepare for anything. So I said, "Sweetie, if the French give you a hard time about the dog, you cry." You just let them worry about you. I said, "You burst into tears! I don't care if you're acting! You do the best Academy Award performance you can pull [laughter] and let them worry about you!" Later she said, "Oh, the French were very understanding," so she made her connection back to Charlottesville.

We were on the last flight out to Cyprus. It rolled down the runway at about 4:30 – 30 minutes passed the time allotted. We saw the shells still landing around us, but we made it down the runway and everybody in that plane was with the pilot, if you know what I mean!

Q: Yes.

MCINTYRE: Pull on that stick! Yes! Out over the water! Please, please! There was so much support there for the pilot, and he did, he got the wheels up and he was flying low over houses and he was pulling on that stick. It was a sharp right bank out over the Mediterranean. Oh! We stayed in Cyprus about two and a half weeks and then my husband sailed back in.

Q: Stayed?

MCINTYRE: In Cyprus. But then he was called back because the ambassador didn't leave. So he was called back in. He left, and then I left on a flight to London and then London to Philadelphia, where by folks met me.

But it was touch and go. We went down from Nicosia to meet the refugees at Larnaca. It was like a mini-Dunkirk. I remember just giving somebody \$10 and she said, "I'll pay you back." And I said, "Don't worry! Just go!" The French were there. The British were there. The Italians were there. At one point I had to take a phone call for my husband at the hotel because he was out somewhere, and I didn't realize I was talking to a roomful of people, but the caller was asking me about the rescue operations. And I told him what I knew. And I filled them in on people that I'd seen. Finally, I got a little exasperated and I said, "Hey, fellas, where's the 6th Fleet? Everybody else is here: the British, the French, the Italians, offloading, rescuing their nationals. Where is the 6th Fleet?" I was told later when I returned to the States

{INTERRUPTION}

Q: But you were asking where the 6th Fleet was, as all these other people were being evacuated from Beirut.

MCINTYRE: I was told later that this chap in the situation room spoke up and said, Gee, lady, we don't know where it is! [laughter]

Q: Hardly reassuring!

MCINTYRE: I know. I know. But I was feeling that we were taking the line of Israel just a little bit too far, that we were not helping our own, because the British certainly were there, the French and the Italians. They were proud to be there to take their nationals off and to protect them. The French arranged with the Cypriot Government that they would just take their nationals as they were, put them on a bus, take them to a plane. Nothing

would show on their passports that they had ever been to Cyprus. The Cypriots agreed to that. So it was something of a diplomatic coup that the French did that.

Anyway, then my husband stayed back in Lebanon. They were all living in the ambassadorial compound in east Beirut. We had been living in west Beirut – and Philip Habib, all kinds of people were there from the State Department, and my husband was representing AID. He was finally allowed out in early December to come to the States. We went back there just before Christmas. I tried to resume teaching. I couldn't go back to AUB. They had already started, but I did resume at Haigazian and at the Al-Maqassed school, where I was doing English as a second language. I was so concerned about the Palestinians, and I was particularly interested in one chap. Is he alive? That was my first question. Yes, he was wounded, but he's alive; so I was glad to know that. Most of the students that I knew had survived, even though two had been killed.

[END TAPE I; BEGIN TAPE 2}

I had been staying all this time (June-Dec.) with my cousin in St. David's, Pennsylvania, which is a suburb of Philadelphia. I stayed there through Thanksgiving. I realized I had only summer clothes. I had to get some winter ones. A classmate from high school just gave me her clothes, which I thought was sweet of her. But we had Christmas back in Beirut with the children.

Q: Had hostilities died down?

MCINTYRE: Yes. The city was open for the first time in a long time. You could get from east to west without having to go by way of somebody's barn. We had great hopes for Lebanon at the time. But then the attack on us came in April. It was a truck bomb, and it killed 17 Americans, about all of the CIA, even somebody who was visiting. It got scores of Lebanese who were waiting outside for visas. It was the afternoon that the Visa Section was open.

Q: You happened to be in the embassy.

MCINTYRE: Yes, I had to come to check the mail and to go over the week's events with my husband, because I didn't want a dinner party scheduled the night before I was planning to give a test, thereafter to be busy correcting it. So I was there. I had to go to the john, and I also had to run off some music that I was going to be singing in a student show that spring. Somebody had agreed to team up with me and we were going to do that song from "Gigi," "Yes, I Remember It Well": The man doesn't remember a thing. He gets it all mixed up with all of this other girlfriends!

I had finished doing that and run into the john and I saw the flash. I didn't recall the noise that it probably made, but I saw the glass in the window disintegrate and saw screws spin out and the whole window frame start to come for me. Everything was in slow motion. All I really felt was a cool breeze and, of course, flying glass was cutting me to ribbons. I

put my arm up to ward off some of it, and my sleeve was sliced. I had a jacket on, and it quickly began to soak with blood. I don't know why I don't bear more marks, but...

Q: I don't see any.

MCINTYRE: The glass hit my face, and I had it all in my hair and head. My eyes were affected. I have a scar here. The skin was just blown off my neck.

Q: Were you alone?

MCINTYRE: Yes, alone in the john. I guess I just involuntarily started screaming. I got the door open. I hadn't locked it because I thought I was only going to be in there a minute. I never got a chance to go to the john!

Anyway, people were screaming. I stepped out in the hall. I had just passed the copying machine where I had run off the music. I was crunching on plaster. I knew I couldn't see very well. One eye was hurt. I walked out, and I saw, to my right, people lying on the floor. They'd been blown there because the impact had come from that direction. The curtains were blowing in the breeze. I had heard an AID driver say, Sylva, stop screaming! I suddenly realized I was screaming! So I went to the stairwell. I didn't know that it had been blown out, down below, because all I saw was something dark. There's this huge window there that had also been blown out.

I do pray. I went and I just began. Panic isn't working here. So I just started to pray and say, God is. And that's what I said. Then an AID driver came over and picked me up and I said I'm OK. Then another one came by. He picked me up and didn't take no for an answer. He carried me down the stairs. He name was Bari. It sounds like "body". I said, Bari, what happened? We think it's a bomb, Madam. Yes, I think so, too.

So he got me down 2 floors. Gradually people began to assemble coming down the stairs. The ambassador was in his light jacket and his running pants and sneakers. He stepped over to the roof of a building that was close by and was lifting people out. I was one of them. So I said, "Bob, have you seen Bill?" And he said, "No, I haven't," and he hugged me. I pulled away, and I realized I'd left blood on his jacket, and I said, "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Then a ladder came up and the AID driver that had been with me wanted to accompany me to the hospital. An ambulance had arrived down below. So I went down backwards, and he came down frontwards. So I was looking up at him and I said, "Please, don't come so fast! You're going to step on my hands!" Meanwhile, I was dripping blood on his shoes from my face. I felt as though he was going to kick me in the face, too! I said, "Don't come so fast!" So we made it down. Somehow or other the wife of the new Mission Director was there, and she rode with me. They brought a stretcher, so they carried me away in that. And I said, "I can walk. It's OK." But they put me in it anyway.

I got to the hospital. They laid us all out and did triage: you need help: you can wait; you're too far-gone. I was one of the ones that could wait. So I just continued praying. I think I said every psalm, or snatches of psalms that I'd ever memorized. The Lord's Prayer and everything else I could think of. I also prayed to know that everyone there would feel God's love in spite of the horror we'd experienced. Finally, I heard a familiar voice say, "Do it! Do it now because she's a friend of mine." Suddenly, my stretcher was lifted, and was carted off. They had to cut my clothes off. The jacket was obviously ruined. My skirt had a huge splotch of blood on it. My shoes were soaked in it. I was a mess.

Q: And you didn't pass out from the loss of blood?

MCINTYRE: Well, I wasn't able to move much. But I did ask, "Please find out what happened to my husband." One of the AID staffers came in and said, "Oh, he's right outside!" I don't know what that meant, because he was killed at the time of the explosion. Maybe he was just being kind to put my mind at ease. And I thought, "That's odd. Why doesn't he come in if he's all right? Why doesn't he come in and see me?"

Anyway, I'm sure they knew. They just kept me focused on other things.

Q: To keep you going.

MCINTYRE: Yes, at that time. They worked on me pretty quickly after that. I didn't like the smell of ether.

Q: Oh, it's awful.

MCINTYRE: I kept trying to avoid it. They said, "Mrs. McIntyre, we're just trying to help you." I said, "I know, but I don't like it." They had me count backwards from 100. I didn't even make it to 90.

During that time I had a very odd experience. I roused briefly after they'd finished working on me, and my heart was not beating and I was not breathing. And I thought, Oh, what's going on here?

Q: You realized that.

MCINTYRE: Yes, and then I just sank. I had one of those out-of-body experiences. I saw my whole life pass before me from the present and then all of world history, going back to the Stone Age.

Q: That you had studied.

MCINTYRE: Yes. I saw it all, in color! And then I saw two people, because I'd been praying so hard: one – it sounds presumptuous to say – but it had to have been someone Biblical, possibly Jesus; and if it wasn't he, then it could have been Paul because of the

look on his face. He was young, about 30, muscular, somebody who had done physical labor. Jesus had been a carpenter. And he looked at me so intently. He was not smiling. He had a headdress on. He had a trimmed beard. It was black. And he had pale hazel eyes. He kept looking at me as if willing me to do something. And I thought, I wonder who that is. I wonder what he wants me to do. He just looked at me intently and I didn't dare take my eyes off of him. But he seemed to have such a spirituality, and yet authority, combined with such strength. The peripheral vision only took in down just below his knees. He was about as close as you are! And then he was gone.

And then I saw someone about as close as the door. He was just a bust, and he had a homespun brown monk's hood and the drapery. And he looked at me. He had the most pleasant appearance. He had brown eyes, and he smiled at me as if to say, It's going to be all right. The other one, I thought, Gee! Am I up to whatever it is he wants me to do! And then the other guy disappeared. I had this feeling that I was approaching light, that I was becoming light. I did have the thought in an expanded consciousness, so this is what it's all about!

Q: How long? This all took, what a fraction of a second?

MCINTYRE: I have no idea. And I saw some other things. I saw the yin and yang symbol. But I never made it to the end of the tunnel.

I woke up being attached to a mechanical respirator. I was lying on my back and this stuff was in my mouth. I didn't have the strength to breathe. All of a sudden I'd hear a click and then [gasp!]. Finally, as people would come by and check on me, I felt their presence. It was pitch black. Everything was very dark.

Q: Why was it dark? Was it night by then?

MCINTYRE: It must have been. And then, finally, somebody came and took that thing out of my mouth, and I was able to breathe on my own. Then I was wheeled into a maternity room in the ward and then they told me that my husband was gone. That was a little hard to take.

Q: Maybe they wanted to stabilize you before they told you.

MCINTYRE: Yes. Oh, yes, that was the only thing to do! It wasn't until several days later that the young man who had interceded for me said, "You know, we almost lost you."

Q: It sounds like it.

MCINTYRE: I said, "So that explains what I saw!" [laughter]

Q: Yes, it sounds like it.

MCINTYRE: So then my cousin came and I switched rooms. People found out where I was and my room was like a florist's shop. It was fantastic. I even got strawberries and cream at 4:00 in the morning.

Q: You deserved it.

MCINTYRE: And then I had to leave, and go home to pack out. I had to decide which things to go in a suitcase, in air freight, in household effects. The Government wanted me out of there.

Q: How many days after this?

MCINTYRE: About ten days or so.

Q: You went back and packed up a house.

MCINTYRE: Oh, yes, I had to do that. I was concerned about my dog. He couldn't come with me and my cousin on the medevac plane. So somebody was going to pack, actually. I just had to decide what went where; I didn't have to do the physical labor, thank heavens. But others did all that. We were all eventually reunited. We flew home from Frankfurt to Andrews Air Force Base, and my family met me and drove me home.

Then I had to think hard about what to do next. The papers to sign. Oh, it's simpler to stay alive! But I had all those to do and to bury my husband and find a place to live and go back to work. I had to wait until I was well enough to go back to work.

Q: Where did you recuperate?

MCINTYRE: At my mother's.

Q: In Pennsylvania.

MCINTYRE: Yes.

Q: So it was fairly close.

MCINTYRE: Yes. That was helpful, very helpful. So I did that, and then I packed up my stuff and drove down to find a place to live. I had bought a condo at the Rotonda when I prepared to go to work. In the meantime, my wonderful dog passed away. Oh! I really needed him, but he was old and he went quietly.

So I stayed there until I got the orders to go to Bangladesh, and that was a horse of a different color. I had a very low rank. My husband was always at the top, so we had choice housing. Well, you know what it's like. [laughter]

Q: Yes. [laughter]

MCINTYRE: My husband had told me, No matter what happens; don't ever accept the first house you're offered because it's a dog! [laughter]

Q: And he was right! [laughter]

MCINTYRE: This house was impossible. It didn't have adequate air-conditioning, and in Bangladesh, with that saturated air, you really needed it. We had a difficult property manager. I went to the warehouse once because she kept saying there were no air conditioners. And I looked up, floor to ceiling, and there they were. Without a word she finally ordered one for me.

Q: Could I come back to that for a minute, because the other day, when we were talking, you mentioned how dreadful you think the bombing in Afghanistan is, and how...I guess what I'd like to do is relate that to your experience in Beirut. You've been through it. You know what it's like.

MCINTYRE: War is dirty, bloody, scary, nerve-wracking. It's all these awful things.

Q: And useless, maybe?

MCINTYRE: Quite useless. It's just wholesale destruction. And you count on people more than you ever dreamed you ever will. When we were living in Beirut we adopted a pattern of living because of all the horror that was going on around us – that if you had anything nice to say, you said it. If you had any arguments, you tried to settle them. Disputes were really kept to a minimum.

Q: This is the American community?

MCINTYRE: Yes. And with the Lebanese. They lived it far more than we did, because we had a place to go to. We could get out. They had no place to go. I remember coming back to the States in 1982 and some of my friends kept saying, "Why don't they leave?" And I said, "Where are they supposed to go? Into the loving arms of the Christian militia who are going to kill them, too? Come on! Where are they going to go?" That was not an option. So they just had to take it. They were very street wise so that they would know which shops were open within certain hours. But the fighting was sporadic. That's what was so unnerving: You never knew when it was going to happen, because people could fight over a parking space. That doesn't make much sense, but they did it.

In the case of Afghanistan, it would seem as if the Russians had already bombed them back to the Stone Age, and what's left to hit? If bombing didn't break the resolve of the British or the Germans or the Japanese – we neglect sometimes to mention their resolve in World War II – why do we think it's going to make a pound of difference in Afghanistan? They have had warfare since before the days of Alexander, so what else is new? The weapons are just a little more sophisticated.

Q: And you know, the terrain too. The terrain must play a huge...

MCINTYRE: And all those caves!

Q: Right, right.

MCINTYRE: What bomb is going to dislodge that? It might close up the entrance, but there are several other entrances that you can get out from. The Afghans have been at this for so long that they know the ins and outs of their terrain. And we have sophisticated troops going in there with all their high tech gear? Are they going to flush them out? I don't think so!

Q: It would be like sending a row of British soldiers in bright red coats to an American Revolutionary guerilla place.

MCINTYRE: Right! Exactly!

Q: Behind a hedgerow, or something.

MCINTYRE: Yes. Whenever you're outnumbered, and you can't match your opponents number for number, that's the best tactic to adopt, because your losses will be minimal. I think we discovered that in the Vietnam War, where our ratio had to be more than four or five to one because of the advantage that numbers give you. But otherwise it was just a turkey shoot for the guerillas. And, of course, innocent people get it, and they're the ones that you want to work with so that you can rebuild the country after this particular disturbance has subsided or been resolved in some way.

And then, dropping humanitarian assistance. What is it? 7.5 million refugees and we're only to our millionth drop?

Q: That are being confused with cluster bombs.

MCINTYRE: Yes, the same color. Oh, shoot!

Q: It can't be anything that we can come out ahead in any way. I think the Arab world is already beginning to waver. We're waiting for our European allies. That Tony Blair seems to be totally gung-ho and I'm not quite sure why.

MCINTYRE: Yes.

Q: Well, I thought that was so important that your attitude toward war was formed by experience, and I think that will be very...

MCINTYRE: It really makes a peacenik out of you. It really does.

Q: Of course it does!

MCINTYRE: Because it doesn't settle anything. It prompted all these horrible little terrorist groups in Lebanon. Hezbollah was the one we eventually learned that carried out that truck bomb attack on us. And also against the Marines six months later. You know, the truck bomb went into their compound. So, the terrorists, what have they got to lose? Their life is already miserable anyway, or they're convinced that it is. They want to go achieve something heroic with their death. That's hard to combat.

Q: I was going to say it's very hard to combat. It's impossible to combat, I would say. And that's what we're up against.

MCINTYRE: Exactly. The Taliban is about as fanatic as you can get.

Q: Well, when you tell me that the Afghan women were beginning to come out of purdah 30 years ago, and now, the visions of those poor refugee women cloaked from head to tow with the black little – it doesn't even look like a veil. It looks like a mask over their faces – trying to herd their children and get on trucks and everything. Who is the Afghan woman who is speaking up now and where is she? And if you're going to negotiate with the Taliban, negotiate on the part of women.

MCINTYRE: I don't know her, but hats off to her!

Q: She should be the woman of the year. We should find out more about her and see [what] we, as a club, could give her.

Well, now, back to air conditioners in Bangladesh! [laughter]

MCINTYRE: That was 1985. I stay there three and a half years and five days, so I'm out in August of '88.

Q: And then retire?

MCINTYRE: No, no. I came back to the States. I don't retire until 2000.

Q: Oh! Oh! But where have you been all this time? Bangladesh?

MCINTYRE: No, here. I had some very difficult working relationships in Bangladesh. They wanted someone to do the type of job I was assigned to do, somebody with 20 years of experience and an MPH. I had neither.

Q: Master of Public Health?

MCINTYRE: Yes, I had neither. Even though my husband had been involved in it and I knew conversationally what was going on, I didn't have the experience. I knew that, but I knew the jargon and I knew what they were talking about. My bosses were concerned because they had to manage a comprehensive and costly Family Planning project.

Q: Well, and you'd lived abroad in that part of the world long enough so that you knew what you were dealing with in a public health situation.

MCINTYRE: I was a little too green to suit the colleagues in my office. I knew that I had five years in order to prove that I could do foreign service work, and I knew I wasn't making it. I was also coming out from under the worst experience of my life when my husband was killed. My personnel reviews were marginal. In order to make the grade the ratings had to be consistently exceptional. One boss wanted me out of there. I knew that. And yet, to everybody else in the Mission I was doing OK.

Q: I was just going to say that I cannot believe you were incompetent. I think these were people who felt threatened by...Because I'm sure you were competent and I'm sure you were able to do the job.

MCINTYRE: I did the best I could. I truly did. I became enamored of this scholarship program we were funding for secondary-aged girls, girls aged 11-16, so they wouldn't marry so young. Then they would be an asset to the families when they did marry. They would postpone the first birth, you know, this kind of thing. We had an evaluation done, finally, just before I left, or it was ongoing as I was leaving, and I got in touch with one of the people who worked on it with me. He was an Englishman assigned from the Asia Foundation. So I was so pleased that he was involved because he spoke Bengali, and was a great resource. So I said, "What were some of the findings of that evaluation?" And he said, "Oh! The parents of these educated girls are finally saying "No" to dowry demands." And I said, "Hallelujah! They've finally gotten their spine!" They said, "We're giving you an educated bride. We don't think it's necessary that we have to buy you two TV sets." But AID is not involved in it any more. I don't know why, but it's not. The World Bank is involved in it now.

Q: But you had proof of the success of your program!

MCINTYRE: My bosses didn't want to hear it.

Q: Of course not.

MCINTYRE: I often wanted to say to them, "Where would you be without your education? I know where I would be: I'd be a checkout at some grocery store or selling stockings, not having been privileged to have an education and some overseas experiences." But anyway, I left with my conscience clear. It was a tough go, and I was so glad to leave.

A dear friend who had known my husband and was a good officer came to visit me, and I said to her, "I'm not going to make it as a foreign service officer." So she said, "Why don't you work for the civil service of AID?" I said, "I didn't know AID had one!" And she said, "Oh, yes." So we looked at the time – it was, like 7:00 in the evening. It took me a few seconds to cross my living room, pick up the phone, and dial the States. I got this

gal – it was morning her time – and so I spoke to her. I said, “Cecelia, I don’t think I’m going to make it,” and she said, “I think you’re right.” “Please, can you find me anything in the civil service because I have to work? I still have children and myself to support. I cannot just walk away.” So she said, “OK, I’ll see what I can do. Give me 6 months to 18 months and I’ll have you out of there.” She got me out in 11, and I think she walks on water! [laughter] She’s marvelous!

So I came back and I worked in an office that managed Food for Peace and other NGOs, and that was fascinating. I became the registrar of all those NGOs that wanted to do business with AID, and I met some wonderful people.

Q: All the NGOs.

MCINTYRE: Yes. And they had some wonderful ideas and, of course, I was there when the Berlin wall came down. Many hyphenated groups wanted to do work in Eastern Europe. We were pleased to have them. They were very talented. They’d been waiting decades to go in, as you know. And, of course, AID developed a wonderful portfolio of projects.

Later I was invited to manage the portfolio that we assembled to help the East Europeans. It closed out completely around 1997, but I had a farewell conference for them in 1995. I really think this was divine intervention because we had it at the time of the government shutdowns in 1995. Remember when Newt Gingrich did his thing? It was between the first and second shutdowns. We had planned this date months before. Meanwhile, coincidentally, all the AID Mission Directors were in Budapest. My conference was in Budapest. Two of them volunteered to speak at the conference. I was the only AID/Washington person there. Senior Management said they didn’t have enough money to send me, and I said I’d go at my own expense. I couldn’t invite people to a conference and not show up. Then, just days before I was to leave, suddenly somebody freed up \$30,000, and I tore upstairs to the deputy in our office. And I said, “Don, can I have some of the money?” [laughter] I caught him between meetings. And he said, “Get back to me tomorrow!” I said, “OK!” And I was up there the next day, early morning, and he said, “OK!” And I said, “Thanks!” “Yes, you can go!” So I went down to the travel office. I didn’t stop. I got the ticket. They found the money they had promised me and I was on a plane in about two days. I was so thrilled.

I stayed in that office throughout all kinds of internal reorganizations. It eventually merged with the Soviet Union Task Force when the Soviet Union collapsed. Suddenly the Russians wanted AID’s help. So, Eastern Europe and then the former Soviet Union merged into one bureau. And I stayed there until I retired. I later learned that the projects we had started in Eastern Europe were continuing with other financial support. From that portfolio, I had a wonderful opportunity to work with Romanian orphans and work with artisans in Hungary and in Romania and many other activities. The Czech Republic really didn’t need much help. They were already well launched. The Poles, too. But in the Balkans, Bulgaria, Albania and Bosnia were a different story.

And then I had a chance to go to Kazakhstan. I thought, Central Asia? It's the dropping-off place! I didn't know the first thing about Kazakhstan! I had two trips there, actually. It was a wonderful mission. They were doing a creative program with health and family planning, government policies, privatization, democracy – all those kinds of things. It was fascinating. Then I got to be the AID Rep, so-called, in Belarus for seven weeks, and that was in the summer of 1998. That was fascinating because my assignment was to go and make friends for AID. The AID Mission in Kiev was the one really managing their affairs part-time. But AID wanted to set up a separate mission because they thought Belarus was important. They wanted to have an independent mission director there. And so I just went to show the flag, learn of their projects, prepare for USAID's arrival and report my findings back to Kiev and Washington. It was wonderful!

I had two trips out of Minsk. I went to a town close to the Polish border and met lots of wonderful NGOs. We had many meetings. I talked with some retired Red Army officers, because they were concerned about alcoholism among their Afghan War demobilized vets. So when I came home I sent them all the literature that AA (Alcoholics Anonymous) had in Russian. Anyway, at one time, we were on a bluff on the grounds of a castle, looking down at a river – I don't know which river it was – but apparently this was the castle where the final partition of Poland occurred. Catherine the Great had been there, the Prussian and Austrian rulers, too. Across the river was Prussia. On our side of the river was Russia. Poland? Gone!

Then another trip I made over to the east near the Russian border, and I was told that the situation there was a bit more backward and the women were held down. I didn't find that! The embassy driver had never been there before. The interpreter had never been there before. So I said, "How are we going to find the city hall?" The interpreter said, "Don't worry. There'll be a statue of Lenin there." (Sure enough, we drove into town and there he was!) It'll be about a 100 yards in either direction. So we found it.

As we were going along on this road, it was like an interstate, you know, with signs in green with white letters. They were in Russian, which I couldn't read. Then there would be signs in English that were pointing to Moscow. So I said to my interpreter, "Is this a new road to Moscow or is this the road to Moscow?" And he brightened up and said, "Oh, this is the road to Moscow!" And I said, "You mean Napoleon came this way? The Nazi panzer divisions came this way?" And he said, "Oh, yes!" It was just flat. I don't think the Germans ever had to change gear, even for the slight rises in the road. There was nothing to stop them. I learned later that the population of Belarus is coming back to its 1939 levels, because they took such a beating in the war. It's formerly Byelorussia. And Ukraine also got hit. Stalingrad is just a stone's throw away from their eastern border. The Germans really chewed it up.

We got there and met some wonderful women, just fantastically able ones, who were ready to go. After we'd done our formalities, I turned to the lady vice-mayor and I asked her were there any Napoleonic memorabilia? And she said, "Oh, yes, there are five museums." (I didn't have time to see them.) But she said, "What we're most famous for is that we invented the Katyusha rocket and we test-fired it in 1942 on a German troop

train. It was successful!” You know, that’s the weapon that the Arabs use to fire on Israeli villages. It’s part of the Soviet hardware.

Then we rushed back to meet a lady lawyer, who was interested in working with female prisoners. She and another group of women lawyers had just formed the Belarus Association of Women Lawyers, or something like that. They were looking for a project, and so they were interested in what this lady lawyer had to say, and what she was doing in this women’s prison. I asked her what were they in for? And she said 70 percent, theft. 10 percent, murder. Another 10 percent, aggravated assault. And then the remaining 10 percent, just miscellaneous: They were in the wrong place at the wrong time, didn’t have the proper documents or whatever. Many times the women were unaware of their rights and had been wrongfully imprisoned. Then she and the interpreter had a long talk, and finally, the interpreter said to me, “You know, the Russians were so far along in their concept of what Communist society should provide for its people that they were going to outlaw crime.” And I just about fell over! I said, “Really? How can you do that?” And he said, “In this Communist paradise there should be no crime. There should be no theft,” etc. And I said, “But you didn’t quite make it.” [laughter]

Q: What happened? [laughter]

MCINTYRE: So it gave me an insight into their mindset. There was some idealism here. They really thought if the world could be made perfect, then crime would disappear. In some way, give everybody a job, then they won’t have to go out and steal. It’s a kind of capitalist argument, too.

But I met so many brave, wonderful people there. I met the head of a free labor union. I was so scared for his life. Lukashenko (the dictator) had goon squads that regularly beat up opponents of his. Because there would be successors to me in the Director’s position, I asked that they try to help him, keep him alive, because he had the conscience of his country. He’d been eight years in the job. He hadn’t had a holiday in all that time. I asked him what his skill was, and he said, “Working in rare metals.” So that must have been the space industry or atomic energy or maybe something in medical science. We had just so much time for the interview and he was more interested in telling me his current activities that involved organizing and supporting working men and women.

Finally, I asked him, “Why are you doing this, at such a personal risk?” And he said, “I want my children to grow up in a decent country.” I just about burst into tears! He was just so decent.

There were, surprisingly, a lot of people there with a sense of humor. There was also great interest in developing the private sector. State-owned small and medium-sized businesses were being privatized, and that’s what we wanted to encourage. The big collective farms? No. They were a long way away from that. But privatization was really growing by leaps and bounds.

When I first arrived in Belarus, there had been a serious diplomatic squabble. The dictator had evicted the western European ambassadors, and so in order to retaliate the embassy came to me and said, "What's AID prepared to do?" And I said, "To do what?" And they said, "Well, have you thought about pulling out your program?" And I said, "Why?" "It's going to hurt the very people we're trying to help!" And I said, "No, I don't think that's what AID should do." So I e-mailed the folks in Kiev. I said, "Have you received any directive from Washington? Are we supposed to shut down?" And they said, "You're asking us?" I noticed that the embassy did a lot of cables and I was just e-mailing. So I e-mailed Washington and asked, "Is there any word?" I didn't get a yes or no reply, and I said, "Well for my money I don't think we should." This is my take on it, because we, again, would hurt the very people we're trying to help.

So when I came back to Washington, I ran into the same guy who was now our Bureau chief, the same man who let me go to Budapest for the 1995 conference. There was a farewell party for another officer, and I walked up to him and I said, "Hey, Don!" Throwing protocol to the winds, "Please don't cut that program in Belarus! We'd hurt the very people we're trying to help. The women are doing a fantastic job. You don't want to hurt them. You don't want to undercut them." So he began, "But we've got to show that we're displeased." I said, "Well, do it some other way, but don't cut these programs! They're counting on them. Please don't do that." And eventually, they didn't do it. The ambassador did go back, in different quarters, but he did return. I'm so proud that we didn't cut that program. But he wasn't used to being talked to like that! I thought, OK, what's he going to do? Fire me? Just a year or so to go and then I'll say sayonara, anyway.

I was pleased to work on so many things. When we did the program for rehabilitation in Tajikistan (after their civil war) I insisted that we support an NGO project to help the children to return to normal, to demobilize them, to restart their education, to learn different behavior patterns so that everything is not settled with a gun, and also to rehabilitate the young girls, who had probably been abused, probably used as prostitutes, and had been forced to carry weapons. So I'm pleased that we did that. I was very happy that we were able to stand down some of the opponents for that program, and also to insist that women have a fair shake at getting information about agricultural development. If they're doing essentially most of the manual work, they might as well know how to do it better. Right? Some opponents said we were upsetting their social structure. My usual line was, AID is not in the business of perpetuating an ancient injustice and at taxpayers' expense.

Q: A very satisfying end to your career. Yes or no? [laughter]

MCINTYRE: Well, one of the last things I did before I retired was to meet with one particular NGO that had been promised some money out of the AID budget. It had been listed in both the Senate and House appropriations bills, and during conference negotiations it fell out. The NGO staffers came to Washington asking where their money was. No one would talk to them. They finally got to me. I had to tell them it didn't appear in the conference report and I was very sorry. Jesse Helms had told them to expect money

in the AID bill, and I had to say it wasn't there. Of course, they were ready to mount a congressional campaign against us, and I said, "The guys in Congress are the ones who decide where the money goes. We don't. I saw your name in both draft appropriations bills, but in this conference report where the budget line items are, it's not there, and I'm terribly sorry." The NGO was the Center for the Victims of Torture, in Minnesota. Can you imagine any more worthy group?

Q: Of course not.

MCINTYRE: But it was Congress that did them in. We didn't do that. That was one of the sadder points on which I left. You know, you do the best you can. And overall, our program, I'm so happy to say, was beneficial. We learned a lot, probably made some mistakes, but we helped some countries take care of their institutionalized children, especially Romania. At first, Romania was just humiliated. They saw the CNN coverage too. ABC has had at least three programs on "20/20" on this topic, and they continue to report deplorable conditions. And the Romanians say, "Can't you do something to stop this?" And we can't. The telecasts don't say what efforts are being done to help or the progress that's being made.

Q: Within Romania.

MCINTYRE: Yes.

Q: Other than our adopting the babies from those orphanages.

MCINTYRE: Yes, and the awful thing is that they aren't orphans. Their parents are alive. They're in institutions because their parents cannot afford to keep them because of general poverty, Ceausescu's pro-natalist policy, and the lack of family planning services. Isn't that a weird one? And they have pediatric AIDS. They have 50 percent of all the pediatric AIDS cases in Europe! That's horrible. You watch the young children die. It must be very devastating for the parents. We heard stories where some nationality adopted eight Romanians, found they were HIV positive, and sent them back. How about that? For us to continue to rail at the Romanians doesn't help. They're doing the best they can with resources they have, because it's only between one and two percent that are institutionalized and they have the rest, the 98 percent, 99 percent, to care for, to educate and so forth.

Q: So really the proportion of children is that small.

MCINTYRE: Yes, but it's the highest number and percentage in Eastern Europe.

Q: They must be really destitute there.

MCINTYRE: Well, they are. And here we are a wealthy country that is saying, "No, you shouldn't put children in institutions." That's hard. But I've met some wonderful, tireless workers in Romania, who work with families, counsel them, even as the children are

dying. The parents do come to see them because they love each other. Social workers counsel them and then they know it won't last much longer. It just wrings you heart out.

Q: Heart-wrenching.

MCINTYRE: And then, of course, the same situation exists in Russia. So part of the Romanian program is being duplicated in three sites in Russia. I never got to see that, because it was in its beginning implementation stages there when I retired. But we had some wonderful NGOs. One project is over in Vladivostok and one is west of central Russia and the other one is just outside Moscow. That's where these sites are. Every now and then I call the office and ask how the program is going. They say, "Oh, yes! It's going great! Wonderful!"

Their approach is a bit different. In Romania we involved the provinces, the local governments, and I'm not quite sure what the Russian model is, but it's slightly different. And apparently, both are successful. We can't do it all, but we can lead in some constructive way.

That's usually the feeling around the development community. If the Americans go in, then everybody else will follow. And that's been so true, so I hope with renewed interest...

Q: Well, we have the resources and the know-how.

MCINTYRE: Yes.

Q: The personnel, the will.

MCINTYRE: I'm hoping that we'll be involved in the rehabilitation in Afghanistan, and a re-recognition of the role that Pakistan is playing. We haven't treated Pakistan very well over the years. It's too bad, but we haven't.

Q: Well, I think we're sort of pushing them around right now. What's his name, the president? Musharraf.

MCINTYRE: Musharraf, yes. People are finally learning to say Peshawar and not Peshawar [laughter]

But I feel so fortunate to have lived there.

Q: Well, you've had an extraordinary life, really!

MCINTYRE: I heard from one of my former students the other day who's a little disenchanted with our bombing in Afghanistan and President Bush.

Q: That's probably an understatement. [laughter]

MCINTYRE: And he says, “You know, I think President Putin of Russia should be managing our foreign policy. I trust him better than I do [laughter] Mr. Bush.” At least we know what Putin is all about. The KGB.

Q: You mean, we know where he came from.

MCINTYRE: Yes.

Q: And that has to formulate his outlook to a great extent...

So then, you retired in...

MCINTYRE: January 2000.

Q: So that was '88 to 2000, 12 years. Well, I think the club is so fortunate that you've chosen to come here after you retired.

MCINTYRE: Oh, I couldn't wait! I had a special appointment at AID which precluded active political involvement. It's called an A-D, which means Administratively Determined. AID hired me because my husband was killed in line of duty. State and CIA also hire wives similarly widowed. It's not widely known. I didn't know anything about it at the time, because one of the first things I realized when I found out my husband was gone I said, “My God! I've got three children to support and get through college. How in the world am I going to do that!” So, some thoughtful person, decades before, made a provision that the agency will try to help the families out. I didn't count against anybody's personnel ceiling. AID had a RIF (reduction in force) back in 1997 and I was really swallowing hard to see if I was going to survive, and I did. So I really felt very grateful. But it meant that I had to be politically neutral because I served at the pleasure of the AID Administrator regardless of who was in power. Before Brian Atwood retired – he was slated to be ambassador to Brazil and Jesse Helms blocked it – I wrote him a letter thanking him for his approval, because it had to be approved by all these guys when they came into office. I just thanked him and told him how much it meant. I said I couldn't have made it without the help. I was grateful. I hoped that I'd been able to contribute something positive to the agency. My children are now launched and on their own and in careers that they find satisfying, but I couldn't have done it without AID's help. I was just laying it on the line.

So his secretary called me and invited me for a half-hour meeting with Mr. Atwood. We discussed a lot of things. I wished him well, not knowing that he wasn't going to get the appointment. He asked me about security measures at the building. I don't know if you've ever been in the Ronald Reagan building, but it looks like Reagan himself: stalwart on the outside and just marshmallows on the inside. The floors are plywood. I'm not kidding. We could not bring in a lot of our classified safes, because they were too heavy. We had to destroy so many unclassified records. We had to go into that building very light. Those classified safes had to be in certain parts of the floors so that they would

be supported. Everything is just plywood and glass on the inside. I thought, Oh, my God, one well-placed bomb and it'll just implode. And I would say a delivery truck, on the second level in the garage with a bomb could bring it down. All it took was to pay the \$100 and-some-odd or \$200 a month for outsiders who were never checked. No background check either. Their cars were not searched. All they had to do was show the pass. Even the kitchen staff had no background checks. Mr. Atwood said, "That's very good to know because I'm going to a security meeting right after this meeting." So I said, "I lived through one explosion. I wouldn't want to wish it on anybody else. It's terrifying."

Q: So did they ever reinforce the building?

MCINTYRE: No, not really. GSA wanted it pedestrian/family-friendly, so people could get to the food court.

Q: Oh, great! [laughter]

MCINTYRE: I said, "Even Congress has a metal detector! We didn't even have that for the general public!" Guards inspected us thoroughly every day. Our parking was down on the fifth level, down in the very bottom of the building. And I thought, oh, it just gave me the heebie-jeebies to work there. Somebody said, "Oh, you're just being alarmist." And I said, "You only have to go through one explosion and you'll be set for life!"

Q: Or just hear about it!

MCINTYRE: You only need to go through that once. You don't need it twice.

Q: So your children, obviously, like many foreign service children do, they've benefited from all of this. What are they doing now? Where are they?

MCINTYRE: They're all living productive lives, I'm happy to say. My son went to Swarthmore and then transferred to and graduated from Harvard. Then he took training to be an acupuncturist. He's now on the faculty of his old school. He's living in Seattle, and he runs a clinic, so he's very happily working. My older daughter, I think her father's death hurt her the most, because she was his favorite. She took a long time to get her BA. I finally bribed her. [laughter]

Q: Whatever it takes! [laughter]

MCINTYRE: I know. I know. Somebody just told me to do that, so I did. She finally got her degree, and she took a while, really, to find herself. She likes the environment. Now she's working on her PhD. She married her boyfriend, and she lives in New Mexico, and she has two little children. They're my grandchildren and they're just adorable. And my younger daughter was also very upset with her father's death, but she came out of it in a different way. She went on and finished college sort of in lock-step. Then she worked for a while in Los Angeles. She's the only person in the family who has a mind for business.

She managed a sporting goods store. She went to Taiwan to teach English for a while and came back. Then she decided she wanted to work with young people, and she checked out a lot of social work schools and decided on the one in New Mexico. She got straight As. I don't know about you, but I didn't do that well anywhere. Now she's working for the Albuquerque school system. She has a nice boyfriend, so things have worked out well for her.

So it made a big gap in our lives not to have my husband around. Somebody said after I came back, "Why don't I sue the government and recover damages?" And I said, "What would that entail?" And they said, "I would have to prove that the ambassador was negligent." And I said, "I can't do that! He wasn't! I'm not going to lie!" And so I didn't do that.

Q: Did any one?

MCINTYRE: Some talked about suing the government, but I don't think they pursued it.

Q: I didn't think you could sue the U.S. government.

MCINTYRE: You can for certain things.

Q: Certain things. Yes.

MCINTYRE: The catchword was, "You'll be set for life." And I said, "I think if I've learned anything, nothing is set for life!" I said "No, I'm not going to do that."

I had occasion to tell that to our former ambassador a few months ago. There was a moment of silence and then he said, "Thank you! It would have ruined his career!" He did the very best he could for us and we all knew it.

Q: And you might have lost.

MCINTYRE: Oh, yes, or ended up with a pittance or something.

Q: And humiliation and destruction of friendships and trust.

MCINTYRE: I didn't think that that was worth it. I did have to sue one insurance company, who said it was an act of war. They were only going to give me a portion of the payment. I was talking to a friend of my husband's and he told me what insurance companies did to make money on disasters. So he laid it all out to me, and he said, "At least it ought to make you mad." And I said, "But, Rich, I don't have the stomach for a fight." And he said, "That's what they're counting on!" So I thought it over and I said, "OK, all right." [laughter] And I sued and I won! They settled out of court.

Q: And you certainly got an AID pension.

MCINTYRE: No, not that. I have something from workmen's compensation from the Labor Department and I have something that, according to my husband's grade, I get a percentage of it, and I have it for life. So that is a godsend, because believe me, putting three kids through college at the same time drew heavily on my finances. Fortunately, in Bangladesh, it was a 33 percent differential post.

Q: And you know, actually, yes...

MCINTYRE: That helped a great deal, but it took all of my salary before taxes to pay those bills, and then some.

Q: I think it was only while you were...It would be late '70s. It would be while you were here in Washington that they got these pensions through for spouses. So you didn't have to fight that.

MCINTYRE: No.

Q: Some women before you set up that.

MCINTYRE: Yes, I am sure. I am grateful to whoever they are. They were brave souls. My God.

Q: All those who went before us. Right.

MCINTYRE: I'm in their debt and I know it.

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

Spouse: William Reynolds McIntyre (deceased), killed April 18, 1983, in U.S. embassy attack in Beirut

Spouse's profession: Journalist (written and radio/TV); USAID Foreign Service Officer: worked on humanitarian assistance programs, Food for Peace, family planning, food and nutrition, public health programs

Posts: (As a spouse):

1967-1971 New Delhi, India
1971-1977 Islamabad, Pakistan
1981-1983 Beirut, Lebanon

(As an AID officer):

1985-1988 Dhaka, Bangladesh
1988-2000 Washington, DC

Place/Date of birth: Paoli, PA, January 31, 1933

Maiden Name: Mary Lee Lincoln

Parents:

Henry Allen Lincoln
Ruth Marion Turner

Parents' political party:

Father, Republican
Mother, Democrat, Both conservative

Schools:

Barren Hill Consolidated School, Barren Hill, PA, 1938-44
Springside School (for girls), Philadelphia, PA, 1944-50
Washington College, Chestertown, MD, 1950-54 (A.B., History)
School of Advanced International Studies, Johns Hopkins University, Bologna,
Italy, and Washington, DC, 1955-59 (M.A., International Relations)

Date/Place of Marriage: September 12, 1959, Whitemarsh, PA

Children:

Julie Lincoln McIntyre, b. April 30, 1962
Andrew William McIntyre, b. May 11, 1965
Margaret Clair McIntyre, b. October 7, 1966

Dates of WNDC Membership: Spring 2000 to present

Profession: Teacher, Civil Service and Foreign Service Officer Status: Retired

Positions held, Paid and Volunteer

PAID:

Office manager for court reports, Philadelphia, PA, 1954
Teacher, Social Studies, Western High School, Washington, DC, 1960-62
Lecturer/instructor, Political Science, George Washington University, 1962-66
Teacher, Social Studies, American International School, New Delhi, India, 1969-71
Lecturer on U.S. politics and U.S. education for USIS, India, 1967-71
Teacher, Social Studies, International School of Islamabad, Pakistan, 1971-72, 1974-
77
Research/writer for USAID/Pakistan, Economic Policy and Agriculture Development
Offices, 1972-74
Lobbyist, Population Crisis Committee, 1978
Teacher, Political Science and Public Administration, American University of Beirut,
1981-82
Teacher, English As A Second Language, Al-Maqassed School, Beirut, 1981-83
Teacher, Political Science, Haigazian College, Beirut, 1981-83

USAID Foreign Service Officer, Washington, DC, and Dick, Bangladesh, 1983-88
USAID Civil Service Officer, Washington, DC, 1988-2000

VOLUNTEER:

League of Women Voters, Washington, DC, 1960-67
Staff researcher American Women's Club, New Delhi, India, 1967-69
Member Worked with young people in adjusting to life overseas and back in the U.S.
in schools where I taught and also with the school in Dick
Worked for the "Robb for Senate" campaign, Fall 2000
Work for The Washington Ear, reading USA Today
Worked as a live broadcaster for Pacifica Radio Network, Feb.-Aug. 2001

End of interview